







Chr  
Journal  
of  
American  
History

9951/6

Web 1-4 = #12, -



NIL INVITA MNE V, OUAE MONUMENTUM  
ARE PERENNIS EXECUT



III 1.



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation

Produced by The Associated Publishers of American Records, Inc.  
in the Ancient Municipality of New Haven, Commonwealth of Con-  
necticut, in Quarterly Art Editions, four books to the volume  
at Three Dollars annually, Seventy-five Cents a copy  
In Collaboration with The Connecticut Magazine  
Protected by copyright and entered at the  
Post Office at New Haven as mail  
matter of the second class  
Nineteen Hundred  
and Nine



## THE ASSOCIATED PUBLISHERS OF AMERICAN RECORDS

FRANÇOIS T. MILLER  
PRESIDENT

MARLETTE OROUSE  
VICE-PRESIDENT AND SECRETARY

NORMAN GILLETTE  
TREASURER

Corporation Offices  
341-347 Fifth Avenue

NEW YORK

Publication Offices  
671-679 Chapel Street

NEW HAVEN  
(Connecticut)

LONDON . . . . B. F. Stevens & Brown  
4 Trafalgar Square, W. C.  
PARIS . . . . . Brentano's  
37, Avenue de l'Opera  
BERLIN . . . . Asher and Company  
Unter den Linden 56  
DUBLIN . . . . Combridge and Company  
18 Grafton Street  
EDINBURGH . . Andrew Elliott  
17 Princes Street  
MADRID . . . . Libreria Internacional de  
Adrian Romo, Alcalá 5  
ROME . . . . . L. Piale  
1 Piazza di Spagna

ST. PETERSBURG Watkins and Company  
Marskala No. 36  
CAIRO . . . . . F. Diemer  
Shepherd's Building  
BOMBAY . . . . Thacker and Company, Limited  
Esplanade Road  
TOKIO . . . . . Methodist Publishing House  
2 Shichome, Giza Ginza  
MEXICO CITY . . American Book & Printing Co.  
1st San Francisco No. 12  
ATHENS . . . . . Const. Eletheroudakis  
Place de la Constitution  
BUENOS AYRES . John Grant & Son  
Calle Cangallo 469





# The Journal of American History

Relating Life Stories of Men  
and Events that have entered  
into the Building of the  
Western Continent & Original  
Researches into Authoritative  
Sources & American, British  
and European Archives &  
Private Journals, Diaries and  
Hitherto Unpublished Docu-  
ments & Fugitive Papers &  
Reminiscences and Memoirs  
& Folklore and Traditions &  
Reproductions from Rare  
Prints and Works of Art &

12704/13  
4/11



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  
FRANCIS TREVELYAN MILLER  
Member of the American Academy of Political and  
Social Science  
American Historical Association  
National Geographic Society  
American Statistical Association  
Fellow of the American Geographical Society



Produced by the Associated Publishers of American Records, Inc. in the  
Ancient Municipality of Meriden, Commonwealth of Connecticut,  
in Quarterly Art Editions, four books to the volume  
at Three Dollars annually, Seventy-five  
Cents a copy. Protected by  
copyright Nineteen  
Nine



E  
171  
J86  
V.3

## THE ASSOCIATED PUBLISHERS OF AMERICAN RECORDS

### BOARD OF DIRECTORS

FRANCIS T. MILLER  
PRESIDENT  
ARTHUR M. WICKWIRE

WILLIAM H. WAY  
TREASURER

EDWARD O. DORMAN  
SECRETARY  
MARLETTA CROUSE

Editorial Library  
341-347 Fifth Avenue  
New York

*Address all Business Communications  
to the Subscription Offices at  
165 Broadway  
New York*

Printing House  
163-169 Pratt Street  
Meriden, Connecticut

Make all Checks Payable to the Treasurer

*Entered at the Post Office at Meriden, Connecticut, as mail matter of the second class*

LONDON . . . . . B. F. Stevens & Brown  
4 Trafalgar Square, W. C.  
PARIS . . . . . Brentano's  
37, Avenue de l'Opera  
BERLIN . . . . . Asher and Company  
Unter den Linden 56  
DUBLIN . . . . . Cambridge and Company  
18 Grafton Street  
EDINBURGH . . . . . Andrew Elliott  
17 Princes Street  
MADRID . . . . . Libreria Internacional de  
Adrian Romo, Alcala 5  
ROME . . . . . L. Piale  
1 Piazza di Spagna

ST. PETERSBURG Watkins and Company  
Marskaja No. 36  
CAIRO . . . . . F. Diemer  
Shepherd's Building  
BOMBAY . . . . . Thacker and Company, Limited  
Esplanade Road  
TOKIO . . . . . Methodist Publishing House  
2 Shichome, Giz Ginza  
MEXICO CITY . . . . . American Book & Printing Co.  
1st San Francisco No. 12  
ATHENS . . . . . Const. Eletheroudakis  
Place de la Constitution  
BUENOS AYRES . . . . . John Grant & Son  
Calle Cangallo 469





# The Journal of American History

Relating Life Stories of Men  
and Events that have entered  
into the Building of the  
Western Continent & Original  
Researches into Authoritative  
Sources & American, British  
and European Archives &  
Private Journals, Diaries and  
Hitherto Unpublished Docu-  
ments & Fugitive Papers &  
Reminiscences and Memoirs  
& Folklore and Traditions &  
Reproductions from Rare  
Prints and Works of Art &



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  
FRANCIS TREVELYAN MILLER  
Member of the American Academy of Political and  
Social Science  
American Historical Association  
National Geographic Society  
American Statistical Association  
Fellow of the American Geographical Society



# Syllabus of the "American Brotherhood" Number

THIRD VOLUME

FIRST NUMBER

This book marks the beginning of the third year of the institution of a Periodical of Patriotism in America, inculcating the principles of American Citizenship, and narrating the Deeds of Honor and Achievement that are so true to American Character—On this Centenary of Lincoln this Book is Dedicated to the United States

COVER—Historic Stained Glass Windows in America—Mosaic by Elihu Vedder Symbolizing Science, Art and Letters—In the Library of Congress at Washington, District of Columbia—From Art Collection of Foster and Reynolds of New York	
FOREWORD—To all True Americans	
REPRODUCTION IN ORIGINAL COLORS OF "ORAL TRADITION"—Mural Painting by John White Alexander—The chieftain of a village, an Arab, relating his tale to an absorbed group of listeners	
AMERICA'S TRIBUTE TO HUMANITARIANS.....	1
MANUSCRIPT OF THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LINCOLN—Original in Lincoln's Handwriting, written for Campaign Purposes, is here given Historical Record....	2
PROPHECY—Sculptural Conception by Louis A. Gudebrod of the National Sculpture Society, warning the American People against the material and political Spirit of the Times—The figure of "Prophecy," with outstretched hands and the Invocation to "halt" on the lips, is one of the strongest symbolism of modern National Life—Historical record extended exclusively by the Sculptor to "The Journal of American History" as an appeal to public conscience.....	5
AMERICAN COMMERCE—Sculptural conception by Daniel Chester French of the National Sculpture Society, for the Federal Building at Cleveland, Ohio—Historical record in "The Journal of American History" by permission of the Sculptor.....	6
AMERICAN JURISPRUDENCE—Sculptural conception by Daniel Chester French of the National Sculpture Society for the Federal Building at Cleveland, Ohio....	7
ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF WASHINGTON—The new Washington Equestrian Statue, by Daniel Chester French, is here given historical record....	8
CENTENNIAL SCULPTURAL CONCEPTION OF LONGFELLOW—By William Couper, of the National Sculpture Society, for erection in the City of Washington.....	9
FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES "In Congress Assembled"—Statue in honor of John Hanson (1715-1783) of Maryland, who organized first Southern Troops for American Independence and presented General Washington to Congress after victory at Yorktown—Memorial by Richard E. Brooks of National Sculpture Society—Erected by State of Maryland in Statuary Hall at National Capitol..	10
SIGNER OF DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE—Statue in honor of Dr. John Witherspoon of New Jersey (1722-1795) who came to America from Scotland to accept Presidency of Princeton College, and became a leader in movement for American Independence—Memorial by William Couper of National Sculpture Society for erection at National Capitol, Washington.....	11
PHOTOGRAPH OF LINCOLN CONCEDED TO BE THE MOST CHARACTERISTIC EVER TAKEN—It shows him on battle-field, towering above his army officers at headquarters of Army of Potomac, as he was bidding farewell to General McClellan and a group of officers at Antietam, Maryland, on October 5, 1862—Original negative in \$150,000 collection of Edward Bailey Eaton, Hartford	12
TRIUMPH OF AMERICAN CHARACTER—Centennial Reveries on Devotion to Principle and Duty as Exemplified in the Leaders of the most Momentous Economic and Political Struggle that Mankind has ever known—True Significance of the Centenaries of Lincoln and Davis—By Francis Trevelyan Miller, Editor-in-chief and Founder of "The Journal of American History".....	13
CENTENARY TRIBUTE OF LOYAL SOUTH—The Spirit of the South on this Anniversary, as expressed by these Words of Henry Watterson, its Master Mind..	16
HISTORIC MURAL ART IN AMERICA—Reproduction in Original Colors from Art Collection of Foster and Reynolds of New York—"Law"—Mosaic Decoration by Frederick Dielman	
ORIGINAL NEGATIVE IN EATON COLLECTION taken in May, 1862, with army at Cumberland Landing, Virginia, on Custis Place, near "White House," which became the Estate of General Fitzhugh Lee, the indomitable Cavalry Leader.....	17
REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WHILE LINCOLN WAS PASSING THROUGH CAMP AT ANTIETAM, MARYLAND, October 3, 1862, With Pinkerton, First Chief of Secret Service—Officer in uniform is General John A. McClelland—Exclusive reproduction from original negative in Eaton Collection.....	18
PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WHILE LINCOLN WAS CONFERRING WITH GENERAL McCLELLAN ON BATTLEFIELD OF ANTIETAM, MARYLAND, October, 3, 1862—Rare negative treasured in collection of Edward Bailey Eaton.....	19

Copyrighted by Associated Publishers of American Records, 671-679 Chapel Street, New Haven, Connecticut  
Entered at the Post Office at New Haven as mail matter of the second class—Published  
Quarterly—Subscription THREE DOLLARS Annually—SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS a copy

Subscriptions to Foreign Countries FOUR DOLLARS Annually



# Context with Engravings and Authors

FIRST QUARTER

NINETEEN NINE

Chronicles of Those Who Have Done a Good Day's Work—  
Rich in Information upon Which May Be Based Accurate  
Economic and Sociologic Studies and of Eminent Value to  
Private and Public Libraries—Beautified by Reproductions of  
Ancient Subjects through the Modern Processes of American Art

## CONTINUATION OF INDEX

- HERO OF AMERICANS WHO WORE THE GRAY—Original negative of General Robert Edward Lee, taken when fifty-seven years of age, in 1865—Now in Collection of Edward Bailey Eaton—Enlargement under Eaton copyright exclusively for "The Journal of American History"..... 21
- HERO OF AMERICANS WHO WORE THE BLUE—Original negative of General Ulysses Simpson Grant, taken when forty-two years of age, in 1865—Now in Collection of Edward Bailey Eaton—Enlargement under Eaton copyright exclusively for historical record in "The Journal of American History"..... 23
- LAST PORTRAIT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN—On this Centennial of Lincoln, "The Journal of American History" is exclusively authorized to historically record this enlargement of the Celebrated Photograph from the Original Negative taken by Brady, the Government Photographer, in 1865—The Original is now preserved in the Eaton Collection of Seven Thousand Original Negatives made during the American crisis and valued at \$150,000..... 25
- THE CENTENARY OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, the Political Compeer of Lincoln, Occurred Last Year—These two great Leaders of Economic Thought in America were Born in Kentucky within eight months of each other—On this Centennial, this rare negative of Jefferson Davis is taken from the Eaton Collection..... 31
- HISTORIC COLLECTIONS IN AMERICA—Seven Thousand Original Negatives Taken Under Protection of the Secret Service During the Greatest Conflict the World has Ever Known—Preserved by .....Edward Bailey Eaton, Hartford, Connecticut 37
- ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN IN APRIL 1865, IN HISTORIC OLD RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—After one of the most heroic incidents in American History in which the Southern Capital was destroyed by the loyal hands of its own patriots, rather than to have it fall through an intruding army
- ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN AT A CONFEDERATE FORT ON MARIETTA ROAD, NEAR ATLANTA, GEORGIA, SEPTEMBER 2, 1864—Showing the masterful chevaux-de-frise construction of fortification against Federal Army
- ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN IN WINTER QUARTERS AT RAPPAHANNOCK STATION, VIRGINIA, IN 1864
- ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN AT BRANDY STATION, VIRGINIA, IN 1863—When army Wagon Train was being parked from a daring Cavalry Raid
- ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN IN 1865, AS THE LARGEST FLEET That Had Ever Carried the American Flag Sailed for the Attack on Fort Fisher, North Carolina
- ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN WHILE ARTILLERY WAS AT EDGE OF WOODS near Battle of the Wilderness in 1864
- ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN BEHIND EFFECTIVE CONFEDERATE OBSTRUCTIONS AT MANASSAS, near Bull Run, in 1862
- ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN AS GUNBOAT "SANTIAGO DE CUBA" sailed on the Fort Fisher Expedition in 1864
- ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN IN SEPTEMBER, 1862, while Major Allen (Allan Pinkerton), first chief of Secret Service, was passing through Camp at Antietam
- AMERICA—Guardian of World Peace—Movement in the United States to Organize the Nations of the Earth Under a Constitution, Based Upon the Principles of the American Union of States—Stupendous Progress of America and Its Duty to the World as a Leader in Civilization—Argument by Victor Hugo Duras, L. L. M., D. C. L., M. Dip., Author of "Universal Peace," Dedicated to Andrew Carnegie, Founder of the Palace of Peace at the Hague..... 39
- AMERICAN MOTHERS OF STRONG MEN—Patriots of the Home whose Faith and Encouragement Have Moulded the National Character of the Republic—Historical Investigations into American Foundations—By Mrs. Katherine Prescott Bennett of Minneapolis, Minnesota, Granddaughter of Roger Sherman Prescott..... 45
- STATUE TO ROGER SHERMAN, C. B. Ives, Sculptor—He was the only man privileged to take part in the Four Great Documents of our National History..... 46
- SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE—Painting by the Distinguished Painter of the American Revolution, John Trumbull (1756-1843)..... 48
- GENERAL WASHINGTON'S ORDER BOOK IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION—Original Records in Washington's Orderly Book Throw New Light onto His Military Character and His Discipline of the Army—Proof of His Genius as a Military Tactician—Life of the American Patriots in the Ranks of the Revolutionists Revealed by Original Manuscript now in Possession of Mrs. Ellen Fellows Bown of Pittsfield, New York, Great-grand-daughter of Member of Washington's Staff in the American Revolution..... 53

INDEX CONTINUED (OVER)

# Transcripts From Ancient Documents

JANUARY

FEBRUARY

MARCH

Collecting the Various Phases of History, Art, Literature, Science, Industry, and Such as Pertains to the Moral, Intellectual and Political Uplift of the American Nation—Inspiring Nobility of Home and State—Testimonial of the Marked Individuality and Strong Character of the Builders of the American Republic

## CONTINUATION OF INDEX

FIRST LETTER WRITTEN IN AMERICA—Original Manuscript of Dr. Diego Alvarez Chanca, the Physician on Columbus' Ship, Relating His Impressions of the New World and its Political and Commercial Possibilities—Revelations of the Practitioner to the Court of Spain—Distinguished Personnel of the Fleet to America in 1494—By A. M. Fernandez De Ybarra, A. B., M. D.—Member of the New York Academy of Sciences—Medical Biographer of Christopher Columbus—Original Translation in Smithsonian Institution at Washington.....	59
REPRODUCTION IN ORIGINAL COLORS OF MURAL PAINTING—"THE PRINTING PRESS"—By John White Alexander—Shows Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, in his office with an assistant, examining proof sheet and discussing his invention	
REPRODUCTION IN ORIGINAL COLORS—"THE CAIRN"—By John White Alexander—A company of Men of prehistoric time raising a heap of boulders to commemorate some notable event	
CHRONICLE OF A SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN—Life in the Old South—Diary of Colonel James Gordon, who Emigrated to Virginia in 1738, and Entered into the Social and Religious Life of the Scotch-Irish Regime in America—His Observations of Presbyterian Character and its Influence upon the Moulding of the National Spirit of Liberty.....By Louisa Coleman Blair, Richmond, Virginia	81
CENTENARY OF A HYMNIST TO LIBERTY—General Albert Pike, who helped blaze the path for civilization through the West in 1831—Cavalry leader in Mexican War—Author of battle-song "Dixie"—Commanded the Cherokee Indians under flag of the Confederacy in Civil War.....	90
SIR CHARLES HOBBY—Early Knight and American Merchant Adventurer—Investigations in England, Barbadoes and America into the Life and Progeny of an American who was Knighted by Queen Anne at Windsor Castle for Services to the Crown in 1692 at Earthquake in Jamaica—He "Owned One-Half of New Hampshire"—.....By Rollin Germain Hubby, Cleveland, Ohio	91
PORTRAIT OF CHARLES HOBBY—An American knighted by Queen Anne at Windsor Castle for Bravery in the Earthquake at Jamaica in 1692—Original Painting by Sir Peter Lely in Boston Museum of Fine Arts.....	97
CHARLES BULFINCH—American Architect of the National Capitol at Washington and the State House in Boston—Descendant of Judith Hobby, sister of Sir Charles Hobby—Portrait by pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds.....	98
BUILDING OF THE GREAT WEST—Mural Paintings by Maximilian F. Friederang of New York in residence of General Harrison Grey Otis in Los Angeles, California	102
FIRST OVERLAND ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC—Journey of Colonel Anza Across the Colorado Desert to Found the City of San Francisco and Open the Golden Gate to the Orient.....By Honorable Zoeth S. Eldredge, San Francisco, California	103
POEM.....From Edward Everett Hale	112
LOG OF AN AMERICAN MARINE IN 1762 ON A BRITISH FIGHTING SHIP—Original Journal of Lieutenant William Starr, Narrating His Adventures with His Majesty's Fleet in the Expedition against the Spanish in Cuba—Bombarding Ancient Havana from a Man-o'-War before America was a Nation—Life of the Soldier at Sea—Diary Accurately Transcribed....By William Starr Myers, Ph. D.	113
CENTENARY OF AN AMERICAN LITERATEUR—One Hundredth Anniversary of Edgar Allan Poe—Born at Boston, Massachusetts, on the Nineteenth of January, 1809, and became first American Author to receive Literary Homage of Old World	118
EXPERIENCES OF AN AMERICAN MINISTER—From His Manuscript in 1748—Original Journal of Reverend Joseph Emerson, Antecedent of Ralph Waldo Emerson, in which He Relates the Life of a Clergyman in Early America—Memoranda of His Texts for Sermons—A Pastor's Social Relations with His Parishioners—Original Diary transcribed by.....Edith March Howe	119
CENTENARY OF AN AMERICAN OF LETTERS—Our Hundredth Anniversary of Birth of Oliver Wendell Holmes—Born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on August 29, 1809, and Contributed Liberally to the Culture and Literature of His Century	128
HISTORIC ART IN BRONZE IN AMERICA—Symbolism of "Knowledge" and "Wisdom" by Daniel Chester French, in Doors of Boston Public Library.....	129
THE RISE OF THE GREAT WEST—Triumphal Symbolism in Sculpture of the Development of Minnesota.....By Daniel Chester French and E. C. Potter	130
MEMORY—Beautiful Symbolism of the "years that have gone" and linger only in the memories of those who pass through them—Modelled by Hans Schuler of Baltimore, Maryland.....	130

INDEX CONTINUED (OVER)



# Original Research in World's Archives

The Publishers of THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY wish to state that Book Collectors are holding the rare copies of the first volume at four dollars and the second volume at three dollars—These values are constantly advancing but a limited number of full sets in possession of the Publishers may be secured at these current book prices

## CONCLUSION OF INDEX

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN—Repository for Ancient Documents—Historic Mementoes—Relics and Heirlooms in the Private Collections and Homes of Descendants of the Builders of the Nation.....	131
ORIGINAL ORDER FOR SALE OF A NEGRO BOY IN NEW ENGLAND IN 1761—When slavery was a universal American practice—Document owned by Mr. George Langdon of Plymouth, Connecticut—Reproduced by permission.....	131
ORIGINAL LETTER WRITTEN BY NOAH WEBSTER—Writer of the first American Dictionary, to his nephew.....	132
ORIGINAL STATEMENT OF ACCOUNT RENDERED IN 1776—By Captain Reuben Marcy against the Continental Government for money loaned to Revolutionists	132
PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS OF FIRST AMERICAN DICTIONARY AND FIRST AMERICAN SPELLING BOOK WRITTEN BY NOAH WEBSTER—Now in Springfield, Massachusetts—Bust of Noah Webster representing him as he looked late in life.....	134
ANCESTRAL HOMESTEADS IN AMERICA—American Landmarks—Old Houses—Colonial Homes of the Founders of the Republic—Preserved for Historical Record from Photographs in Possession of their Descendants.....	135
ANTIQUUE FURNITURE IN AMERICA—Extant Specimens of the Furniture of the First American Homes—Exhibits of Early Designs Still Treasured in the Possession of their Descendants.....	139
PROPERTY OF GOVERNOR WILLIAM PITKIN, GOVERNOR OF CONNECTICUT IN 1766-1769—Mohogany table and chair with combination of Anglo-Dutch legs and frame-work that came into fashion in England toward the middle of the Eighteenth Century—Owned by Miss Marion P. Whitney, New Haven, Connecticut	139
DRESSING TABLE USED BEFORE THE REVOLUTION—Now owned by Mr. Thomas S. Grant, Enfield, Connecticut	140
IN PERIOD JUST BEFORE REVOLUTION—Six-Legged High Case over one hundred years old—Now owned by.....Mrs. Wainwright, Hartford, Connecticut	140
ARM CHAIR USED BY JAMES GATE PERCIVAL, Linguist and Scientist—Born in 1775—This chair was occupied by him during many of his greatest achievements in Wisconsin.....	141
OFFICE CHAIR OF ROGER SHERMAN—Signer of the Four Great Documents in the Founding of the American Nation—Now in possession of Connecticut Historical Society—Pre-Revolutionary Chair now owned by Mr. Walter Hosmer, Wethersfield, Connecticut.....	141
CHAIR, HAT AND WALKING-STICK USED BY DR. ELIPHALET NOTT, BORN IN 1773—President of Union College at Schenectady, New York.....	141
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY OR REVOLUTIONARY SETTEE With Folding Candle-stick—Now owned by.....Mrs. Wainwright, Hartford, Connecticut	142
GALLERY OF THE AMERICAN ART CONNOISSEUR—Ancient Masterpieces in America—Old Paintings—Miniatures—Engravings—Silhouettes in the Possession of American Collectors and Ancestral Homes.....	143
OLD PAINTING OF ELIHU YALE (1649-1721) ENGLISH GOVERNOR OF MADRAS, INDIA—Whose benefactions permanently founded Yale College—This canvas is now in possession of Yale University.....	144
THREE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF AMERICA'S GREATEST CITY BY THE DUTCH IN 1609—In Historical Commemoration of the Dutch Regime, this Coat-of-Arms is emblazoned, marking the transition of the Dutch New Amsterdam to the English New York, under the Administration of Peter Stuyvesant, Dutch Governor of New Netherlands—American Adaptation of Heraldic Illumination—Engraving loaned by The Americana Society of New York, from their "American Families of Historic Lineage"	
INAUGURATION OF GENEALOGY AS THE SCIENCE OF HEREDITY—Institution of a movement on this Centenary of Darwin to Establish Genealogical Research on a Foundation of Scientific Investigation Into the Strains of Blood in America and their effect upon American Citizenship and American Character.....	145
BRONZE MEDAL IN COMMEMORATION OF THE LINCOLN CENTENARY—By Jules Edouard Roine of Paris—Cast under instructions of Mr. Robert Hewitt of New York, Collector of Historic Medals, and recorded with his authority, and under his copyright, in "The Journal of American History" on this Centennial	
IMPRESSIONS OF THE AMERICAN PUBLIC—Comment of Distinguished Americans and Europeans on "The Journal of American History".....	149
ESSAYS without name of author and all MONOGRAPHS and Introductory to articles are by.....Francis Trevelyan Miller	
ALLEGORICAL border designs surrounding pages are by Howard Marshall of New Haven, Connecticut	

## Foreword \* To all True Americans

**A**MERICANS who have co-operated in the founding of this first national periodical of patriotism in America, are to be congratulated upon their loyalty and fidelity to this inspiring work. Instituted upon motives of civic duty and moral uplift, it has found in the first homes in America a most cordial greeting. The scope of its work, its possibilities for great public good, and its effect upon contemporary life and character, has been so far beyond its original contemplation that it has been irresistibly carried into all the tributaries of public service. Through the loyalty of these first homes into which it has been received, it has become not only a journal of national inspiration, but a powerful factor in the moulding of our national character. It enters upon its third year with broadest opportunities for distinguished usefulness. It is especially apropos on this Lincoln centenary to record that it is the first union of the interests of the North and the South in a practical movement for the development of a national spirit and the moulding of a national character. It is the first distinctly organized movement for the cultivation of historical research in North, South, East and West, and the erection of memorials to every American whose heroism has endeared him to the hearts of his own people. If it accomplishes this one service—which I believe is the greatest service that can be given to the American people—it is of noble birth. It is pledged to the Brotherhood of States and Nations; it knows no alien prejudices. It is the first American historical journal to pursue historical investigations in the archives of other nations for the purpose of discovering foreign viewpoints and recording them impartially for juxtaposition with the American evidence. It is the first American historical journal to receive the recognition of the scholars of the older civilization, and the co-operation of its researchers, or to have bestowed upon it the expressions of gratitude and commendation from the rulers of many of the ancient dynasties. The entire resources of THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY are being used to extend its possibilities for good. A journal, like a man, learns and matures with experience. While its possibilities for the most eminent public service throughout the generations lie more directly in the hope of a private endowment which would establish it as a public institution, it has laid a foundation upon which may be built one of the most noble influences in American life. The greatest work can be accomplished only through practical business channels. Modern business system is the science of permanent growth and matured achievement. For the perfection of the high ideals of this publication it must be held close to the heart of the basic principles of finance, and to bring it more closely into such relations it has established corporation offices at Three Forty-one Fifth Avenue, New York (Search Light Library, opposite Waldorf-Astoria, Thirty-fourth Street). A cordial invitation is extended to all who are in sympathy with its labors. It is intended to extend its service in the preservation of the records of the Nation by inaugurating a series of scholarly genealogical researches, and collecting in permanent editions the genealogical manuscripts that are now in possession of various families and genealogists throughout the country. Those who are considering the publication of such volumes are invited to communicate with THE ASSOCIATED PUBLISHERS OF AMERICAN RECORDS.

THREE FORTY-ONE  
FIFTH AVENUE  
NEW YORK

*Francis Trevelyan Miller*

PRESIDENT















# The Journal of American History

VOLUME III  
NINETEEN NINE



NUMBER I  
FIRST QUARTER

## America's Tribute to Humanitarians

**T**HIS is the beginning of a year that will be one of the most memorable in the progressive annals of the American people. It is not only a time when public attention is being turned toward the lives of those who have contributed to the welfare of humanity in commemoration of their centenaries, but it is a period of reconstruction. Strange as it may seem, through the peculiar evolution of History, this centennial of Lincoln finds Americans engaged in the reconstruction of economic problems fully as important to the future of the Nation as the problems which he met. North and South, East and West, engrossed in a conscientious endeavor to lay a foundation of integrity under its system of finance; seeking an equitable and friendly basis for those two great factors in the world's progress—capital and labor; struggling to hold the beacon of liberty before the world, assimilating the blood of all nations, and blending its aliens into the mould of American ideals. It is a period of emancipation; equally as essential as that through which Lincoln passed. The emancipation of industry from poverty; the emancipation of intelligence from ignorance; the emancipation of honesty from greed; the emancipation of all the higher instincts of man from his lower being—a process of evolution. And strange enough, this, too, is the centennial of Darwin, the man who gave to the world the knowledge that man rises from himself toward the most perfect emulation of his spiritual ideals. The spirit of the times is the most perfect tribute to these two humanitarians. America has a work to do today—a work for which these men were the forerunners—built upon the foundations which these men laid. Americans are utilitarians. The greatest tribute that can be offered them on this centennial year is to utilize their own gifts to humanity by accomplishing today's work of emancipation peacefully; by meeting the problems that beset Lincoln with reason and accord rather than the ravages of war, and thus give practical demonstration of the discoveries of Darwin—intellectual, moral, and consequently physical evolution.

Art

History

Literature

## Manuscript of the Autobiography of Lincoln

inclined, practical than most Americans, then were before. Always a whig in politics, and generally in the whig electoral ticket, (making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics, when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again. What I have done since then is pretty well known.

If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said, I am, in height, six feet, four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing, on an average, one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair, and grey eyes. No other marks or scars recollectable.

Wm. J. W. Felt.

Yours very truly  
A. Lincoln



Washington, D.C. March 21. 1862

We the undersigned hereby certify that the foregoing statement is in the hand writing of Abraham Lincoln.

David Davis  
Lyman Tumbull  
Charles Sumner





**PROPHECY**—Sculptural conception by Louis A. Gudekrod of the National Sculpture Society, warning the American People against the material and political Spirit of the Times—The figure of "Prophecy," with outstretched hands and the invocation to "halt" on the lips, is one of the strongest symbolisms of modern national life—Historical record extended exclusively by the Sculptor to *THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY* as an appeal to public conscience



AMERICAN COMMERCE—Sculptural conception by Daniel Chester French of the National Sculpture Society for the Federal Building at Cleveland, Ohio—Historical record in *THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY* by permission of the Sculptor

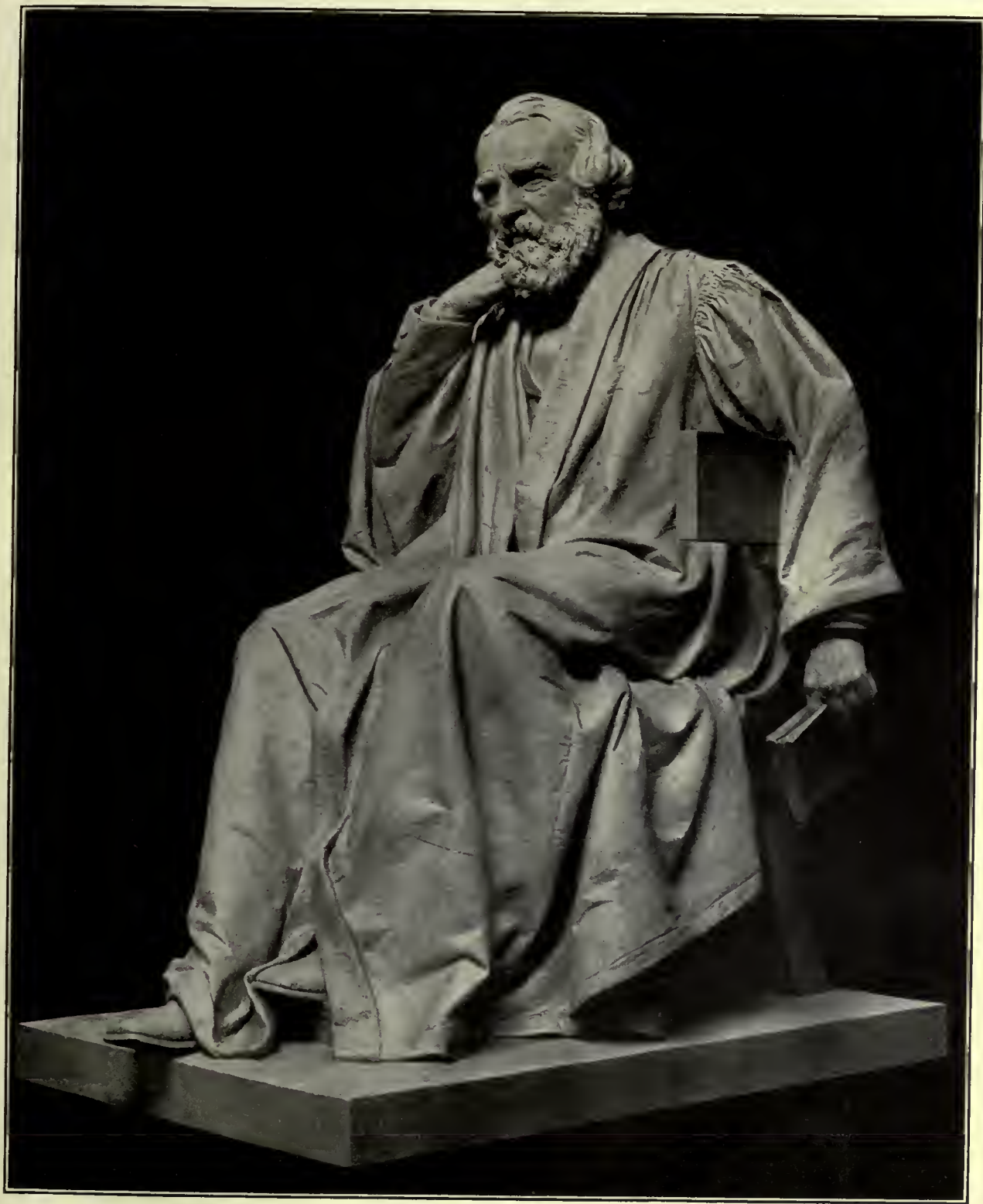


7 AMERICAN JURISPRUDENCE—Sculptural conception by Daniel Chester French of the National Sculpture Society, for the Federal Building at Cleveland, Ohio—Historical record in *THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY* by permission of the Sculptor



On this Anniversary of the Birth of Washington, the new Washington Equestrian Statue, by Daniel Chester French, is here given his official debut.





9 Centennial Sculptural Conception of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, by William Couper, of the National Sculpture Society, for erection in the City of Washington, District of Columbia



FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES "IN CONGRESS ASSEMBLED"—Statue in honor of John Hanson (1715-1783) of Maryland, who organized first Southern troops for American independence and presented General Washington to Congress after victory at Yorktown—Memorial by Richard F. Brooks of



11  
**SIGNER OF DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE**—Statue in honor of Dr. John Witherspoon of New Jersey (1722-1794) who came to America from Scotland to accept Presidency of





This photograph is conceded to be the most characteristic of Lincoln ever taken—It shows him on battlefield, towering above his army officers, at headquarters of Army of Potomac, as he was bidding farewell to General McClellan and a group of officers at Antietam Maryland, on October 5, 1862—Original negative in \$150,000 collection of Edward Bailey Eaton, Hartford, Connecticut





# Triumph of American Character

Centennial Reveries on Devotion to Principle and Duty as Exemplified in the Leaders of the most Momentous Economic and Political Struggle that Mankind has ever known & True Significance of the Centenaries of Lincoln and Davis

BY

FRANCIS TREVELYAN MILLER

Editor-in-chief and Founder of THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY

**T**HIS is the anniversary of the triumph of American character. It is the real test of the breadth and the depth of the American mind and heart. In the last twelve months there have occurred in America the centennials of the births of the leaders of the most momentous economic and political struggle that mankind has ever known. It is not so much the tragedy of historical events met by these courageous men that give the anniversaries their real import. The true significance of these occasions is the attitude of the American people today in their observation of them.

Is American character strong enough to survive the tremendous strains through which it has passed?

Is the sense of patriotism, in the first idealistic government created by mankind, strong enough to overcome the difficulties that must necessarily beset it in the high ideal of justice to which it attains?

At the end of a century of political and economic misunderstandings, personified by the centennial of the leaders of the two well-defined schools of economic thought, that came to tragic conclusion in a conscientious endeavor to interpret the Constitution upon which the Republic is founded, American character is taking its own measurement. The world has never known more heroic devotion to principle than that exemplified by these centenarians. Both were supported by statesmen of highest honorability; both found reason for their beliefs in established precedents; both offered their lives to its momentous decision. So intense did it become that physical force, rather than argument, became the arena, and here again both proved true to the causes which they represented with heroic self-sacrifice.

It is one of the coincidents of History that both political factions chose their leaders from Kentucky, and that both came into the world within the same twelve months. This is not an occasion for reviving the various phases of the political problem which they represented. The causes for which they bled are ably defended in their traditions. Integrity of intent and nobility of purpose is proved in their sacrifices. It is not strange that those who passed through the terrific conflict hold in their hearts memories dear to them, and memories bitter to them. It would indeed be gross ingratitude for either to forget. The man who would rob them of their traditions is unworthy of American citizenship. It has been my privilege to know both the heart of the North and the heart of the South. Born in New England, and true to its traditions, I have lived in the Southland







## Centenary Tribute of Loyal South

The Spirit of the South on this Anniversary, as Expressed  
by these Words of Henry Watterson, its Master Mind,  
is the Greatest Tribute to American Character

**W**ITH respect to Abraham Lincoln, I, as a Southern man and a Confederate soldier, here render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, even as I would render unto God the things that are God's. The celebration of the centenary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln will not be bounded by sectional lines, though it will recall from many points of view the issues and incidents through which he passed in life and of which in History he remains the foremost figure. I am writing from the Southern standpoint. All of us must realize that the years are gliding swiftly by. Only a little while and there will not be a man living who saw service on either side of that great struggle. Its passions long ago faded from manly bosoms. Meanwhile it is required of no one, whichever flag he served under, that he make renunciations dishonoring himself. Each may leave to posterity the casting of the balance between antagonistic schools of thought and opposing camps in action, where in both the essentials of fidelity and courage were so amply met. Nor is it the part of wisdom to regret a tale that is told. The issues that evoked the strife of sections are dead issues. The conflict which was thought to be irreconcilable and was certainly inevitable, ended more than forty years ago. It was fought to its conclusion by fearless and upright men. To some the result was logical, to others it was disappointing, to all it was final. The war of sections, inevitable to the conflict of systems but long delayed by the compromises of patriotism, did two things which surpass in importance and value all other things: it confirmed the Federal Union as a Nation and it brought the American people to the fruition of their manhood. Before the war we were a huddle of petty sovereignties held together by a rope of sand; we were all a community of children playing at government. Hamilton felt it, Marshall feared it, Clay ignored it, Webster evaded it. . . . Northerner or Southerner, none of us need fear that the future will fail to vindicate our integrity. When those are gone that fought the good fight, and philosophy comes to strike the balance-sheet, it will be shown that the makers of the Constitution left the relation of the States to the Federal Government and of the Federal Government to the States open to a double construction. The battle was long though unequal. Let us believe that it was needful to make us a Nation. Let us look upon it as into a mirror, seeing not the desolation of the past, but the radiance of the present; and in the heroes of the New North and the New South who contested in generous rivalry up the fire-swept steep of El Caney and side by side re-emblazoned the national character in the waters about Corregidor Island and under the walls of Cavite, let us behold hostages for the Old North and the Old South blent together in a Union that reckes not of the four points of the compass.—Colonel Henry Watterson of Louisville, Kentucky, in *The Cosmopolitan*.











INDUSTRY

PEACE

TRUTH

FAUD

DISCERN

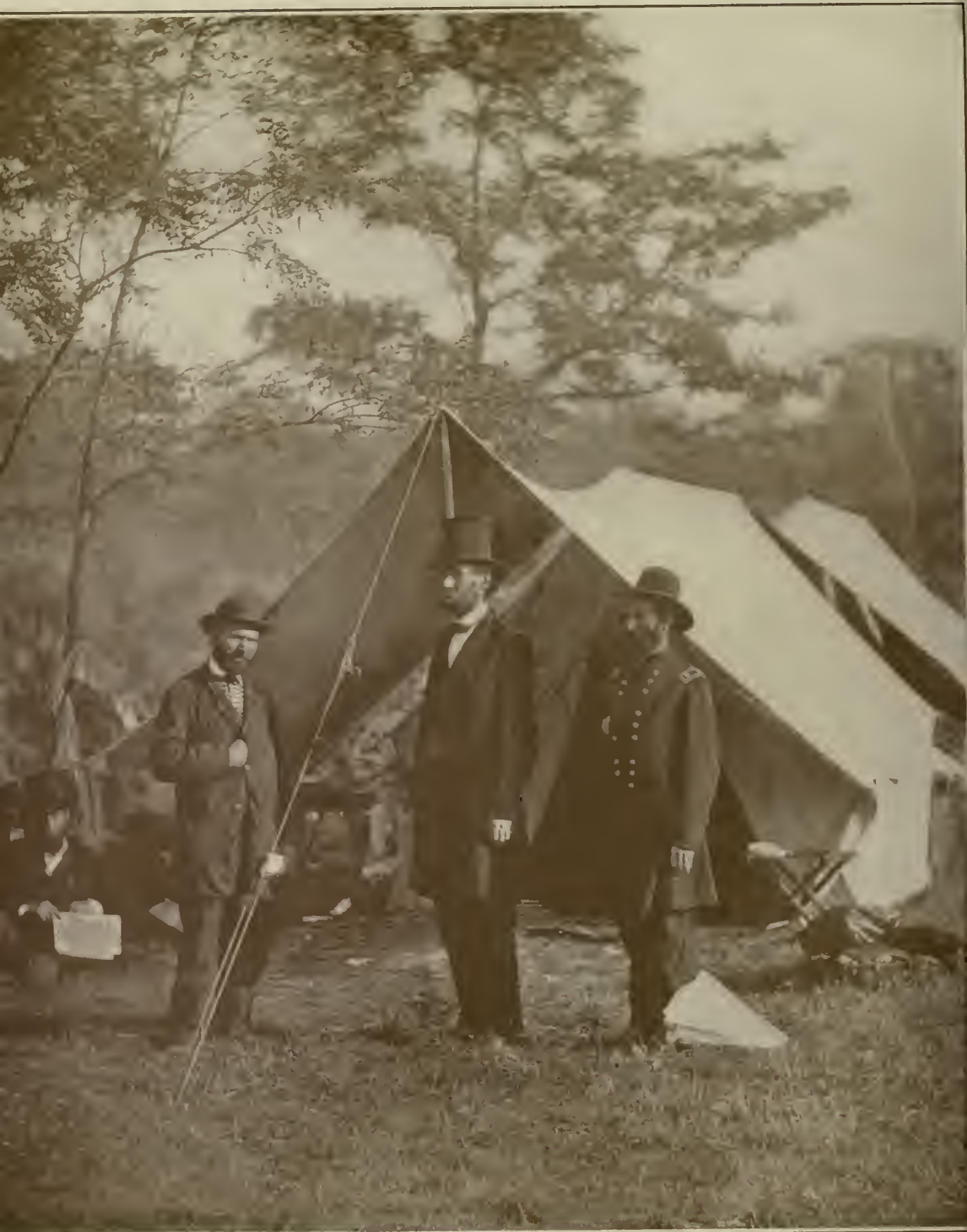
VIOLET







CO. 1000 B. L. 2



Remarkable photograph taken while Lincoln was passing through camp at Antietam, Maryland, October 3, 1862, with Pinkerton, first chief of Secret Service—Officer in uniform is General John A. McClernand—Exclusive reproduction protected by copyright from original negative in collection of Edward Bailey Eaton



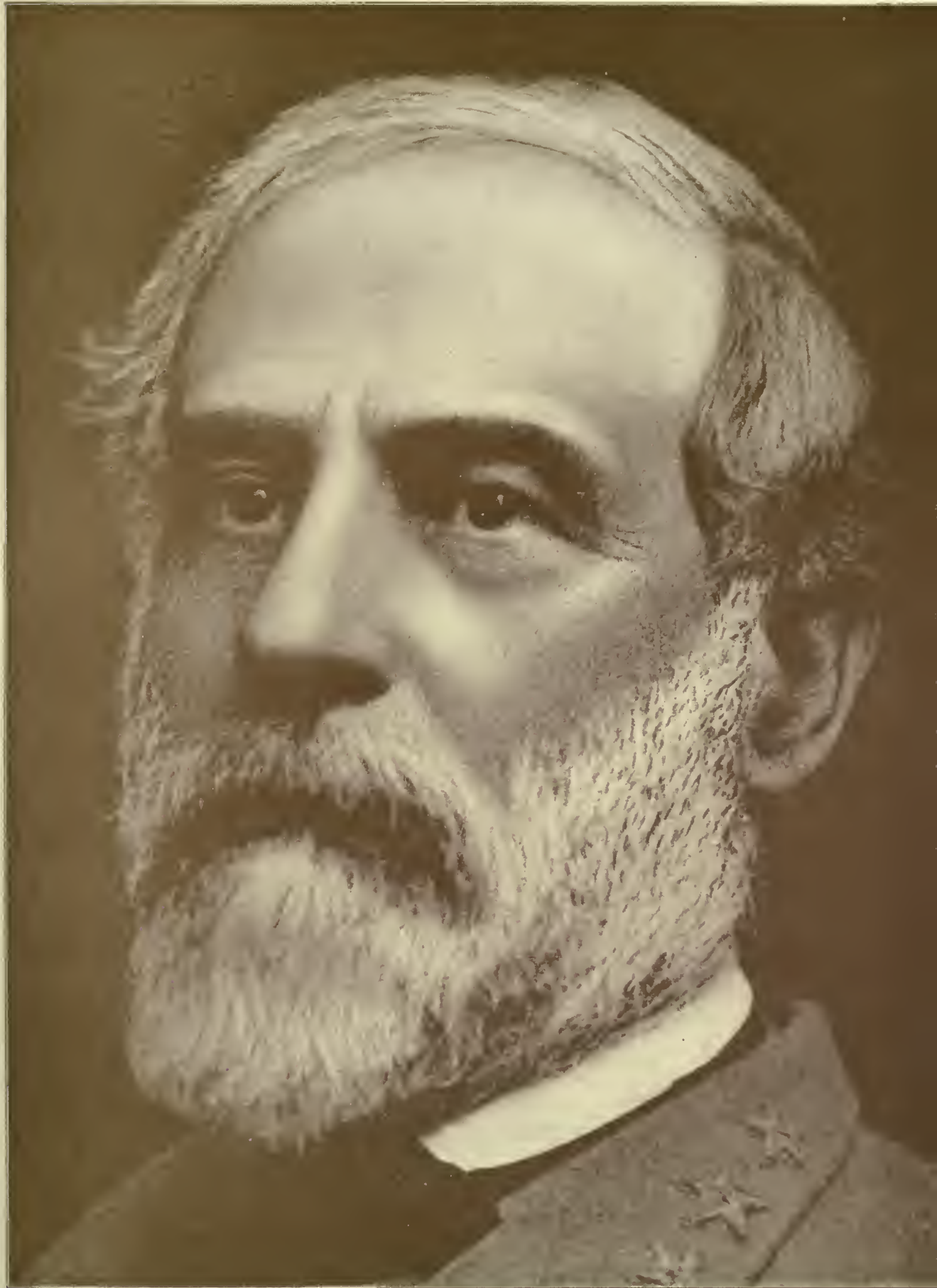


Photograph taken while Lincoln was conferring with General McClellan on battlefield of Antietam, Maryland, October 3, 1862—Rare negative treasured in collection of Edward Bailey Eaton, at Hartford, Connecticut, and exclusively reproduced under his copyright in "THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY"

Lincoln  
Centenary  
Portrait  
Gallery.

---

Men and Events  
in  
Life of Lincoln



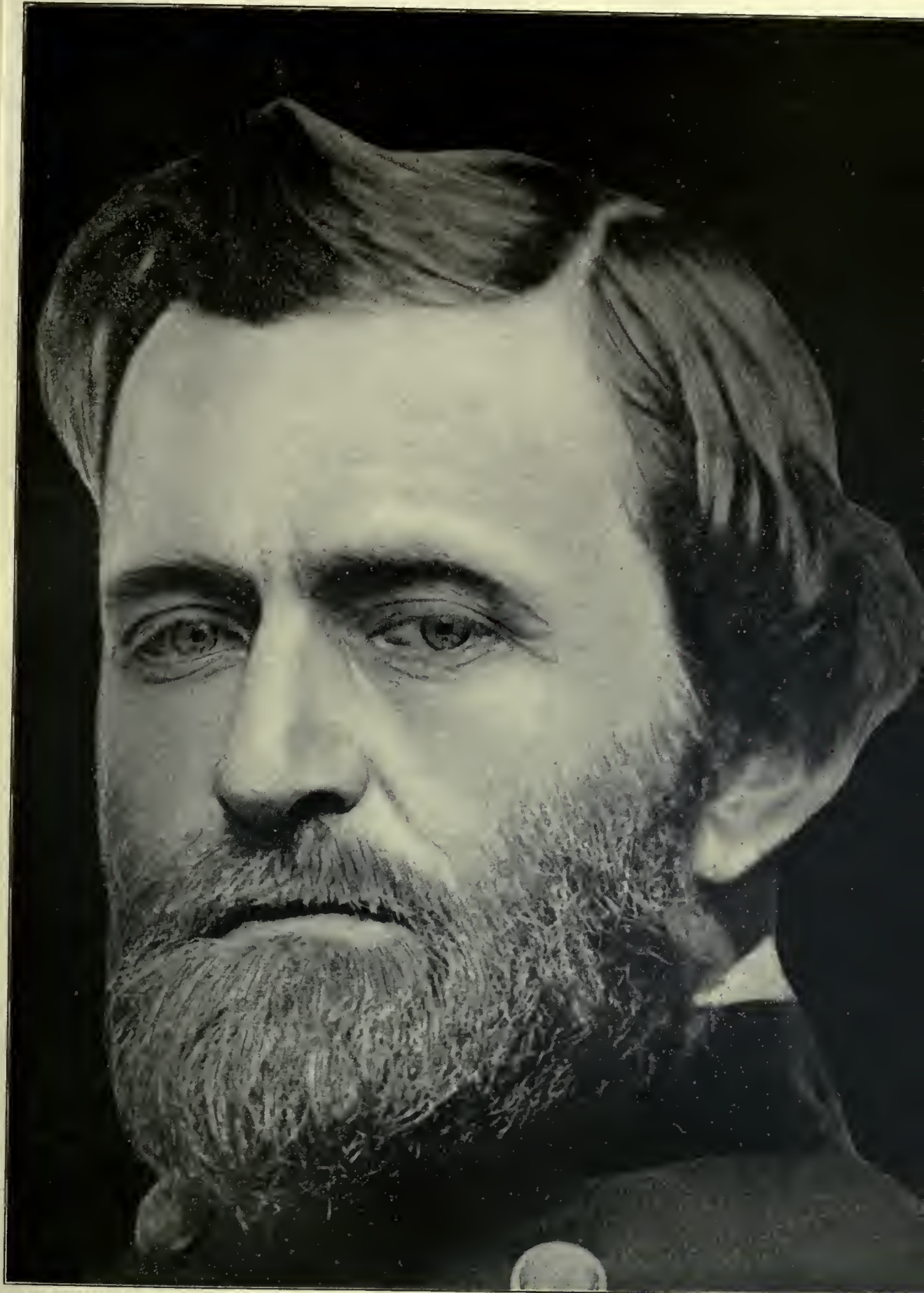
HERO OF AMERICANS WHO WORE THE GRAY—Original negative of General Robert Edward Lee, taken when fifty-seven years of age, in 1865—Now Collection of Edward Bailey Eaton—Enlargement under Eaton copyright exclusively for historical record in "THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY"—



Lincoln  
Centenary  
Portrait  
Gallery

---

Men and Events  
in  
Life of Lincoln



HERO OF AMERICANS WHO WORE THE BLUE—Original negative of General Ulysses Simpson Grant, taken when forty-two years of age, in 1865.—N in Collection of Edward Bailey Eaton—Enlargement under Eaton copyright exclusively for historical record in "THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY" Grant was born at Point.







25  
COPYRIGHT, 1908 BY E. B. EATON

### LAST PORTRAIT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

On this Centennial of Lincoln, "The Journal of American History" is exclusively authorized to historically record this enlargement of the Celebrated Photograph from the Original Negative taken by Brady, the Government Photographer, in 1855. —The Original is now preserved in the Eaton Collection of Seven Thousand Original Negatives made during the American crisis and valued at \$150,000.—Centennial Proofs may be secured from the owner

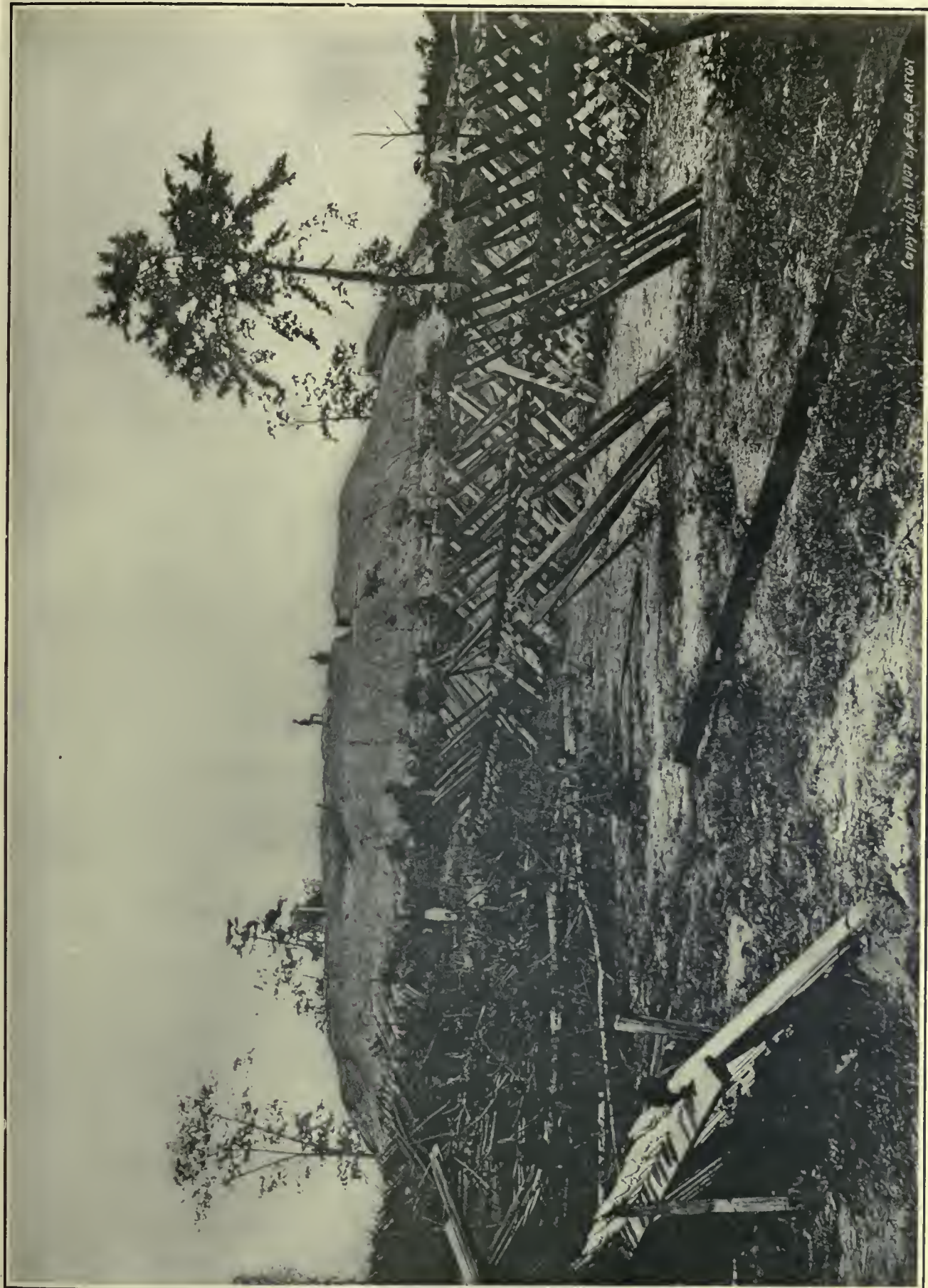
Copyrighted, 1908, by Edward Bailey Eaton, Hartford, Connecticut



COPY RIGHT 1907 BY S. B. EATON

Original negative in Eaton Collection, taken in April, 1865, in historic old Richmond, Virginia, after one of the most heroic incidents in American History, in which the southern capital was destroyed by the loyal hands of its own patriots rather than to have it fall into the hands of the rebels.

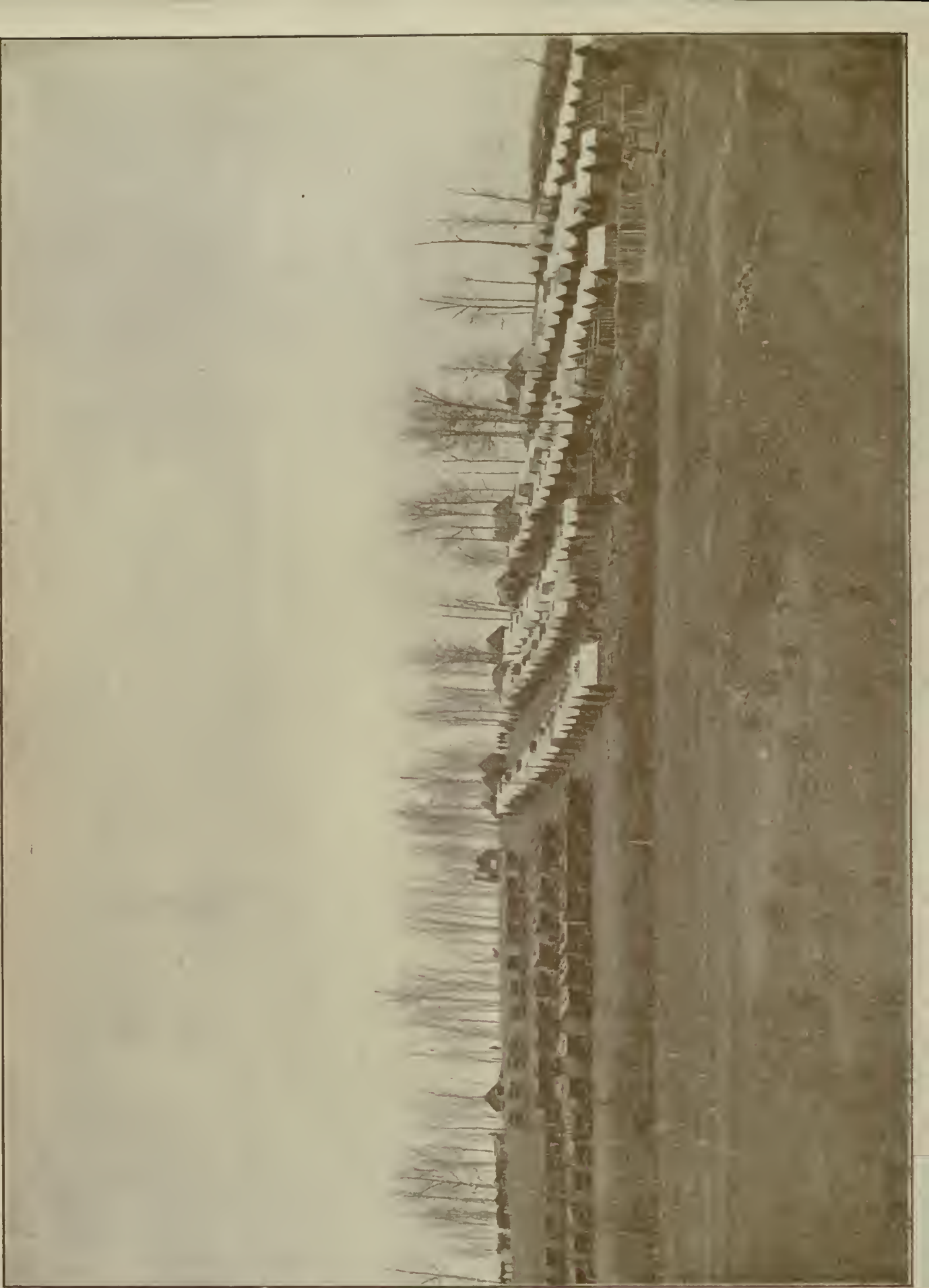


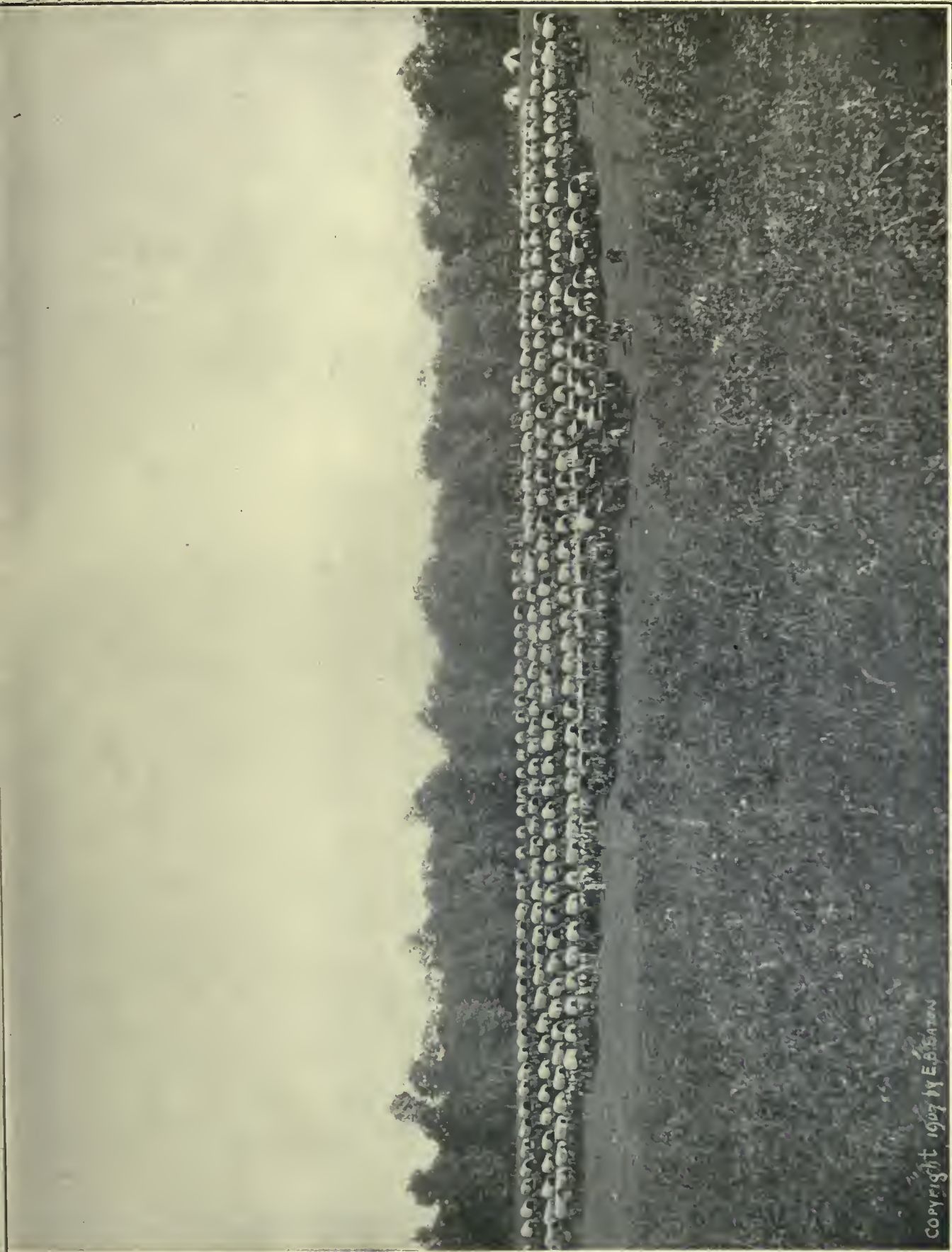


Copyright 1937 by E. B. Eaton

Original negative in Eaton Collection taken at a Confederate Fort on Marietta Road near Atlanta Georgia, September 2, 1864, showing the masterful chevaux-de-frise construction of fortification against Federal Army







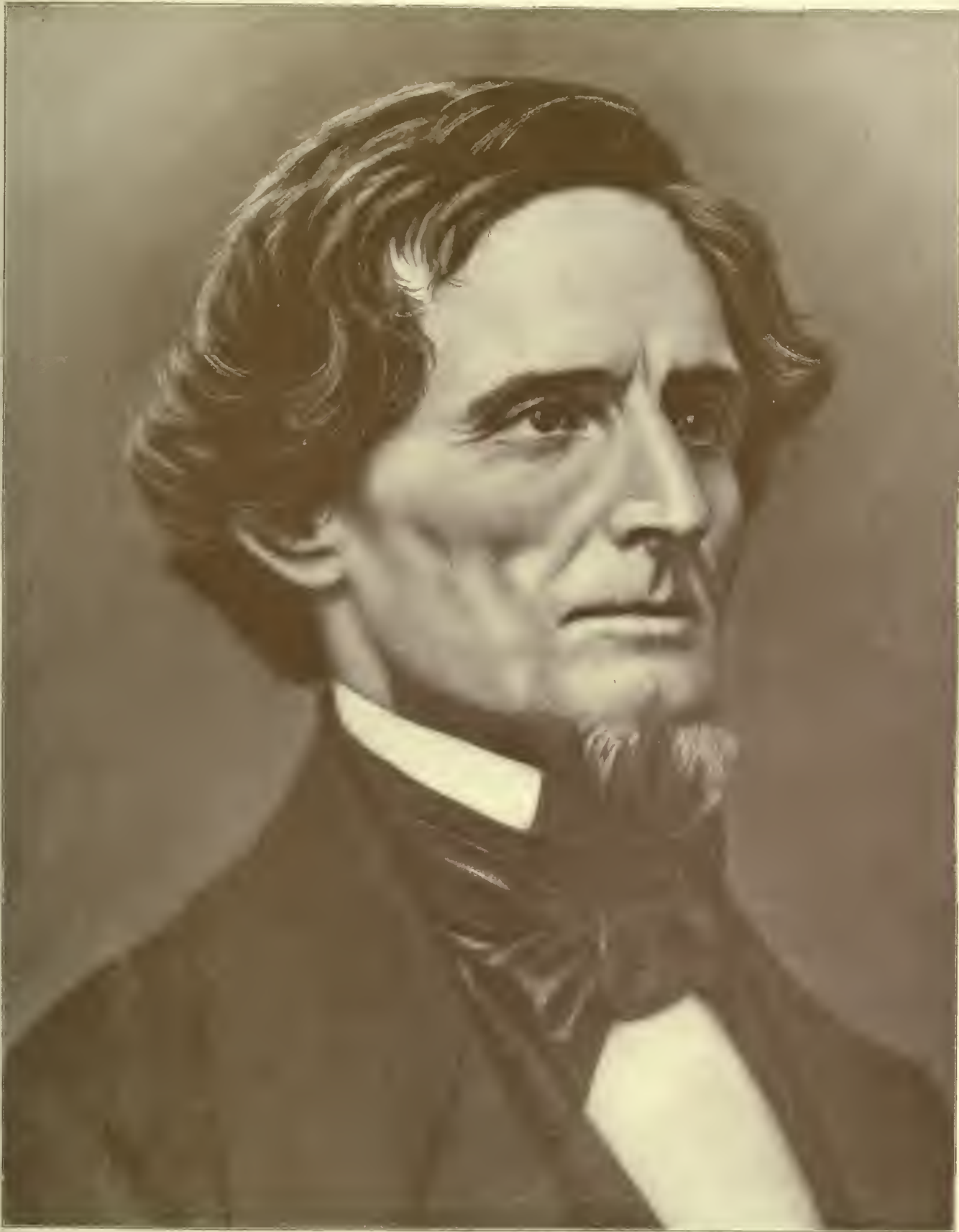
Copyright 1907 by E. B. Eaton

Lincoln  
Centenary  
Portrait

---

Men and Events  
in  
Life of Lincoln





The Centenary of Jefferson Davis, the political compeer of Lincoln, occurred last year—These two great leaders of economic thought in America were born in Kentucky within eight months of each other—On this Centennial, this rare negative of Jefferson Davis is taken from the Eaton Collection, valued at \$150,000, and here presented for historical record under the Eaton copyright in "The Journal of American History"











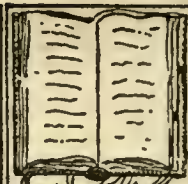
COPYRIGHT 1907 BY E. B. EATON.

Original negative in Eaton Collection—Taken as Gunboat "Santiago de Cuba" sailed on the Fort Fisher Expedition in 1864



1907 by E. BEATON





# Historic Collections in America

Seven Thousand Original Negatives Taken under the  
Protection of the Secret Service During the Greatest  
Conflict of Men the World Has Ever Known & Preserved

BY

EDWARD BAILEY EATON


HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

**I**N this Centennial of Lincoln, it gives me pleasure to extend, through THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY, as the recognized repository for historical record in America, the exclusive permission of reproducing prints from the celebrated Brady Collection of seven thousand original negatives, taken during the Civil War under the protection of the Secret Service, and which it has been my privilege to restore after they have been secluded from public view for nearly forty-two years, except as an occasional proof has been drawn for especial use.


In presenting these prints from the most valuable collection of historic photographs in America, the EDITORS of this publication take pleasure in here recording that it is only through the public spirit of Mr. Eaton as an antiquarian that this Collection is unveiled to this generation. The existence of this Collection is unknown by the public at large. Photographers have pronounced it impossible, declaring that photography was not sufficiently advanced at that period to prove of such practical use in war. Distinguished veterans of the Civil War have informed me that they knew positively that there were no cameras in the wake of the army. This incredulity of men in a position to know the truth enhances the value of the Collection inasmuch that its genuineness is officially proven by the testimony of those who saw the pictures taken, by the personal statement of the man who took them, and by the Government Records. It is not strange that these negatives should be unknown by the public, inasmuch as they have been practically lost for forty-two years. When the American Republic became rent by a conflict of brother against brother, Mathew B. Brady of Washington and New York, asked the permission of the Government and the protection of the Secret Service to demonstrate the practicability of Scott-Archer's discovery of modern photography in the severest test that the invention had ever been given. Brady's request was granted and he invested heavily in cameras which were made specially for







## Historic Collections in America



the hard usage of warfare. The experimental operations under Brady proved so successful that they attracted the immediate attention of President Lincoln, General Grant and Allan Pinkerton, known as Major Allen and chief of the Secret Service. Equipments were hurried to all divisions of the great army and some of them found their way into the Confederate ranks. The secret never has been divulged. How Mr. Brady gained the confidence of such men as Jefferson Davis and General Robert E. Lee, and was passed through the Confederate lines, may never be known. It is certain that he never betrayed the confidence reposed in him and that the negatives were not used for secret service information, and this despite the fact that Allan Pinkerton and the artist Brady were intimate. Neither of these men had any idea of the years which the conflict was to rage and Mr. Brady expended all his available funds upon paraphernalia. The Government was strained to its utmost resources in keeping its defenders in food and ammunition. It was not concerned in the development of a new science nor the preservation of historical record. With the close of the war, Brady was in the direst financial straits and these seven thousand negatives were placed in storage where they remained throughout the years, occasionally coming before the public but never being fully revealed until their restoration by Mr. Eaton a few months ago. General Ulysses S. Grant was acquainted with the work of Brady on the battle-field, and in a letter written on February third, 1866, spoke of it as "a collection of photographic views of battle-fields taken on the spot, while the occurrences represented were taking place." General Grant added: "I knew when many of these representations were being taken and I can say that the scenes are not only spirited and correct, but also well-chosen. The collection will be valuable to the student and artist of the present generation, but *how much more valuable it will be to future generations!*" General Garfield once declared these negatives to be worth at least \$150,000. It is believed to be the first time that the camera was used on the battle-field. It is the first known collection of its size on the Western Continent and it is the only witness of the scenes enacted during the greatest crisis in the annals of the American Nation. As a contribution to History it occupies a position that the higher art of painting or scholarly research and literal description can never usurp. It records a tragedy that neither the imagination of the painter nor the skill of the historian can so dramatically relate. The drama here revealed by the lens is one of intense realism. In it one can almost hear the beat of the drum and the call of the bugle. It throbs with all the passions known to humanity. It brings one face to face with the madness of battle, the thrill of victory, the broken heart of defeat. There is in it the loyalty of comradeship, the tenderness of brotherhood, the pathos of the soldier's last hour; the willingness to sacrifice, the fidelity to principle, the love of country. Far be it from the power of these old negatives to bring back the memory of forgotten dissensions or long-gone contentions! Whatever may have been the differences that threw a million of America's strongest manhood into bloody combat, each one offered his life for what he believed to be *the right*. The American People today are more strongly united than ever before—North, South, East and West, all are working for the moral, the intellectual, the industrial and political upbuilding of Our Beloved Land. The mission of these pages is one of Peace—that all may look upon the horrors of War and pledge their manhood to "Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men!"







# America—Guardian of World Peace

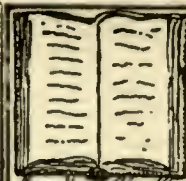
Movement in  
the United States to  
Organize the Nations of the Earth  
Under a Constitution, Based Upon the Principles  
of the American Union of States & Stupendous Progress of  
America and its Duty to the World as a Leader in Civilization & Argument

BY


VICTOR HUGO DURAS, L.L.M., D.C.L., M.DIP.

Author of "Universal Peace," Dedicated to Andrew Carnegie,  
Founder of the Palace of Peace at the Hague

THE home-coming of the American war fleet after encircling the globe, and entering into the annals of History as the first great battle-fleet to circumnavigate the earth on a mission of peace, is but another impressive assurance of the duty of the American Republic to become the guardian of the world's peace. It is America that gave to the world the first appeal for the cessation of war—that of Elihu Burritt in 1857. It is America that, having fallen into the most stupendous conflict of brother against brother that the world has ever known, proved its indomitable power to return to the pursuits of peace united into a stronger brotherhood than ever before. It is America that is giving to the world its greatest living force in the interests of universal peace—Andrew Carnegie. Throughout America today there are thousands of men organized for the noble purpose of the everlasting abolition of war. It is permeating the school rooms, and becoming imbedded in the minds and characters of the coming generation. It is the spirit of the Nation. Peace movements have been too academic; not until now have they been established on a practical foundation of sound political doctrine. It was the privilege of these pages in closing their second year of public service, to give historical record to the first draft for a written Constitution of the United Nations of the World. The feasibility of a suggested union of the eighty nations of the earth was based upon the union of the forty-six states of the United States under a Constitution. It is not probable that any historical document of modern times has created wider discussion throughout the nations. Through THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY, this draft was sent to the parliaments of the nations, the world's rulers, their premiers, and the intellectual and the political leaders of every known form of government. The controversy resulting has been both aggressive and healthful, inasmuch as it promotes a movement toward some tangible expression of universal peace, with a possible method of solution. President Diaz of Mexico, Vice-President Fairbanks of the United States, ambassadors, ministers and statesmen from France, Germany, England, China, and many of the foreign powers, have entered into the discussion. Dr. William Osborne McDowell, the author of the draft of the proposed Constitution for the United Nations of the World, in placing it in THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN







## America—Guardian of the World's Peace


HISTORY, for historical record, stated that if it created healthful controversy along practical lines of legislative enactment it would have done signal service in the cause of peace. This it has done, and through it have developed many expressions from political economists who are working along similar lines. Among these is Victor Hugo Duras, whose travels through Europe and investigations of the systems of government, some time ago convinced him that the solution of universal peace must come through a constitution. Dr. Duras has recorded his views in a recently published volume, transcripts of which have been moulded into a record for these historical pages, and presented herewith.—EDITOR

It is very easy and natural to call a man an idealist when he promulgates some new and large idea, but in a clearer light we are today seeing things which were undreamed of a decade ago, and the rapidity with which progress is making revolutionary changes right before our eyes is astonishing. Why, then, should we consider those things unreasonable which past events have demonstrated entirely feasible and practical? As more events of historic interest have been crowded into the Nineteenth Century than in all past time, we may reasonably believe that there will be more activity in international affairs in the Twentieth Century than there was up to its beginning. I deem it very significant that in my travels over Europe, where national boundaries practically bristle with bayonets and swords to protect the existing national dividing lines (which are being obliterated by economic ties), I had been able to commute from one capital to another without the least hindrance and without a passport. The "United Nations of the World," commonly called the Confederation of the World has been in the minds of men from time almost immemorial. International peace has been in the minds of great men from the beginning of organized government, ever reverberating in importance. Hugo Grotius declared that the congress of Christian nations should be held and controversies should be decided by third parties. Henry IV of France called a congress to discuss the maintenance of peace. William Penn published a scheme for the establishment of a European Diet. Abbé Saint-Pierre, Bentham, Kant and others devised schemes along different lines. Military conquerors had the idea in mind. Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, argued that only military conquest could bring about universal peace.

Originally no one race of people had the superior right to occupy any particular portion of the earth's surface, but their final attachment to the soil made communities of men separated by seas, mountains and deserts. Man has conquered the ocean, tunneled the mountains, and drawn segregated communities into one world community, so that it is easier to go around the world today than it was to cross a continent fifty years ago. The remotest peoples have come into friendly relations with one another and are being governed by a most mutual public law which is drawing them closer into a world-citizenship. The community of the nations of the earth has advanced so far that an injustice in one part of the world is felt throughout its extent, and the idea of cosmopolitan universal right is no fantastic and strained conception of right, but is only the completion of the unwritten law.

International war has no future. Every change in conditions or dispositions is affirmed and fixed only after a struggle of armaments. However, after an analysis of the history of mankind since the year 1496 B. C.





# The United Nations of the World

to the year 1906 of our era—that is, in a cycle of 3,402 years—there were only 257 years of universal peace and 3,145 years during which the peoples were in a state of war. The war years were not years of universal war, but local war, of whatever sort, and we can say that, according to area and space of time, the world was preponderingly in the state of peace. Even considering it thus, the history of the life of the peoples presents a picture of uninterrupted struggle. The status of war, it would appear, is a normal condition of human life, even though there is no actual warfare during the status of this armed peace. But the position has changed and still the new continues to contend with the remnants of the old, which is ever changing and being superseded by the modern order of things.


Economic evolution is ever tending to broaden spheres of activity, and is conducive to a unification of industrial enterprise and the solidification of political entities over broader areas. A highly developed exchange in the securities between nations, or international exchange of corporate stock, is in itself a strong bond between nations, through community of economic interests. It causes till another demand for peace, and is another argument against war. Financial considerations are beginning to play the most decisive part in the extermination of war, for no two countries would be apt to engage in conflict when the interests of each are utterly against war.

Let me instance the United States as materially illustrating my argument. Its wealth has put it in a high rank among nations. In a little more than a hundred, or, at most, two hundred, years of wealth-gathering we have piled up \$110,000,000,000. These stupendous figures are beyond mental grasp. When the Indian wants to tell his tribesmen, upon his return from New York, that he saw vast numbers of men, he says they were as numerous as the leaves on the trees or the grasses in the fields. The savage realizes number and quantity in his peculiarly picturesque way. When I speak to mathematicians of \$100,000,000,000 they form but an indefinite picture of this sum. To aid in the realization of such a vast sum of wealth, it may be said that Great Britain, after two thousand years, a country which has been piling up wealth since its mines sold tin to the Phœnicians, and Cæsar's legions encamped in its numerous castra or chesters, has accumulated only \$55,000,000,000, or half the wealth of the United States. France, La Belle France, her vineyards, olive orchards, rose gardens—the sunny land of Roland and Bayard, the land in which thrift is the law and waste a legend—has amassed only \$50,000,000,000. Germany, including Alsace and Lorraine, an empire whose industrial and commercial history, at least in the last hundred years, reads like a romance, has gathered only \$48,000,000,000. Russia, an empire whose scepter sways over one-sixth of the world, a land with a thousand years of recorded History, commands only \$35,000,000,000. Austria-Hungary, the great dual empire, including Bohemia, the Bohemia of song and story, owns but \$30,000,000,000. Italy, imperial Italy, the land of the Romans and the Renaissance, has only \$18,000,000,000. Spain, poor Spain, after the billions taken from the mines of Mexico and Peru, owns her \$12,000,000,000.

To put all this in another form, this land in which we live—God's country, as the exiled consuls, ambassadors and ministers call it—possesses but a small part of the world's area, in rough figures, one-fourteenth, and of its population, one-twentieth. Yet it produces twenty per cent of the world's wheat, thirty per cent of its gold, thirty-two per cent of its coal, thirty-three per cent of its silver, thirty-four per cent of its manufactured products, thirty-five per cent of its iron, thirty-six per cent of its







## America—Guardian of the World's Peace

cattle, thirty-eight per cent of its steel, fifty per cent of its petroleum, fifty-four per cent of its copper, seventy-five per cent of its cotton, eighty-four per cent of its corn.

In 1904 it produced 13,000,000,000 pound bales of cotton, 27,000,000,000 bushels of corn and more than 775,000,000,000 bushels of wheat.

We have twenty per cent of the world's money inside our gates, twenty-five per cent of its coin and bullion, sixty-seven per cent of its banking power, or \$14,000,000,000, thirty-three and one-third per cent of its savings bank deposits, forty-two per cent of its railroads, and more than half of its thirty best harbors. The foreign trade of the world is about \$22,000,000,000 per twelve months; the internal trade of the United States is \$22,000,000,000. Is comment necessary?

Europe has 12,000 square miles of coal lands, much of it nearing exhaustion—so much so that Great Britain, in alarm, has created two commissions latterly to examine the situation. Twenty years ago, Jevons stated that the mines, at the rate of consumption then going on, would be exhausted in from 150 to 200 years. Again alarmed, England had Wallace report on the situation. He declared that if the mines were run far under the sea they would last another hundred years, or from 250 to 350 years. Three hundred years is not a long period in the history of a nation. It is only three hundred years since the age of Elizabeth, and yet to history students, at least to men familiar with the dynasties of Egyptian and Assyrian kings, it is modern, very modern.


In the bowels of *our* earth is coal enough, at the present rate of consumption, or 300,000,000 tons a year, to last six thousand years. The only countries that can possibly compare with us are China and Russia. According to Richupfen, the great German geographer and geologist, the Celestial Empire—and he explored only a part—has, to his knowledge, 225,000 square miles of coal.

Siberia alone contains one-ninth of the world's area. Great Britain and all of Europe, except Russia, together with the whole of the United States, could be put into Siberia, and, as its mineral deposits are inestimable, at its present rapid rate of settlement it is destined to become the future mineral and grain market of the world.

Mr. Atkinson of Boston, boasted in 1890 that 1900 would see the world producing 40,000,000 tons of iron. It did produce 40,018,000 tons. In 1900 he said that 1916, or possibly 1910, would see a 60,000,000-ton iron output. It promises realization by that time. The history of our iron and steel industry reads like a romance; it is romance, for the story of Peter White is the story of the iron industry. The work in the Gobic, Vermillion and Mesaba ranges in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota rivals the romances of Dumas and Scott. Iron ore is found in these mines in an oxidized form, is scooped up by great automatic shovels, poured into thirty or forty ton steel wagons, and carried often by gravitation to Duluth, Two Harbors, or Marquette, on Lake Superior, when it is then dumped into huge 10,000 or 12,000 ton steamers, filling one of these leviathans in as many hours, now, as it formerly took days to fill boats, the largest of which was 2,000 tons. By these boats the iron ore is carried across the lakes to Buffalo, Toledo, Cleveland and Chicago on Lake Erie and Lake Michigan, and is dumped into huge furnaces. Most of the work, if not quite all, is done by automatic machinery. There it is converted into steel billets, rails, or the ten thousand things for which it serves, among which







# The United Nations of the World

are principally the implements of human destruction. With all these things we have gone into the earth to bless man with implements of construction and implements of destruction. The figures given above were for 1900. Since that time a great change has come over the iron world. In 1905 we produced 22,300,000 tons of the world's total, 52,000,000, beating England and Germany by 2,600,000 tons. In 1893 we had thirty-nine per cent of the world's total, 46,368,000 tons. In 1863 we produced only 831,770, to Great Britain's 4,825,254 and Germany's 759,900, and the world's total, 9,250,000 tons. For five years we have been producing as much as both. This, with coal, has given us the mastery of the world's markets. They have put us at the head of the procession of the so-called Anglo-Saxon civilization. It is weighing us down with great and grave responsibilities; it is inaugurating an era in which this country is to sit at the head of the table in the world's great council chambers. The only blur in it all is the limit of the supply. The world's estimated iron deposits amount to only 10,000,000,000 tons. Luckily, there are lands still unexplored. In these may be many billions more. Of the 10,000,000,000 tons known, the United States is said to have 1,100,000,000; Germany, 2,000,000,000; Great Britain, 1,000,000,000 tons. The remainder of 6,000,000,000 tons is, for the most part, found in Scandinavia, Spain, Russia, Canada, and the various countries of Asia and the islands of the sea.

In the production of steel the record is romantic, we may say. In 1900 we produced 10,188,000 tons of steel; the United Kingdom, 4,901,000; Germany, 6,362,000 tons. In 1903 our production reached 14,517,763 tons, or forty and one-half per cent of the world's total of 35,846,000 tons. During that year Germany, keeping pace with modern movement in far better form than England, produced 8,801,515 tons and Great Britain 5,134,101, both together producing far less than the United States, and the discrepancy has continued to grow in the years 1904 and 1905. It is probable that the steel production of the United States is rapidly moving toward 20,000,000 tons. Indeed, the thoughtful and observing student will have noted the marvelous rapidity with which we have risen from a place behind Germany and England to the foremost rank in iron and steel production.

As late as 1883, Great Britain produced 8,490,224 tons of iron and 2,158,880 tons of steel; Germany, 3,397,588 tons of iron and 1,066,920 of steel, against 4,595,510 and 1,673,534 tons, respectively, for the United States. Still further back, both countries surpassed us in the two products. In all this, one begins to realize the meaning and value of these minerals, coal and iron: they are the real royal metals, or, in other words, they are the real sources of power. It is to these that Great Britain owes her pre-eminent position. They gave her the world, and are now giving the world to the United States. Behind Gibraltar, the Suez, the islands of the Mediterranean, India, Australia, Canada, and the mighty places of the world upon which her guns have been erected, are the coal and iron mines of England, Scotland and Wales. Behind the United States' success at home and abroad are the coal and iron mines of our country, which are forces and factors that make every possibility a marvelous opportunity of manifest destiny.

The meaning of this vast wealth, both at hand and in reserve, is evident. It creates new and vast responsibilities. While it gives us power, it gives responsibilities. To be true to them all, to live up to the past, and to be as virtuous as our fathers, we shall have to work ceaselessly in the




Art

History

Literature





## America—Guardian of the World's Peace

cause of Peace, so that our resources may be used for the upbuilding of the Nation and not the destruction of its glorious opportunity.

The great American Republic has already achieved the highest position among the nations of the earth; it is destined to play the star part on the stage of diplomacy in future time. In but a century the United States have come to the front by leaps and bounds, from an agricultural to an industrial and now to a commercial nation. The period of agriculture covered the time between the Revolution and the Civil War. The industrial period reaches from the Civil War to the Spanish-American War, and the commercial period from that war to the present time. All the necessary fundamentals for the building up of a strong nation have been gone through in but a century and a quarter, and with the remarkable strides that this Nation has made in the past century, with its practically untouched and boundless resources, who can predict the future?

Already I have stated that the United Nations of Europe must necessarily stand against the wonderful development and power of the United States of America. In one hundred years the American states have developed an empire twice the size of the combined states of Europe. And the most significant fact of all, is, the rapid transition of the great American commonwealth from a democracy to a republic and then to an empire in but the course of a little over a century.

There is bound forever to be a difference between the civilizations of the East and the West, and let me say here that when we compare the Orientals and the Occidentals, civilization is indeed an ambiguous term, for if we are to determine the standard of civilization according to the sphere and length of time a people is in the state of peace, then eastern civilization has attained the highest development. If we are to determine the standard of civilization according to the sphere and length of time a people is in the state of war, then western civilization has attained the highest development; for the peoples of the East have been living in the state of peace in the past centuries, while the peoples of the West have been living in the state of war.

As certain as it is a fact that man was born in the East, so certain is it that civilization began with its development there; and as the waters receded from the land and left it stand out above their surface, so man descended into the valleys left by the subsiding waters; and if man was born on Mount Arrarat ten thousand years ago, he has spread to the four winds; and, ever following the same direction, comes nearer and nearer to the shrine of his birth. In the history of man we may say: He left home alone, but comes back with a family of 15,000,000,000, increasing at the rate of ten millions a year. He has a polychrome family, each contending for superiority over the other. Many differences have hence arisen among them as the stronger color dominated the weaker.

However different may be the civilization of the Orient from that of the Occident, we cannot fail to find great likeness, even where we find the greatest difference, and cannot help but foresee the realization of Universal Peace by a system of International Government, in which all the races and peoples of this earth shall finally merge. As we survey the world today there is everywhere an apparent tendency toward a common solidarity; for, in fact, peace and truth are sought with both sides of the shield; all races teach love, all religions preach self-sacrifice, and all languages are full of expressions of truth, peace and brotherhood.

*"Ex Oriente Lux."*





# American Mothers of Strong Men

Patriots of the Home whose Faith and Encouragement  
Have Moulded the National Character of the Republic &  
Historical Investigations into American Foundations

BY

MRS. KATHARINE PRESCOTT BENNETT

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Granddaughter of Roger Sherman Prescott

**T**HE American mother is the silent patriot of the Nation. Through the wars and political events that

have held the Nation in jeopardy, the American mother has been the power behind the strong men who have come to the rescue of their country. The elective franchise for which woman seeks today, can never carry her to the heights of glory which she has attained at home in times of peril. It is not difficult to understand the spirit that beckoned men to the New World three centuries ago, but the self-sacrifice of those women who became the first American mothers is one of the most inspiring records in the world's History. In the American Revolution the women were real heroes. In all the train of progress that has since swept the continent, the American woman has never hesitated in following, and at times, leading the way through the wilderness. The great West today is a monument to her courage.

## An *Astronomical* DIARY, OR, AN ALMANACK

For the Year of our LORD CHRIST,

1753.

Being the first after BISSEXTILE, or LEAP-YEAR: And in the Twenty-Sixth Year of the Reign of our most Gracious Sovereign KING GEORGE III.

Wherein is contained the Lunations, Eclipses, Mutual Aspects of the Planets, Sun and Moon's Rising & Setting, Rising, Setting & Southing of the Seven Stars, Time of High-Water, Courts, Observable Days, Spring Tides, Judgment of the Weather, &c.

Calculated for the Lat. of 41 Deg. North, & the Meridian of New-London in CONNECTICUT.

By ROGER SHERMAN.

Time sprung from Darkness, & from Ancient Night;  
And led's along with the first Beams of Light;  
In Sol's bright Carr he leis'd the flowing reins,  
And drove his Course thro' the Aethereal Plains,  
Whose Radiant Beams affect our feeble Eyes  
And fill our Minds with Wonder and Surprise,  
And till his Wheels on their swift Axles-Roll  
With eager haste to reach the destin'd Goal;  
Fast as the Winds their rapid Course they bend,  
Crowd on the Scenes, & bring the fatal End.

NEW-LONDON:

Printed & Sold by T. GREEN, 1753.

Facsimile of Front Page of the Astronomical  
Diary Edited by Roger Sherman in 1753  
Original in the Connecticut Historical Society



Rebecca Prescott Sherman & Mother of Men




STATUE TO ROGER SHERMAN—C. B. Ives, Sculptor

He was the only man privileged to take part in the Four Great Documents of our National History—The Declaration of Rights (1774)—The Declaration of Independence (1776)—The Articles of Confederation (1777) and the Constitution of the United States (1789)

Statue in the Façade of the State Capitol at Hartford, Connecticut





## Investigations into Heredity in America

**I**N recently pursuing investigations into early American foundations, I was impressed with the mass of material that has been collected regarding Roger Sherman. As I read the closing lines of one especially elaborate and interesting, I thought, "How strange that in all my reading I never have read one on his wife, Rebecca Prescott Sherman: yet it seems to me she is worthy of more than the few lines usually devoted to her in the biographies of her distinguished husband." I began researches into her life and this record is the result. Before I attempt to interest you in the distinguished woman, a brief outline of her ancestry may prove of historic value. Surnames were little, almost never, used in England before the Norman Conquest. Doubtless every name originally had a meaning derived from some cherished place or object, or from fancy, or caprice; or from some deed which had distinguished its owner. The name "Prescott" is of very ancient origin, and is composed of two Saxon words, "priest" and "cottage." It is said, on good authority, that the Prescotts are of royal descent through a younger branch of the royal family. It is certain that they belonged to the nobility of England. There is preserved by the descendants in this country (America) a family coat-of-arms which was conferred upon one of the remote ancestors for his bravery, courage and successful enterprise as a man and military officer. This coat-of-arms must have been very old, as it was used by the Prescotts of Theobald Park, Hertfordshire, Barts; and by those of the ancient families of that name in Lancashire and Yorkshire. Among the most marked traits of this race, which have remained the same in each succeeding generation for centuries, are independence and great force of character; executive ability, integrity, tenacity of purpose, and quickness to think and act in emergency. Many interesting anecdotes illustrating these qualities are at my command.

The first American ancestor of Rebecca Prescott was John Prescott who sold his lands in Shevington, Lancashire; then sailed for Barbadoes where he landed in 1638, and became an owner of lands there. In 1640, he came to New England and landed in Boston; then settled in Watertown where he had large grants of land allotted him. John Prescott, like most of the early settlers in New England, left his home to escape the relentless religious persecutions in his native land. How much his coming meant to what was then a wilderness! I pause and think of the long procession of his distinguished descendants, and what their lives have meant to this country. The power of heredity is typified in progeny; from him have come to us ministers, scholars, statesmen, soldiers and brave men and good women filling honorable places in their respective communities. Such men as "Prescott the Historian," and "Prescott of Bunker Hill" are prominent figures in the line of his descendants; and many others equally worthy of notice, whom I have no space to mention, still others whom I shall touch upon, later, in connection with Rebecca Prescott. When the "Prescott Memorial" was ready for press, it was withheld until the soldiers were "mustered out" at the close of the Civil War, in order to learn how many of the family had taken part in it. Three hundred and sixty of the name of Prescott responded; also many of Prescott ancestry, not name,—still others, no doubt, swelled the ranks of our army, who were not heard from. It is safe to calculate that several hundred of the "Prescott" blood went in response to their country's call, and "acted well their part" in the nation's conflict, as did their ancestors of Colonial days. And there were Prescotts in the








### SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

Painting by the Distinguished Painter of the American Revolution, John Trumbull (1756-1843), whose historical canvasses include the notable American masterpieces, "The Battle of Bunker Hill," "The Death of Montgomery," portraits of Washington, Jefferson, and many of the builders of the American Nation—This Painting here reproduced includes the portraits of all the signers of the Declaration of Independence

Congress of the United States in session now assembled (1909) has passed a Bill incorporating an organization to be composed of the Descendants of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence to collect material regarding the life and works of all the signers of this most historic document in the world's annals, and it is to be signed by Theodore Roosevelt as the President of the United States, in commemoration of Washington's Birthday, on February 22, 1909

Original Painting in the Art Gallery of the Athenæum at Hartford, Connecticut



## Investigations into Heredity in America

South who were loyal to their Southern homes and traditions. The first American ancestor of the Prescotts was of fine physique, forceful character, and brilliant mind; he was a remarkable personage, and at once became an influential man in his adopted country.

Leaving the first ancestor of Rebecca Prescott, I will pass by several generations of intensely interesting people and events, until I come to her grandfather, Benjamin Prescott, and Elizabeth Higginson, his wife, of Salem village. This is the bicentennial of the graduation of Benjamin Prescott from Harvard, in 1709. He studied for the ministry and was ordained over the church at the "2nd Precinct" in Salem on September 23, 1713, where he officiated with fidelity and success for forty-five years. Upon retiring from his pastoral duties, he, being endowed with strong reasoning powers, and his mind well stored with political, as well as theological knowledge, was extensively employed in the defense of the rights of the people, more especially at the commencement of the controversy which lead to the Revolution. It is said that his writings were distinguished for their force and vivacity even when he entered his ninetieth year, in which year he died, having lived just long enough to rejoice over the Declaration of Independence and the freedom of the Colonies. I have here transcribed an original letter relating the ordination of Benjamin Prescott, grandfather of Rebecca Prescott, in 1713. It was written by Lawrence Conant, a member of the ordaining council:

Honored and Dear Friend

Salem, Sept. 25th. 1713.

Through ye goodness of Providence we arrived in this place after dark Tuesday night, and are now staying with your brother Thomas at ye Precinct. The reason we got there so late, was because we were detained a long time at ye ferry, as ye boat was on ye Charlestown side and ye roads were very bad and ye streams very high on account of ye great rains. Mr. Appleton of Cambridge did not get here 'till Wednesday evening at 9oc, his horse being weary, so we tarried all night at Reading. Your Brother Thomas says ye place has grown very much since you lived here, and that ye church has got 40 members who came off from Mr. Noyes Church in Salem town (13 men & 27 women) and ye town has granted ye Precinct £5 a year for 5 years for ye support of ye gospel in ye Precinct. Ye church has made choice of ye Rev. Benj. Prescott for their Pastor and voted him £60 a year, and 15 cords of wood, when single and £75 when he shall be married. Mr. Prescott is the oldest son of Esq. Jonathan Prescott of Concord, and is a promising man about 25 years old, and betrothed to Elizabeth Higginson, a comely daughter of Mr. John Higginson. Ye New Meeting House is situated in a pleasant valley, near a stream of water, on ye village road and about a mile from Town Bridge. Ye services in ye church (or meeting house) began by reading a part of ye 119th. Psalm by Rev. C. Mather, after which he read a portion from Thomas Allens *Invitation to thirsty sinners*. Mr. Hubbard your excellent minister then offered prayer, and a Psalm was sung to a most solemn tune, ye oldest Deacon reading line by line in solemn voice, so that ye whole congregation could join. Mr. Bowers of Beverly next offered a prayer of Ordination and Consecration, with ye laying on of hands of ye elders. Mr. Appleton of Cambridge preached ye sermon from 2nd. Cor. 2nd. chap. 16th. verse, last clause, "Who is sufficient for these things," another Psalm was then sung and then Mr. Shepard gave ye charge, and the Rev. Mr. Greene of ye village ye hand of fellowship, and Mr. Garnish of Wenthams made ye concluding prayer. There was an immense concourse of people in ye house, so that every part of ye house was crowded and some were on ye beams over ye heads of ye congregation. Ye Governor was in ye house and her Majesty's Commissioner of ye Customs, and they sat together by ye pulpit stairs. Ye Governor appeared very devout and attentive, altho he favors Episcopacy and tolerates the Quakers and Baptists, but he is a *strong opposer of ye Baptists*. He was dressed in a black velvet coat, bordered with gold lace, and buff breeches with gold buckles at ye knees, and white stockings. There was a disturbance in ye galleries, where it was filled with negroes, mulattoes and Indians, and a negro, called "Pomp Shorter," belonging to Mr. Gardner, was called forth and put in ye broad aisle, where he was reproved with great awfulness and solemnity, he was then put in ye Deacons seat between two deacons in view of





## Rebecca Prescott Sherman & Mother of Men


ye whole congregation, but the Sexton was ordered by Mr. Prescott to take him out because of his levity and strange contortions of countenance, giving great scandal to ye grave deacons, and put him in the lobby under ye stairs. Some children and a mulatto woman were reprimanded for laughing at Pomp Shorter. When ye services at ye house were ended, ye council and other dignitaries were entertained at ye house of Mr. Epes on the hill near by, and we had a bountiful table with bears meat and venison, the last of which was from a fine buck, shot in the woods near by—ye bear was killed in Lynn Woods near Reading. After ye blessing was craved by Mr. Garnish of Wenthams, word came that ye buck was shot on ye Lord's day by Pequot, an Indian who came to Mr. Epes with a lye in his mouth, like Annanias of old, we thereupon refused to eat of ye venison, but it was afterwards agreed, that Pequot should receive 40 stripes save one for lying and profaning the Lord's day—restore Mr. Epes the cost of ye deer—and counseling that a just and righteous sentence on ye sinful Heathen, and that a blessing had been craved on ye meat, ye council all partook of it, but Mr. Shepard whose conscience was tender on ye point of venison.

Ye people all much rejoiced to have ye Gospel Ordinances as established among them, and ye house is well built, 3 stories high, 28 by 42 feet with oak timber and covered with one and one half inch plank, and with clapboard upon that and it is intended to have ye outside finished with plastering, when ye Precinct are able. Ye pulpit and ye Deacons seat are made of good oak; and a green cushion on ye pulpit given by Mr. Higginson. I had ye above particulars from Mr. Drake ye builder of ye house, who is a man of considerable requirements. He also told me, that he prepared a box to put under ye foundation containing ye year of our Lord that ye building was begun and various particulars about ye framing of ye church. He also put in copper coins of ye Reign of our blessed Sovereign Queen Ann and an epistle to ye Sovereign, who shall reign over these Provinces, when ye box shall be found and another to the household of faith in ye Salem Middle Precinct exhorting them to maintain ye doctrine of ye founders, to ye utter confusion and shame of all Baptists, Mass mongers and other heretical unbelievers. Mr. Trask, who is himself a Godly man and a member of ye church, would not agree to put ye box under ye house, as he thought it savored of presumption and vainglorying: and some of them would not agree to ye sentiments of ye letter to ye Householder of faith, but he privately put ye box under ye Pulpit, when the house was near built enclosed in brick and good clay mortar without the knowledge of ye church. Mr. Trask thinks that ye frame of ye house will stand two or three hundred years, if it is well covered from ye weather. There have been great rejoicing with us in Boston on account of ye glorious news of peace and may ye Lord long continue ye blessing and avert ye judgements we deserve.

LAWRENCE CONANT.

The son of this Benjamin Prescott was also a Harvard graduate, taking his degree in that college in 1736, and married Rebecca Minot in 1741. Their first child was born in 1742, the Rebecca Prescott of my sketch, who came into this world blessed with the heritage of a long line of honorable ancestors back of her, a race powerful in mind and body. Honorable lineage is indeed a goodly heritage. Fancy her in old Salem town as she grew from babyhood to childhood, from childhood to girlhood; fancy the simple duties and simple pleasures, which made up the life of this Puritan maiden. "Fancy" all this, I say, for we know little of her from the time of her birth, until she was seventeen years old. There is a family tradition, true beyond question. It comes from the best authority as Rebecca Prescott herself told it to her own niece through whom it came to me. This niece lived to a great age, her faculties unimpaired to the last, her mind clear on all points, especially those connected with her early days. I wish I could make you see this niece, as my memory pictures her. She is in a large and lofty room in a stately old home of the long ago. It is a fit setting for her, and no more stately than her erect figure, as she sits in her straight-backed chair (she would have scorned a lounging one) beside the great four-poster. Her eyes were black and shining with animation, her iron-gray hair curled closely, three short curls each side in front, in graduated lengths. These





## Investigations into Heredity in America

curls had a fascinating way of bobbing about, as she would shake her head, when relating anything of especial interest to herself. I used to watch them when a child, with the greatest enjoyment, and though she has been dead some years, her vivid personality made all that she was and did and said, remain as clear in my mind as what I saw and heard yesterday. One day I found her in her usual place, looking over some beautiful old-fashioned silks for a quilt. I was interested in them at once, and asked questions and admired them with such enthusiasm that she was greatly pleased. "You may draw up that ottoman and sit down, my dear, if you would like to hear about some of these," she said. So with much satisfaction I settled myself to listen to one of her reminiscent talks, in which I so delighted.


"Most of these are the dresses of members of our family," she began. "This piece is not, but belonged to a friend of mine who wore it to a ball given in honor of Lafayette, and she was chosen as a partner by him many times that evening. This lovely brocade was Aunt Mercy's; and this," picking up a beautiful piece of green moire antique, "was Aunt Rebecca Prescott Sherman's dress, about which there is a little story you may like."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "Won't you please begin and tell me all about her?"

She smiled at my insatiable longing for reminiscences, of which this was not her first experience, and after "putting on her thinking cap" for a minute, as she used to call it, said: "Very well, my dear, I will tell you about Aunt Rebecca, who was always a very interesting person to me. She was born in Salem, and nothing in particular happened to her until she was about seventeen, when something *very particular indeed* happened." This certainly sounded exciting, and, full of interest, I waited for what should come next. "You know," she continued, "that her aunt had married Rev. Josiah Sherman of Woburn, Massachusetts," (I did not know it, but held my peace) "and one bright morning Aunt Rebecca started on horseback to visit her, little dreaming toward what she was riding so serenely. Roger Sherman, meanwhile, had just finished a visit with his brother, Josiah, who decided to ride a short distance toward New Haven with him. They were about to say good-bye when Aunt Rebecca's horse, with its fair rider, came galloping down the road. Aunt Rebecca was a great beauty and a fine horse-woman, and she must have ridden straight into Roger Sherman's heart, for, concluding to prolong his visit, he turned his horse and rode back with her. His courtship prospered, as we know, and they were married May 12, 1763, when she was twenty and he was forty-two—twenty-two years her senior. She was his second wife, and entered the life of this wonderfully gifted but plain man, just at the time when her beauty, grace and wit were of the greatest help in his career. We always have been a patriotic race," she continued, "and this marriage brought Aunt Rebecca into still more active touch with all matters pertaining to the interests of the Colonies at this stirring period; and when at last the Declaration of Independence was declared, can you fancy the excitement and enthusiasm of the wife of Roger Sherman; the man who had so much to do with the momentous document? When a little later George Washington designed and ordered the new flag to be made by Betsy Ross, nothing would satisfy Aunt Rebecca but to go and see it in the works, and there she had the privilege of sewing some of the stars on the very first flag of the young Nation. Perhaps because of this experience, she was chosen and requested to make the first flag ever made in the State of Connecticut,—which she did, assisted by Mrs. Wooster. This fact is officially recorded."







## Rebecca Prescott Sherman & Mother of Men

She paused, smiled and said: "Have you not heard enough about Aunt Rebecca?"



"You said there was a story about the dress like this piece," I hinted.

"Yes, it is just a short little story which came to Uncle Roger's ears, which it amused him to tell, to Aunt Rebecca's consternation. When independence was declared, she was only thirty-four years old, and the lovely girl had developed into what George Washington considered the most beautiful of what we now call the Cabinet ladies. She wore this dress to a dinner given by George Washington to the political leaders and their wives, and he took her out to dinner, thus making her the guest of honor. Madam Hancock was much piqued, and afterward said to some one, that *she* was entitled to that distinction. A rumor of her displeasure came to the ears of George Washington, and to have his actions criticized was not at all to his liking. He drew himself up to his full height and sternly said: 'Whatever may be Mrs. Hancock's sentiments in the matter, I had the honor of escorting to dinner the handsomest lady in the room.' If Mrs. Hancock heard of this, I do not think it would have tended to restore her tranquility. I remember Aunt Rebecca coming into the room, just as Uncle Roger was finishing this story, and exclaiming, half laughing, half vexed: 'Oh! Roger, why will you tell the child such nonsense?' Then turning to me, she said: 'Always remember, that handsome is what handsome does.' 'Well!' Uncle Roger retorted gallantly, 'You looked handsome and acted handsome too, Rebecca, so I am making an example of you. Surely you cannot find fault with that?' How these trifling incidents will stay by one," she said thoughtfully. "Now I have told you the little story of the green moire antique dress, and you may have a piece of it if you like, child." Thanking her for my pleasant time, and for the piece of the precious dress, I left her to think quietly of other days, so very real to her.

Of the several children of Rebecca Prescott Sherman, one daughter became the mother of United States Senator Hoar; another the mother of Roger Sherman Baldwin, Governor of Connecticut, and United States Senator; still another the mother of Honorable William M. Evarts. These are but casual citations of the many distinguished names among the descendants of this illustrious woman. A little over a year ago, in a large and beautiful city—sometimes called the "New England city of the West"—a young ladies' chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was being organized. The important question of a name for this new chapter was much discussed; none met with approval until the name of the woman of this sketch was mentioned—together with some facts relating to her. This found favor at once, except that the full name seemed rather long. At first they thought to call it Rebecca Prescott—then Rebecca Sherman; but as both names, Prescott and Sherman, were so closely associated in all minds with the Colonial days, they could not drop either, so the entire name was given to the chapter. Its present regent is of Prescott ancestry, and one of her choicest possessions is a beautiful quilt, in the center of which is the piece of green moire antique silk of which I told you in the little anecdote of Washington's dinner party. Perhaps this little band of patriotic modern American girls will do more than could be done in any other way to perpetuate the name of the Puritan maiden, Rebecca Prescott, who attained the highest honor that woman can reach in this world—the mother of men.







# General Washington's Order Book in the American Revolution

Original Records  
in Washington's Orderly Book  
Throw New Light onto His Military  
Character and His Discipline of the Army & Proof  
of His Genius as a Military Tartician & Life of the American  
Patriots in the Ranks of the Revolutionists Revealed by Original Manuscript


NOW IN POSSESSION OF  
MRS. ELLEN FELLOWS BOWN

PENFIELD, NEW YORK

Great-grand-daughter of Member of Washington's Staff  
in the American Revolution

**T**HE original Order Book of General Washington in the American Revolution, which is being recorded in these pages, has developed an interesting discussion among historians as to whether or not Washington wrote his own orders in his own book or issued them to a fellow-officer who transcribed them for military record. Mr. Charles Allen Munn, President of the *Scientific American*, and an authoritative antiquarian, is inclined, from his investigations, to believe that Washington did not indite his own orders. In speaking of THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY, Mr. Munn says: "I wish to congratulate you. I watch it with great interest. I think that it is extremely doubtful that Washington kept his own Orderly Book. I have seen several of his Order Books, and, in fact, I own three of them myself. One of them is claimed to have been written by Washington himself, and to be in his handwriting. I have some very excellent evidence that it is in his handwriting, amongst which is a certificate to that effect, signed by Tobias Lear. The resemblance between the chirography in this book and Washington's own handwriting is strikingly similar, but there is in my mind no doubt that it is not by Washington's hand. It was not the practice, as far as I have been able to discover, for any of the generals of the Revolution to keep their own Order Books; certainly at this very busy time it would have been impossible for Washington to do so. I have Washington's first Order Book, at the time he took command in Cambridge. This is certainly not in his hand, and it was written by someone who was rather illiterate. I have an Order Book which precedes the one from which you quote, giving the orders during the occupancy of New York City. It contains the orders for announcing the Declaration of Independence, read in front of the City Hall. It is not in Washington's handwriting." Records from the Order Book in possession of Mrs. Bown are here transcribed. Investigations regarding the interesting controversy created by them are being pursued for further record in these historical pages.—EDITOR





# Original Order Book of General Washington

## COURT MARTIAL FOR COWARDICE IN RUNNING AWAY FROM ENEMY

HEAD QUARTERS, Sept. 7th, 1776.

*Parole, Temple; Countersign, Liberty.*

John Davis of Capt'n Hamilton's Company of Artillery tried by a Court Martial, whereof Coll. Malcomb was President, was convicted of Desertion and Sentenced to Receive 39 Lashes; Levi Webster of Capt'n Hyde's Com'y, Coll. Wyllis' Reg't, convicted by the same Court Martial of ye same Offence, sentenced to Receive the same Punishment. The Gen'l approves the Sentences, and orders them to be executed on the Regimental Parade at the Usual Hour in the morning.

A Court Martial consisting of a Commandant of a Brigade, 2 Colls., 2 Lt. Colls., 2 Maj'rs and 6 Captains, to set tomorrow at Mrs. Montainie's, to try Maj'r Post of Coll. Hacklin's Reg't, for Cowardice in running away from Long Island, when an alarm was given of the approach of the Enemy, the same Court also to try John Spangeny of the same Reg't for the same Offence, & Likewise Lt. Peter Hacklin. Benjamin Store appointed Quarter Master, William Adams appointed Pay Master, Nath'l Webb Adj't of Coll. Durkee's Reg't, Dan'l Tilden Esq. to do duty as Captain till further orders. Richard Sill is appointed Pay Master to Coll. Tyler's Reg't, Maj'r Lee is desired to do duty as Brigade Major in Major Henley's Stead, till an appointment is made.

Brigad'r for the Day, Commandant Silliman, Field Officers for the Picquet, Coll. Holman, Lt. Coll. Lewis, Maj'r Chapman, for Main Guard, Maj'r Alner, Brigad'r Maj'r Gray.

BRIGADE ORDERS, Sept. 7th, 1776.

For Guards in the Brigade & Boat Duty as Yesterday. The Gen'l once more Warns the Soldiers of this Brigade against making Destruction of the Fences, of other Property of the Inhabitants, he declares that he will bring those to exemplary Punishment who shall be detected in such Unwarrantable Practices, & he cautions ye Officers to be Vigilant to discover those who shall be guilty of such detestable Practices.

Officer of the Day for tomorrow, Coll. Smith, Orderly Serg't for Head Quarters from Coll. Cary's Reg't, Orderly Serg't for Brigade Head Quarters from Coll. Smith's Reg't.

HEAD QUARTERS, Sept. 8th, 1776.

*Parole, Grayson; Countersign, Tilghman.*

Alexander McIntire of Capt'n Newell's Com'y, James Butler of Capt'n Dalley's Com'y & John Knowlton of Capt'n Maxwell's Com'y, all of Coll. Prescott's Reg't, tried by a Court Martial whereof Coll. Malcomb was President, & acquitted of Plundering a Cellar belonging to a Citizen of New York, each ordered to be discharged & Join their Reg'ts. Amos Read, Corp'l in Capt'n McCleave's Company, Reg't late Coll. Johnson's, tried by same Court Martial, and convicted of speaking disrespectfully and Vilifying the Commander in Chief, Sentenced to receive 39 Lashes, at different Days successively, 13 each Day, & reduced to the Ranks. John Lillie of Coll. Knox's Reg't of Artillery, Capt'n Hamilton's Com'y, convicted by the same Court of abusing Adj't Henley, and striking him, ordered to receive 39 Lashes in the same Manner. The Gen'l approves the above sentences, and orders them to be put in Execution at the Usual time & Place.

The Gen'l directs that in future, in Case of any Soldier being detected in Plundering, the Brigadeer Gen'l or Coll. or Commanding Officer of the Reg't immediately call a Court Martial, and have the offender tried and punished without Delay.


BRIGADE ORDERS, Sept. 8th, 1776.

Guards and Boat Duty as Yesterday. 150 Men Properly Officered, to turn out upon Fatigue tomorrow. Officer of the Day tomorrow, Lt. Coll. Longley, Orderly Serg't for Head Quarters from Coll. Smith's Reg't, Orderly Sergeant for Brigade Head Quarters from Coll. Holman's Regiment.

AFTER ORDERS.

Adjutant Bradford of Coll. Hitchcock's Reg't to do the Duty of Brigade Maj'r for Gen'l Nixon's Brigade, during Maj'r Boxe's Illness.





## Written in Army of the American Revolution

ORDERS FOR CALLING THE ROLL THREE TIMES A DAY TO BE  
PUNCTUALLY OBEYED

HEAD QUART's, Sept. 9th, 1776.

*Parole. Mifflin; Countersign, Putnam.*

Elias Mather appointed Quart'r Mast'r to Coll. Tyler's Reg't, Gardner Carpenter appointed Pay Master to Coll. Huntington's Reg't.— The Colls. or Commanding Officers of Reg'ts, or Pay Masters, where appointed, are Immediately to prepare and send in their Pay Abstracts for the Months of July & Aug., the Pay Master will attend at his old office, Mr. Lisenard's, on Thursday and Friday to receive those of the Division under Gen'l Putnam. A time and place will be appointed in Gen'l orders tomorrow, to Receive those of Gen'l Heath's and Spencer's Divisions. The Maryland Brigade being ordered to March, Gen'l Fellows to supply 250 Men in their Stead till further Orders.

The several Brigade Maj'r's are required to have their Men on the Grand Parade precisely at 8 o'clock every morning, or they will be publicly reprimanded, the late Relief of the Guards is a Subject of Gen'l Complaint, no Failure of Duty in the Adjutant will excuse, unless the Adj't is put under Arrest. Brigadeer for the Day, Gen'l Scott, Field Officers for the Picquet Coll. Smith, Lt. Coll. Molton, Maj'r Millin; for Main Guard Maj'r Canfield, Brigade Maj'r.

BRIGADE ORDERS, Sept. 9th, 1776.

For Guard and Boat Duty the same as Usual. Mr. Thomas Hetherly is appointed Drum Maj'r for this Brigade till further orders, he is to be obeyed accordingly, & it is expected that the Drum Maj'r take care that all the Drummers off Duty attend at Head Quarters of the Brigade at Usual Hours,—for the last time the Gen'l directs the Quarter Masters to scour and Grease the Spears on this Post, once in four Days. The Adjutants will see that the Guard for the Grand Parade are Paraded on the Brigade Parade at half after 6 o'clock every morning, precisely. Officer of the Day tomorrow, Coll. Holman; Orderly Serg't for Head Quart's from Coll. Holman's Reg't Orderly Serg't for Brigade Head Quarters from Coll. Cary's Reg't.

HEAD QUARTERS, Sept. 10th, 1776.

*Parole, Marblehead; Countersign, Orange.*

Maj'r Post of Coll. Hinkler's Battallion haveing been tried by a Court Martial, whereof Coll. Silliman was President, on a Charge of Cowardice and Shamefully abandoning his Post on Long Island, the 28th of August, is acquitted of Cowardice, but convicted of Misbehaviour in the other Instance, he is therefore Sentenced to be dismissed from the Army, as totally unqualified to hold a Military Commission.

Adjutant Langdenburgh & Lt. Franklin tried for the same offence were acquitted, the Gen'l approves the Sentence as to Langdenburgh and Franklin, & orders them to Join their Reg'ts, but as there is reason to believe further evidence can soon be obtained with respect to the Maj'r, he is to continue under Arrest till they can Attend.

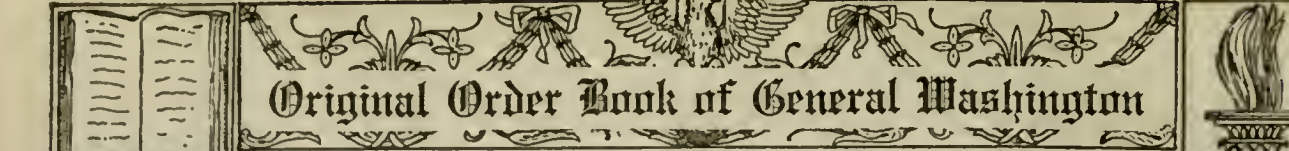
The Brigade Maj'r's of the Day to carry the Parole & Countersign, to the several Guards as formerly, takeing care that it be done Early.

The Brigade Maj'r's are directed to have the several Reg'ts form in Brigade as often as Possible, and to be very careful that they are thoroughly acquainted with their Alarm Posts, and the Lines they are to Man. The Gen'l observes with great concern that too little care is taken to prevent the Men's straggling from their Quarters & Incampments, so that in Case of a Sudden Attack, it will be difficult to collect them, he therefore most anxiously desires both Officers and Men would attend to it, and consider how much their safety and success depends upon their being at hand when wanted. The orders for calling the Roll three times a Day is to be punctually obeyed and any Officer omitting it will be brought to a Court Martial.

Great complaints are made of ye Adjutants being irregular and remiss in Duty, the Gen'l Informs them that he expects alacrity and dispatch of Business, equal to the Importance of their Situations, and will certainly make some examples (if), which he sincerely hopes may not be the Case, there should be any further reason of complaint.

The Court Martial to sit tomorrow for the Trial of Capt'n Rapeljee, confined by Coll. Lasher for refusing to do Duty. Maj'r Scammel is appointed





# Original Order Book of General Washington

## THIRTY-NINE LASHES ADMINISTERED FOR PLUNDERING

a temporary Assistant to the Adjutant Gen'l, and is to repair to Gen'l Heath's Division, he is to be obeyed and respected accordingly.

Brigad'r of the Day Glover. Field Officers for the Picquet, Coll. Ward, Lt. Coll. Stockholm, For Main Guard Maj'r Wells, Brigade Major Fish.

BRIGADE ORDERS, Sept. 10th, 1776.

For Guards tomorrow as Usual, for Fatigue 150 Men Properly Officered.— Officer of the Day tomorrow, Coll. Cary, Orderly Serg't for Head Quarters from Coll. Cary's Reg't, Orderly Serg't for Brigade Head Quarters from Coll. Smith's Reg't. *Parole, Ulster;*

*C. Sign, Albany.*

GEN'L ORDERS, Sept. 11th, 1776.

Robert Williams of Coll. Glover's Reg't is appointed Pay Master to s'd Reg't. William Arnold & Sam'l Clark of Cap't Smith's Com'y, Coll. Smallwood's Battalion, Dan'l Donival of Cap't'n Hardnigh's Com'y, Coll. Ritzmar's Reg't, John Andrews of Cap't'n Gilman's Com'y, tried by a Court Martial, whereof Coll. Malcomb was President, on a charge of Plundering the House lately occupied by Ld. Sterling, Donival was convicted of the Crime & Sentenced to receive 39 Lashes, the others acquitted. The Gen'l approves the Sentences, orders the latter to Join their Reg't, and Donival to be whiped tomorrow on the Grand Parade before the Guards march off, the Provo Marshall to see it executed, Coll. Ritzmar's Reg't being removed. Peter Richards, Serg't in the Gen'l's Guard convicted by the same Court Martial of abusing and striking Cap't'n Gibbs, Sentenced to be Reduced to the Ranks, and whiped 39 Lashes, the Gen'l approves the Sentence and orders it to be executed tomorrow morning at the head of the Com'y at 8 o'clock.

Coll. Palfrey, Pay Master, will receive the Pay Abstracts, agreeable to Yesterday's orders, of Gen'l Spencer's Division, at Gen'l McDougal's Quart's near Harlem, on Saturday and Sunday; of Gen'l Heath's Division at his Head Quarters, at any time. The Commanding Officers of Coll. Silliman's, Coll. Lewis', Coll. Mead's and Coll. Thompson's Regiments, to examine the State of the Amunition of their Reg'ts, it being reported that the Men on Guard last night were Deficient. John Cenly of Coll. Umphrey's Reg't convicted by a Court Martial, whereof Coll. Malcomb was President, of Desertion, ordered to receive 39 Lashes, the Gen'l approves the Sentence, and orders it to be executed tomorrow morning, at the Usual time and Place. Such Reg'ts where Pay Masters have not been named in Gen'l Orders are by their Field Officers immediately to recommend suitable Persons to the Gen'l for that Office, every recommendation is to be signed by the Field Officers of the Reg'ts who are Present.

Brigad'r of the Day Gen'l Parsons, Field Officers of the Picquet Coll. Tyler, Lt. Coll. Chandler, Maj'r Holdridge; for Main Guard, — —, Brigade Maj'r Hopkins.

BRIGADE ORDERS, Sept. 11th, 1776.

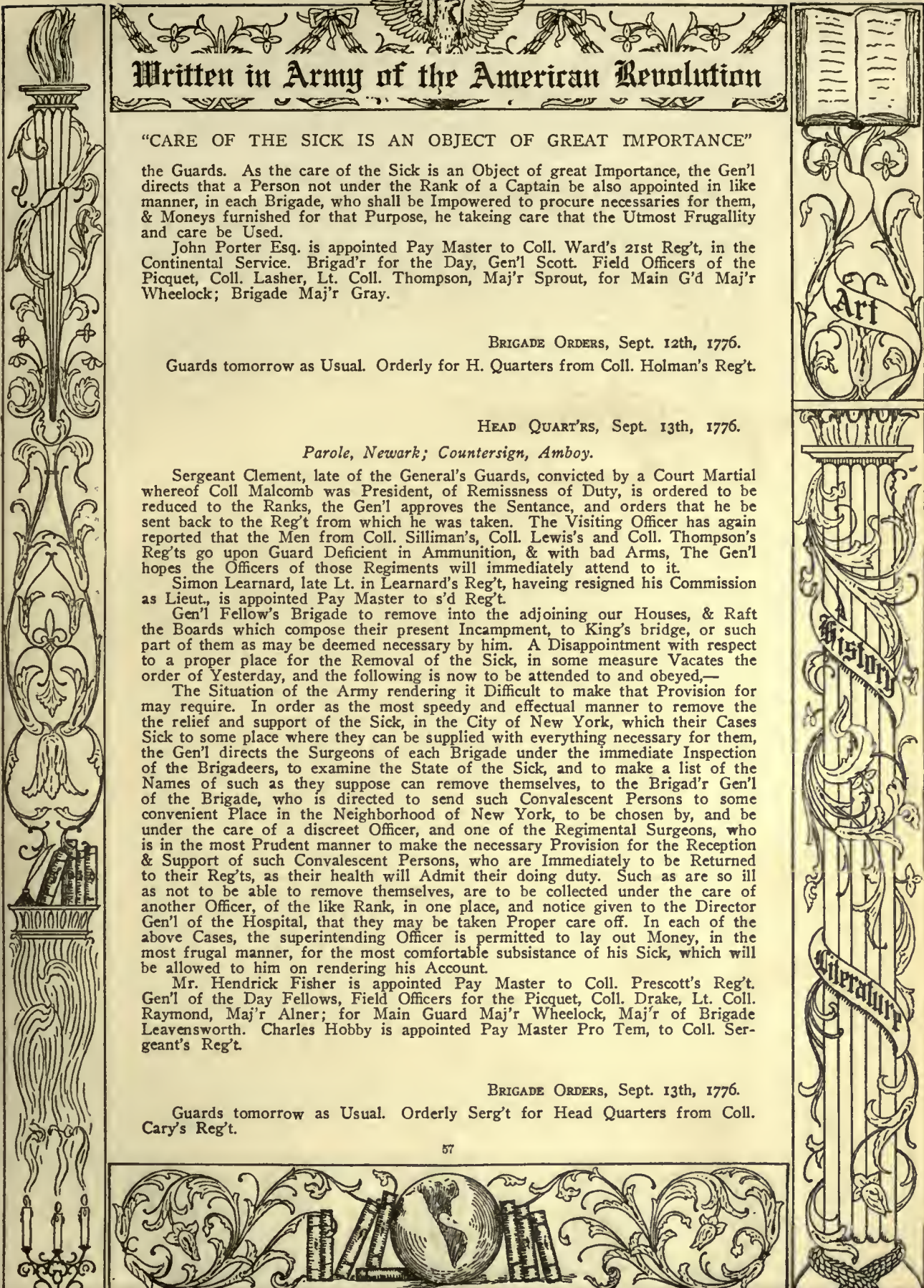
For Guards tomorrow as Usual; Officer of the Day tomorrow Coll. — —, Orderly Serg't for Head Quart's from Coll. Smith's Reg't.

HEAD QUARTERS, Sept. 12th, 1776.

*Parole, Franklin; Countersign, Congress.*

The difficulty of procuring Milk and other Proper Food for the Sick has Induced the Gen'l to establish an Hospital where those necessities can be procured in Plenty, the Regimental Sick are to be Immediately Mustered for this Purpose, one of the Surgeons of the Hospital will attend with the Regimental Surgeons. Such as are able to remove themselves will be allowed so to do, under the care of a Proper Officer. A Suitable Officer not under the Rank of a Captain is to be appointed by the Brigadeer out of each Brigade, to attend Such Sick of each Brig'e as cannot remove themselves, they are under the Advice of the Surgeons, who also attend to see that all Proper care is taken for their Comfort, while removing and afterwards. The same Court Martial which tried Maj'r Post, to try Maj'r Hatfield, charged with making a false Report of





# Written in Army of the American Revolution

## "CARE OF THE SICK IS AN OBJECT OF GREAT IMPORTANCE"

the Guards. As the care of the Sick is an Object of great Importance, the Gen'l directs that a Person not under the Rank of a Captain be also appointed in like manner, in each Brigade, who shall be Impowered to procure necessities for them, & Moneys furnished for that Purpose, he takeing care that the Utmost Frugality and care be Used.

John Porter Esq. is appointed Pay Master to Coll. Ward's 21st Reg't, in the Continental Service. Brigad'r for the Day, Gen'l Scott. Field Officers of the Picquet, Coll. Lasher, Lt. Coll. Thompson, Maj'r Sprout, for Main G'd Maj'r Wheelock; Brigade Maj'r Gray.

BRIGADE ORDERS, Sept. 12th, 1776.

Guards tomorrow as Usual. Orderly for H. Quarters from Coll. Holman's Reg't.

HEAD QUART'RS, Sept. 13th, 1776.

*Parole, Newark; Countersign, Amboy.*

Sergeant Clement, late of the General's Guards, convicted by a Court Martial whereof Coll Malcomb was President, of Remissness of Duty, is ordered to be reduced to the Ranks, the Gen'l approves the Sentence, and orders that he be sent back to the Reg't from which he was taken. The Visiting Officer has again reported that the Men from Coll. Silliman's, Coll. Lewis's and Coll. Thompson's Reg'ts go upon Guard Deficient in Ammunition, & with bad Arms, The Gen'l hopes the Officers of those Regiments will immediately attend to it.

Simon Learnard, late Lt. in Learnard's Reg't, haveing resigned his Commission as Lieut., is appointed Pay Master to s'd Reg't.

Gen'l Fellow's Brigade to remove into the adjoining our Houses, & Raft the Boards which compose their present Incampment, to King's bridge, or such part of them as may be deemed necessary by him. A Disappointment with respect to a proper place for the Removal of the Sick, in some measure Vacates the order of Yesterday, and the following is now to be attended to and obeyed,—

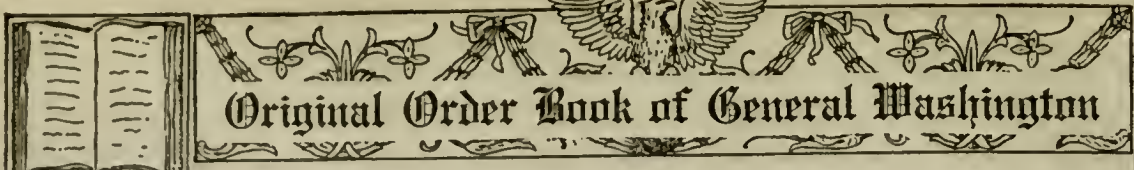
The Situation of the Army rendering it Difficult to make that Provision for may require. In order as the most speedy and effectual manner to remove the the relief and support of the Sick, in the City of New York, which their Cases Sick to some place where they can be supplied with everything necessary for them, the Gen'l directs the Surgeons of each Brigade under the immediate Inspection of the Brigadeers, to examine the State of the Sick, and to make a list of the Names of such as they suppose can remove themselves, to the Brigad'r Gen'l of the Brigade, who is directed to send such Convalescent Persons to some convenient Place in the Neighborhood of New York, to be chosen by, and be under the care of a discreet Officer, and one of the Regimental Surgeons, who is in the most Prudent manner to make the necessary Provision for the Reception & Support of such Convalescent Persons, who are Immediately to be Returned to their Reg'ts, as their health will Admit their doing duty. Such as are so ill as not to be able to remove themselves, are to be collected under the care of another Officer, of the like Rank, in one place, and notice given to the Director Gen'l of the Hospital, that they may be taken Proper care off. In each of the above Cases, the superintending Officer is permitted to lay out Money, in the most frugal manner, for the most comfortable subsistence of his Sick, which will be allowed to him on rendering his Account.

Mr. Hendrick Fisher is appointed Pay Master to Coll. Prescott's Reg't. Gen'l of the Day Fellows, Field Officers for the Picquet, Coll. Drake, Lt. Coll. Raymond, Maj'r Alner; for Main Guard Maj'r Wheelock, Maj'r of Brigade Leavensworth. Charles Hobby is appointed Pay Master Pro Tem, to Coll. Sergeant's Reg't.

BRIGADE ORDERS, Sept. 13th, 1776.

Guards tomorrow as Usual. Orderly Serg't for Head Quarters from Coll. Cary's Reg't.





## Original Order Book of General Washington

"OFFICERS AND MEN MUST ACT UP TO THE NOBLE CAUSE IN WHICH THEY ARE ENGAGED"

GEN'L ORDERS, Sept. 16th, 1776.

The arrangement for this night upon the Heights commanding the Holloway from the North River up to the Main Roads leading from New York up to Kings bridge; Gen'l Clinton to form next the North River, & extend to the left; Gen'l Scott's Brigade next to Gen'l Clinton's; Lt. Coll. Sayer of Coll. Griffith's Reg't, with the three Companies intended for a Reinforcement to Day, to form upon the left of Scott's Brigade, Gen'l Nixon's & Coll. Serj't's Division, Coll. Weden's and Maj'r Price's Reg'ts are to Return to their Quarters, and Refresh themselves, but to hold themselves in readiness at a Minute's warning.

Gen'l McDougall to establish Proper Guards against his Brigade upon the Heights, and every Reg't posted upon the Heights from Morris's House to Gen'l McDugal's Camp, to furnish Proper Guards to prevent a Surprise,—not less than 20 Men from each Reg't. Gen'l Putnam's commands upon the Right Flank tonight, Gen'l Spencer from McDougall's Brigade up to Morris's House. Should the Enemy attempt to force their pass tonight, Gen'l Putnam is to apply to Gen'l Spencer for a Reinforcement.

By his Excellency's Command,  
RICHARD CARY JUNR., A. DE C.

HEAD QUARTERS, Sept. 17th, 1776.

*Parole, Leech; Countersign, Virginia.*

The Gen'l most heartily thanks the Troops Commanded Yesterday by Maj'r Leech, who first advanced upon the Enemy, & the others who so resolutely supported them. The behaviour Yesterday is such a Contrast to that of some Troops ye Day before, as shows what may be done where Officers and Soldiers will exert themselves. Once more, therefore, the Gen'l calls upon Officers and Men to Act up to the Noble cause in which they are engaged, and support the Honour and Liberties of their Country. The Gallant and brave Coll. Knowlton, who was an Honour to any Country, having fallen Yesterday, whilst Gloriously fighting, Capt'n Brown is to take the Command of the party lately led by Coll. Knowlton, Officers and Men are to obey him accordingly. The Loss of the Enemy Yesterday would undoubtedly have been much greater, if the orders of the Commander in Chief had not, in some instances, been contradicted by Inferior Officers, who, however well they may mean, ought not to presume to direct. It is therefore ordered that no Officer Commanding a Party, and having received orders from the Commander in Chief, depart from them without Counter orders from the same Authority, and as many may otherwise err through Ignorance, the Army is now acquainted that the General's orders are delivered by the Adjutant Gen'l, or one of his Aide Camps, Mr. Tilghman or Mr. Moylan, Quart'r Master Gen'l. Brigade Maj'rs are to attend at Head Quart's every Day at 12 o'clock, and as soon as possible to Report where ye Brigades and Reg'ts are Posted, many Reg'ts have not been relieved for want of attendance of their Brigade Maj'rs for orders. It is therefore the Interest and Duty of every Brigadeer to see that his Brigade Maj'r attends at 12 o'clock at noon, and 5 o'clock in the afternoon, & they are to be carefull to make the Adjutants attend them every Day. The several Maj'rs or Brigadeer Gen'ls are desired to send to Head Quart's an Account where they are guarded.

Untill some Gen'l arrangement can be fixed, each Brigade is to furnish Guards who are to Parade at their respective Brigadeer's Quarters in such Proportion as they shall direct, such Reg'ts as have expended their Ammunition or are otherwise deficient are Immediately supplied, applying to the Adjutant Gen'l for an Order; but the Reg't is to be first Paraded, & their Ammunition examined, the Commanding Officer is therefore to Report how much Deficiency has happened.





# First Letter Written in America


Original Manuscript  
of Dr. Diego Alvarez Chanca, the  
Physician on Columbus' Ship, Relating His  
Impressions of the New World and its Political and  
Commercial Possibilities & Revelations of the Practitioner to the  
Court of Spain & Distinguished Personnel of the Fleet to America in 1494

BY

A. M. FERNANDEZ DE YBARRA, A. B., M. D.


MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF SCIENCES—MEDICAL BIOGRAPHER OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

Original Translation by Dr. Ybarra is officially recorded in Archives of  
Smithsonian Institution at Washington




**T**HE first description of America by an actual observer has recently been translated by Dr. Ybarra, a member of the New York Academy of Sciences, and is preserved in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. The remarkable document was written in 1494 by the physician on the fleet of Columbus on his second voyage of discovery to America. It is a fascinating narrative of experiences and observations, and is told with a keen sense of human nature. The ancient manuscript has long been overlooked by historians, and in presenting this translation from the Spanish original, Dr. Ybarra says: "I believe that it was translated into English first by Mr. R. H. Major, of the British Museum, for the Hakluyt Society in London in 1847; but, as it was penned by its author in the Old Spanish of the Fifteenth Century, its translation into English, by a foreigner of the Nineteenth Century, naturally contains several almost unavoidable inaccuracies, and appreciation of the many fine and subtle meanings in phraseology, deviating from the rules of grammar, which the original Spanish letter possesses. Besides, Dr. Chanca was an Andalusian, who had all the ready wit and quick perception of the humorous side of events, combined with the hyperbolic way of expressing their thoughts so peculiar to the natives of Southern Spain, and almost impossible to appreciate in their full significance by foreigners. All other transcriptions of this document by the English and Americans have been, I believe, repetitions of Mr. Major's version." Dr. Ybarra's recent translation, with its interesting remarks and notations, as deposited in the archives of the Smithsonian Institution and recorded in the Government Collection, is here given the first public record in an American literary periodical, where it will be brought to the attention of the public-at-large. This ancient manuscript is so entertaining in its observations of the American "cannibals," who were a source of so much amusement to Europeans, that its service is not alone to historical scholarship, but to all Americans who are interested in "truth that is stranger than fiction," for such is the real romance of all History.—EDITOR





## Manuscript of Physician on Columbus' Ship



**T**HIS document is a letter addressed to the Municipal Council, or Cabildo,<sup>1</sup> of the city of Seville, Spain, by Dr. Diego Alvarez Chanca, a native of that city, and physician to the fleet of Columbus on his second voyage of discovery to America,<sup>2</sup> dated at the port of Isabella, in the Island of Hispaniola, or Santo Domingo, West Indies, at the end of January, 1494. This letter left the port of Isabella on February 2d, in care of Don Antonio de Torres, commander of the twelve vessels sent back by Columbus to Spain with the news of the discoveries, and arrived there April 8, 1494. Every thing Dr. Chanca says in his letter, therefore, regarding those just discovered islands of the New World, he learned in the short space of time between November 3, 1493, when he saw the first island (Dominica), and the last week of January, 1494—that is, in less than three months.



Dr. Diego Alvarez Chanca had been especially appointed by the Spanish monarchs to accompany that expedition, not only on account of its great political and commercial importance, but also because among the 1,500 persons who came over from Europe to America in that fleet were several distinguished Court personages and a large number of young gentlemen belonging to aristocratic families, restless and daring warriors who had done excellent military service in the war just successfully ended against the Moors of Spain.

Mingling with the men of distinction who came over from Spain to America in that expedition I may mention the following: Juan Ponce de León, the future conqueror of Puerto Rico and later on the discoverer of Florida; Alonso de Ojeda, the future discoverer and explorer of the north coast of South America, with whom the Italian Amerigo Vespucci made his first trip to the New World, named after him; Pedro Margarit, the subsequent discoverer of the archipelago to which he gave the name of the Marguerite Isles; Juan de la Cosa, the expert cosmographer, author of the first map of America in existence, drawn by him in the year 1500 and now in the Royal Naval Museum at Madrid; Antonio de Torres, a brother of the nurse (*aya*) of Prince Juan; the father and uncle of Fray Bartolomé de las Casas, the accomplished Spanish historiographer of America; Bernal Diaz de Pisa, the accountant or treasury official of the expedition; Diego Marquez, the overseer of the flotilla and master of one of the caravels; Villacorta, a noted mechanical engineer; Fermín Zedo, an expert metallurgist; Francisco de Peñalosa; Ginés de Gorbalan; Juan de Rojas; Alonso de Valencia; Sebastian de Olano; Juan Aguado; Gaspar Beltrám; Juan de la Vega; Pedro Navarro, and Melchor Maldonado. Other equally distinguished persons who came over in the second voyage of Columbus to

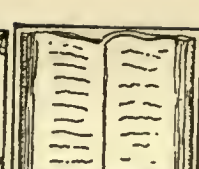
<sup>1</sup>This is the name then given to the corporation of a town in all the Spanish dominions, equivalent to Chapter, after the chapter of a cathedral or collegiate church. It is now called the *Ayuntamiento*, and is composed of a Corregidor or Alcalde, and several Regidores; the first corresponding to Mayor, and the latter to Aldermen.

<sup>2</sup>This physician was a distinguished practitioner of much learning and professional skill, who held the position of Physician-in-Ordinary to the King and Queen of Castile and Aragon, and had attended their first-born child, Princess Isabella (who afterward became Queen of Portugal) during a serious illness the year before. On his return to Spain, Dr. Chanca published in Spanish, in the year 1506, a treatise on The Treatment of Pleurisy (*Para curar el mal de costado*), and a commentatorial work in Latin, criticising the book entitled "De conservanda juventute et retardanda senectute," whose author was another eminent Spanish physician named Dr. Arnaldo de Villanova. The title of this second work of Dr. Chanca is "Comentum novum in parabolis divi Arnaldi de Villanova," which was printed in Seville in the year 1514.





## First Document Written in America & 1494



America, were: Fray Bernal Boil, apostolic delegate of Pope Alexander VI, accompanied by twelve fathers belonging to different religious orders, among whom the most prominent were Fray Román Pane, Fray Juan de Tisin, and Fray Juan de la Duela, familiarly called *el Bermejo*, on account of his red hair.

As an able practitioner of medicine, Dr. Chanca showed his skill by saving the life of Christopher Columbus, who suffered a very dangerous attack of typhus fever, on one occasion, and pernicious malarial fever, on another occasion, as well as the lives of many Spanish hidalgos who were at the point of death, as victims of disease, during their stay at the island of Hispaniola, the Santo Domingo of today, called at that epoch Haiti by the aboriginal inhabitants.

This expedition of the Spaniards was altogether different from the one sent out the previous year in quest of a new passage to the Indies. Instead of three caravels, carrying only 120 persons, which accomplished the discovery of the Western Hemisphere, this flotilla was composed of three great galleons or carracks, and fourteen caravels of different sizes. It was well provided with the requisites for the establishment of a permanent settlement in the land that had been discovered the year before. Even twenty horses for as many soldiers armed with lances, which played a most terrorizing influence among the American Indians,—because they had never seen horses before, and supposed that both the animal and his rider were a single individual—came over also on board those Spanish vessels.


Besides this excellent description of the first part of the second voyage of Columbus to America, which competent authorities consider the best in existence, Dr. Chanca also supplied information to Father Andrés Bernaldez, the celebrated parish priest of the town of Los Palacios and chaplain to the archbishop of Seville, Don Diego de Deza, which enabled Bernaldez to give many important details of this expedition of the Spaniards, in his famous historical work entitled "Chronicle of the Catholic Kings." The town of Los Palacios is located twelve miles to the south from the city of Seville, and has at present a population of about 2,000.

Here follows the letter:

"Since the occurrences which I relate in private letters to other persons are not of such general interest as those which are contained in this epistle, I have resolved to give you a complete narrative of the events of our voyage, as well as to treat of the other matters which form the subject of my petition to you.

"The expedition which their Catholic Majesties sent, by divine permission from Spain to the Indies under the command of Christopher Columbus, admiral of the ocean, left Cadiz on the 25th day of September, in the year 1493, with wind and weather favorable for the voyage. The wind lasted two days, during which time we managed to make nearly fifty leagues. The weather then changing, we made little or no progress for the next two days; it pleased God, however, after this, to restore us fine weather, so that in two days more we reached the island of Great Canary. Here we put into harbor, which we were obliged to do to repair one of the ships that made a great deal of water. We remained all that day, and on the following set sail again, but were several times becalmed, so that four or five days more passed before we reached the island of Gomera. We had to remain at Gomera one day to lay in our store of meat, wood, and as much water as we could stow, preparatory for the long voyage that we expected





## Manuscript of Physician on Columbus' Ship

to make without seeing land.<sup>3</sup> Thus it happened that through the delay at these two ports, and being calmed the day after leaving Gomera, we spent nineteen or twenty days before we arrived at the island of Ferro.<sup>4</sup> After this we had, by the goodness of God, a return to fine weather, more continuous than any fleet ever enjoyed during so long a voyage; so that leaving Ferro on the thirteenth day of October, within twenty days we came in sight of land, but we should have seen it in fourteen or fifteen days if the ship *Capitana*<sup>5</sup> had been as good a sailer as the other vessels,<sup>6</sup> for many times the others had to shorten sail because they were leaving us much behind. During all this time we had great fortune, for throughout the voyage we encountered no storm, with the exception of one on St. Simon's eve, which for four hours put us in considerable danger.<sup>7</sup>

"On the first Sunday after All Saints' day, namely, the 3rd of November, about dawn, a pilot of the ship *Capitana* cried out: 'The reward, I see land!'"<sup>8</sup>

"The joy of the people was so great, that it was wonderful to hear their cries and exclamations of pleasure; and they had good reason to be delighted, for they had become so wearied of bad living, and of working the water out of the leaky ships, that all sighed most anxiously for land. The pilots of the fleet reckoned on that day that between the time of leaving the island of Ferro and the first reaching land we had made eight hundred leagues;<sup>9</sup> others said seven hundred and eighty, so that the difference was not great, and three hundred more between Ferro and Cadiz, made in all eleven hundred leagues.<sup>10</sup> I do not, therefore, feel now as one who had not seen enough water.

"On the morning of the aforesaid Sunday we saw lying before us an island, and soon on the right hand another appeared; the first<sup>11</sup> was high

"From the island of Gomera Columbus embarked eight pigs, bulls, cows and calves, sheep and goats, fowls and pigeons, seeds of oranges, lemons, bergamots, citrons, pomegranates, dates, grapes, olives, melons, and other European fruits, as well as all kinds of orchard and garden vegetables. All these things were the origin of their species in the New World. The expedition likewise carried twenty horses belonging to twenty soldiers armed with lances, shipped before leaving Cadiz, besides stores of all kinds, including medical and surgical supplies, and implements of husbandry, from Spain.

"The southwesternmost of the group of the Canary Islands, and named Hierro in Spanish. Formerly this group was called the Fortunate Islands.

"A galleon (known in Spain as a nao, like the *Santa Maria* of the first voyage) of four hundred tons burden, that carried the admiral's flag, and in which the writer of this historical document made the trip. Columbus's younger brother Diego, and three old comrades of his first voyage to America, were also on board this vessel.

"Sixteen in number.

"They believed themselves in much peril that evening, October 27, as they certainly were in such a sudden and fierce storm, accompanied by heavy rain, rapid lightning and loud peals of thunder, so frequent in the tropics—until they beheld several of those lambent flames called by sailors "St. Elmo's tapers," playing about the tops of the masts, and gliding along the rigging, which are occasionally seen about tempest-tossed vessels during a highly electrical state of the atmosphere. The sailors consider that phenomenon as of good omen.

"The Spanish government had offered a reward in money to the first person who should see land on this voyage, the same as had been done on the first voyage of discovery to America.


"That is, 2,400 Spanish miles, or about 2,057 English miles.

"3,300 Spanish miles, or about 2,829 English miles.

"This was Dominica, so called by Columbus from having been discovered on a Sunday (Dies Dominica). It is twenty-nine miles long and thirteen miles in its greatest breadth, has an area of 291 square miles, and belongs to England.







## First Document Written in America & 1494

and mountainous on the side nearest to us; the other was flat and very thickly wooded.<sup>12</sup> As soon as the light of day became brighter other islands began to appear on the right and on the left of us, so that that day there were six of them to be seen lying in different directions, and most of them of considerable size.

"We directed our course towards that which we had first seen, and reaching the coast, we proceeded more than a league in search of a port where we might anchor, but without finding one: all that part of the island which met our view appeared mountainous, very beautiful, and green even down to the water's edge. It was delightful to see it, for at that season of the year there is scarcely anything green in our country. When we found that there was no harbor on that side<sup>13</sup> the admiral decided that we should go to the other island, which lay on our right, and was about four or five leagues distant.<sup>14</sup> One of the vessels, however, still remained at the first island all that day seeking a harbor, in case it should be necessary to return thither. At last, having found a good one where they saw both people and dwellings,<sup>15</sup> they returned that night to the fleet, that had already put into harbor at the other island; and there the admiral, accompanied by a large number of men, landed with the royal banner unfurled in his hands, and took possession of all that territory we had discovered on behalf of their Majesties.

"This island of Marigalante is filled with an astonishing growth of wood; that variety of trees being unknown to us, some of them bearing fruit and some others flowers. It was surprising to see that, and indeed every spot was covered with verdure.

"We found there a tree whose leaf had the finest smell of cloves that I have ever met with; it was in shape like a laurel leaf, but not so large; I think it was really a species of laurel. There were wild fruits of various kinds, some of which our men, not very prudently, tasted; and upon only touching them with their tongues, their mouths and cheeks became swollen, and they suffered such a great heat and pain that they seemed by their actions as if they were crazy, and felt obliged to resort to cooling applications to ease the pain and discomfort.

"We found no signs of any people living on this island, and concluded it was uninhabited. We remained there two long hours, for it was already near evening when we landed, and on the following morning we left for another very large island, situated below this one, and at the distance of about seven or eight leagues.<sup>16</sup> We approached it under the side of a great mountain that seemed almost to reach the skies, in the middle of which rose a peak higher than all the rest of the mountains near it, and from which many streams came out and diverged into different channels, especially towards that part to which we were proceeding. At about three leagues' distance from it, we could see an immense fall of water that appeared to us of the breadth of an ox, and came rolling down from such a

<sup>12</sup>The island to which Columbus gave the name of Marigalante, the real name of the galleon *Capitana*, in which he and Dr. Chanca sailed. It has an estimated area of sixty square miles, and belongs to France.

<sup>13</sup>Dominica has no harbors, but there are several good roadsteads on its western side.


<sup>14</sup>The island Marigalante, as already stated.

<sup>15</sup>Probably the beautiful anchorage at the north end of the western coast of Dominica, now called Prince Rupert's Bay.

<sup>16</sup>Known today as Guadeloupe, which belongs to France.







## Manuscript of Physician on Columbus' Ship

height that it looked as though it were falling from the sky. It could be seen from that great distance, and it occasioned many wagers to be laid on board the ships, some people saying that it was nothing else but a series of white rocks, while others maintained that it was a great volume of falling water. When we came nearer, it showed itself distinctly; it was the most beautiful thing in the world to see how from so great a height, and from so small a space, such a large fall of water was being discharged.<sup>17</sup>

"As soon as we approached the island, the admiral ordered a light caravel<sup>18</sup> to run along the coast in search for a harbor. The captain of this small vessel put into land in a boat, and seeing some houses, leapt on shore and went up to them, the inhabitants fleeing at sight of our men. He then entered the houses and found therein various household articles that had been left unremoved,<sup>19</sup> from among which he took two 'parrots,' very large and quite different from the parrots we had before seen.<sup>20</sup> He found also a great quantity of cotton, both spun and already prepared for spinning, and provisions of food, of all of which he brought along with him a portion. Besides those articles of food he likewise brought away with him four or five bones of human arms and legs. When we saw those bones we immediately suspected that we were then among the Caribbee islands, whose inhabitants eat human flesh, because the admiral, guided by the information respecting their situation he had received from the Indians of the islands he had discovered during his former voyage, had directed the course of our ships with a view to find them, both on account of these Caribbee islands being nearest to Spain and also in the direct track to the island of Hispaniola, where he had left some of his men when he returned to Spain. Thither, by the goodness of God and the wise management of

"Unquestionably, it was water that this culminating peak was throwing out. Neither Dr. Chanca, Columbus, nor any of their companions on this voyage speak of having seen a volcano on the island of Guadeloupe, and for this reason I am inclined to the opinion that the volcano La Souffrière of this island (for there is another with the same name on the island of St. Vincent) did not exist at the time of the discovery, but that some seismic convulsion occurred afterward that transformed that "great mountain that seemed almost to reach the skies" into a regular volcano. The fact that there are now three extinct volcanoes on that island seems to lend force to my way of thinking in regard to the subject. In Central America there is a volcano that pours forth water instead of lava or ashes.

"The fleet of Columbus, on this his second voyage of discovery, consisted of three galleons or carracks and fourteen caravels of different sizes, carrying a total of 1,500 persons, among whom were several distinguished personages and a large number of aristocratic young fellows anxious for adventure after their exploits in the war against the Moors had ended. On the first voyage only 120 persons accompanied Columbus, thirty-eight of whom remained at the port of La Navidad in the island of Hispaniola or Santo Domingo when Columbus returned to Spain, arriving at the same little port of Palos from where he had started 225 days before. A wonderful achievement!


"Among these household articles were netted hammocks, utensils of earthen pottery, what seemed to be an iron pot, and the stern-post of a European ship. Several receptacles of different sizes and shapes, for various uses, called by the Indians jícaras, were also found. They were made from a melon-like fruit called Güira, in Spanish, and in English, Calabash-tree, of which there are two species, the *Crescentia cujete* and the *Crescentia cucurbitina*; cups, hollow dishes, bottles, and so forth, were then, and are still, made of this fruit, which is never eaten, but with the soft pulp of its inner part there is prepared a pectoral syrup which is a common household remedy in all the Spanish Antilles.

"These were not real parrots, but as the author himself says in his letter, papagayos, that is, macaws with a short tail, or popinjays.










## Manuscript of Physician on Columbus' Ship



they reported they had found many aromatic plants, delicious fruits, several kinds of unknown birds, and some considerable rivers,<sup>26</sup> but all in a woodland so thick with luxuriant vegetation and high trees that they could not see the sky even by climbing the trees, and only with great difficulty walk. Finally they came out upon the sea-shore, and following the line of coast, returned to the fleet. They brought with them some women and boys, ten in number.

"These stragglers came back from the interior of the island in such an emaciated condition, that it was distressing to see them. The admiral had sent searching parties into the woods to find them; they hallooed, and sounded their trumpets, and fired their arquebuses, but to no avail.

"On the first day of our landing, several men and women came on the beach, down to the water's edge, and gazed at the ships in astonishment at so novel a sight, but when a boat with some of our men was sent ashore, in order to speak with them, they cried aloud 'taíno,' 'taíno,' which is as much as to say 'friends,' 'friends,' and waited for the landing of the sailors, standing, however, by the boat in such a manner that they might escape from our men when they wanted to do so. The result was that none of those men could be persuaded to join us, and only two of them were taken by force and led away. More than twenty of the female captives were taken with their own consent, and a few of the native women, by surprise, and forcibly carried off. Several of the boys, who were captives, came to us, fleeing from the natives of the island, who had taken them prisoners in their own country.

"We remained eight days at that port<sup>27</sup> in consequence of the temporary loss of the before-mentioned captain and six men composing one of the detachments, and in that time we went on several occasions on shore, passing amongst the dwellings and through the villages located near the coast.<sup>28</sup> We found there a vast number of human bones and skulls hung up about the houses, like vessels intended for holding various things. Very few men were there to be seen around, and the women that we had captured informed us that this was on account of the departure of ten canoes full of men having gone out to make war upon the inhabitants of other neighboring islands.<sup>29</sup>

<sup>26</sup>The principal rivers of the island of Guadeloupe are now called the Goyaves, the Lamentin, and the Lazardé.


<sup>27</sup>The port referred to here is the handsome bay of Point-à-Pitre.

<sup>28</sup>These villages were composed of twenty or thirty houses, square in shape for the common people and circular for their chiefs, all surrounding an open place or plaza called batéy, among the Lucayans, a name now-a-days applied to the open space occupied by the different buildings of a sugar plantation. The houses had the name bohíos, and were made of trunks of trees, generally the royal-palm, and covered around with yagüas, that is, the large broad leaves covering the fruit of the royal-palm, which resemble thin, very pliable boards, from one to four feet wide and four to eight feet long, intertwined with reeds called bejucos, and still so named, and continued to the present day to be employed in the backwoods of Cuba, Puerto Rico, Santo Domingo, and so forth, as the abode of the farmers. The roofs of these huts are covered with the common, long, and flaked leaves of the same royal-palm, and have in front a sort of portico or extension of the roof that serves as shelter from the hot sun, and from the rain.

At the entrance of one of these houses in the island of Turuqueira the explorers found some images of serpents, tolerably well carved in wood. Perhaps this house was the church or place of worship of the idolatrous aborigines of America.

<sup>29</sup>When the Carabbee men went forth on their predatory expeditions, always accompanied with their caciques, or kings, the women remained at home to defend





## First Document Written in America & 1494

"These islanders appear to us to be more civilized than those who had hitherto been seen, for although all Indians have houses made of straw,<sup>30</sup> yet the dwellings of these people are constructed in a much superior fashion, better stocked with provisions, and exhibit more evidences of industry both on the part of the men and of the women. They had a considerable quantity of cotton, already spun and also prepared for spinning, and many cotton blankets so well woven as to be in no way inferior to similar ones made in our country.<sup>31</sup>

"We inquired of the women who were prisoners of the inhabitants of this island, what sort of people these islanders were, and they replied, 'Caribbees.' As soon as these women learned that we abhor such kind of people because of their evil practice of eating human flesh, they felt delighted. And after that, if any man or woman belonging to the Caribbees was forcibly brought forward by our men, they informed us (but in a secret way) whether he or she belonged to that kind of people, evincing at the same time by their dread of their conquerors that those poor women pertained to a vanquished nation, though they well knew that they were then safe in our company.<sup>32</sup>

"We were able to distinguish which of the women were natives of this island and which captives, by the distinction that a Caribbee woman wore on each leg two bands or rings of woven cotton, one fastened around the knee and the other around the ankle, by this means making the calves of their legs look big and the above-mentioned parts small, which I imagine they do because they believe this sort of adornment makes them pretty and graceful: by that peculiarity we distinguish them.<sup>33</sup>

"These captive women told us that the Caribbee men use them with such cruelty as would scarcely be believed; and that they eat the children which they bear to them, only bringing up those which they have by their native wives. Such of their enemies as they can take away alive, they bring here to their homes to make a feast of them, and those who are killed

their shores from invasion, and they were as good archers as the men, partaking of the same warrior spirit as their husbands and male relatives.

"Dr. Chanca here makes a mistake, for, though the houses of the native Indians of the Antilles may have had the appearance of being built of straw, they were almost exclusively made of the component parts of the royal-palm (*Roystonea regia*), as stated in the above explanatory note. He probably considered those houses made of straw because they certainly had that appearance, and in the short space of time which he had had to observe them he did not get the opportunity of seeing one of those huts in process of construction.


"They possessed also the art of making household utensils of clay, which they baked in kilns like the potters of Europe.

"Prof. Justin Winsor, the accomplished librarian of Harvard College, in his "Christopher Columbus," referring to the Caribbee Indians, makes the following interesting statements: "The contiguity of these two races, the fierce Carib and the timid tribes of the more northern islands (the Lucayans) has long puzzled the ethnologist. Irving indulged in some rambling notions of the origin of the Carib, derived from observations of the early students of the obscure relations of the American peoples. Larger inquiries and more scientific observations has, since Irving's time, been given to the subject, still without bringing the question to recognizable bearings. The craniology of the Carib is scantily known, and there is much yet to be divulged. The race in its purity has long been extinct. Lucien de Rosny, in an anthropological study of the Antilles published by the French Society of Ethnology in 1886, has amassed considerable data for future deductions."

"These bands or rings of woven cotton worn by the Caribbee women were about two inches wide and sometimes embellished with pieces of gold, pearls, and valuable stones; a sort of double garter known by them as llauto.







## Manuscript of Physician on Columbus' Ship

in battle they eat up after the fighting is over. They claim that the flesh of man is so good to eat that nothing like it can be compared to it in the world; and this is pretty evident, for of the human bones we found in their houses everything that could be gnawed, had already been gnawed, so that nothing else remained of them but what was too hard to be eaten. In one of the houses we found the neck of a man undergoing the process of cooking in a pot, preparatory for eating it.<sup>84</sup>

"The habits of these Caribbees are beastly.

"There are three islands: this one on which we are, is called by the natives, *Turuqueira*,<sup>85</sup> the other, which was the first we saw, is named *Cayre*,<sup>86</sup> and the third *Ayay*.<sup>87</sup> There is a general resemblance among the natives of these three islands, as if they were of the same lineage. They do no harm to one another, but each and all of them wage war against the inhabitants of the other neighboring islands; and for this purpose sometimes they go as far as a hundred and fifty league in their canoes.<sup>88</sup> which are a narrow kind of boat, each made out of a single trunk of a tree.<sup>89</sup> Their

"Alexander Von Humboldt, in his "Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinocial regions of America," speaking about the Caribbees, makes the following instructive observations, worthy of serious reflection, upon the baneful influence of fads and fancies: "Reproaches addressed to the natives on the abominable practice which we here discuss, produce no effect; it is as if a Brahmin, travelling in Europe, were to reproach us with the habit of feeding on the flesh of animals. In the eyes of the Indian of Guaisia, the Chernvichaena was a being entirely different from himself, and one whom he thought it was no more unjust to kill, than the jaguars of the forest. It was merely from a sense of propriety that, whilst he remained in the mission, he would only eat the same food as the Fathers. The natives, if they return to their tribe (*irse al monte*), or find themselves pressed by hunger, soon resume their old habits of anthropophagy. And why should we be so much astonished at this inconstancy in the tribes of the Orinoco, when we are reminded, by terrible and well-ascertained examples, of what has passed among civilized nations in times of great scarcity? In Egypt, in the thirteenth century, the habit of eating human flesh pervaded all classes of society; extraordinary snares were spread for physicians in particular. They were called to attend persons who pretended to be sick, but were only hungry; and it was not in order to be consulted, but devoured. An historian of great veracity, Abd-allatif, has related how a practice, which at first inspired dread and horror, soon occasioned not the slightest surprise."

"The island of Guadeloupe, named by Columbus *Nuestra Señora de la Guadalupe*, as already explained.

"The island of Dominica.


"This must have been the island now known as Martinique, though Dr. Chanca fails to mention having been there. It is situated thirty miles south by west from Dominica and twenty miles north of St. Lucia. It is almost entirely of volcanic formation, with several well-marked volcanic mountains, among which, the loftiest peak is that of Mount Pelée in the northwestern part of the island. Before the terrific and appalling eruption of May 8, and August 30, 1902, which destroyed the city of Saint-Pierre and killed over 30,000 inhabitants, it had an altitude of about 4,500 feet. This volcano had been previously twice in eruption, in 1762 and in 1851.

At the time of the discovery no one speaks of having seen a volcano there; and it is my humble opinion that, like the volcano La Souffrière, on Guadeloupe, it is of subsequent origin. On Martinique there are today, as on Guadeloupe, several extinct volcanoes which in ages gone by were probably as active as Mount Pelée and La Souffrière some years ago. Mount Pelée remains at present entirely inactive in spite of the great number of slight earthquakes in all the neighborhood, and the tremendous upheavals in South America, California and Jamaica. Perhaps these subterranean convulsions are the very cause of the stoppage of its discharging activity.

"That is to say, 450 Spanish miles or about 376 English miles, which means as far as Puerto Rico, Santo Domingo, and Cuba to the north, and Trinidad, Curaçoa, and the north coast of South America to the south.

"In the language of the Caribbees these boats were called *canaoas*, and among the Lucayans *acalli*, the largest ones, holding forty or fifty persons, being known as





## First Document Written in America & 1494

arms are arrows, in place of iron weapons, and as they have no iron, some of them point their arrows with a sharpened piece of tortoise-shell, and others make their arrow-heads of fish-spines, which are naturally barbed like coarse saws. These arms are dangerous weapons only to naked people like the Indians, causing death or severe injury, but to men of our nation they are not much to be feared.<sup>40</sup>

"In their wars upon the inhabitants of the neighboring islands, these people capture as many of the women as they can, especially those who are young and handsome, and keep them as body servants and concubines; and so great a number do they carry off, that in fifty houses we entered, no man was found, but all were women. Of that large number of captive females, more than twenty handsome women came away voluntarily with us."<sup>41</sup>

"When the Caribbees take any boys as prisoners of war, they remove their organs, fatten the boys until they grow to manhood and then, when they wish to make a great feast, they kill and eat them, for they say the flesh of boys and women is not good to eat. Three boys thus mutilated came fleeing to us when we visited the houses.

"We left that island eight days after our arrival."<sup>42</sup> The next day, at noon, we saw another island, not very large, at about twelve leagues' distance from the one we were leaving.<sup>43</sup> On that evening we saw another island, but finding there were many sandbanks near it we dropped anchor, not venturing to proceed until the morning.<sup>44</sup> On the morrow, another appeared, of considerable size,<sup>45</sup> but we touched at none of these because

piraguas, which is still the Spanish name for that kind of Indian boat, called in English pirogue.

The trunk of the tree of which these water crafts were made was excavated by burning into a suitable shape. They had no sails and were impelled by a long paddle of light timber, broad and flat at each end, and held at its center by both hands.

"Dr. Chanca did not then know that these Caribbee arrow points were poisoned, probably with the juice of a plant as the machineel-tree. The death of a Spanish sailor wounded with one of these arrows, which penetrated his buckler and pierced his side during a fight with a party of these Indians, clearly demonstrated that that native weapon was not so harmless as it appeared to be.

"These native women were natives of the island of Borinquen, Puerto Rico of today, who seemed to be handsomer and more attractive than the Caribbee women.

"Tuesday November 12, 1493. The island here referred to is Guadeloupe.


"This was Montserrat, so named by Columbus because its general appearance reminded Fray Bernal Boil (a high ecclesiastic born in the province of Tarragona, Spain, who had been especially selected by King Ferdinand to accompany this expedition) of the celebrated mountain of Montserrat, in his native province, where the Benedictine monastery of which he was one of the Fathers is located. I have myself visited Montserrat, thirty miles north-west from Barcelona, and twenty-four miles in circumference, which is, in my opinion, one of the most beautiful mountains in the world. It is the Mons Serratus of the ancient Romans, with its loftiest point, where the monastery is located, a little over 4,000 feet in height. At present there is here, as in some of the mountains of Switzerland, a railroad that makes the ascent and descent by going around this remarkable promontory over jagged pinnacles and steep precipices. The monastery is visited annually by about 80,000 pilgrims and tourists. This mountain is also a popular place for the people of Barcelona to spend two or three days on picnics and excursions, and for newly-married couples of the middle class to enjoy their honeymoon.

"Columbus called it "Santa Maria la Redonda" on account of its semi-circular shape. It is a rocky, barren islet, between the islands of Nevis (called Nieves in Spanish) and Montserrat, so steep on all sides that it seems inaccessible without ladders or ropes thrown from the top, and is inhabited only by workers in the phosphate mines.

"This was Santa Maria la Antigua. It is twenty-eight miles long and twenty broad, having a broken and elevated surface, and its soil is fertile. Now it is called only







## Manuscript of Physician on Columbus' Ship

we were anxious to convey comfort and consolation to our people, who had been left on the first voyage in the island of Hispaniola. It did not please God, however, to grant us our desire, as will hereafter appear in this narrative.

"The next day at the dinner hour we arrived at an island which seemed to be worth finding, for judging by the extent of cultivation in it, it appeared very populous.<sup>48</sup> We went thither and put into harbor.<sup>49</sup>

"The difference between these Caribbees and the other Indians, with respect to dress, consists in wearing their hair very long, while the others have it clipt irregularly; also because they engrave on their heads innumerable cross-like marks and different devices, each according to his fancy; and they make these lasting marks with sharpened bamboo sticks. All of them, both the Caribbee and the other Indians, are beardless, so that it is an unusual thing to find one of these men with a beard. The Caribbees whom we have taken prisoners, have their eyes and eyebrows stained circularly around, which I think they do for ostentation and also because it gives them a ferocious appearance.<sup>50</sup>

"One of the Caribbees we held as captive told us that in one of the islands belonging to them, and called Cayre<sup>51</sup> (which was the first we saw, though we did not land on it), there is a great quantity of gold, and that if we were to give its inhabitants nails and tools with which to make their canoes, we might bring away as much gold as we like.

"On the same day we arrived we left that island,<sup>52</sup> having being there

Antigua, and is the most important of the Leeward group of the British West Indies; its population, including that of the island of Barbuda, is at present 36,819 inhabitants.

"Called by Columbus St. Martin. It is of triangular shape, each side being from nine to eleven miles long. The climate is healthy, but there is little natural water to drink, the inhabitants depending almost entirely on rain water. Since 1648 it has been divided between France and Holland. The French portion, a dependency of Guadeloupe, has an area of twenty square miles and a population of 3,500. The Dutch portion is a dependency of Curaçao, has an area of eighteen square miles, and a population of 3,984 inhabitants.

"Grand Bay must have been this harbor.

"The dyeing material they used for that purpose was obtained from the red or yellowish-red seeds of a small tree, called by the Indians catibi, now known in the French West India Islands by the name of roucouyer, in Spanish, bija (*Bixa orellana*), and in English, arnotta and annotte, whose leaves are heart-shaped. It is now employed for coloring cheese and butter, and, in Germany, for coloring white wines. In Jamaica it is used as medicine in the treatment of dysentery, and is considered to possess astringent and stomachic qualities.

Those marks and stains about the face and head of the Caribbees remind me of the similar custom of the ancient Romans, who after their victorious return, entered Rome riding in their chariots with the face and neck painted red, in imitation of fire, as stated by Christopher Landino in his commentaries to Dante's "Divine Comedy;" and as was also done by the ancient Britons, as recorded by Julius Caesar in his famous Commentaries.


"As already stated, this was the island of Dominica.

"The island to which Columbus gave the name of Santa Cruz, and now known as Saint Croix, where the explorers anchored on Thursday, November 14, 1493. It lies sixty-five miles east southeast of Puerto Rico, and is eighty-three square miles in extent. Together with the islands of St. Thomas and St. John, it forms today a Danish colony.

Here in this island, the most northerly one inhabited by the fierce Caribbees, the Spaniards had their first fight with the Indians in trying to capture a canoe with two women, one man and a boy. Two of the Spaniards were wounded with arrows, and one of them, a Biscayan sailor, died later. The women fought as bravely as the men, and one of them wounded the sailor. He was duly buried on the shore of the island of Haiti, as the Lucayans called Hispaniola or Santo Domingo.







## First Document Written in America 1494

no more than six or seven hours, and steering for a point of land that appeared to lie in our intended course of travel, we reached it by night. On the morning of the following day we coasted along, but found that although it was very long in extent, it was not a continuous territory, for it was divided up into more than forty islets.<sup>51</sup> The land was very high and most of it barren, an appearance which we had never observed in any of the islands visited by us before or since; the ground seemed to me to suggest the probability of its containing minerals.

"We proceeded along the coast the greater part of that day, and on the evening of the next, we discovered another island called by the Indians, Borinquen,<sup>52</sup> which we judged to be on that side about thirty leagues in length, for we were coasting along it the whole of one day.<sup>53</sup> This island is very beautiful, and apparently very fertile. Here the Caribbees come to make war upon its inhabitants, and often carry away many prisoners.

"These islanders have no large canoes, nor any knowledge of navigation, as our prisoners inform us, but they use bows like those of the Caribbees; and if by chance, when they are attacked, they succeed in taking prisoners some of the invaders, they eat them up in like manner as the Caribbees themselves do.

"We remained two days in a port of that island,<sup>54</sup> where a great number of our men went on shore, but we were not able to talk with the natives, because at our approach they all fled, from fear, I suppose, that we were the Caribbees.

"All the above-mentioned islands were discovered on this voyage, the admiral not having seen any of them on his former trip. They are all very beautiful and possess a most luxuriant soil, but this island of Borinquen appears to exceed the others in beauty.<sup>55</sup>

"Here almost terminates the group of islands which on the side toward Spain had not been seen before by the admiral,<sup>56</sup> although we regard as a matter of certainty, that there is land more than forty leagues beyond the

<sup>51</sup>Columbus named the largest of all these islets Santa Ursula, and the others "The Eleven Thousand Virgins" (Las once mil virgenes), which are now called the Virgin Islands. Santa Ursula is known today as *Tórtola*, which means turtle-dove. It is eleven miles long and four miles in its greatest breadth. The principal bay is on the southeast, and on that side there is a double curve of islets and reefs enclosing a vast roadstead with calm water, called Virgin's Causeway. The group of islets has an area of fifty-eight square miles, and a population of 4,639 inhabitants. Cotton and sugar are cultivated for exportation. The chief town is called Roadtown.

<sup>52</sup>This was the island of Puerto Rico, which Columbus named "San Juan Bautista" (St. John the Baptist). The date of its discovery was Saturday, November 16, 1493.

<sup>53</sup>An astonishingly-exact calculation of Dr. Chanca, for Puerto Rico is ninety miles long from east to west (very nearly the equivalent of thirty Spanish leagues) and thirty-six miles broad, with an area of 3,600 square miles and a population of 953,243 inhabitants. The capital is San Juan, but the city of Ponce is the acknowledged metropolis, the first with a population of 32,048 inhabitants, and the second numbering 27,952 souls.


<sup>54</sup>The port here referred to is now known as the Bay of Mayagüez.

<sup>55</sup>The islands of St. Kitts and Nevis are not mentioned by Dr. Chanca in this account of the voyage, but they must have been seen by the explorers, for another writer of those times speaks of them as "San Cristobal" and "Nuestra Señora de las Nieves," respectively.

<sup>56</sup>Here ended the Caribbee Islands, the account of whose fierce and savage inhabitants was received with eager curiosity by the learned of Europe. Traces of that same race of cannibals have more recently been discovered—and in a masterful and philosophical way described by Alexander von Humboldt—far in the interior of the country through which flows the great Orinoco river of Venezuela.







## Manuscript of Physician on Columbus' Ship

southern-most of these newly discovered islands.<sup>57</sup> We believe this to be the case, because two days before we saw the first island,<sup>58</sup> we had discovered some birds called 'rabi-horcados,' which are marine birds of prey that do not sit or sleep upon the water, making circumvolutions high in the air at the close of the evening, with the object of taking their reckoning of where they are and flying after that in a straight line toward land to sleep. These birds could not have been going to spend the night at more than twelve or fifteen leagues' distance from where they were, because it was already late in the evening, and the direction they took in their flight was toward the South.<sup>59</sup> From all this we concluded that there was land in that direction still undiscovered; but we did not go in search of it because it would have taken us out of our intended route. I hope that in a few more voyages it will be discovered.<sup>60</sup>

"It was at dawn when we left the above-mentioned island of Borinquen,<sup>61</sup> and on that day prior to nightfall we caught sight of land, which although not recognized by any of those who had come hither in the former voyage, we believed to be Hispaniola from the information given us by the Indian women we had with us; and in said island we remain at present.<sup>62</sup>

"Between it and the Borinquen, another island appeared at a distance, but it was not of great size.<sup>63</sup>

"When we reached Hispaniola, the land at the place where we approached it was low and very flat,<sup>64</sup> on seeing which, a general doubt arose as to its identity, because neither the admiral nor his companions on the first voyage had seen it.

"This island of Hispaniola, being a large one, is divided up into provinces: that part which we first touched at, is called by the natives, *Haiti*; another province adjoining it, they name *Samaná*, and the next province is known by them as *Bohío*, which is the place where we now are. These three provinces are subdivided into smaller portions.

"It is truly admirable how nearly exact was this calculation of Dr. Chanca, for the comparatively large islands of Curaçoa and Trinidad, and the North coast of Venezuela, are about that distance from Martinique.

<sup>64</sup>The island of Dominica.

<sup>65</sup>Probably these sea-birds were going to spend the night on the island of Martinique, thirty miles southwest of Dominica and twenty miles north of St. Lucia.

<sup>66</sup>And that land was in fact discovered, as predicted by the learned author of this overlooked important historical document, in the very next, or third voyage of Columbus. On July 31, 1498, he discovered the island of Trinidad, and caught a glimpse of terra firma at the delta of the Orinoco River. Afterwards he discovered the islands of Margarita, Tobago, Buen Aire, and Curaçoa, although he did not land at any of them. In his passage from the Gulf of Paria to the island of Hispaniola, Columbus also discovered on his third voyage, sailing along without touching at them, the little islands to which he gave the names of Asunción, Concepción, Sola, de los Testigos, de la Guarda, and de los Frailes, all belonging to the group known as the Windward Islands.

<sup>67</sup>That was the dawn of November 18, 1493. The explorers sailed from the bay known today as Mayagüez, where they landed and visited a village located on the shore, and constructed as usual among these Indians, around a common square, like a market-place, from which a spacious road led to the sea-shore, having fences on each side of the way made of interwoven reeds and enclosing fruitful gardens. At the end of this road was a kind of terrace, or lookout, overhanging the waters of the bay.


<sup>68</sup>It was in fact the island of Hispaniola.

<sup>69</sup>This was the small island to which Columbus gave the name Mona, situated in the channel between Puerto Rico and Santo Domingo, now known as Mona Passage.

<sup>70</sup>That locality must have been between Point Macao and Point Engaño, which is flat. The higher land of the north coast begins at Point Macao.







## First Document Written in America & 1494

"Those who have seen the length of its coast state that this is an island two hundred leagues long, and I, myself, should judge it not to be less than a hundred and fifty leagues. As to its breadth, nothing is hitherto known. At the date of writing this letter, it is already forty days since a caravel left here with the object of circumnavigating it, and it has not yet returned."<sup>55</sup>

"The country is very remarkable, and contains a vast number of large rivers and extensive chains of mountains, with broad, open valleys, and the mountains are very high. It looks here as if the grass is never cut throughout the whole year. I do not think that they have any winter here, for at Christmas we found many birds-nests, some containing the young birds and others the eggs. No four-footed animal has ever been seen in this, nor in any of the other islands, except some dogs of various colors, as in our own country, but in shape and size like lap-dogs. Of wild, ferocious beasts, there are none.

"I came near forgetting to mention another four-footed little animal, in the color of its hair, size, and fur, like a rabbit, but with long tail and feet similar to those of a rat. These animals climb up the trees, and many of our men who have eaten them say their taste is very good.

"There are many snakes, small in size, also lizards, but not so many, for the Indians consider them as great a luxury as we do pheasants. These lizards are of the same size as ours, but different in shape.

"In a small adjacent island, close by a harbor which we named 'Monte Cristo,' where we stayed several days, our men saw an enormous kind of lizard which they said was as large around the body as a calf, and the tail shaped like a lance. They often went out to kill it, but bulky as it was, it disappeared in the thicket and got into the sea, so that they could not catch it.

"There are, both in this and in the other islands, an infinite number of birds like those we have in our country, and many others such as we had never seen. No kind of domestic fowl has been found here, with the exception of some ducks in the houses of the island of Turuqueira."<sup>56</sup> Those ducks were in size larger than the ones we have in Spain, though smaller than geese, very pretty, with flat crest, and most of them as white as snow, but some also black.

"We ran along the coast of this island nearly a hundred leagues. We continued our course till we came to a harbor, which we named 'Monte Cristo,' where we remained two days in order to observe the position and formation of the land in its neighborhood. There was a large river of excellent water close by,<sup>57</sup> but the surrounding ground was inundated, and consequently ill-calculated for a place of habitation."<sup>58</sup>

"As we went on making observations of this river and the neighboring land, some of our people discovered the bodies of two dead men in the grass by the river bank, one with a rope around his neck and the other with another rope round his feet: this was on the first day of our landing there."<sup>59</sup>

"On the parallel of 18°25' North latitude the island of Santo Domingo has an extreme length of 400 miles, and its extreme breadth may be taken to be as of 150 miles on the meridian 71°20' West from Greenwich Observatory.

"As already explained, the old island of Turuqueira is Guadeloupe.

"This river was called by the natives Yaquí, and has now the name Rio de Oro.

"This plain remark shows how well fitted was Dr. Chanca, as a medical man and a sanitarian, to accompany that large number of explorers and colonizers, which included many distinguished men.

"That day was November 28, 1493.




Art

History

Literature







## Manuscript of Physician on Columbus' Ship

On the following day they found two other corpses farther on along the river, and it was noticed that one of them had a great quantity of beard. This was regarded as a very suspicious circumstance by many of us, because, as I have already said, all these Indians are beardless.

"This harbor is twelve leagues from the place where the Christians had been left by the admiral on his return to Spain from the first voyage,<sup>70</sup> and under the protection of Guacamari, a king of these Indians, who, I suppose, is one of the principal sovereigns of this island. After we anchored at said spot,<sup>71</sup> the admiral ordered two lombards to be fired in order to see if there was any response from the Christians, who would fire in return, as a salute, for they also had lombards with them; but we received no reply, nor did we see on the sea-shore any body, or any sign of houses whatever. Our people then became very much chagrined, and began to realize what the circumstances naturally suggested.

"While all of us were in this depressed state of mind, the same canoe with several Indians on board, which we had seen that afternoon, came up to where we were anchored, and the Indians, with a loud voice inquired for the admiral. They were conducted to the admiral's vessel, and remained there on board for three hours, talking with the admiral in the presence of us all. They said that some of the Christians left on the island had died of disease, others had been killed in quarrels amongst themselves, and that those who remained were all well. They also said that the province had been invaded by two kings named Caonabó and Mayrení, who burned all the houses, and that king Guacamari was at another place, some distance away, lying ill of a wound in his leg, which was the reason why he had not come himself in person.

"Next morning some of our men landed by order of the admiral, and went to the spot where the Christians had been housed. They found the building, which had been fortified to a certain degree by a palisade surrounding it, all burned up and leveled with the ground.<sup>72</sup>

"They found also some rags and stuffs which the Indians had brought to set the fort and the houses in the environs on fire. They observed, too,

"A distance of thirty-six Spanish miles, equivalent to about thirty-one English miles.


"The spot here referred to is the harbor named by Columbus on his first voyage, La Navidad (the Nativity), reached by this large fleet of the second voyage on the night-fall of November 27, 1493.

"The little wooden fortress in which Columbus had left thirty-eight men the year before, was built with the remains of the caravel *Santa Maria*,—the largest of the three small vessels that discovered the Western Hemisphere of our planet—which had been wrecked on the reefs of that harbor. That small band of fool-hardy Spanish people was left well provided with arms and ammunition, medical and surgical supplies; but they all perished for lack of discipline and disregard of the orders and admonitions of Columbus before he returned to Spain.

Their commander was the hidalgo Diego de Arana Enriquez, who was a brother of Donna Beatriz, the second wife of Columbus (by whom he had his second son, Don Fernando, born at the city of Cordova on August 15, 1488), and he had as his lieutenants Pedro Gutierrez and Rodrigo de Escovedo.

Among those thirty-eight men killed by the Indians was one of the two physicians or fisicos (as they were then called) who had accompanied Columbus on his first voyage, and was left to care for the health of those boldly-venturous Spaniards. His name was Maese Juan. The name of the other ship surgeon, who returned with Columbus to Spain, was Maese Alonso. In my monograph on "The Medical History of Christopher Columbus, and the Part Taken by the Medical Profession in the Discovery of America," I mention these two worthy members of the medical profession, who were the first physicians to tread American soil.





## First Document Written in America & 1494

that the few Indians seen going about in that neighborhood were shy, and dared not approach, but on the contrary, when called, fled.

"We had already been told by one of the Indians who, as interpreters, were carried to Spain and brought back with us, and who had conversed on board with the natives that came in their canoe to talk to the admiral, that all the Christians left on that island had been killed, but we did not believe it. Caonabó and Mayrení with their warriors had made an attack upon them, and burnt down the buildings.

"We went to the place where Guacamari was. When we arrived there, we found him stretched upon his bed, which was made of cotton net-work, and according to their custom, suspended.<sup>73</sup> He did not arise, but from his bed made the best gesture of courtesy of which he was capable. He showed much feeling, and began by explaining to the best of his persuasive power how the Christians had died of disease, others had gone to the province where Caonabó was king, in search of gold mines, and had been killed there, and the rest had been attacked and slain in their own houses. Judging by the condition in which the dead bodies were found, I think it was not yet two months since this calamity had occurred.

"Guacamari then made a present of eight marks and a half of gold to the admiral,<sup>74</sup> five or six hundred pieces of precious stones of different colors,<sup>75</sup> and a cap ornamented with similar stones, which I think the Indians must value very highly because that cap was delivered with a great deal of reverence.<sup>76</sup>

"It appears to me that these people put more value upon copper than gold. They beat the gold they find into very thin plates, in order to make masks of it, and then set it in a cement which they prepare for that purpose. Other ornaments they also make of the gold, which they wear on the head and hanging from their ears and nostrils,<sup>77</sup> and for this object it is equally required that the gold should be in the shape of a thin plate. But it is not the costliness of the gold that they value in their ornaments; it is its showy appearance.

"The surgeon of the fleet<sup>78</sup> and myself being present, the admiral told Guacamari that we were skilled in the treatment of all human ills, and wished that he would show us his wound. Guacamari replied that he was willing, and then I said it would be better, if possible, to examine the wound outside the house,<sup>79</sup> because there were so many people inside of it, that

<sup>73</sup>This is the first mention in History of a hammock, called hamaca by those Indians, and still so named in Spanish.

<sup>74</sup>The Spanish mark, as a measure for gold and silver money, weighed eight Spanish ounces, equivalent to two-thirds of a Troy pound, and in money value was equal to fifty castellanos, or pesos as this standard Spanish coin is now called. The fifty castellanos in bullion value today would be worth about \$150 in United States currency.

<sup>75</sup>The diamond was not included in these precious stones, for it has never been found in the Antilles, nor the emerald, ruby, nor sapphire.


<sup>76</sup>These Indians called this covering for the head, chuco, and it was worn in battle by the caciques like a helmet.

<sup>77</sup>These gold ornaments hanging from the ears or nostrils were called by the Lucayans, chaquina, and when used around the neck or the wrist like a necklace or bracelet, chaquira.


<sup>78</sup>On that expedition of the Spaniards there were, besides Dr. Chanca, in charge of the general health of the explorers (many of them distinguished persons belonging to the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella, as already explained), a ship surgeon, called in Spanish in those times, fisico or physicist, and also a pharmacist.

<sup>79</sup>Dr. Chanca unquestionably had a suspicion that Guacamari was feigning, and wanted to be sure. As it afterwards turned out, he was right in his incredulity.





## Manuscript of Physician on Columbus' Ship



made the place somewhat dark, and we needed better light. To this he consented, but in my opinion more from fear of the truth being found out than from any inclination on his part to do so, and went out of the house leaning on the arm of the admiral. After he was seated, the surgeon approached him and began to untie the bandage that covered the wound. Guacamari then told the admiral that his injury had been inflicted with a *ciba*, by which he meant, with a stone. When the wound was uncovered, we examined it carefully; and it is a fact that there was no more wound on that leg than on the other, although he cunningly pretended, when we touched it, that it pained him very much.<sup>80</sup>

"There were certainly many proofs of an invasion by a hostile people, so that the admiral was at a loss what to do. He with many others of us thought, however, that for the present at least, and until we could ascertain the truth of what had happened, it was better to conceal our distrust.

"Fish is abundant here, an article of food that we greatly needed, for our provision of meat was running short, and it is a singular kind of fish, more wholesome than those we have in Spain. The climate does not allow the fish to be kept from one day to another, for all the animal food speedily becomes unwholesome on account of the great heat and dampness.

"Large quantities have been planted, and they certainly attain a more luxuriant growth here in eight days, than they would in Spain in twenty.

"We are frequently visited here by a large number of Indians, accompanied by their caciques, who are their captains or chiefs, and many women. They all come loaded with 'ages,' a sort of turnip, very excellent food, which they cook and prepare in various ways. This food is very nutritious, and has proved of the greatest benefit to us all after the privations we endured when at sea, which in truth, were more severe than man ever suffered. This age the Caribbee Indians call nabi.

"These Indians barter their gold,<sup>81</sup> provisions, and every thing they bring with them, for tags, nails, broken pieces of darning-needles, beads, pins, laces, and broken saucers and dishes. They all, as I have said, go naked as they were born, except the women of this island,<sup>82</sup> who, some of them, wear a covering of cotton, which they bind around their hips, while others use grass and leaves of trees.<sup>83</sup>

"When these Indians wish to appear full-dressed, both men and women paint themselves, some black, others white and red, and different combinations of colors, in so many devices that the effect produced is very laughable; they also shave some parts of their heads, and in other parts of it wear long tufts of matted hair, which gives them an indescribably ridiculous appearance. In short, whatever would be looked upon in our country as characteristic of a madman, is here regarded by the most prominent Indians as a mark of distinction.

"In our present position, we are in the neighborhood of many mines of gold, not any one of which, we are told, is more than twenty or twenty-five


<sup>80</sup>This remarkable example of refined hypocrisy and deceit in an uncivilized American Indian does not contribute to the idea of straightforward, impulsive sincerity and honesty of the human race in its unsophisticated state. The perfidy of Guacamari brings to my memory the origin of the well-known proverbial American expression, "Honest Indian."

<sup>81</sup>The Lucayans called gold, *nucáy*.

<sup>82</sup>The island of Santo Domingo, and also the native women of Cuba.

<sup>83</sup>That covering of cotton was called *nagua* by these Indians, from which the Spanish word *enagua*, meaning the inner white skirt of a woman's dress, is derived.





## First Document Written in America & 1494

leagues off. The Indians say that some of them are in Niti, a place in the possession of Caonabó,<sup>84</sup> that Indian king who killed the Christians; other mines are located in another place called Cibao,<sup>85</sup> which, if it please God, we shall see with our own eyes before many days have passed; indeed, we should go there at once, were it not because we have so many things to attend to that there are not enough men among us to do it at present. And this is in consequence of one-third of our people haven fallen sick within four or five days after we landed here, which misfortune I think has happened principally on account of the toil and privations of the journey, to which must be added the variableness of the climate;<sup>86</sup> but I trust in our Lord to be able to restore all the sick to health.<sup>87</sup>

"My idea of these Indians is, that if we could talk their language, they would all become converted to our religion,<sup>88</sup> for they do before the altars exactly the same things they see us doing, as, for instance: kneeling and bowing; singing the Ave Maria, or doing any other devotional exercises, and making the sign of the cross over one's self. They all say that they wish to become Christians, for in reality, they are idolators, having in their houses many kinds of strange figures.<sup>89</sup> I asked them the meaning of those figures, and they told me 'things of Turey,' by which they meant 'of Heaven,' once I made the pretence that I was going to throw those figures into the fire, and this action of mine grieved them so much that they began to weep. They believe that every thing, no matter what, we have brought with us, comes from Heaven, and also called it *Turey*.

"The little time that we have spent on land has been so much occupied in seeking for a place where to establish a settlement,<sup>90</sup> and in providing ourselves with things we needed, that we have had little opportunity of

"He was a Caribbee by birth, and ruled over the province of Hispaniola, called by the aborigines Mangana, in which were the mountains named Cibao. The appellation Caonabó, like all names of persons and of places in almost every Indian language, had a meaning, equivalent to Lord of the Golden House, and seeming to indicate the great wealth of his dominions.

"This was the name given to a chain of mountains which traverses the center of the island of Santo Domingo.

"The climate changes suddenly in these West Indian islands from very hot and dry, to comparatively cool and very damp, due to heavy and long-continued rain.

"Columbus himself was also sick with malaria fever for several weeks, and seven months later suffered a dangerous malady, which I have ventured to diagnose as typhus, or "ship fever," in my monograph on "The Medical History of Christopher Columbus" (which is the first, and only writing in existence on that subject), published in English in "Journal of the American Medical Association" for May 5, 1894, and "The Dublin Journal of Medical Science" for August and September, 1894. I have also published it in Spanish, French, and Italian.

"This belief of Dr. Chanca was fully confirmed in a very short time afterward, for all those Indians soon became strong Catholics, the same as are the Indians still remaining in all the Spanish-speaking countries of America.

"Most of them were rough images of snakes, crocodiles and other creeping animals. Their name for the evil spirit or devil was cemi. They had also speaking gods, or oracles, and their augurs or priests were known as buhitis, who played, besides, the same parts among them as the "medicine-men" of the Indians of these northern regions of America. The religious songs of the Lucayans, which were also their war songs to celebrate their victories—but not the war-dance or ghost-dance, and songs, of the North American indigines before their battling against some foe—and their funeral chants, when burying their dead caciques and noblemen, were called areitos.

"They found at last a convenient place. It was on the shore of a good bay, on the north coast and upon high ground, with two rivers of potable water near by, and the back part well closed by the thick growth of an impassible forest that protected







## Manuscript of Physician on Columbus' Ship



becoming acquainted with the natural productions of the soil. In spite of this drawback, we have already seen many marvellous things. For instance: trees producing a soft silky fiber fine enough (according to the opinion of those who are acquainted with that industrial art) to be woven into good cloth. And of this kind of trees there are so many, that we might load our vessels with the fiber, though it is somewhat difficult to gather it because these trees are very thorny, but some means can easily be found to overcome that difficulty.

"There are also cotton plants as large as peach trees, which all the year round produce cotton, and in abundance.

"We found other trees which produce wax, as good both in color and smell as bees-wax, and equally useful for burning; indeed, with very little difference between the one and the other.

"There is a vast number of trees which yield surprisingly fine turpentine.

"Tar is found in abundance, of a very good quality too.

"We discovered trees which, in my opinion, bear nutmegs, but at present without fruit on them, and I say so because the bark tastes and smells like nutmegs.

"I saw one root of ginger which an Indian was carrying around his neck.

"There are aloes too, though not of the same kind as those we are acquainted with in Spain, but nevertheless a species of aloes that we doctors use.

"A sort of cinnamon has likewise been found, but, to speak truthfully, it is not of such a fine quality as the one we have in Spain; or perhaps this is so because it is not now the proper season to gather it, or the soil in which it was found growing in this vicinity is not well adapted.

"We have also seen here some yellow mirabolans. At this season they are lying under the trees, and as the ground is very damp they are all rotten, and have a very bitter taste, due, in my opinion, to their state of decomposition; but the flavor of those parts which in spite of that, have remained sound, is the same as that of the genuine mirabolan.

"There is, besides, a very good kind of mastic.

"None of the natives of all these islands we have visited possess any iron. They have, however, many implements, also hatchets and axes, all made of stone, which are so handsome and well finished that it is a wonder how they can contrive to make them without employing iron.

"Their principal food consists of a sort of bread made of the root of


it from being set on fire by the Indians on a night attack. The building up of the first Christian town of the New World was commenced there, in that very spot, and to it Columbus gave the very appropriate name of Isabella, his faithful defender and protectress.

The engineers who came in that expedition at once laid out the square or plaza, and the streets; a convenient site for the church was selected, as well as another for the fortress, and a residential quarter for Columbus and the subsequent governors of the colony. These three buildings were to be made of stone, the principal houses of wood, others of intertwined reeds covered with mortar and called in Spanish, *embarrado*, or, in English, *adobe*, and the rest after the Indian fashion, or *bohios*.

At Isabella the first aqueduct ever built on American soil was carried to completion, and it consisted of a trench or open ditch that conducted the water of one of the two rivers through the middle of the principal streets. This sort of irrigatory aqueduct is called in Spain, *acequia*, where there are several of these kinds of narrow canals. The ruins of the stone buildings in a solitary waste constitute today the melancholy relic of that historical locality.







## First Document Written in America 1494

an herb, half way between a tree and grass, and the *age*, which I have already described as being like the turnip, and a very good food it certainly is. They use, to season it, a vegetable called *agí*, which they also employ to give a sharp taste to the fish and such birds as they can catch, of the infinite variety there are in this island, dishes of which they prepare in different ways.

"They have, besides, a kind of grain, in appearance like hazel-nuts, very good to eat.

"They eat all the snakes, lizards, spiders, and worms that they find upon the ground, so that, according to my judgment, their beastiality is greater than that of any other beast on the face of the earth.

"The admiral had at one time determined to leave the search for the mines until he had dispatched the ships that were to return to Spain, on account of the great sickness which had prevailed among our men,<sup>91</sup> but afterwards he resolved to send two detachments under the command of two captains, one to Cibao,<sup>92</sup> and the other to Niti,<sup>93</sup> places in which, as I have already stated, Caonabó lived and ruled.<sup>94</sup> These two detachments in effect departed, and one of them returned on the twentieth of the month, while the other did so on the following day. The party that went to Cibio<sup>95</sup> saw gold in so many places that one scarcely dares state the fact, for in

"The explorers in great number were suffering from malaria fevers, about one-third of them, as Dr. Chanca said. That disease was in those days very little known, and much less its prevention and treatment. The miraculous *pulvis febrifugus orbis americani*, also called by the names "The jesuits' powders" and "The countess's powders" (los polvos de la condensa, alluding thereby to the Spanish countess of Chinchon, who was the wife of the Spanish viceroy of Perú, and the first European person to be cured with that wonderful new remedy), were not yet known to Europeans. The existence, and the wonderfully curative virtue, of the mysterious "quinquina" (a corruption of the indigenous Peruvian word *kina-kina*, which signified the bark par excellence), that saved the lives of Charles II of England, Louis XIV of France, and Friedrich the Great of Germany, was at that time known only to the aborigines of the yet undiscovered kingdom of Perú. And in truth, it was not until the year 1738 that, thanks to the valuable investigations of La Condamine—the tree that produces this most precious bark, was known with certainty; and he was, too, the first scientist who conceived and carried out the idea of transporting and transplanting that tree to other countries than the one of its natural habitat.

"Which word in the Lucayan language meant "stone mountain."

"The fertile valley afterward called by the Spaniards "La vega real."


"Caonabó was a Caribbee by birth and the cacique of the rich province known to the Indians with the name of Mangana, located in the interior of the island.

"The captain of this detachment was a young and daring hidalgo named Alonso de Ojeda, who was a native of the city of Cuenca, Spain, and started with only fifteen armed soldiers, at the beginning of January, to find the famous gold mines of Cibao. He returned a few days after with the news that there was, in reality, an abundance of gold in that region. He had been a bold warrior in the recently-terminated war against the Moors of Granada, of whom the following feat of courage and intrepidity is related:

It took place in the tower of the Giralda, at Seville. To entertain Queen Isabella, in whose company he was an officer of the guard during her visit to the tower, and to give proof of his courage and agility, he, armed and accoutred as he was at that moment, mounted on a great beam which projected in the air twenty or twenty-five feet from the wall of the tower, and at such a great height from the ground below, that the people in the street looked like dwarfs. Along that beam he walked briskly, and when at its extreme end he stood on one leg, lifting the other in the air; then, turning nimbly round, he returned in the same way, unaffected by the giddy height. Reaching almost the other end of the beam, and close to the wall of the tower, he stood with one foot resting on the beam, placed the other foot against the wall, and threw an orange he carried in his pocket over the summit of the figure Giralda, at the top of the tower.







## Manuscript of Physician on Columbus' Ship

truth they found it in more than fifty brooks and rivers as well as upon their banks; so that the captain said that any body who wished to seek for gold throughout that province, would find as much as he wanted. He brought with him specimens from the different parts, that is to say, from the sand of the rivers and its banks.<sup>96</sup>

"It is generally believed that by digging as we know how, the gold will be found in greater compact masses, for the Indians neither know how to dig nor have they the means of digging the ground more than to a hand's depth.

"The other captain, who went to the other place called Niti,<sup>97</sup> returned also with news of a great quantity of gold in three or four localities, of which he likewise brought specimens with him.<sup>98</sup>

"Thus, surely, their Highnesses the King and Queen may henceforth regard themselves as the most prosperous and wealthy sovereigns on earth, because never yet, since the creation of this world, has such a thing been seen or read of. On the return of the ships on the next voyage, they certainly will be able to carry back such a quantity of gold as will fill with amazement all who hear of it.<sup>99</sup>

"Here I think I shall do well to break off my narrative. And I believe that those who do not know me, and hear of these things that I relate to you, may consider me prolix and somewhat an exaggerator, but God is my witness that I have not exceeded by one iota the bounds of truth."

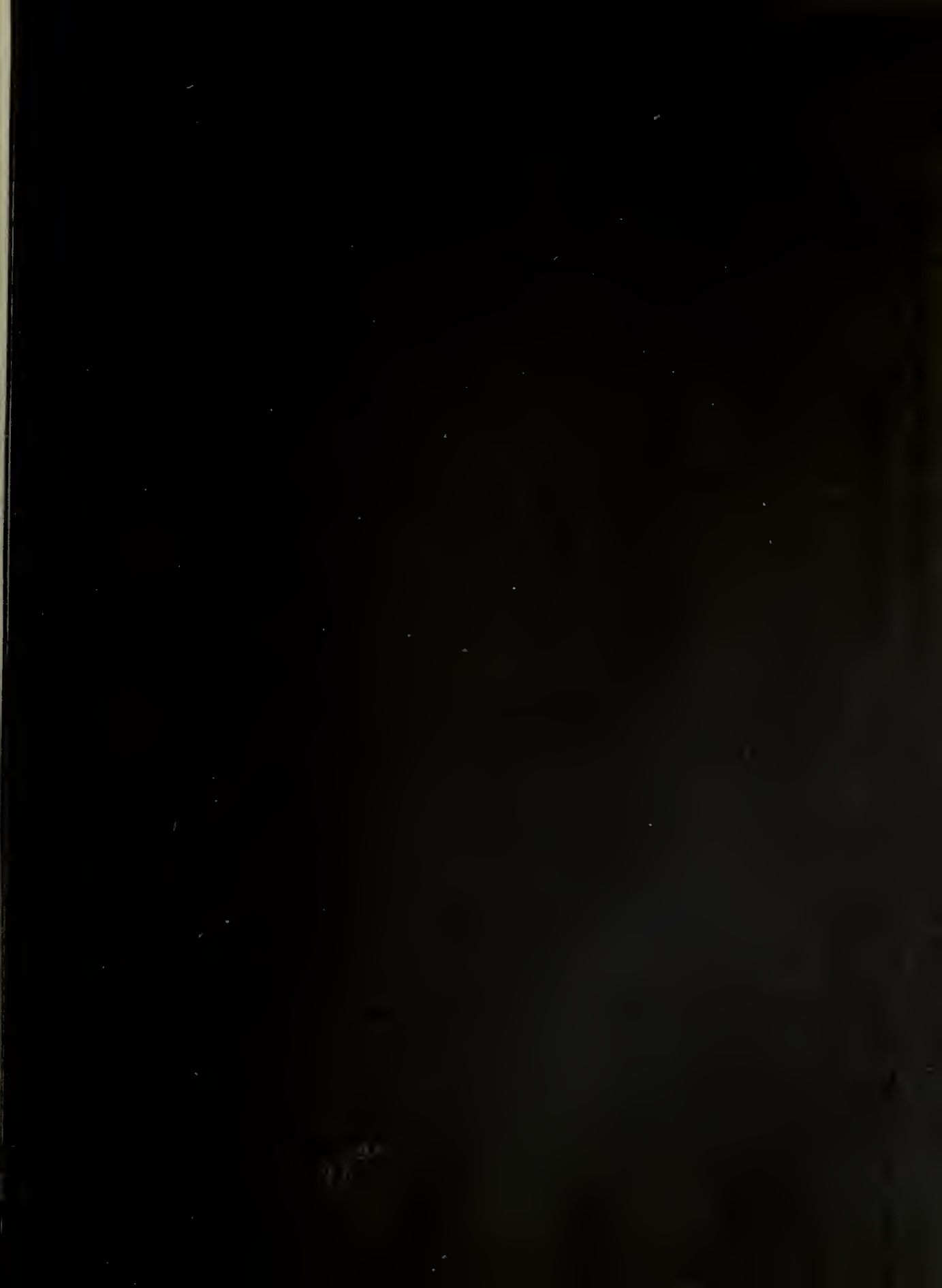
---

<sup>96</sup>One of those specimens was a nugget that weighed nine ounces.

<sup>97</sup>This second detachment was under the command of another young and fearless hidalgo called Ginés de Gorbálán, who was sent back to Spain by Columbus right after his return from this expedition to Niti, as a witness of the marvelous richness of the island of Hispaniola. He took with him to Spain the large nugget of gold which Alonso de Ojeda had found in his exploration of the mountains of Cibao.

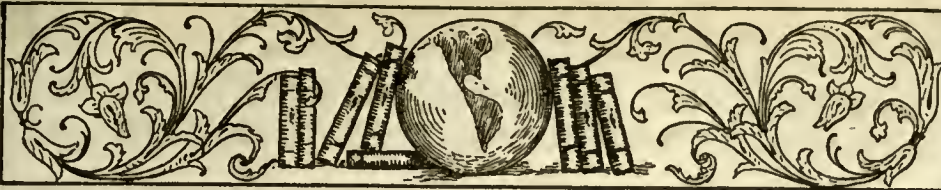
<sup>98</sup>These specimens were fewer and of less value than the others, thus proving that the region called Niti was not so rich in gold as Cibao.

<sup>99</sup>Dr. Chanca in my opinion was admirably sagacious, for what he predicted here in this important historical document, written at the beginning of the year 1494, was realized but a few years after, when the Spanish galleons, loaded with the gold and silver of the New World, incited the avarice of men of other nations, who did not hesitate to become piratical adventurers—euphemistically called buccaneers—in order to rob the Spanish properties in America, both on land and upon the sea.









# Chronicle of a Southern Gentleman Life in the Old South

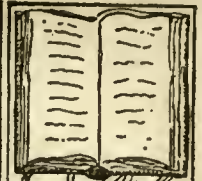
Diary of Colonel  
James Gordon, who Emigrated  
to Virginia in 1738, and Entered into  
the Social and Religious Life of the Scotch-Irish  
Régime in America & His Observations of Presbyterian Character  
and its Influence upon the Moulding of the National Spirit of Liberty

BY


LOUISA COLEMAN BLAIR

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA


**T**HIS chronicle of a Southern gentleman, relating to life in the Old South, is one of those human documents which take one from the activities of Modern America back to the chivalrous days when this country was loyal to monarchical government, when secession from royalism was anarchy, and liberty of speech, conscience and press was socialism. The original manuscript, written from 1759 to 1763, by a distinguished member of the gentry of that time, is in possession of his descendants, and portions of it are here transcribed for historical record, with entertaining reflections on life and customs in America in the pro-revolutionary days. The diarist was one of those strong-minded gentlemen of Scotch-Irish blood, whose character has permeated the magnificent demesne that lies at the foothills of the Alleghanies and the Blue Ridge—the Appalachian mountain country from Pennsylvania to the Gulf—and has instilled its strength into our national life. The Scotch-Irish came to America from the north of Ireland, where they had settled during the “Plantation of Ulster,” in the reign of James I. Shortly after the famous siege of Londonderry, in 1689, these iron-willed, strong-minded men began to settle in the valley of the Shenandoah, occupying the highland region, back from the coast, and formed an independent, sturdy stock that has been an important factor in the moulding of our national spirit. Andrew Jackson, Calhoun, and many of the vigorous men in the building of the Nation, have sprung from this race. Its influence was carried into Puritan New England, where Scotch-Irish settlements were founded in New Hampshire as early as 1719. The progeny of this blood held a Scotch-Irish Congress in Columbia, Tennessee, some years ago, and organized a society for the preservation of Scotch-Irish history and associations. These observations of Colonel Gordon, from entries in his original diary, are a worthy contribution to this literature. In Virginia and the Carolinas, there are several privately owned paintings relating to the Scotch-Irish régime. Dr. William St. Clair Gordon of Richmond, Virginia, has in his possession original portraits of the Gordons.—EDITOR








## Diary of Colonel Gordon a Southern Gentleman




**I**T has been said that the Eighteenth Century was the Golden Age. It is quite true that the material wealth and social graces of the ancient régime were then brilliant in Old Virginia. In the grain of general prosperity the prickly plants of religious discontent had steadily increased throughout America. Tares were they,—so thought the Virginia planters, themselves loyal to church as to king. Desire for religious liberty had stimulated political freedom. Patrick Henry championed the cause of the persecuted Baptist ministers; he argued against the exactions of the established clergy by maintaining that there was misrule on the part of the king. Thomas Jefferson conceded that religious discontent was predominant, and prepared and carried the bill for religious freedom. There are many graphic records of dissent in colonial Virginia. I have recently found one from the pen of a Presbyterian gentleman—James Gordon who had emigrated from Ireland to Virginia in 1738. He settled in Lancaster County on the Rappahannock River. A younger brother, who came with him to the colony, resided across the river in Middlesex County. Amiable, good-looking, and of ancient family, the younger men speedily became favorites with their new neighbors. The brothers engaged in shipping and general merchandise business. They prospered and married ladies of families long established in the colony. For a number of years James Gordon kept a journal in which he recorded brief daily entries of his mercantile and farming concerns, domestic matters, the status of religion and events of interest, with a careful register of all visitors at his mansion and his own visits away from home. Unfortunately, I find only a portion of his diary and that has come down to us in a fragment which seems to have been torn from a large volume. The four years' record that this fragment contains (1759-1763) presents a faithful likeness of Virginia life an hundred and forty years ago. The Northern Neck, in which Lancaster County is situated, supported before the Revolution a prosperous population. The varied soils of this peninsula yielded bountiful crops of maize and tobacco, wheat and flax. Great warehouses along the rivers unburdened themselves for less plentiful lands across the sea; the ports of entry drove a thrifty trade with ships from Jamaica and other foreign marts.

In the year 1759 the lower portion of the Virginia colony lay in a political calm. Thanks to Nathaniel Bacon, the people of Eastern Virginia since 1676 had nothing to fear from the savages. In the French and Indian War, the horrible massacres along the frontier came nearly to an end with the peaceful conquest of Duquesne by Forbes and Washington. Henceforth fighting was transferred to Canada. The campaigns were too distant and the dispatches too infrequent greatly to affect the lives of the Virginia planters, secure below the great Appalachian wall. There was no longer even the exhilaration of quarreling with the Governor, for the unpopular Dinwiddie had sailed to England the year before to the entire content of the Virginians, and his successors, Francis Fauquier and Norborne, Lord Botetourt, were everything that Virginia gentlemen desired in leaders of courtly council. The great debates which preceded the Revolution had not arisen. The lives of the planters on the Northern Neck were enlivened chiefly by constant arrivals of vessels from the Indies or England, tidings of a miscarried cargo, or a runaway slave, or talk at the court-house concerning the parsons and dissenters. The dissenters were having a hard time of it in the colony. The English Act of Religious Toleration, passed under William and Mary, 1689, was never formally grafted on the Virginia Statute







## Social and Religious Life in Early America

Books. True, it was recognized by various governors and advocates, but fashionable opinion had continued strong against any who were not satisfied with the form of religion "good enough for the king." In comparison with other dissenting sects the Presbyterian enjoyed some degree of comfort. Three of the Virginia governors, during the Eighteenth Century—Spotswood, Gooch, and Dinwiddie, were Scotchmen, as was Commissary Blair, President of William and Mary College. They were therefore familiar with the Presbyterian as the established form of worship in Scotland. They had favored granting to the grave young divines from northern colleges who applied to them at Williamsburg, licenses to preach and establish meeting-houses in Virginia. Nevertheless, in this liberality the Governor's Council did not often concur. The contrast between the freedom Presbyterians had enjoyed for fifty years in Scotland and the intolerance they met in Virginia is heightened furthermore by the spiritual coldness of the established church of the province at this time. The mother church in England, asleep in the scepticism of the Eighteenth Century had been roused by the preaching of Wesley and Whitefield. But her awakening had scarcely stirred her far-away daughter in the new land; and that the dissenters in the colony were eagerly partaking of the revival, only served to discredit it further among the Virginia clergy. The diary of James Gordon gives us a clear notion of this religious rift in the colony.


As may be expected, we shall look in vain to find in the note-book of a business man and sober Presbyterian, the polite fancies, the gayeties, and the graces which we are accustomed to connect with writings of the Eighteenth Century. The light extravagance, the zest and play which sparkle from every page of that "prince of good fellows," Colonel William Byrd, are all absent here. On the other hand, we do not find the tendency to morbid meditation uppermost in the journals of some of the religious enthusiasts of the time. Although the writer sometimes rises into fervor, in general he is placid. His observations are quiet rather than comic, wise rather than witty; not gay, but cheerful. And it is unlikely that the view the writer gives us of Virginia society could have chanced otherwise from a man who himself took a position half way between the petty obscurities and the luxuriant follies of his day. Moreover, the journal was kept for private convenience. Its jottings are straight to the page, as the events happened; neither furbished nor undervalued,—evidently a moderate representation of the era—an account both accurate and sincere. The life of the diarist was by no means bare. In the year 1759, James Gordon was in the prime of his years and activity; a large-landed proprietor; father of many children; colonel of militia, and magistrate in the county. His portrait, painted, it is said, by Hesselius, presents a man of florid, but sweet countenance; the dignity of a portly form, handsomely clothed with the adornment of ruffles and white perruque. The entries of the diary bring us at once into contact with an agreeable company of people living amid the entertainment and hospitality which these Virginians never ceased to exchange:

Jan. 1, 1759.—Dr. Robertson and his young wife came here according to the Dr.'s custom. Very agreeable company and good dinner. Our boat went for Mrs. Wormley. Miss Flood went in our chair to Mr. Camm's. Dr. Robertson went to Mr. Charles Carter's. Mr. Dale Carter and Mr. Payne here. John Mitchell and his wife came at night in the rain. Several of the neighbors came in the evening.

Although the diary brims with notices of daily guests, only three times in four years does the busy householder find the presence of visitors inconvenient:







## Diary of Colonel Gordon & Southern Gentleman

A throng day of company. Our poor little Sally (his daughter) has been very unwell for several days, but before I returned she was taken with fits. We do not expect her recovery. A great company here which is rather disagreeable as the child is so unwell. But these trifles we sh'd bear with more patience than we do.

It is evident, nevertheless, that the genial Scotch-Irishman greatly enjoyed his guests, for the company is usually "very agreeable," and one entry runs:

We had no company, which is surprising.


This neglect was remedied a day afterwards:

Mr. Wm. Churchill, his wife and five children came, and Mrs. Carter and her son and Miss Judith Bassett.

Nor was the host less of a visitor himself. Indeed, the whole neighborhood must have been a large "merry-go-round," the more noticeable when one considers that the intercourse between the people of the bay counties in Virginia, then, as now, was carried on greatly by water. Among the visitors Gordon records in his diary, we find not a few honorable names: Dr. Andrew Robertson was an eminent Scotch surgeon who had fought in the Flemish wars, was with Braddock in 1755, and had escaped from that rout with the remains of his regiment, twenty men in number. He resigned his commission on returning to Great Britain and emigrated to Virginia with his wife and son. He decided upon a residence in Lancaster County, and soon took the lead in medical practice in the Northern Neck. Being a Scotchman, and a staunch Presbyterian, he became a frequent visitor at Colonel Gordon's, and joined with him in promoting Presbyterianism in the neighborhood. The most picturesque figure in Gordon's narrative is the father of his first wife. The Conways had been settled in Northumberland and Lancaster a hundred years when James Gordon, newly arrived in the colony, asked for the hand of Milicent, youngest daughter of Colonel Edwin Conway, heir, by the Virginia law of primogeniture, to large tracts, estates handed down from original grant. The hand was acceded, but the tapering fingers of the thirteen-year-old bride would not retain the wedding-ring,—sad omen, for Milicent, "a most loving and excellent wife," died at the age of nineteen, leaving two little daughters. Anne, the elder, had been named, doubtless, for her grandmother, Anne Ball Conway, half-sister of Mary Washington, but Colonel Gordon dubs her affectionately "Nancy," and she seems to have been his favorite child. Colonel Gordon went often to visit Colonel Conway. He had been a leader of men, and a champion for the rights of the people throughout his whole country-side. In the Conway papers we have a spirited account of a contest of the planters of the Rappahannock district with a "spightful tobacco inspector." Fire and fists were resorted to. Colonel Conway pacified the bitter people by appealing to Governor Gooch on their behalf. This gentleman had actively engaged also in the dispute which arose between Governor Spotswood and the House of Burgesses concerning the levy for the defense; a tax which the House refused to impose, whereupon that ruler of force wrathfully dissolved the assembly, and it was for several years prorogued.

Colonel Conway was indeed one who "feared God and none besides." He was of a ripe age when we are introduced to him in Gordon's account, but his zeal for what he conceived to be the good of those around him had not abated, as we see him in his efforts, loyal churchman that he was, to contend with the dissenters. His more liberal son-in-law perpetually placed him-





## Social and Religious Life in Early America

self a reconciler between the irascible old gentleman and his neighbors of the new-fangled doctrines. Colonel Gordon writes:

1759, Jan. 9th.—Went to Col. Conway's where Mr. Criswell joined us and was very agreeably entertained. This gentleman has now fully dropped opposing the meeting-house, which is mostly occasioned by a letter he recently received from Mr. Ben Waller who advises that the Dissenters have power to build a house and enjoy their religion by Act of Toleration. Complains very much of the Church of England for petitioning the King about a law that was lately passed in this colony that sets their salaries (the parson's) at 16/8 per cwt. which they call the Two-Penny Act, and which is likely to make a great noise in this country, (as it did). Went to Col. Conway's with Mr. Camm; the difference between Mr. Camm and myself settled.

Mr. Camm, a clergyman, also took a prominent part in the contest between the clergy and the Legislature about the value of tobacco in which the stipends were paid (*Footes Sketches of Virginia*). This celebrated dispute first brought Patrick Henry into fame. After a number of "agreeable" visits to his father-in-law, Colonel Gordon notes:


Received a letter from Col. Conway and one to Nancy upon religion, but in my opinion very little to the purpose. Thos. Carter rec'd one which displeased him very much. Col. Conway seems so great a bigot that people who are religiously inclined despise his advice.

The word religion, indeed, was not very exactly defined in the Eighteenth Century. Each sect claimed a monopoly of the truth. Yet three years later, when his son-in-law records in the family Bible, the death of "the people's champion," it is with words of admiration. "A gentleman of very great parts," he writes. In spite of religious difference, it is evident Gordon regarded him with affection and honor. A man of greater parts than Colonel Conway, and as fervent in religious zeal, figures also in the Gordon memoir. This was the Reverend Samuel Davies. The war-cries of Davies and his prophetic utterance concerning Washington are matters of Virginia history. Dr. Doddridge addressed Davies as "a man of so great eminence." Jonathan Edwards commended him as "a man of very solid understanding." But it is as the father of Presbyterianism in Virginia, the tender shepherd of harassed sheep, that Gordon fondly regarded him. In poor contrast with the gifted Davies, who was more flame and spirit than flesh of this world, were many of the parsons of the establishment in Virginia. No more devoted Christians than their pioneers to the colony had ever existed. Pious Robert Hunt, Smith's chaplain, Bucke, of the "Sea Venture," "Pure and Honorable Master Whittaker, Apostle to the Indians," who baptized Pocahontas,—all these labored with increasing zeal for the field committed to their charge—as did James Blair, founder of William and Mary College. Yet the lack of a bishop of Virginia, the long distance from which a supply of incumbents must be drawn, and the uncertain tempers of their masters, the vestries when the clergymen did come, all combined to produce but poor material wherewith to supply the parish pulpits. The people saw their pastors at the race-field and cocking-match; at wine or cards the parsons excelled; their conversation ridiculed religious experience as fanatical. We need not be surprised that our earnest diarist was not unobserved of such "wolves in sheep's clothing."

Went with Mr. Criswell to North Coast and called at Northumberland Court House. At court Mr. Leland and Minzie behaved like black-guards in respect to Mr. Criswell who went to get scholars and engaged several though the Parsons did all they could to prevent it which seemed to make the people more fond of sending their children. I think such ministers should be stripped of their gowns.







## Diary of Colonel Gordon & Southern Gentleman

Went to Col. Selden's where I had the pleasure of meeting dear Mr. Davies. He came home with me, with Col. Selden and Mr. Shackelford. Went to meeting where Mr. Davies gave us an excellent sermon. A full house.

Sunday—A comfortable day to me. The Lord's Supper was administered to 44 communicants, besides the Hanover gentlemen. About 800 or 900 present.

Robert Hening came home and brought a letter from Mr. Minzie to Mr. Davies, which, in my opinion, is very foolish.

May 7,—After dinner went to the Court House. The Court sat but a short time. The Minister's Play was read in the ordinary by Mr. Packer who received it from Mr. Rinehard, who said he found it in the Court Yard. (The play was written by the parsons to ridicule the dissenters). Minzie and Leland at the head of the mob. Pretty fellows these to be teachers of the people.

Went to our Court. Saw Mr. Leland, but had no words with him. I understand all the gentlemen of sense ridicule the farce.

Sunday, August 25,—At home with my wife and family, where I have much more comfort than going to church, hearing the ministers ridicule the dissenters.

October 11th,—Mr. Criswell came before dinner, but with disagreeable news that Mr. Davies will not return this way. (A previous entry notes): I wrote to him his going away gives us here and in Hanover the greatest uneasiness, but I trust God will direct us in the way to Heaven.

Mr. Davies had accepted the Presidency of Princeton College, left vacant by the death of Jonathan Edwards. Some time later Colonel Gordon makes this entry:

March 12, 1761:—Yesterday heard the disagreeable news of the death of the Rev. Mr. Samuel Davies. Never was a man in America, I imagine, more lamented. The Christian, the gentleman, and the scholar appeared conspicuous in him. Virginia, and even Lancaster, I hope, has great reason to bless God for sending such a minister of the gospel amongst us. But He that sent him could send another, and his labor be attended with as much success. But I am afraid our country is too wicked for such comfort.

But let us revert to the ministerial situation. Colonel Gordon notes:

1759, July 9th:—Went to North'd Court. The paper was read about Minzie and Leland publicly, which occasioned a large company some mirth. Minzie sat till it was read and then went out much displeased. It appears these ministers will repeat their farce that has pleased them so much.

Sunday—Silla and Molly went to church. I read a sermon to the negroes.

Went with my wife to White Chapel Church where we heard Mr. Camm—a very indifferent discourse, nothing scarce but external modes; much against Presbyterians, so that I was much disappointed, for it was misspending the Lord's Day. How I lament the want of a good minister for our own church that we may all see the things that belong to our peace before it be too late.

Went to our vestry. Spoke to Mr. Camm about the sermons he has preached lately; he endeavored to excuse himself, but could not do it in my opinion.

Even a parson could take a hint, though, for three weeks later:

Mr. Criswell went to White Chapel Church. Nothing against the dissenters.

In spite of all these vexations (and from vexations the dwellers in the golden age of Virginia were not free) the year 1759 drew comfortably to a close in the Colonel's well-ordered household.

October 28th, 1759:—Maj. Campbell called here this morning on his way from James River and brought the agreeable news of the surrender of Quebec and Montreal, but with the loss of our great and brave General Wolfe who was killed in the engagement. (The agreeable news had been forty-six days in coming). Nancy, Mr. Criswell, and Mrs. Gordon go to White Chapel Church and report on returning there is again nothing against the dissenters. The year ends pleasantly with an oyster dinner party, on the last day, at the mouth of Jonah's Cove.

And the grateful father of the family comments:



## Social and Religious Life in Early America

Very agreeably ended the old year, for which and all other mercies, I adore and praise the Divine goodness, for He is good, and His mercy endureth forever.

In 1763, the Reverend George Whitefield visited the Northern Neck. "Mr. Whitefield," says a biographer, "sailed from Scotland for Rappahannock. He had sailed with but little hopes of further usefulness, owing to his asthma, and it was with difficulty he preached." Mr. Whitefield had been in Virginia before, Colonel Gordon says:

1763, Aug. 26th:—This evening I had the comfort of receiving a letter from Rev. George Whitefield who landed this day at Urbana.

27:—Mr. Waddell and I set off in our boat for Urbana and got there about 10 o'clock. Mr. Whitefield and Mr. Wright, who came with him, readily agreed to come with us, so we got home about 2—very happy in the company of Mr. Whitefield.

Aug. 28th:—Mr. Whitefield preached a most affecting sermon to a great number of people. My wife would venture out tho' in such a condition.

31st:—Went with Mr. Whitefield to meeting where we had a fine discourse to a crowded assembly.

Sept. 2nd:—Sent for Col. Selden and bought his chair and horses for £47/10 for Mr. Whitefield who seems much pleased with them and proposes setting off to-morrow. (The Rev. Mr. Whitefield was on his way to Philadelphia).

There are pleasant traditions of this visit of Mr. Whitefield to the Northern Neck handed down through Miss Hening, who was then a little girl and a frequent playfellow of the Gordon children. She remembers him as cheerful in private intercourse and playful with children. Colonel Gordon continues:

Sept. 10th:—The Lord's Supper was administered to about 115 white and 85 black communicants. We met Mr. Waddell at the meeting as Mr. Whitefield would not part from him so as to allow him to return before.

The young minister whom Mr. Whitefield had retained in his company was by all accounts such a one as Mr. Whitefield himself described as "a bright witness of Jesus Christ." He was the celebrated James Waddell, famous later in Virginia as the Blind Preacher, whose marvellous eloquence inspired the pen of William Wirt in *The British Spy*. Patrick Henry, after hearing the most famous speakers of America, was accustomed to say that Waddell and Davies were the greatest orators he had ever heard. Mr. Waddell was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Hanover in 1701. Ten churches in Virginia, and one in Pennsylvania sued almost immediately for his services, but Mr. Waddell decided in favor of the churches in Lancaster and Northumberland. Colonel Gordon says:

Blessed be God for giving us such a prospect of Mr. Waddell who has a great character in the divine life.

Went to the upper meeting. Mr. Waddell gave us two excellent sermons. The people seem delighted with him.


Mr. Waddell gave us two fine sermons to a vast number of hearers. He is so universally liked that people flock to hear him. Mr. Waddell has hearers enough.

The young orator, handsome and distinguished in appearance, was successful in another way. He had resided at the Gordon's about a year when the colonel makes this entry:

Mr. Waddell spoke to me to-day about Mollie.

Mollie, the colonel's third daughter, was scarcely above ten years at the time of Mr. Waddell's proposal. With her brother James, and their playmate, Mollie Hening, she was sent to be catechised before her suitor. We wonder if Mollie was aware of his request and if his sentiments helped her to perfect herself in the Shorter Catechism!





## Diary of Colonel Gordon & Southern Gentleman

Went with my wife and family to meeting to hear the young people say their catechisms. Mr. Waddell gave us good advice and exhortation how to bring up our children. (Mr. Waddell was twenty-three). Molly Hening answered the best and all the Larger Catechism. James Gordon answered ninety questions in the Larger Catechism; Mollie said all the Shorter.

Let us believe the musical voice and winning manner of the young pastor softened the long ordeal—at least for Mollie. At the age of sixteen, she became his wife. The daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Waddell married Dr. Archibald Alexander of Princeton.

After procuring this "agreeable minister," the Presbyterian congregation made great efforts to establish itself permanently. The congregation purchased a glebe. For the cultivation of this, Colonel Gordon persuaded Colonel Selden to present his negro man, Toby. £300 had been raised by lottery the year before to build a meeting-house. Colonel Gordon, finding more seats needed to accommodate Mr. Waddell's hearers, gives timber. Although a large proportion of the entries in the Gordon diary report affairs of religion, not a few concern themselves with physical well-being. Malaria haunted with alarming fatality the low-lying lands of the Northern Neck. Mrs. Gordon was frequent in her offices for the sick. The duties of the Virginia matron were far from nominal ones only. Colonel Gordon does not record an idle moment on the part of his wife. She entertained daily guests in unforeseen numbers; she visited an immense acquaintance in all times of illness, death, and rejoicing, and was accustomed to receive the large compliment of their continued presence within her own mansion during like events at home. We feel sure she was a lenient step-mother, for, in their portrait, the little faces of Nancy and Sallie look out very happily above their prim, satin gowns. Mrs. Gordon was, besides a devout church-goer, and a kind and attentive mistress to her slaves. In all these offices she was gallantly aided by her consort, who was a true lover of home. Nor does the loyal Gordon ever hint of a moment of discord between them. That a discord existed at first, seems probable, since Mary Harrison was a bigotted High Church-woman at the time of her marriage, and was only convinced of the error of her ways by a sermon which she accidentally heard from the Reverend Samuel Davies. Perhaps, though, we cannot call it accidental, for Colonel Gordon had set ajar the door of her sick-chamber that she might gain the blessing from the adjoining room. Thenceforth she divided her attentions between the church of her fathers and the meeting-house of her husband, and the husband records no objection to her taking the way she thought best. At times a lady in that age seemed also to have rights.

Colonel Gordon gives very little account of how his young daughters amused themselves. It is not unlikely, in spite of Presbyterian sobriety, that in the intervals of catechisms and courtships they indulged in the customary fancy of stepping the minuet. Then there was the Court Chronicle to peruse in the two-leaved *Gazette* which came weekly from Williamsburg, and the advertisements of the milliners lately arrived from London. And even if a cargo of new finery was not in, there were other matters more delicate to linger over in the polite journal from the capital—verses of sentiment addressed to fair ones under carefully guarded names, Chloe, Myrtilla, and the like. Formal schooling was brief for the damsel of the Eighteenth Century. Marriages were early, including a larger proportion of early married widows than is usual now. The season between childhood and wifehood was as brief as the time of wild roses in spring. They







## Social and Religious Life in Early America

worked at the embroidery frame; tinkled the spinet; sang not much; danced the minuet and country dance at one after another of the neighboring houses, or played "button" and forfeit games in the presence of their elders around the blazing log fire in the drawing room. Take it all in all, life was not unendurable even in the family of an Eighteenth Century Presbyterian. The kindly gentleman who presided over the one into which we have glanced, was himself no enemy to simple, hearty pleasures. If, as he states, he will not go to the race-course, he plays ball on the lawn with his guests. There is the great Rappahonnock at his doors for another kind of sport.

Went with my wife and Mr. Criswell to see the seine drawn. We met in Eyck's Creek a school of Rock. Brought up 260, some very large; the finest haul I ever saw. Sent many among the neighbors. Dined very agreeably afterwards on a point on fish and oysters. Late when we got home.

This sport they often indulged in. And there comes this pleasant entry:

Went with my wife to the school. My wife treated the scholars to pancakes and syder, it being Shrove Tuesday, and prevailed on Mr. Criswell to give them play in the afternoon.

Went to the general muster. The militia was called on to proclaim King George the Third which was done in pretty good order. The officers joined and gave the men about fifty or sixty gallons of punch.

Teetotalism had not then been invented. As a merchant the good Presbyterian elder sold spirits and even engaged the services of Mr. Criswell, who was a licentiate for the ministry, to help him manufacture whiskey when prices ran high. In addition to these inconsistencies, to which we may add the lottery, the worthy man attended, or at least quoted, the slave auctions when the Dutchmen came in. When he buys, he becomes a friend as well as a master. He notes in his diary ordering shoes and clothing for the negroes. He gives them books; instructs them; visits them in illness, and sends for Dr. Robertson, the first surgeon in the country-side, when Scipio, a favorite slave, is ill. He never speaks of his slaves. They are negroes, or "the people." In short, to live a useful, well-ordered, charitable life constituted happiness for the simple-minded gentleman. "Agreeable" is the key-note of his diary. He has left us the agreeable impression that a Virginian of his time could be in the world, and not of it;—the record, moreover, of other agreeable men and women who made the time in which they lived—and of a fair land where ripened in the sunshine, not only golden tobacco, but good-fellowship; sincere courtesy, and last, and the best,—to which he not a little contributed—the growth of tolerance and charity for all.



Art

History

Literature



# Centenary of a Hymnist to Liberty

General Albert Pike, who Helped Blaze the Path for Civilization through  
the West in 1831 & Cavalry Leader in Mexican War & Commanded  
the Cherokee Indians under Flag of the Confederacy in Civil War

On this Centennial of this unique personality in American History, these manuscripts in possession of his daughter, Lillian Pike Roome of Washington, District of Columbia, are given historical record—General Pike was born in Boston Massachusetts, December 29, 1809; studied at Harvard; taught school at Newburyport, and set out for the Far West in 1831, traveling mostly by foot—At St. Louis he joined a caravan for the Mexican territories, entering Santa Fe roving with trappers, becoming editor of the *Arkansas Gazette* at Little Rock, and one of the most distinguished lawyers in the West—He served as a cavalry leader in the Mexican War, espoused the cause of State supremacy, and commanded the Cherokee Indians under the Flag of the Confederacy at the battle of Pea Ridge—General Pike was a vigorous factor in the Middle West; he edited the *Memphis Appeal* in Tennessee, represented the literature of that section during his time, became distinguished by the Order of Free Masons, and died in Washington, April 2, 1892

## Ode to Liberty

When shall the nations all be free,  
And Force no longer reign;  
None bend to brutal Power the knee,  
None hug the gilded chain?  
No longer rule the ancient Wrong,  
The Weak be trampled by the Strong?—  
How long, dear God in Heaven! how long?  
The people wail in vain!

Do not th' Archangels on their thrones  
Turn piteous looks to Thee,  
When 'round them thickly swarm the  
groans  
Of those that would be free?  
Of those that know they have the right  
To Freedom, though crushed down by  
Might,  
As all the world hath to the light  
And air which Thou mad'st free?

The ancient Empires staggering drift  
Along Time's mighty tide,  
Whose waters, running broad and swift,  
Eternity divide:

How many years shall pass, before  
Over their bones the sea shall roar,  
The salt sands drift, the fresh rains pour,  
The stars mock fallen Pride?

What then the Great Republic's fate?  
To founder far from land,  
And sink with all her glorious freight,  
Smitten by God's right hand?  
Or shall she still her helm obey  
In calm or storm, by night or day,  
No sail rent, no spar cut away,  
Exultant, proud and grand?

The issues are with God. To do,  
Of right belongs to us:  
May we be ever just and true,  
For nations flourish thus!  
*JUSTICE* is mightier than ships;  
*RIGHT*, than the cannon's brazen lips;  
And *TRUTH*, averting dark eclipse,  
Makes fortunes prosperous.

ALBERT PIKE, July 4, 1853.

## Apostrophe to Liberty

Oh, Liberty! thou child of many hopes,  
Nursed in the cradle of the human heart;  
While Europe in her glimmering darkness  
gropes,  
Do not from us, thy chosen ones, depart!  
Still be to us, as thou hast been, and art,  
The spirit that we breathe! Oh, teach us still  
Thine arrowy truths, unquailing, to dart,  
Until all tyrants and oppressors reel,  
And despotisms tremble at thy thunder-  
peal!

Methinks thy daylight now is lighting up  
The far horizon of yon hemisphere  
With golden lightning. Over the hoary top  
Of the blue mountains, see I not appear  
Thy lovely dawn, while Shame, and  
crouching Fear,  
And Slavery perish under tottering thrones?  
How long, oh Liberty! until we hear  
Instead of an insulted people's moans,  
The crushed and writhing tyrants uttering  
deep groans?

Is not thy spirit living still in France?  
Will it not waken soon in storm and fire?  
Will earthquakes not 'mid thrones and  
cities dance,  
And Freedom's altar be the funeral pyre  
Of Tyranny, and all his offspring dire?  
In Hungary, Germany, Italia, Spain,  
And Austria, thy spirit doth inspire  
The multitude; and though, too long, in vain,  
They struggle in deep gloom, yet Slavery's  
night shall wane.

And shall *we* sleep, while all the earth  
awakes?  
Shall *we* turn slaves, while on the Alpine  
cones  
And vine-clad hills of Europe brightly  
breaks  
The morning-light of Liberty? What  
thrones  
Can equal those which on our father's bones  
The demagogue would build? What chains  
so gall,  
As those the self-made Helot scarcely  
owns,  
Till they eat deeply; till the live pains crawl  
Into his soul, who madly caused himself  
to fall?

Men's freedom may be wrested from their  
hands,  
And they may mourn; but not like those  
who throw  
Their heritage away; who clasp the bands  
On their own limbs, and creeping,  
blindly go  
Like timorous fawns, to their own  
overthrow,  
Shall we thus fall? Is it so difficult,  
To *think* that we are free, yet *be* not so?  
To shatter down in one brief hour of guilt,  
The holy fane of Freedom that our fathers  
built?

ALBERT PIKE, 1834.





# Sir Charles Hobby—Early Knight and American Merchant Adventurer

Investigations in England,  
Barbadoes and America into the Life  
and Progeny of an American who was Knighted  
by Queen Anne at Windsor Castle for Services to the  
Crown in 1692 at Earthquake in Jamaica & He Owned "One-half  
of New Hampshire" and was Appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Annapolis

BY  
ROLLIN GERMAIN HUBBY

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Descendant of Sir Charles Hobby, who has conducted these recent researches


**T**HIS official record of investigations in Great Britain, the Barbadoes, and America, relates the romantic life of an American merchant adventurer, who was knighted by Queen Anne at Windsor Castle for bravery at the earthquake in Jamaica in 1692. The progeny of this knighted American, Sir Charles Hobby, who lost his fortune by speculating in the ownership of "one-half of New Hampshire," and later became Lieutenant-Governor of Annapolis-Royal, is today active in civic affairs throughout the Western Continent. This investigation is therefore a notable contribution to both historical and genealogical literature. The investigator, in recording it in THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY, says: "I started this investigation nearly ten years ago. An eminent genealogist in England has since been at work upon it, and has unearthed much important material from the most authoritative sources, discovering, I believe, the long-sought genealogical link which unites the English and American lineage. With this prolific data, many prints and old engravings have been collected, including forty views of Bisham Abbey, the seat of Sir Thomas Hobbie, ancient portraits, autographs, and a letter written by Queen Elizabeth to Lady Elizabeth Hobbie. In the British Museum there is a manuscript of the travels and life of Sir Thomas Hobbie, knight, written by himself from 1547 to 1564. This has been recently been transcribed by Edgar Powell, the English genealogist, for the Royal Historical Society, and a copy sent to me. These researches in the British Museum and the English state papers have frequently crossed the lines of the Tracys of Hailes Abbey, whose lineage was established in THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY, Volume I, Number 3, under the title 'Progeny of Saxon Kings in America,' of which I speak in the Genealogical Department of this Number, proving the royal affiliations of these early Americans. I have had transcribed at Bridgetown, Barbadoes, the earliest records, which serve as a connecting link between the British and the American lines. I have also found several eminent researchers in America who have valuable data, and I am convinced that sufficient evidence exists to uphold American claims."—EDITOR

Art


History

Literature





## Sir Charles Hobby & A Knight in America





**S**IR CHARLES HOBBY, Knight, a product of the early merchant adventurers from England, was brought up in Boston, but I have found no evidence that he was born there. He seems to have been the eldest son of William Hobby, Esquire, a wealthy merchant of Boston. This William Hobby found his final resting place in Copp's Hill burying ground, and his tombstone inscription reads: "Here lyes ye body of Mrs. Ann Hobby wife of Mr. William Hobby aged 74 years. Died June ye 22nd 1709. Mr. William Hobby aged 79 years. Died August ye 24, 1713;" (all on one stone). He was born therefore in 1634, but not in Boston. His children were Charles, who died in London 1714—John, born 1661; died December 7, 1711; age 50—William, born February 9, 1669—Ann, born September 9, 1670—Marcy, born October 4, 1672—Judith, born May 3, 1674; died February 1, 1741—Elizabeth, born October 18, 1676. In searching the records of the births, baptisms and marriages from 1630 to 1699 in Boston, as registered in the "Ninth Report of Record Commissioners," I do not find Charles and John, sons of William Hobby. It is therefore reasonable to infer that they were born possibly in England or in the Virginia Colonies. At this writing, however, no record of birth has been found of Sir Charles Hobby and his exact age is not known, but it has been established that he died in London in the year 1714 and was buried there, and that he married an Elizabeth who was buried in Boston, November 17, 1716, although her maiden name is not known. According to the statement of Savage "The two Mathers were connections of Sir Charles," and it might be inferred that Elizabeth's maiden name was Cotton or Mather, or an allied branch of these families. Nathan Gillet Pond, late of Milford, Connecticut, investigated this matter but was unsuccessful in finding Lady Elizabeth's parents. He thought possibly she might have been Elizabeth, daughter of Robert and Jemima (Clark) Drew, born in the year 1661.

Sir Charles Hobby was engaged in the foreign commerce, and in his inventory evidently had ventures at many foreign ports, with consignments from London, Jamaica and the Barbadoes. Having seven slaves in his own household at Marlborough Street, Boston, he no doubt had extensive dealings in the slave trade, importing negroes from the Barbadoes and West Indies. In his sloop "Sea Flower" he happened to be present in Jamaica at the time of the earthquake in 1692, in which he rendered effective assistance and exhibited considerable bravery. He commanded the Artillery Company of Boston and was styled its captain in 1701, 1702 and 1703. In 1702, he was appointed Colonel of the Boston Regiment. In 1705, he went to England with letters from the "Dissenting ministers" and the accord of Cotton Mather, recommending him as Governor in place of Governor Joseph Dudley. He was not successful in gaining this appointment, owing no doubt to the influence of Dudley's friends at Court. He was received by Queen Anne upon his arrival at Windsor Castle, and as a token of regard for his services rendered to the crown in New England, and for his bravery and material assistance rendered by him in 1692 at the earthquake in Jamaica, he was knighted by this queen at Windsor Castle the 9th day of July, 1705. No distinguishing coat-of-arms was granted him and he failed to follow the custom of placing his pedigree on record at the Herald College.

Sir Charles Hobby was one of two men of New England to receive






## Researches into American Foundations

the order of knighthood, the other being Sir Benjamin Thompson, Knight. The following year in London, 1706, Sir Charles Hobby received from Thomas Allen of London, a grant or deed for one-half the Province of New Hampshire. It has been alleged by some investigators that a consideration of £800 added its weight to his already favorable chances for knighthood. If Sir Charles Hobby parted with this large sum of money in London, it no doubt represented the price he paid for the grant of one-half the Province of New Hampshire, which afterwards proved to be worthless. He evidently took it in good faith, for in the inventory of his estate is found this claim to "one-half of New Hampshire." In the records of the Gorges and Mason grants of the Province of New Hampshire in the *Annals of Portsmouth by Nathaniel Adams*, published in 1825, is found the information that they were Royal Grants, and were confirmed by successive sovereigns including Queen Anne; that the Mason Grant was sold by the heir of Robert Tufton Mason in 1691 to Samuel Allen, a merchant of London; and that his son, Thomas Allen, conveyed one-half of this Province in 1706 to Sir Charles Hobby. Upon the death of Sir Charles this grant was found to have little value. The sturdy inhabitants of New Hampshire claimed their titles from the Indians and scouted the Royal Grants. This parchment deed, as large as an apron, is now in the custody of the Bangor Public Library.

Failing to supplant Dudley as Governor of Massachusetts; Sir Charles Hobby returned to Boston, and in the following year was elected Selectman and Justice of the Peace with Samuel Lynde and others, in the year 1707. His commercial interests again took him into foreign parts but I find him back in Boston in the year 1710 in time to take part in the Port Royal Expedition. The Massachusetts Colony determined to send two regiments of their own, one under Sir Charles Hobby and the other under Colonel Tailor, for the capture of Port Royal from the French. They were joined by a regiment from Connecticut under Colonel William Whiting and one from New Hampshire under Colonel Walton. The expedition arrived September 24, 1710, and the forts surrendered October 2nd, enabling the soldiers to return to Boston by the 26th of October of the same year, according to the record in *Hutchinson*, Volume II, page 181. The name of Port Royal was changed to Annapolis Royal, and in the following year, 1711, Sir Charles Hobby was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Annapolis Royal. The signatures of the Royal Commissioners, Sir Charles Hobby among them, are filed in the Massachusetts Archives, Military V, 693.

It was upon a commercial venture and while doing business in England that the death of Sir Charles Hobby occurred in London in the year 1714. The inventory of his estate was filed April 23, 1716. He left no will and his business agent, John Colman, his brother-in-law, who had charge of his business affairs in Boston while Hobby was away in foreign ports, took charge of the estate, which was later found to be insolvent. Among the many items in the accounting is Silver Plate to the value of £342-19s-0; seven slaves, value £300; Sloop "Sea Flower;" a Coach; Mansion house on Marlborough Street; Pistols, Swords, Pikes, Hatchets, Drums, Billhooks, and so forth, a fair arsenal for those days; in all a value of nearly £2,000. Deeds of half the Province of New Hampshire was one item which was put down as worthless, the General Court of New Hampshire claiming that the early settlers bought their land direct from the Indians. A good round sum must have been paid for this vast territory





## Sir Charles Hobby & A Knight in America


and being proved worthless may partially account for the insolvency of the estate.

The Province House in the year 1702 was the residence of Major Charles Hobby, who, on February 19th of this same year, had born to him a daughter Mary, according to the record in the Old South Church. This historic mansion was built in 1679, by Peter Sargeant. In 1701, Sargeant moved to the house of his new wife (the widow of Sir William Phipps) and rented his house to Major Charles Hobby. This house was located nearly opposite the "Old South Church." It was purchased in 1716 by the Provincial Legislature, and occupied by each of the successive Royal Governors down to the Revolution, and is described in *Landmarks of Boston* by Drake. At the old corner book-store, 283 Washington Street, Boston, I found a photograph of the Old Province House among four hundred views of old historical buildings.

In 1713 and 1714, Sir Charles Hobby was one of the chosen Wardens of King's Chapel. He was a man of fashion and in his early days lived luxuriously. It is apparent that he was a gay cavalier and quick in his perceptions of beauty in the fair sex. He followed the mode and the manners of the gentility as it then existed in the time of Queen Anne. His mode of living seemed somewhat antagonistic to the simple puritanical principles and caused his sterner compeers to look upon him at times with ill-favor. His commercial and seafaring life, coupled with his military exploits, gave him a hardy manner and a rough tongue which he used at times in his dealings with some of the seafaring men. He knew how to command the men under his care and made a creditable record not only for bravery but in his ability to act quickly, which was exemplified at the instance of the earthquake in Jamaica. Two years before his death, he must have found favor among the most circumspect of his God-fearing neighbors, for he was twice elected warden of their church, "King's Chapel," now known as the Old Stone Church in Boston.

At the time of his death, his son, John Hobby was a planter in the Barbadoes and it was probably in these parts that Sir Charles Hobby married. Four of his children are definitely known and there may have been others: (1) Elizabeth Hobbey, the eldest, born about 1695, married James Gooch, September 30, 1715, ceremony by Benjamin Colman at Brattle Street Church, Boston. Rev. Benjamin Colman was brother of John Colman, who married Judith Hobby, sister of Sir Charles Hobby. (2) A son (name unknown). "Wait" Winthrop, writing March 17, 1711 says: "Sir Charles Hobby's eldest son was killed with a gun, as he and another were a-gunning in a canoe, which by some means or other went off as it lay in the canoe." I refer you to Massachusetts Historical Society Collections, 6th Series, Volume V, page 256, note. (3) John Hobby, son of Sir Charles Hobby, is identified in various ways. John Colman, in rendering his account of Sir Charles Hobby's estate, has charges paid for tuition "of his son at College," such charges appear several times. This John Hobby, an undergraduate of Harvard College at the time of his father's death, was presumably too young to attempt to take out letters of administration on Sir Charles Hobby's estate. (4) Mary Hobbey, the youngest daughter of Sir Charles Hobby, who was born in the Province House, at Boston, February 19, 1702, and married May 15, 1722, Zachariah Hubbard (Hubbard), died about 1730. He married, 2nd, Sarah Kingman, July 21, 1731. Charles Hobby Pond, Governor of Connecticut, and the Ponds of Milford, Connecticut, descend from Mary Hobby and Zachariah Hubbard.





## Researches into American Foundations


Sir Philip Hobby, born 1505, ambassador at Court of Charles V, died May 29, 1558, seized of Bisham, Evesham and Eyford. Evesham was granted to Sir Philip Hobby, 37 Hen. VIII, 1546. In the genealogy of the Gibbs family, Robert Gybbes of Honnington married Margaret, daughter of —, King of Evesham, and died August 10, 1558. His daughter, Elizabeth married Thomas Tickeridge of Evesham County, Worcester, England. This Robert Gibbs of Honnington is an ancestor of the Col. Benjamin Gibbs whose daughter, Lydia, married Hugh Hall of Barbadoes. Sir Henry Gibbs, Knt., born 1593, had son Robert, born 1634, who came to Boston in 1658, (merchant), married Elizabeth, daughter of Jacob Sheafe. In London the families of Hobby and Sheafe were related in the Fifteenth Century. See Henry Lea's *Gleanings of England*.

Oliver Noyes and Elisha Cooke were appointed administrators of Sir Charles Hobby's estate as the result of a petition of several creditors. This petition, dated November 8, 1715, recites that "the Lady Hubby above a month ago was notified to accept or refuse administration of her husband's estate; but she nor any other of the relatives of the deceased not having taken administration, but declining the same, and so forth." John Colman and Sir Charles Hobby were coadministrators of the estate of William Hobby. As Sir Charles was indebted to his father's estate, John Colman (as administrator of William Hobby's estate) presented this claim to the administrators of Sir Charles' estate. Sir Charles Hobby, during his absence from Boston, had appointed John Colman his business agent, and as such he rendered an account against the estate. The court records also reveal that Mary Hobby, daughter of Sir Charles, petitioned the court that her Uncle Colman be made her guardian. There is also mentioned Elizabeth Hobby to whom John Colman paid money for necessities and she is undoubtedly the Elizabeth Hobby who married James Gooch on September 30, 1715. In settling the estate, Elisha Cooke made application to recover the lands in New Hampshire, as recorded in Providence Papers of New Hampshire, Volume III, part 2, page 631, *et passim*. John Hobby in his own behalf, November 23, 1726, presented a memorial to the General Assembly praying for a commission to compound with him for his claim of one-half the Province and so forth, but I find that on November 30, 1726, it was voted that the said memorial be dismissed, according to Volume IV, pages 226-7-9, 434-6.

In Volume LXXVII, page 11, of the Suffolk Land Records, I find a contract deed, between John Adams of Boston and Amey Crichlow of the Parish of St. Michaels and Island of Barbadoes, widow, heretofore Amey Hobby, wife of John Hobby, Gentleman, of same Parish and Island aforesaid decd. of St. Michaels and Island of Barbadoes, widow, heretofore Amey Hobby, and John Hobby of same Parish and Island, planter, eldest son and heir of John Hobby, deceased, to receive that "Estate of Sir Charles Hobby" rights inherited by her second husband, John, eldest son of Sir Charles Hobby, and so forth. It seems that John Hobby, grandson of Sir Charles, also made an attempt to recover this estate. In Volume LXXVII, page 173, of the Suffolk Land Records, the following memorial is presented: "John Hobby of the Island of Barbadoes Gent. at present in Boston, eldest son and heir of John Hobby heretofore of the parish of St. Michael, Barbadoes decd. who was the son of Sir Charles Hobby heretofore of Boston but last of London Knt. decd. Lands and woods lying on S. E. part of Sagadahock river in N. E. part of New England, called by name of Masonia Lands







## Sir Charles Hobby & A Knight in America

in the province of Main & all others which was conveyed by this Allen of London only son and heir of Samuel Allen late of New Hampshire on the 28th of Aug. 1706."

An investigation of the records at Bridgetown in the Barbadoes for the marriages, baptisms and burials of Hobby reveal the following entries: "Marriages of Hobby 1648 to 1760. 2. A. 215, 7th of April 1723 marriage of Mr. John Hobby and Mrs. Amy Atkins. 4. A. 49, 29 October 1757 Marriage of John Cole and Eliza Hobby. Baptisms of Hobby 1648 to 1760. 2 A. 374. 8 Sept. 1732, Elizabeth Atkins, dau. of John Hobby Esq., decd. & Mrs. Amy his wife. Born 31st of last Aug. 2. A. 255, Aug. 1st 1725 John son of John Hobby Esq., & Mrs. Amey his wife, born the same day. Mr. John Van Horne, Mr. Isaac Van Daur, Godfathers. Margaret New, & Ann Hearth god mothers. 2. A. 284. Dec. 16 1726 Honor dau. of Mr. John & Mrs. Amy Hobby, born the same day. Capt'n Wm. Martindale & Mrs. Daniel Wiles, godfathers, Mrs. Jehoaden Martindale & Mrs. Alice Harris godmothers. 2. A. 340. 26 April 1730, Charles, son of Mr. John & Mrs. Amy Hobby born 24th inst. Mr. Edward Winslow, John St. John godfathers, Mrs. Mary Campion & Mrs. Sarah Campion godmothers." The will of John Hobby is dated June 1, 1728, but he had two children born to him after the date of this will, viz: Charles, baptized April 26, 1730 and Elizabeth, born September 8, 1732. John Hobby died the same year Elizabeth was born, 1732. In his will he gave his wife Amy Hobby half of his property, real or personal, here or elsewhere for life, and then equally to his son and daughter John and Honor Hobby. The other half he gave to his son and daughter equally between them but his said son John was not to have any part thereof till he was twenty-one years old. And he appointed his wife executrix. He also mentioned two slaves which he bought from his brother, Robert Atkins. The document is witnessed by John McCollin, John Mason, John Stewart; will proved before Lord Howe, Governor, on 19th May, 1733, by John Mason.

The Barbadoes records speak frequently of the Atkins family, who were evidently related to the Hall, Colman, Clark, Gibbs, Pitt, Symonds, Byley, Crisp, and Lindall families, who appear to have lived in the Barbadoes. Madam Lydia Colman was the daughter of the old Indian fighter, Captain Joshua Scottow. She married three times: 1st, Colonel Benjamin Gibbs, born at Boston, January 26, 1667; 2nd, Captain Anthony Cheekley, Attorney-General; 3rd, William Colman, father of John Colman and Reverend Benjamin Colman of the Brattle Street Church, Boston. Madam Colman's daughter, Lydia Gibbs, born at Boston in 1669, married Hugh Hall, who was born May 28, 1673 at Bridgetown, Barbadoes. He was a merchant of Barbadoes for twelve years, Judge of the Admiralty Court and finally member of the King's Council. By her, he had a son Hugh Hall who married Elizabeth Pitts, daughter of John and Elizabeth Lindall, daughter of James Lindall who came from England in 1639. This Hugh Hall became a prominent merchant of Boston and he had a daughter Sarah, born in Boston, February 3, 1738, who married, 1st, Elisha Clark, and 2nd, Deacon Winslow Hobby. The daughter, Sarah Clark, married Louis Baury de Bellerive, who was the mother of Reverend Alfred Louis Baury, D. D. of Boston whose family have beautiful length portraits of Sarah (Hall) Clark and her sister, Maria Hall. Hugh Hall was only six years old at his father's death and was placed in the care of his mother, Lydia Colman. The grandchildren also came under her care when they came from the Bar-



*Charles Hobby*


An American knighted by Queen Anne at Windsor Castle for Bravery in the  
Earthquake at Jamaica in 1692

Original Painting by Sir Peter Lely in Boston Museum of Fine Arts





CHARLES BULFINCH, American Architect of the National Capitol at Washington and the State House in Boston—Descendant of Judith Hobby, sister of Sir Charles Hobby  
Portrait by pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds



## Researches into American Foundations

badoes to Boston for schooling. When Sarah, the sister of Hugh Hall, arrived from the Barbadoes she was eight years old and she brought with her a maid. All the very young gentlemen and young ladies of Boston blood paid her visits, and she gave a feast at a child's dancing party with the sweetmeats left over from the sea-store. She left unbidden with her maid, and went to a Mr. Brimming's to board, sending home word to the Barbadoes that her grandmother made her drink water with her meals. Madam Rebekah Symonds was another grandmother of Sarah Hall, living in what must have seemed painful seclusion to any Londoner, in the struggling little New England hamlet of Ipswich, Massachusetts. She had married four times: Henry Byley in 1636; John Hall in 1641; William Worcester in 1650; and Deputy-Governor Symonds in 1663. Governor Symonds was a gentle and noble old Puritan gentleman, a New Englander of the best type. In the archives of the American Antiquarian Society is a collection of letters of the years 1663 to 1684, written from London by the merchant John Hall to his mother, Madam Rebekah Symonds.

The will of Hugh Hall is filed in the archives at Bridgetown, Barbadoes, dated September 1, 1698. It is somewhat mutilated and difficult to decipher. He was of the Parish of St. Michael and a merchant in Barbadoes. He gives to his son Hugh Hall a place called "Greenfield which he had bought of John Edmondstone of Maryland. — creeke in the province of Pensselvania containing 1,200 acres, to sons Joseph John & Benjamin, a parcel of land called Wappin situate in Duck creek Pensselvania containing 1,000 acres." He has several slaves and estate in Barbadoes and appoints Thomas Clark, Thomas Pelquin, Henry Feeke, Joseph Harbin, as guardians of his children and executors of his estate. He also mentions John Grove of London. There is also a will of Thomas Hall which throws some light upon the relation between the Barbadoes planters and their relatives in the southern provinces. The will of Thomas Hall is dated March 23, 1704, and gives to his wife Mary his dwelling, mentions Elizabeth Gibbs, Godchildren, Thomas Adams and Robert Williams; bequeaths to his son, Thomas, estate here and elsewhere; and gives his estate to his two cousins then living in Cathorlina (Carolina) by name Diana Atkins and Sarah Atkins, daughters of John Atkins and Diana his wife, if his son Thomas Hall should die under age, and so forth. It is evident from the information obtained from these wills that John Hobby, son of Sir Charles, had connections living in Carolina and Pennsylvania and probably other of the southern provinces. In the book of Virginia County Records, Volume 1, Spotsylvania gives a Deed dated August 2, 1737, of George Proctor to John Proctor and Elias Sharpe of Virginia; it was witnessed by David Bronaugh, John Steward, James Strother and John Hobby. Will Book E, 1772-1798 gives the will of John Hazelgrove, Fredericksburg, Virginia; he leaves among other bequests 500 pounds to Linamah Hobby.

Researches into the Gooch lines develop the proof that Elizabeth Hobby, the eldest daughter of Sir Charles Hobby and Elizabeth, who was born about 1695, married James Gooch, September 30, 1715, and that the ceremony was performed by Dr. Benjamin Colman, Brattle Street Church, Boston. James Gooch was born October 12, 1693, and died January 9, 1786. His father, James Gooch, (son of John or James), commanded the sloop "Mary" to relief of Storer's garrison at Wells, 1692, and came to Boston in 1695, a widower with one son, James, who became a merchant prominent in town affairs, purchasing Tomb No. 3, in the Granery burying ground which



Art




History



Literature





## Sir Charles Hobbby & A Knight in America

is still in possession of his descendants; his transactions in real estate were numerous as per Boston Records. The first wife of the elder James Gooch was Hannah —, who died March 15, 1694. He married, 2nd, Elizabeth Peck, August 15, 1695 (Boston Records) and she died in 1702. He married, 3rd, Sarah Tuttle, November 12, 1702. He died in 1735 and was interred in his Tomb No. 3. He is the one spoken of by Cotton Mather as "the valient Gooce."

The children of the elder James Gooch were: (1) James Gooch, son of 1st wife, Hannah, born October 12, 1693, and married Elizabeth Hobbey. (2) Elizabeth Gooch, daughter of the 2nd wife, Elizabeth Peck, born March 17, 1698; married 1st, John Hubbard, November 25, 1714; married 2nd, John Franklin, brother of Benjamin Franklin. (3) John Gooch, born October 23, 1699; married Mary Deering, October 19, 1736, Executor of his father's will, left no children and died July 1772 at Marshfield, Massachusetts. His wife died 1779. (4) Joseph Gooch, born November 18, 1700; graduated from Harvard, 1720; married Elizabeth Valentine, July 2, 1724. She was the eldest daughter of John Valentine and Mary, only daughter of Samuel Lynde of Boston. She died about 1764. Joseph Gooch was Colonel of his Majesty's American Foot, appointed by Governor Shirley. He lived in Boston on Summer Street, corner Hawley, next to Trinity Church, and removed to Milton, where he died December 9, 1770. His children were Elizabeth, Joseph, Jr., Mary, Sarah, John and Katherine.

James Gooch, Jr., son of James and Hannah, born October 12, 1693, who married, 1st, Elizabeth Hobbey, eldest daughter of Sir Charles Hobbby and his wife Elizabeth, on September 30, 1715, had three children by this marriage with Elizabeth Hobbey: (1) Elizabeth Gooch, born March 8, 1712 in Boston, Thomas Valentine. (2) James Gooch, born June 17, 1719, married Mary Sherburne. He died April 7, 1780. (3) Hannah Gooch, born November 14, 1724, married August 4, 1740, Dr. Simpson Jones. She died 1754, after the death of Elizabeth Hobbby. James Gooch, Jr., married, 2nd, Mrs. Hester Plaisted, widow of Francis Plaisted, as early as 1729. His children by this second marriage were: (4) Sarah Gooch, born April 26, 1730, married 1775, Benjamin Ellery. (5) John Gooch, born May 23, 1731. (6) Martha Gooch, born February 27, 1733, married September 20, 1753, William Carew of the Barbadoes. (7) Joseph Gooch, born October 26, 1735. (8) William Gooch, born September 5, 1737, married May 31, 1770, Deborah Hubbard, and he died December 12, 1823. (9) Mary Gooch, born in Hopkinton, May 29, 1743. After the death of Hester Plaisted, James Gooch, Jr., married a third wife, Elizabeth Craister, March 8, 1761.

James Gooch, Jr., born October 12, 1693, lived in Boston, where Gooch Street was named after him. He then took up a portion of the William Crown land in Hopkinton, Massachusetts, where he built a house and established a large estate. Unfortunately, the house was burned September 2, 1743, and two negro children lost their lives in the flames. His second wife, Hester, would not return to Hopkinton to live, and he soon after sold the place to Sir Charles Harry Frankland who built his famous "Manor House" on the back of the site of the Gooch house. This house was burned January 23, 1858. Another house on this site was built by the Nasons, and a few years ago this one also shared the fate of the others. Nothing now remains of this once famous place but a few old



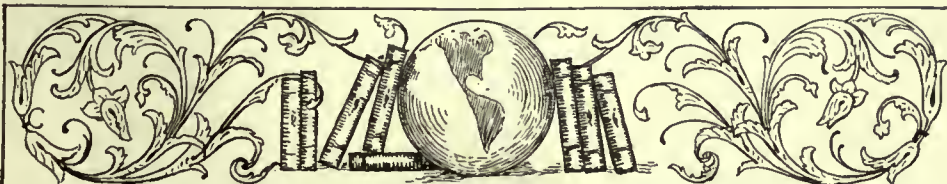
# Researches into American Foundations



PROVINCE HOUSE—Residence of Sir Charles Hobby in Boston—His daughter Mary was born here in February, 1702

*William Hobby*

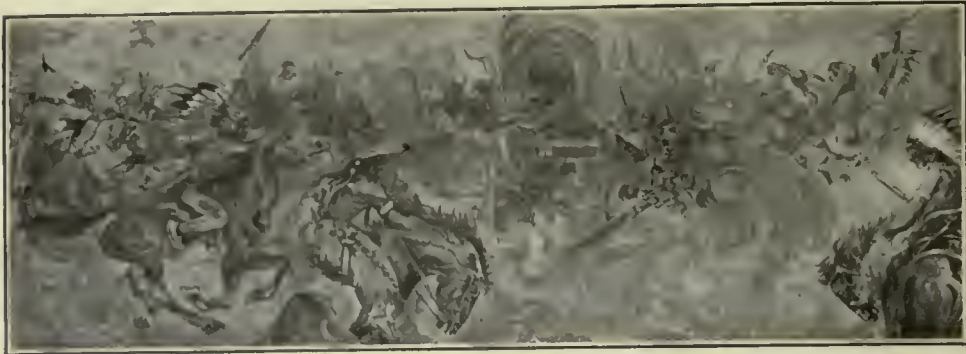
elms, the old barn and outhouse and a few of the old rose bushes. James Gooch was quite an important man both in Boston and Hopkinton. His name frequently occurs in the Boston Records. He had his own portrait painted; that of his wife, Elizabeth Hobby, a beautiful woman; Hester Plaisted, who was highly cultured in appearance; two daughters by his first wife, Elizabeth and Hannah; all supposed to have been painted by Smybert, Copley's teacher.







Immigrant Train Carrying Civilization into the Great American West



Blazing Way for Civilization Through the West—Coming of the White Man



Prairie Schooner on Route to the Pacific Coast



Arrival at Ancient Spanish Mission of San Gabriel in California

Historic Mural Paintings by Max F. Friederang of New York in residence of General Harrison Grey Otis in Los Angeles, California



# First Overland Route to the Pacific

Journey of Colonel Anza Across the Colorado Desert  
to Found the City of San Francisco and Open the  
Golden Gate to the Riches of the Great Orient

BY

HONORABLE ZOETH S. ELDRIDGE

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Member of the American Historical Association  
President of the National Bank of the Pacific


**T**HIS translation from an old Spanish diary, revealing for the first time the accurate route of the first white men to cross the Colorado Desert, is one of the most important contributions to Western History. The manuscript of Colonel Anza, the explorer, establishes the historical truth after more than a century of conflicting opinions and theories. The several stages of the journey have been recorded in these pages, and, as stated in the first installment, the diary has been known only by a few researchers into the Spanish History of America, and has never been published. American historians have but barely mentioned his two remarkable expeditions. Bancroft speaks of it briefly, but he could not give the route by which the explorer reached the Golden Gate, and where he attempted, it was incorrect according to Anza records in his own handwriting. The entries from the diary, which is now one hundred and thirty-four years old, have been verified geographically and it is here given the first historical record. In the first stage of the journey, Explorer Anza reached Monterey in California, demonstrating the practicability of his belief in an overland route, and on his return to the City of Mexico, was raised from the rank of captain to lieutenant-colonel, and commissioned to enlist a company of thirty soldiers and conduct them and their families to Monterey, whence they were to establish the presidio and mission of San Francisco. While Colonel Anza was following this trail, on his second expedition, in the interests of Spain, the Declaration of Independence was signed in the East, giving birth to the English-speaking nation which was ultimately to control the great territory which he was traversing, as subsequent events developed. The second stage carried him across the Colorado Desert. The third installment completed the journey and took the commander back to Mexico where he received promotion and authority to organize the great expedition for the establishment of San Francisco. The start of the final expedition was recorded in the preceding issue of this publication and carried Colonel Anza to one o'clock on November 30, 1775, when the first settlers of San Francisco stepped on the California soil. This installment carries them along another stage of the journey. It is accompanied by rare photographs taken recently along the old route, and mural paintings by Max F. Friederang, for the residence of General Harrison Grey Otis, in Los Angeles, California, portraying the latter-day expeditions to the Pacific Coast. The Anza diary will be continued to the end of his journey.—EDITOR




Art







## First Overland Journey to the Golden Gate



**B**UILDING a hut (barraca) on the bank of the river for the two priests that were to remain, Anza prepared to resume his journey when he was informed that two more of his people were added to the sick list and were so desperately ill that the sacrament of penitence had been administered to them. Hastening to their relief, he applied such remedies as he had, but it was not until the fourth day that he could again take up the march.

Settling the padres in their abode with an interpreter, and three servants, one of whom was Sebastian Tarabel who had accompanied the first expedition, Anza provided them with four months' supply of provisions together with several horses for their use, and committing them to the care of Palma, began his march down the plain of the Colorado on the morning of December 4th. The route was a toilsome one, being so overgrown with brush that in many places only a narrow trail could be found. It was most difficult to get the cattle through this chaparral and they remained more than a league behind. That night he camped at the Cerro de San Pablo (Pilot Knob) near the present boundary line. The cold was so intense that two horses died and the sick-list was increased to eleven persons. In the morning the march was resumed in a southerly direction with frequent detours to avoid the forest and the branches which put out from the river and join it a few miles further down. After an advance of three leagues, camp was made at the Laguna de los Cojas. The sacrament of penitence was administered this night to one of the sick ones who was thought to be dying. The next day they reached the Laguna de Santa Olalla where they were to rest and prepare for the most difficult portion of their journey; the passage of the Colorado Desert. The Indians of Santa Olalla received them hospitably and gave them great quantities of fish from the lake, and of grains and fruits, including more than two thousand water-melons which they were obliged to leave behind. Mindful of the dangers of his previous journey, Anza divided the expedition into three parts, to march on different days that all might not arrive at the wells the same day. The first division was under his own command; the second he placed in charge of Sergeant Grijalva, and the third was under command of Ensign Moraga. The beef herd he sent by a separate road in charge of the vaqueros; the cattle being so wild that they could not be watered from buckets, and must go from the Pozos del Carrizal to San Sebastian, a distance of fifty miles, without water or pasture. The vaqueros, muleteers, and troopers were ordered to carry maize and grass for the animals. At 9:30 on the morning of December 9th, the first division began the march. They reached the Pozos del Carrizal at half-past two in the afternoon, and found the water, though bad, abundant. Font, who was with the first division, called the aguage El Poso Salobre del Carrizal—the brackish well of the Carrizal—and denounces it as a dreadful stopping place, without pasture and with very bad water. The next day, after giving the animals all the water they would take, they resumed the march and traveled about five leagues in a west-northwest direction, and camped for the night in a deep and dry water-course where there was a little fire-wood but neither water nor pasture. The camp was in the bed of the New River about a mile below the present boundary line. The cold was intense. At three o'clock in the morning the caballerías were fed with grain, and at seven they set out in a westerly direction and by a forced march of ten leagues arrived at



## Route of Colonel Anza from His Own Diary




ROUTE OF THE FIRST EXPEDITION TO FOUNDING OF SAN FRANCISCO  
—Colorado Desert from San Jacinta Mountain over which Colonel Anza passed in 1775—Photograph copyrighted by C. C. Pierce and Company, Los Angeles, California


nightfall at Los Pozos de Santa Rosa de las Lajas. Anza had sent men in advance with tools to open the wells, but he found them much behind hand. He set himself personally to the work, but so slowly did the water distill that it was ten o'clock before he was able to give water to a few of the animals. The night was cruelly cold, they had no fuel, and in the darkness none could be found. It was two in the morning before all of the animals could have a little water, but by ten o'clock all were satisfied. At 12:30 they resumed the march, laying their course in a northerly direction with a slight inclination to the west. A fierce cold wind from the north distressed them and impeded their progress. They made four leagues and camped at a place where there was a small quantity of fire-wood. At daylight they saw the high mountains on their left covered with snow. The cold wind continued, causing much distress to the women, and to increase their discomfort it began to snow. At nine o'clock they resumed their march in the same general direction for five and a half leagues, then due north one and a half leagues more, and arrived at 3:30 in the afternoon at the Cienega de San Sebastian. The weather had calmed somewhat and in the clearer atmosphere they saw the Sierra Madre, through which they must pass, so filled with snow that they marveled that so much could be gathered together. Anza caused the people to gather all the fire-wood possible, which was but little, and at five o'clock the cold wind began again with great force and continued throughout the night. At daylight it began to snow, and Anza determined to wait in camp the arrival of the two divisions that were to follow. At 12 o'clock the cattle arrived, four days from Los Pozos del Carrizal without water, and with a loss of ten oxen. Though taken to the edge of the pool, most of them refused to drink the







## First Overland Journey to the Golden Gate



brackish water and began eating the alkali whitened grass. All day Anza waited the arrival of the second division, which did not come. All day the cold wind continued and the snow fell until plain and mountain alike were covered. At 11 P. M. the snow ceased, and a pitiless frost followed from which the people suffered greatly and six oxen and one mule died. The morning of the fifteenth dawned clear and cold, with the snow that had fallen the preceding night well hardened by the frost that followed. At 12:15 the second division under Sergeant Grijalva<sup>1</sup> arrived, badly crippled by the storm which had caught them between Santa Rosa and San Sebastian. Several of the people were badly frost-bitten, one barely escaping death, and they had lost five caballerías from the cold. The frost continued severe, and Anza lost four more oxen that night. The next morning he was informed that the Serranos had run off some of his caballerías during the night. The sergeant and four soldiers were dispatched in pursuit and were instructed to recover the animals without harming the Indians unless the latter showed fight, but to warn them that a second offense would be severely punished. All day long they waited for the third division, which did not appear. The sergeant returned in the evening with the stolen animals. He had found them in charge of the women, in two different rancherías, the men having disappeared. At seven the next morning the commander sent soldiers with twenty horses to the relief of the distressed rear guard, and at 3:30 in the afternoon it came in. The storm had fallen with fury upon them and the driving snow stampeded most of their horses. Four horses had died from the cold, and it was with the greatest difficulty the ensign had saved the lives of his men. So great was his exposure in caring for the sufferers that he was taken with an earache so severe that it left him, for the time being, totally deaf.<sup>2</sup>

Two more oxen died today from the cold, but Anza notes the general improvement in the health of the command, notwithstanding the cold and suffering. His sick-list is reduced from fifteen to five. He gives credit for this to the many watermelons the people ate at Santa Olalla.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Juan Pablo Grijalva was born in Valle de San Luis, Sonora, in 1742. He was commissioned ensign in 1787, and transferred to the presidio of San Diego where he served until retired as lieutenant in 1796. His wife was Dolores Valencia. His daughter, Maria Josefa, married Antonio Yorba. Her son, Bernardo, was grantee of the Canada de Santa Ana. The family is a prominent one in California.

<sup>2</sup>José Joaquin Moraga was born in 1741; died in 1785, and lies buried under the altar of the church of the Mission of San Francisco. His wife was Maria del Pilar de Leon y Barcelo. She did not accompany the expedition, being sick at the presidio of Terrenate, but joined her husband in San Francisco in 1781. Their only son, Gabriel, became a famous Indian fighter, and the foremost soldier of his day in California. Don José founded the presidio and mission of San Francisco, and was its first comandante. In 1777 he founded the mission of Santa Clara and the pueblo of San Guadalupe, now known as the city of San Jose.

<sup>3</sup>In order to realize Anza's great achievement, one has but to read the passage of this desert by the advance guard of the Army of the West under General Stephen W. Kearny in November, 1846, as told by Lieutenant W. H. Emory, U. S. Topographical Engineers, accompanying the expedition. (30th Congress, 1st Session, Ex. Doc. No. 41. "Notes of a Military Reconnaissance" by Lieut-Col. W. H. Emory), Kearny, with his staff and one hundred dragoons, a pack train, and a large supply of extra saddle and pack animals, followed the route of the "great highway" opened by Anza seventy years before. The hardships and sufferings of these toughened soldiers in crossing this dreadful desert were great, and they lost a large portion of their animals.

But a great change has been wrought in this desolate region. The waters of the Rio Colorado have caused the desert to bloom as the rose; grains and grasses, fruits and flowers cover the once glistering sands, and the mesquite and cactus have



## Route of Colonel Anza from His Own Diary

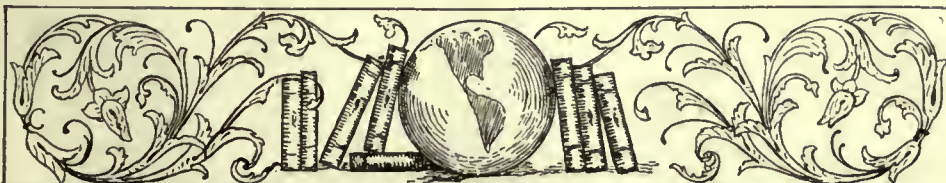


OASES IN FIRST JOURNEY ACROSS THE COLORADO DESERT—Wells dug by the Aboriginal American Indians where first white men quenched their thirst while travelling over parched sands near San Jacinta Mountains—Photograph by permission of copyright by C. C. Pierce and Company, Los Angeles, California


On the following day, December 18, 1775, Anza prepared to resume his march and begin the passage of the cordillera. Three oxen died from cold and exhaustion in the morning, and five more, unable to move with the band, were killed and the beef dried and salted though hardly eatable by reason of its smell, color, and taste.

At 1:30 in the afternoon, the expedition moved up the broad cañon of the San Felipe River and travelled three and a half leagues. The next day they made four leagues to San Gregorio, in Coyote Cañon. The water of the wells was so scanty that the cattle received very little, while the cold was so intense that each day many of cattle and caballerías, exhausted by the hardships of the journey, died. So severe was the cold this night that the people were frightened, and it required all the exertion of the officers to get them through the night, while three caballerías and five oxen were frozen to death. At seven in the morning the commander was notified that many of the cattle, driven by thirst, had escaped from their keepers. Sending the sergeant with three soldiers and a vaquero to look for them, he moved forward to the sink of the Santa Catarina (Coyote Creek), there


made way for the date, the fig and the olive. Complete figures on the cantaloupe crop of the Imperial Valley, as it is now called, show that 1,954 carloads of the little melons were shipped out of the valley in the year of 1908. This is but one of the products.







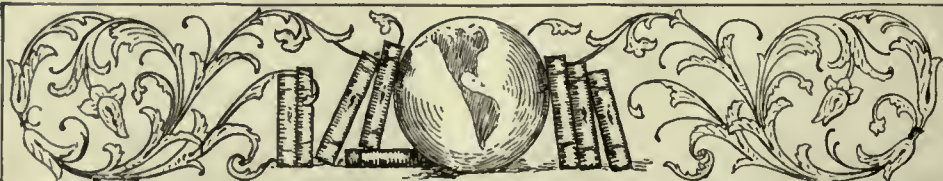
## First Overland Journey to the Golden Gate



to give the horses a rest and wait for the cattle to come up. In this day's march, the loss in cattle and caballerías was very heavy. In the afternoon of the second day, the sergeant returned with a few of the cattle, and reported a loss of fifty head, suffocated in the mud of the Cienga de San Sebastian, being too weak to extricate themselves. Anza was greatly distressed at this mishap which had cost him so dear, in spite of all his care. A few miserable Indians came into camp and were fed by the Spaniards. The morning of December 23rd began with a rain-storm, but it ceased raining at nine o'clock and the expedition resumed its march up the cañon of the Coyote. Two short jornadas brought them on the 24th to the ranhería of the Danzantes. They were halted here by the sickness of one of the women of the expedition. By ten o'clock that night she was happily delivered of a boy. Anza makes record that "She is the third who has done this thing between Tubac and this place. Besides these there have been two other births, that, with the other three that happened on the march to San Miguel de Horcasitas make a total of eight, all in open country." Owing to the birth the night before, Christmas was passed quietly in camp, but on the following morning the sick women having courage for the march, the command moved forward and a short climb through Horse Cañon brought them at two in the afternoon to the Royal Pass of San Carlos<sup>4</sup> where a halt was necessary on account of the rain. Here they had a thunderstorm followed by an earthquake. Five leagues of travel the next day carried them to San Patrio, the beginning of the San Jacinto River. From this point Anza dispatched three soldiers of his escort to the missions of California and the comandante, Don Fernando de Rivera y Moneada, advising them of the probable time of arrival of the expedition; its condition, and the necessity of furnishing him with horses. He also expressly requested the comandante to be prepared, on the arrival of the expedition at Monterey, to accompany him to the survey of the Rio de San Francisco.

From the summit of the cordillera, the poor people looked with dismay upon range after range of mountains filled with snow. To the west, towards the South Sea, as well as those extending into Baja California all were so covered that they could barely perceive a few trees on their summits. Coming from a hot climate, few of them had ever seen such a thing, and so terrible did the sight appear to them that some began to weep saying that if here so many animals died from the cold and they themselves barely escaped the same fate, what would happen to them in the north where the snow is so plentiful? The commander comforted their hearts by telling them that as they approached the sea, the cold would diminish and the journey would be easy and comfortable. They were obliged to remain in camp the next day, for between the cold and the damp the sick woman was much worse. They were able to move forward the following day, December 29th, traveled six leagues down the cañada and camped in the Valle Ameno de San Jose. The next day they marched down the

<sup>4</sup>I am sorry I cannot agree with the historians who have told the story of this journey and take the expedition over the San Geronio Pass; but the fact is, that in order to do so I would have to ignore Anza's course as stated by both himself and Font; his distances, his time, and his descriptions of the route and the country through which he passed. Bancroft gets over this lightly, by saying that Anza frequently got things mixed up in his diary. To go through San Geronio Pass, Anza would have to travel eighty miles of desert from San Sebastian, with the nearest water sixty miles distant. The expedition would never live to reach it. The Royal Pass of San Carlos is the divide between the head waters of the Coyote and the San Jacinto.





## Route of Colonel Anza from His Own Diary




FIRST WHITE MEN TO CROSS COLORADO DESERT passed over this route—Reproduction of photograph of the ancient sea wall on the Colorado Desert —By permission of copyright of C. C. Pierce and Company, Los Angeles, California


spacious and beautiful valley and camped at the Laguna de San Antonio de Bucaréli. A long march of seven leagues the next day brought them to the Santa Ana River. An inspection of the river showed it to be unfordable and Anza was obliged to build a bridge to get his people over, and it was twelve o'clock the following day before this was completed. The women and children were passed over first, then the perishable load, and then the rest of the people and the baggage. The animals had to swim for it and one horse and one ox were swept away and drowned. By three o'clock the passage was completed and they camped for the night of January 1, 1776, on the western bank of the river. The three soldiers Anza had sent to the mission of San Gabriel December 27th now came to report, bringing from the padres eleven horses and a message from the corporal commanding the mission guard, to the effect that the Indians had risen against the mission of San Diego, killed one of the priests and two of the servants, wounded all the soldiers of the guard and destroyed the mission buildings. The corporal said the Indians were gathering in the vicinity of San Gabriel and threatened an attack upon that mission; that he had sent word to the comandante, Captain Rivera, at Monterey, and that officer was expected at San Gabriel. The next morning Anza sent two soldiers forward to the mission to announce his approach and taking up his march advanced through a heavy rainstorm intermingled with snow, as far as







## First Overland Journey to the Golden Gate



the site of the present town of Pomona and camped for the night on San Antonio Creek. The next day they made five leagues through the heavy mud to the San Gabriel River and the following morning at eleven o'clock, January 4, 1776, arrived at the mission of San Gabriel Arcángel. Here Anza met the comandante of California, Captain Don Fernando Rivera y Moncada, who had come the previous day. Rivera laid before Anza the particulars of the revolt at San Diego and requested the loan of Anza's troops to suppress the rebellion and pacify the country. The entire military establishment of California at this time consisted of the comandante, Rivera, one lieutenant, two ensigns, two sergeants, eight corporals, fifty-four soldiers, one armorer, and one drummer, a total of seventy-one. This force was scattered over the coast line of four hundred and twenty miles, guarding two presidios and five missions.

Anza gave Rivera's request careful consideration and believing he would be justified in stopping his progress to assist Rivera in the pacification of the country, gave his assent to the proposition and volunteered to serve under him in his expedition against the savages. His offer was accepted, and taking seventeen of his veteran troopers, joined to twelve soldiers brought by Rivera, they set out January 7th for San Diego, forty leagues distant, leaving the expedition at San Gabriel under command of Moraga. We will not follow Anza on this march. Nothing was accomplished so far as the perpetrators of the outrage is concerned, and Anza, in disgust with the dilatory tactics of Rivera, resolved to proceed with his journey. On February 3rd he received a dispatch from Lieutenant Moraga saying that he had been notified by the priest in charge of the mission of San Gabriel that he could no longer furnish food for the expedition. He therefore arranged with Rivera to leave him ten of his men, and returned to San Gabriel, which he reached February 12th. He found that a soldier of Sergeant Grijalva had, the night before, deserted, and carried off twenty-five of the best horses of the expedition and mission together with a lot of the stores of the expedition. He at once dispatched Moraga, whom he now names as lieutenant, with ten soldiers in pursuit of the deserters and after waiting until after the 21st for the return of the lieutenant, he left twelve of his soldiers, including the sergeant, at San Gabriel for Rivera's assistance, and resumed his march to Monterey, leaving orders for Moraga to follow and overtake him. The twelve soldiers left at San Gabriel joined their comrades at Monterey before June 17, 1776.

The incessant rains of a very wet season had made travel slow and difficult for his decrepit pack-train, and, marching in a westerly direction. Anza passed through what is now the city of Los Angeles, crossed the Rio Porciúncula (Los Angeles River) and through the Cahuenga Pass into the San Fernando Valley. He camped for the night in the pass which he calls Puertezuelo (Little Gate). Resuming the march the next morning they traveled along the southern border of the San Fernando Valley and halted in the cañon of the Rio de las Vergines at a spring called by him Agua Escondida, now known as Agua Margo (Bitter Water). The next day they made a long march of ten hours and covered nine leagues. They crossed the Santa Susanna Mountains and descended by a hill so steep that the women were obliged to accomplish it on foot (Liberty Hill) into the Santa Clara Valley, and camped on a river of that name near the present village of Saticoy. A march of two leagues in a dense fog the next morning brought them to La Asuncion, the first rancheria of the Santa Barbara

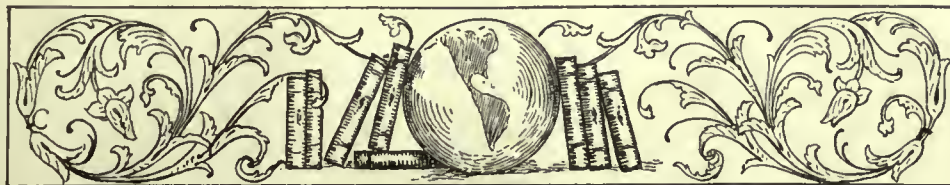


## Route of Colonel Anza from His Own Diary




NATURE'S BARRIERS THAT HELD FIRST WHITE MEN FROM THE GOLDEN GATE OF THE PACIFIC—San Jacinta Mountains on route of Colonel Anza's Expedition—Permission of copyright by C. C. Pierce and Company

Channel, and the site of Anza's camp of April 11, 1774. Portolá reached this ranchería August 14, 1769; the vespers of the feast of La Ascuncion de Nuestro Señora, and gave it that name. It consisted of about thirty large spherical houses, well constructed of clay and rushes, some fifty-five feet in diameter, each house containing three or four families. Portolá thought that this ranchería must be the one named by Cabrillo Pueblo de Canoas (Pueblo of the Boats). It was then determined to establish on this site, the mission to be named in honor of the *doctor serafico* (Giovanni de Fidenza), San Buenaventura, but it was not until 1782 that the mission was founded by Junípero Serra, in the presence of the governor, Don Filipe de Neve, and Lieutenant Jose Francisco de Ortega. A thriving town of 3,000 inhabitants is the result of that establishment. The name. San Buenaventura, not suiting the convenience of the mailing clerks of the Postoffice Department, the government some time ago changed the name to Ventura. Anza continued his march along the Santa Barbara Channel and camped for the night at the Ranchería del Rincon. Their camp was on the bluffs overlooking the sea of the Arroyo del Rincon, the boundary line between Ventura and Santa Barbara Counties. The Indians brought them an abundant supply of good fish, among them Anza names sardines, obadas, and tangres; more than a third of a vara long, not counting the tail.







## First Overland Journey to the Golden Gate

A march of seven leagues the next day brought the expedition to the Rancherías de Mescaltitan, four large Indian villages around the shore of an estero, or lake, while on an island in the midst was one larger still, consisting of more than one hundred houses. On the march this day they passed through three large rancherías, one, situated on a lake of fresh water, named by Portolá, Laguna de la Concepcion, was the site of the city of Santa Barbara. When the governor (Neve), was about to establish the presidio and mission of Santa Barbara, he hesitated between the site of Mescaltitan and that of Laguna de la Concepcion, or, as it was sometimes called, San Joaquin de la Laguna, but decided in favor of the latter, because the water was of better quality. The Rancherías de Mescaltitan have, of course, disappeared, but the name, Mescaltitan, is still attached to this island.

The following day they passed through five rancherías, all abounding with fish, and finished the day's journey at Ranchería Nueva. Four more rancherías were passed the next day, February 27th, and camp made at the Ranchería de Cojo, just east of Point Concepcion. When Portolá reached this village, August 26, 1769, he was graciously received by the chief and his ranchería. Crespi, priest and diarist for the expedition, "baptized" the village with the name Santa Teresa, but El Cojo was the name that stuck, and it may be seen today on the country maps. The next morning they finished the Santa Barbara Channel and, turning Point Concepcion, they proceeded to the mouth of the Rio de Santa Rosa (Santa Inez) where they camped for the night.

"Give me white paper!"

That which you use is black, and rough with smears  
Of sweat, and grime, and fraud, and blood, and tears,  
Crossed with the story of men's sins and fears,  
Of battle, and of famine, all these years  
When all God's children had forgot their birth,  
And drugged and fought and died like beasts of earth.

"Give me white paper!"

One storm-trained seaman listened to the word;  
What no man saw, he saw; he heard what no man heard.  
In answer, he compelled the sea  
To eager man to tell  
The secret she had kept so well!  
Left blood, and guilt, and tyranny behind,—  
Sailing still West, the hidden shore to find;  
For all mankind that unstained scroll unfurled,  
Where God might write anew the story of the World.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE





# Log of an American Marine in 1762 on a British Fighting Ship

Original Journal  
of Lieutenant William Starr,  
Narrating His Adventures with His Majesty's  
Fleet in the Expedition Against the Spanish in Cuba &  
Bombarding Ancient Havana from a Man-o'-War before America  
was a Nation & Life of the Soldier at Sea & Diary Accurately Transcribed

BY

WILLIAM STARR MYERS, PH. D.

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AT PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

Original Journal now in Possession of Mr. Caleb Allen Starr, great-grandson of  
Lieutenant William Starr, and now in his eighty-seventh  
year living at Durand, Illinois

**A**T this time, when the American battle fleet is returning home from its triumphant journey of peace around the globe, this log of an American marine on a British fighting ship in 1762 is doubly interesting. It was written before America was a Nation; when patriotism in America found its only inspiration under the flags of the Old World monarchies. The ancient diary is in the handwriting of William Starr, who was born near Middletown, Connecticut, on January 2, 1730. He was the son of Daniel and Esther (Southmayd) Starr, and was thirty-two years of age when he became imbued with the fighting spirit, entering military service on March 15, 1762. On the following May this young American sailed with the British ships on an expedition against Cuba. According to the custom of the time, which is an excellent one for modern Americans to emulate, he kept a daily record of his experiences. This record is today a witness of the historic events through which he passed. It is one of those documents which form the great body of evidence from which History receives its authenticity, and arrives at its final verdict. The entries in the diary may not alone be of historical importance, but in relation to similar evidence they may develop new phases of investigation, corroborate other witnesses, and establish historical fact. This is the invaluable service of the diaries and journals which are being recorded in these pages. William Starr, after many hazardous adventures, returned to his family on November 30, 1762, holding the rank of first lieutenant in the Sixth Company (Major Timothy Hierlihy) of the First Connecticut Regiment, which was commanded by General Phineas Lyman of Suffield, and Lieutenant-Colonel Israel Putnam of Pomfret. William Starr was lost at sea some time during the years 1763-4. His journal, of which the following is an accurate transcript, is now in the possession of his great-grandson. Mr. Caleb Allen Starr of Durand, Illinois, now in his eighty-seventh year, and through whose kind permission it is here given historical record.—EDITOR





# Log of an American Marine in 1762

Wednesday ye 19th May, 1762. Embarked on board ye Schooner Amherst, Cap't Barnes, bound to New York where we arriv'd on Thursday ye 27th without meeting with anything Extraordinary; immediately Embark'd on board ye Transport Ship *Swallow*, Cap't Trotter, the Fleet having orders to hold themselves in readiness to Sail on ye shortest Notice meanwhile ye Troops landed each Morning on Nut Island for Exercise, Shooting at Mark &c. and Embarked at night—

Saturday 5th June. Fell down to ye Hook—

Thursday 10th June. Rec'd Orders to sail, but going over ye Bar our Com'dore got a'ground, but by ye help of ye Tide soon got off without any other loss but Starting 40 Butts of Water, which he was Suppl'd with from ye Fleet, however this season'd our coming to anchor till next morning.

Friday 11th June, 1762. The Fleet Consisting of his Majesties Ship the Intriped Capt. Hale of 64 Gs. the Chesterfield Capt. Skief of 40 guns with sixteen . . . and having on board near three thousand Troops. Sailed from Sandy Hook bound on an Expedition against ye Havana leaving part of our Fleet to come in another Division; God grant us Prosperity.

After a Passage of thirty-five days without meeting with anything Extraordinary we made Cape Samana on ye N. E. part of Hispanolia, being Friday the Sixteenth day of July 1762. Ran down on the north side.

Sunday ye 18th at six in ye evening Hove too under Cape Nicholas on ye N. W. part of Hispanolia, saw a Sloop and a Schooner going into the Bite of Leogan at ½ after six made Sail stood N. W. —

Monday ye 19th in ye Morning made ye E. end of Cuba bearing S. W. about six leagues dis't. bore away W. at 12 at night found our selves imbay'd so y't we could not look clear of ye land on either tack, we were hard put to it to get out, but by good Luck just before Day we clear'd the . . .

(In) ye morning we had ye Mortification to see ye Juno Transport on Shore, & ye Masquerade in ye bottom of ye Bay with her F. Top Mast gone but not on shore, ye Juno men got Safe on shore.

Wednesday ye 21st. this morning ye Masquerade got out of ye Bay.

Thursday ye 22d. at 4 oClock afternoon (not being able to take off Juno's People by reason of ye Swell) the Fleet bore away leaving ye Falls to bring off ye Juno's men as soon as possible.

Friday ye 23d. his day I was sensible of a very strong Currant to ye Westward, by our Rapid Passage by ye small Islands on ye Coast of Cuba, at 10 oClock at night Hove too; at ½ past three we were


Allarm'd with Breakers Close under our Lee, we set our selves immediately to ply ye Ship, but before we could fill her sails she struck ground, we found it to be a reef of Rocks, our Ship soon bilg'd & Hold was full of water, Very Lucky it was for us that ye wind was not Boisterous, for had it been nothing less than a Miracle could have sav'd us, however our case was very doubtful for we could see no land, and the Sea made a Continual break over us; & to add to our Grief we saw 3 more ships a Stern under ye same Circumstances, and the whole Fleet close to Windward which we expected would share ye same Fate, but by our firing (Blessed be God) they had ye good Fortune to Escape; we perceiv'd also that ye Chesterfield was on shore by her firing —

Saturday ye 24h. at day break we saw land, about three quarters of a mile north of us, upon which we all got safe on shore without ye loss of a man, the Commodore Sent to see our Circumstances, of which being inform'd he with ye rest of ye Fleet made ye best of their way to Havana, purposing to send relief as soon as possible.

Here we were still Apprehensive that many Casualties might render our Situation Miserable, for we had but small hopes of getting much Fresh water out of the Wrecks, and there was none on ye Island which was above half a mile in length & Forty Rods wide & not above six feet perpendicular from ye Surface of ye water in ye highest place, neither could we find any Spring of Fresh water tho' we Explo'd'd all ye Adjacent Islands for above 20 miles, of which there were a great many, and some Highland, and very large, it was almost impossible to get to ye main Island of Cuba from here, by reason of ye Multitude of small Islands and shoals, this Island we find to ly in Lat'd 22 degrees, 12 minutes north near Caio Romans Opposite ye S. E. Point of ye Grand Bahama Bank and is call'd by ye Cruisers Sugar Key but by us ye Island of Hope —

Monday ye 26th fine weather, our people are employ'd in getting Necessaries from ye Wrecks Provisions we find Pretty easie to come at, but water very Difficult, however we made Shift to get one or two Buts on shore and Dealt to ye men a pint each, this is ye first fresh water they had since Saturday, we are in Preparation to Distil fresh water out of salt which we are like to Effect by ye help of Materials from ye Wrecks, this day a Frigate coming down hove too and sent her boat on shore, who inform'd y't she and a 40 Gun ship were Convoy to our Second Division from New York, y't off Hispanolia they were attack'd by two French 60 Gun ships, and two Frigates, y't five Transports were taken and ye rest Dispersed. Those taken





## Experiences on a British Fighting Ship

were of ye 58th Reg't and part of ye N. York Reg't.—

Tuesday 27th. This morning saw several Sail to windward which we supposed to be ye remainder of our Second Division, we was in hopes y't they would pay us a visit but they went by without Calling. to day we got our Still at work, and find y't we shall be able to make about 60 Gal. of good fresh water in 24 hours, this may prove of ye greatest Service to us.

Wednesday 28th. Saw a Ship to windward one of our boats went on board. She inform'd that ye Earl of Albemarle Landed at ye Havana on ye 7th of June, that he was in a fair way soon to Reduce ye Mora Castle, this day one of ye Conn't Troop died very Sudden.

Thursday 29th. This morning ye Ship we saw to windward yesterday took on board ye Troops y't were in ye Man of War, and proceeded to ye Havana.

30 & 31st. Employ'd in getting Necessaries from ye Wrecks, Provisions we get very plenty, we have now Sufficient on Shore for four months, we also get more water than we expected, we have already got on Shore 50 Butts, & are in hopes to get more if ye weather Continue favorable.

Sunday Aug't ye 1st. a bout noon a Small French Privateer Schooner came down & ran Close under ye little Key y't ye Chesterfield's people were upon and came to an Anchor within Musquet Shot, and Fir'd Smartly for some minutes, but ye Man of War's men who at first Conceal'd themselves arose and return'd so smart a fire of small Arms that ye Schooner was soon forc'd to Cut her Cable and Sheer off 'tis tho't with considerable loss, there was one of ye Chesterfield's men kill'd—at 3 oClock we saw two Ships and a Sloop com'g down, which prov'd to be ye Enterprize and Falls with ye Juno's people on board; at 5 saw Several Ships to Leeward, these prov'd to be a Relief sent to us from ye Havana. these inform'd us y't ye English were in possession of ye Mora Castle, y't our Troops were very Sickly, & we much wanted, we were as Expeditious as possible in embarking which we effected on Monday & Tuesday.—

The Troops Shipwreck'd on this Island were Gen'l Lyman, Maj'r Durkee, Maj'r Hierlihy & Sundry other Officers of ye Connecticut Troops with about 400 Provincials ye two Grenadier Companies of ye 46th Reg't & one Independent Company.—

Wednesday ye 4th Aug't. we Set Sail for ye Havana, (leaving our Small Island uninhabited) where we arriv'd on Monday ye 9th of Aug't without meeting any thing Extraordinary. we landed as soon as pos-

sible, and Join'd ye rest of our corps.—

Tuesday ye 10th of Aug't. we Encamp'd on an Eminence on ye west side of ye Town, there being a Plain between us and ye City which Afforded a Delightful Prospect— at 6 this evening I was warn'd to go with a Party to raise a Redoubt with in 500 yards of ye City Walls, this is ye first ground that was broke on this side of ye City. we work'd very Quiet while 11 oClock, when the Enemy began to fire upon us with Grape Shot, but over shot us, we expected they had Sent out Spies and Discover'd ye ground y't we were upon, and expected to be Annoy'd the rest of ye Night; but after firing 8 or 10 pieces they left off, and we were troubled with them no more.

Wednesday ye 11th. this morning we open'd 4 Batteries on ye Eminence on ye East Side of ye Harbour, which kept an incessant fire on ye Fortifications for about six hours; two of our Batterys for ye first 4 hours were employ'd against ye Ponto, a Fort on ye small west Point of ye Harbour's mouth, mounting 30 pieces of Cannon chiefly Brass 24 lb's which ye Enemy were Oblig'd to Abandon and Retire to ye town, when all our fire was thrown at ye Fortifications next ye Town, and was so furious that at 11 oClock ye Enemy Sent out a Flag of Truce with Articles of Capitulation, which were Rejected and others sent in, and 24 hours given for their Answer.

Thursday 12th. at 11 oClock ye Flag return'd from ye City. Tarry'd 'till just night not being able to come to any agreement in all Points, when ye Gen'l Sent to ye Governor y't if he would not agree to those Articles he had propos'd, he would not have him trouble himself to send again, for he should not alter one Article.

Friday ye 13th. August 1762. this morning ye Flag return'd from ye City with ye Articles Sign'd, the Particulars we don't expect to know until we see them in ye English Prints, but flatter our selves they are not Scandalous, as surely we could have made them surrender at Discretion—

at 6 in ye evening a party of 350 men light Arm'd were sent into ye Country to take Possession of a Town Call'd St. Deaga about 20 miles SS. W. of Havana I went in This Party we Arriv'd at this place on Saturday even'g about Sun Set, were kindly receiv'd and Entertain'd; there was in this Town at least 5000 people, and no less than twelve Assembly men, these people did not belong to this town, but came from ye Havana, & Villages between that and this in time of ye Siege.

Tuesday ye 17th. we return'd from ye Country by another way. This is a very





# Log of an American Marine in 1762

Pleasant County, and a good land, but not well Water'd, the People very Indolent, and seem to live Chiefly on the Produce of Nature.— This day I wrote a letter home by Mr. Warner — two of ye N. York Troops, a Regular Sergeant, and two Negroes were Hang'd for Plundering since ye Capitulation.

Wednesday ye 18th. I went into ye Ponto to see the Effects of our Cannon-ading and indeed it was Surprizing, there was not above two Cannon but what were render'd useless, and many of them entirely ruin'd by our Shot, the wall of ye Fort next our Batteries (although twenty feet high) was so Battered that a man with ease might walk up in several places, the Spaniards said they lost fifty men in this Fort the morning our Batteries were opened.—

From ye 19th to ye 21st. Regular Troops were Chiefly employ'd in Geting into Cantoments, & the Ships, into ye Harbour, the Provincials grow something Sickly.—

Wednesday ye 25th. Mov'd ye Provincial Encampment to ye East Side of ye Harbour on ye hill where our Batteries were Erected.

Monday ye 30th. The Fleet Sail'd for Spain Consisting of 30 Sail, with Spanish Troops on board.

Tuesday ye 31st. went into ye City for Observation this City is about twice as large as New York, has eighteen Stately Churches, most of them very Rich and magnificent, the Houses are Chiefly Stone, those next ye water, and in ye Center of ye Town are Pretty large and Stately, but those next ye wall very mean; the Suburbs of his City were Considerable, but Chiefly destroy'd by our Troops in time of ye Seige, there being but three Parishes left, ye rest were burnt down this City is Watered by a Canal cut 7 miles thro' ye Plain Country from a River, bro't into ye City in Pipes underground, from whence proceeds sundry fine Fountains which Sufficiently waters ye whole Town, we turn'd ye Water in this Canal from running into ye City Some days before its surrender, by means of which ye Inhabitants were greatly Distress'd.

Saturday 4th. September. last night Maj'r Hierlihy was taken very ill. Our Troops for some time past have been employ'd in geting down ye Ordinance from ye Batteries, to go on board ye Ships, but we are now grown so sickly that we do little or nothing.

Sunday 5th Sept. this day Cap't Patterson died. We have but 7 Officers fit for duty in our Regiment. Maj'r Hierlihy is exceeding Bad.

Monday ye 13th. to day Cap't Stanton died.

Maj'r Hierlihy has been very sick for 10 days past, but seems to be mending.

Friday ye 17th. Cap't Chadwick sail'd for New London, I wrote by him. we now give over sending any men on fatigue, the whole of our well being not Sufficient to take Care of ye Sick.

Monday ye 20th. I went to gather some Oisters up a small Cove about two miles Distant. These Oisters grow on Bushes very thick and Plenty, but something small, they tast very much like our Oisters tho' I am suspicious that they are not whole-some, because they grow near ye City & are easie to be gather'd & yet appear to be Neglected — Cap't Hierlihy is finely Recov'd.

Monday 4th Oct. there is a report y't a large number of Spaniards are under Arms in ye Country, and only wait for a signal to fall upon us and take ye Town. This has Ocasion'd new orders to be given to ye Guards, & also sundry New Guards to be form'd.

Monday 11th October. this day Comodore Kepple Sail'd with six ships of ye line and five Frigates, to Cruize to Windward. The Provincials have orders to hold themselves in readiness to Embark on ye 19th Inst— I have been some thing indispos'd for three or four days past, Ocasion'd as I suppose by over much Fatigue, and being Expos'd to ye Extreem heat of ye sun —

Tuesday ye 19th October. Ye Provincials Embark'd on board Transports bound for New York under Convoy of ye Intripid, Cap't Hale —

Thursday ye 21st Put to sea, but ye next morning two Cartel Ships Bound to France & Spain, Sprang a leak and were oblig'd to put in again.

there were Several Cartel Ships Sail'd with ye Fleet.

Sunday 25th. this Morning were off ye Mantanzas. Stood for ye Gulf. Wind at N. W. at 12 the high land at ye Mantanzas bore S. S. W. 8 Leagues Dis't.

Monday 25th. our Course the last 24 hours has been N. E. by N. Lat. by Observation 25 degrees, 00 minutes —

Tuesday 26th. Course since yesterday noon N. E. at 6 this morning made ye Rigues Keys bearing N. N. E. at noon Tack'd and stood to ye Westward. Wind N. E. — At 12 at night tack'd and stood to ye Eastward. Wind N. N. E. —

Wednesday 27th. this morning made ye Keys bearing East, fresh wind at N.N.E. Tumbling Sea. Lat. 25 degrees, 30 minutes

Thursday 28th. Wind N. by E. Lat



# Experiences on a British Fighting Ship

26 degrees, 40 minutes two more ships spring a leak and are sent back with a Sloop Friday 29th. Fresh wind at N.E. Cold. Lat 28 degrees, 20 minutes Tumbling Sea.

Saturday 30th. Wind N.E. Lat. 29 degrees, 30 minutes at 6 o'clock this evening one of ye ships made a Signal of Distress, She having Sprung a leak was sent into Georgia. Fleet Hove too laid till 12.

Sunday 31st. fair wind East Lat. 30 degrees, 30 minutes

Monday 1st November flying Clouds wind at N. E. Lat. 31 degrees, 4 minutes

Tuesday 2d Nov last night Something Squally. this morning lost Sight of ye Fleet. Wind E. Cloudy no Observation at 10 this even'g wind got into S.S.E.

Wednesday 3d Nov'r at 4 this morning ye wind shifted to N.N.W. fair. Lat 32 degrees, 30 minutes. Large Swell from ye S.E. small wind and unsteady —

Thursday 4th Nov'r Small wind at E.N.E. at noon Clouds up. No Observation. at 2 ye wind freshens on at S.E. —

Friday ye 5th last night Sundry Squalls with thunder and rain this morning. wind Shifts to S.W. blows fresh, at noon ye Sun breaks out Lat. 34 degrees, 20 minutes.

Saturday ye 6th. this morning Sundry very hard squalls from ye S.W. at 8 o'clock grows more moderate Saw Several Sail to ye Eastward, which we Suppose to be part of our Fleet. no Observation. Continues Squally, but don't over-blow. at 7 in ye evening ye wind Shifts very Sudden into ye N.E. blows very hard Hove too with our Staboard Tacks 'o board —

Sunday ye 7th Continues very windy.

Monday ye 8th Rainy fresh wind at N.E. Cross Tumbling Sea. Still Lying too —

Tuesday ye 9th this morning at 6 o'clock made Sail. wind at W. at noon wind Dies away fair Lat. 36 degrees 40 minutes

Wednesday 10th fair wind at W. at noon ye wind dies away Comes on Cloudy. at 2 ye wind gets into ye N.E. Rain —

Thursday 11th at 3 this morning ye wind Shifted very Sudden into ye N.W.

Friday ye 12th fair. at noon made Sail wind at W. Lat. 38 degrees, 40 minutes — Saw a Sail to ye N. ward

Saturday 13th. Flying Clouds wind at N.W. at 2 wind freshens Hove too — Sunday ye 14th. Continues very Boisterous.

Monday ye 15th. at 8 this Morn'g made Sail. wind W by — fair, saw a Brig to ye West and . . . to ye N'ward Lat. 23 degrees, 25 minutes

Tuesday ye 16th. at 3 in ye morning ye wind gets into ye North. at 10 dies away

Wednesday ye 17th. Cloudy wind at N. at 4 in afternoon Sounded 30 fathoms.

Thursday 18th. in ye Morning Calm. at 10 ye wind came at S.W. stood to ye N. ward. Lat. 38 degrees, 40 minutes wind freshens. Smooth Sea. At Sun Set Made land bearing N.W. by W. Stood N. by W. at 8 o'clock Sounded, had 18 fathoms. when we continued our Course intending to bear away when we had got 10 or 12 fathoms, but at ½ after twelve ye Ship Struck ground, on ye back of ye Island y't lyeth off Great Egg Harbour. She was then going at least 7 Knots, it being Sandy ground, and a Smooth Sea She receiv'd no Damage but went off without Stopping.

Friday 19th. Stood in N.W. till we made land wind Dies away Calm. Hazy. Spoke with a Schooner from Rhode Island bound to Philadelphia, who inform'd us y't New found land was Retaken by Colo. Amherst — wind Shifts to N.E. Clears

Saturday ye 20th. Fair wind N.N.W. Latitude 40 degrees, 10 minutes at 2 o'clock tack'd and stood to ye Westward,

Sunday 21st. in ye Morning Fog. Small wind at N. at 10 o'clock Clears away. Saw 3 Sail Standing in for ye land. at 2 o'clock were in 14 fathoms water about 4 Leagues to ye Southward of Sandy Hook. There we Catch'd two fine Cod

Monday ye 22d. this Morning were Close in with ye high land. Sun about an hour high ye Pilot came on board. by ye help of ye tide, & a favorable S.E. wind Springing up, we got up to York by 9 o'clock in ye evening. Now Blessed be God we are got where a N.W.ter Shall not blow us off ye Coast this Winter 'though we are Concern'd for Several of our Companions, for we find but nine out of thirty Arriv'd — Put our Sick men in ye Hospitale and with those y't were able Embark'd on board ye Brig Free Mason for N. London where we Arriv'd on Saturday Morning; after landing and Store'g our Baggage, Set off for home where I Arriv'd on Monday ye 29th Nov.

Found my Family all well, for which and ye favour of ye Campaign, God's name be Praised. —

A Roll of ye dead in Capt. Hierlihy's Company 29th Nov. 1762

Peter Long	Tho's Welley
George Rice	Martin Cole
Eleazer Washburne	Edward Ramney
Johannes Struklin	James Stewart
John Hill	Daniel Ely
Jona'n Arnold	Samuel Spicer
James Cady	Hezh. Hubbard
Nathan Edwards	Rich'd Blake
John O'brian	Ozias Ramney
John Warner	Roger Gipson
Michael Melony	Thompson Spelman
Abel Barns	





# Centenary of an American Litterateur

One Hundredth Anniversary of Edgar Allan Poe & Born at Boston,  
Massachusetts, on the Nineteenth of January, 1809, and Became the  
First American Author to Receive Literary Homage of Old World

On this Centennial of Edgar Allan Poe, these lines inspired and created by his own genius, are again recorded to his memory—It is on this One Hundredth Anniversary that Poe "comes to his own"—The first great American author of power to gain reputation in the Old World, he did not enter the heart of his own Nation's literature until now, and it is today incumbent upon America to inscribe the name of this genius of literary psychology in its Hall of Fame as a master of style and literary imagery

## THE COLISEUM

Vastness! and Age! and memories of Eld!  
Silence! and Desolation! and dim Night!

I feel ye now—I feel ye in your strength—

O spells more sure than e'er Judean king

Taught in the garden of Gethsemane!

O charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee

Ever drew down from out the quiet stars.

Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!

Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,

A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat!

Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded  
hair

Waved to the wind, now wave the weed  
and thistle!

Here, where on golden throne the monarch  
lolloped,

Glides, spectre-like, into his marble home,

Lit by the warm light of the horned moon,

The swift and silent lizard of the stones!

But stay! these walls,—these ivy-clad  
arcades—

These mouldering plinths—these sad and  
blackened shafts—

These vague entablatures of this crumbly  
frieze—

These shattered cornices—this wreck—this  
ruin—

These stones—alas! these gray stones—are  
they all,

All of the famed and the colossal left  
By all the common Hours to Fate and me?

"Not all!" the Echoes answer me;  
"not all!"


Prophetic sounds and loud arise forever  
From us and from all Ruin, unto the wise  
As melody from Memnon to the Sun.

We rule the hearts of mightiest men; we rule  
With a despotic sway all giant minds.

We are not impotent, we pallid stones.  
Not all our power is gone—not all our  
fame—

Not all the magic of our high renown—  
Not all the wonder that encircles us—  
Not all the mysteries that hang upon,  
And cling around about us as a garment,  
Clothing us in a robe of more than glory!"





# Experiences of American Minister from His Manuscript in 1748

Original Journal of Reverend  
Joseph Emerson, Antecedent of Ralph  
Waldo Emerson, in which He Relates the Life  
of a Clergyman in Early America & Memoranda  
of His Texts for Sermons & A Pastor's Social Relations  
with His Parishioners & Original Diary Recently Found & Transcribed

BY

EDITH MARCH HOWE

NEWBURYPORT, MASSACHUSETTS

Whose Family has been Intimate with the Emersons for Several Generations  
and into whose possession passed the Ancient Journal

**T**HIS diary, written by an uncle of Ralph Waldo Emerson, is one of the clearest expositions of the private life of a clergyman in early America that has ever been given historical record. The original diary, now almost indecipherable, was written in 1748-1749 by Reverend Joseph Emerson who was a grandson, in fourth descent, of the distinguished Reverend Peter Bulkley, who was born in Odell, Bedfordshire, England, in 1583, a fellow of St. John's College at Cambridge, a well-to-do emigrant to America in 1635, first minister of Concord, Massachusetts, and the progenitor of one of the most distinguished lines of clergymen that America has produced. Reverend Joseph Emerson, the writer of this diary, was born in Malden, Massachusetts, August 25, 1724, and graduated from Harvard College in 1743. He was chaplain of the expedition to Cape Breton in 1745, and upon his return from Louisburg, at twenty-three years of age, he became pastor of a settlement, which, upon his suggestion, was named Pepperell, in honor of Sir William Pepperell, the military leader of the successful campaign. There is a tradition said to be founded on the fact that Sir William intended to present the town with a church bell, and sent to England to have one cast, on which was to be this inscription: "I to the church the living call And to the grave I summon all." If the bell ever reached this country, what became of it is a mystery. The new minister was the oldest of the nine sons and four daughters of the Reverend Joseph Emerson, senior, whose mother was a daughter of the eccentric parson, Reverend Samuel Moody of York. Two other sons became clergymen; William settled over the church in Concord, grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and chaplain at Ticonderoga, August, 1776; and John, who lived in Conway, Franklin County. A sister married Daniel Emerson, a cousin, pastor of the church in Hollis, New Hampshire, a neighboring town to Pepperell. These three brothers and their cousin were all Harvard graduates and were known as the "Patriot Preachers." It was the custom of Reverend Joseph Emerson to keep a journal, noting down, day by day, the little events and duties that made up the round of a clergyman's life in the early days in America.



# Observations in Life of an Early American

AUGUST.

*Monday 1.* Visited 6 Families. Stephen Hall Daniel Rolfe, James Lawrence. Benj'n Martin. James Green, Thomas Williams.

*Tuesday 2.* I studied A. M. afternoon I went a fishing.

*Wednesday 3.* I went to Harvard—preached Mr. Seccomb's Lecture from John 4. 42. Brother Emerson with me. We went over to Botton; lodged at Dr. Greenleaf's.

*Thursday 4.* We returned home.

*Friday 5.* I read some, & studied chief of the Day.

*Saturday 6.* I studied chief of the Day.

*Sab. 7.* Preached all Day from What is man profited if he gain, &c.

*Monday 8.* I visited 8 Families, Isaac Williams. Elias Eliot, Ebenz Gilson. Daniel Rolfe. Eben: Pierce. Nathan Hall William Warner, Widow Saunders.

The wife of Ebenz Gilson is runing very wild. full of Enthusiasm.

*Tuesday 9* I went up to Lunenburg: lodged at Mr. Stearn's.

*Wednesday 10.* I rid over in the morning to Leominster in Company with Mr. Downe the Schoolmaster of Lunenburg; returned to Mr. Stearn's to Dinner, & home at night.

*Thursday 11.* I studied chief of the Day.

*Friday 12.* Studied forenoon: went up to Holles afternoon, preached Brother Emerson's Lecture from Isa. 12:3; returned.

*Sat. 13.* Studied all Day.

*Sab. 14.* Preached all Day from Mat. 5:4. *Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.*

*Mon. 15.* I visited 3 Families. Saml Fisk, Phineas Chamberlin. Deacon Lawrence. Afternoon I went down to Groton. & lodged at Mr. Trowbridge's.

*Tues. 16.* After making a Visit, & doing some Business I returned to my Lodging before noon; afternoon entertained Company.

*Wed. 17.* Studied some. Cut stalks for my Landlord part of ye day.

*Thurs. 18* Studied all Day.

*Frid. 19* Studied forenoon: afternoon, private meeting at my Lodgings. I read a Sermon of my Father from *Wisdom is justified of all her children*

*Sat. 20* Studied all Day.

*Sab. 21.* A. M: Preached from *Blessed are they that mourn* &c. P.M: from Sam. 3: 44. *Thou hast covered thyself with a cloud that our Prayers should not pass thro'.*

*Mon. 22* I visited 6 families, James Colburn, and his Son, William Blood, Benj: Swallow, Josiah Tucker, Josiah Lawrence. And finished my Pastoral visits for the year.

*Tues. 23.* I went over to Lancaster; lodged at Capt. Willards

*Wed. 24.* Returned Home at Night.

*Thurs. 25.* I studied all Day.

I now have finished my 24th year, and entered upon my 25th. May I do more for God this year than ever I did.

*Frid. 26.* Studied forenoon; afternoon discoursed with two Persons, who are about to join the Chh.; & one who seems to be under strong Conviction.

*Sat. 27* Studied very hard all Day.

*Sab. 28* I preached all Day from *The whole need not a Physician, but they that are sick.*

*Mon. 29.* I visited two sick Persons who were prayed for yesterday; and conversed with two Persons who are about owning the covenant.

*Tues. 30.* I went up to Holles; heard of the Sorrowful News of two of my Parish quarreling last Night, one wounding the other with a knife, as some are ready to fear dangerously.

*Wed 31.* I studied some at Brother Emerson's, and returned. Went down to look at my workmen, who are now building my Chimney.

SEPTEMBER.

*Thurs 1.* I studied Chief of the Day: conversed with a Person about her son: visited a sick woman,

*Frid 2* Studied forenoon: Lecture afternoon: Mr. Seccomb preached on Paul's conversion. I was obliged to put by the Sacrament, for we could not obtain wine.

*Sat. 3* I went out in order to settle some Affairs of my own; and visited a man who has received a wound in a quarrel with his neighbour.

*Sab. 4.* I preached all Day from *My sheep hear my voice, & I know 'em, & they follow me.*

*Mon. 5* Stopt from setting out in my Journey by the Rain, which was the most merciful & the plentiful we have had for a year past.

*Tues. 6.* Set out for Connecticut in Company with Peter Powers of Holles, in order to go to New Haven Commencement. We stopt at Mr. Trowbridge's a little while & then rid over to Lancaster; stopt at Coll Willards & took a mouthful: & arrived at Mr. Curtis's at Worcester a little after Nine at Night. We mist our Way, & went about half a mile, but comfortably found it again.

*Wed. 7.* I tarried all the forenoon at Mr. Curtis's & dined; afternoon went over to Mr. Goodwin's, about two miles. Peter Powers went over to Shrewsbury to see some Friends. I lodged at Mr Goodwin's much refreshed with the sight of Worcester Friends.

*Thurs. 8* I called to Mr. Upham's, who



# Journal of a Clergyman in America in 1748

keeps the school here; made two or three Visits in Town; lodged at Mr. Brown's, my former Landlord when I preached in Town.

*Frid. 9.* We sat out for Connecticut in the Morning; stopt at Esq. More's at Oxford; we dined at Convas's, the Tavern at Killenly, & lodged at Mr. How's minister of the middle Parish. Rode this day 30 miles.

*Sat. 10.* Set out on our Journey; dined at Mr. Hutchins' in the same Town, who formerly belonged to Groton, where we were kindly entertained. We arrived at Mr. Rowland's, the Minister of Plainfield.

*Sab. 11.* I preached all Day from John 4:42. There is here a separate Society, who have a Layman ordained over 'em, one Thomas Stevens: there is more than 50 Families of 'em.

*Mon. 12.* We sat out for Newhaven. Mr. Rowland in Company: stopt at Norwich, which is a very pretty Town: dined at Capt Denison's, an uncle of Mr. Rowland: got to Connecticut River just after Sunset; past over Brackaway's ferry. between there and Sebrook, we mist our way, & wandered an hour or two in the wood, but at last found our way to Mrs. Lay's. the Tavern in Sebrook, by 11 o'clock, where we put up. Rid 50 miles.

*Tues. 13.* Sat out on our Journey, baited at Killingworth, again at Gifford, & dined at Mr. Robin's at Branford; got over Newhaven ferry before Sunset, which is about 2 miles from the College; we put up, & got lodging before Day Light ended; spent the Evening at College.

*Wed. 14.* Commencement. All things were carried on with the utmost Decency; they come very little behind Cambridge itself.

*Thurs. 15.* Breakfasted at College, & sat out for home in Company with Mr. Eells of Middletown & arrived at his House in the Evening—about 34 miles.

*Frid. 16.* Tarried in Town all Day, went to another Part of it, & returned to Mr. Eells. This is a large Town, situated on Connecticut River, very populous.

*Sat. 17.* We sat out on our Journey: in Weathersfield we met with Mr. Edwards of Northampton, & concluded to go home with him the beginning of next week by the leave of Providence. We stopt & dined at Hartford, & called at Winsor upon Mr. Edwards, father to Mr. Edwards of Northampton, where we were over-persuaded to tarry over the Sabbath.

*Sab. 18.* Mr. Edwards of Northampton preached A: M: from 1 Tim. 6: 19. I preached P: M: from Can. 2:16. Very courteously treated here.

*Mon. 19.* We sat out on our Journey & dined at Dr. Pinchon's at Long Meadow, a

part of Springfield, & lodged at Mr. Hopkins', minister of a Parish in Springfield on the west side of the River: he is Brother to Mr. Edwards of Northampton. About 20 miles.

*Tues. 20.* The forenoon being lowry, we tarried at Mr. Hopkin's till after Dinner, & then proceeded on our Journey, arrived at Northampton before Night.

*Wed. 21.* Spent the Day very pleasantly: the most agreeable Family I was ever acquainted with; much of the Presence of God here. We met with Mr. Spencer, a gentleman who was ordained last week at Boston, as a missionary to the Indians of the Six Nations; he purposes to set out tomorrow for Albany: the most wonderful Instance of self-denial I ever met with.

*Thurs. 22.* We set out for home: Mr. Edwards was so kind as to accompany us over Connecticut River, & bring us on our way: we took our leave of him: he is certainly a great man. We dined at Cold Spring, & got to Brookfield in the Evening: lodged at Dr. Uphams, who came from Malden, where we were very courteously entertained.

*Frid. 23.* We were early on our Journey: breakfasted at Mr. Eaton's the Minister of the upper Parish of Leicester: made Several Visits in Leicester: dined at Mr. Sprague's, who has lately moved from Malden; went down to Worcester, & made two or three Visits; lodged at Mr. Goodwin's.

*Sat. 24.* Sat out on our Journey; dined at Col. Willard's at Lancaster; got home to Groton a little after Sunset.

I have had a very pleasant Journey: have not met with any Difficulty in travelling about 300 miles. God's name be praised!

*Sab. 25.* I preached all Day from Rom. 8:1: went up to Holles in the Evening, & found my Sister comfortably a Bed with a Daughter. My mother from Malden has been up here about a fortnight.

*Mon. 26.* I waited upon my Mother over to my Lodgings.

*Tues. 27.* Returned back to Holles with Mother, where I tarried two or three days much out of Order with a cold.

*Frid. 30.* I came home, & attended the private meeting at Ebenezer Gilson's. I read some of Mr. Edward's Concert & Prayer.

## OCTOBER.

*Sat. 1.* I wrote two Letters in the forenoon, one to Mr Edwards of Northampton, the other to his second daughter, a very desirable Person, to whom I purpose by Divine Care to make my addresses. May the Lord direct me in so important an Affair!



# Observations in Life of an Early American

In the Afternoon, I went up to Holles: my Sister still comfortable beyond our Fears

*Sab. 2.* I changed with Brother Emerson, & preached at Holles all day from *What is a man profited if he gain the whole world &c.*

*Mon. 3.* Set out with my Mother for Malden; dined at Col. Ting's, & got as far as Reading: lodged at Capt. Eaton's.

*Tues. 4.* We arrived at Malden; found my Father's Family well.

*Wed. 5.* I went to Boston, did some Business, and returned to Malden.

*Thurs. 6.* Made a visit or two in the forenoon: in the afternoon sat out for home: went as far as Reading.

*Frid. 7.* The Weather so bad, I could not proceed with Comfort on my Journey: made Several visits in Reading.

*Sat. 8.* Returned to Groton.

*Sab. 9.* I preached all Day from 2 Pet 3: 14.

*Mon. 10.* I visited 3 Families out of the Bounds of the Parish, made Pastoral visits. Isaac Lakin. Saml Harwell, Benj. Parker.

*Tues. 11.* Had Company all the forenoon; afternoon went down to Groton.

*Wed. 12.* Studied all Day.

*Thurs. 13.* Studied the forenoon; afternoon went down to Mr. Trowbridge's Lecture. Mr. Hall from Westford preached from *Except ye eat the Flesh, & Drink the Blood of the Son of Man, ye have no Life in you.*

*Frid. 14.* Returned home; afternoon conversed with, & wrote the Relation of two Persons who are about to joyn the Chh.

*Sat. 15.* Studied all Day.

*Sab. 16.* Expounded the 4 first Verses of the 37th Psalm: dwelt on 'em all Day.

*Mon. 17.* I went out a Visiting: made a Pastoral Visit to John Word's Family. Stopt by the Rain; tarried all Night at Benj. Parker's.

*Tues. 18.* I was up to Holles. Was sent for to visit two Persons at Dunstable, Mass. Mr. Pike & Wife, both sick of the fever: I went & lodged at Mr. John Kendall's.

*Wed. 19.* I returned to Holles: spent the forenoon in religious Exercises with the Family. This Day was kept as a Day of Thanksgiving by my Brother's Family upon the wonderful comfortable circumstances of my Sister this Time of her Lying in. In the afternoon there was a Publick Lecture by Mr. Prince, the blind man, who preached from *Mighty to save*; a very profitable Sermon. I returned home in the Evening.

*Thurs. 20.* Studied all Day. In the Evening rid up to Mr. Boynton's in Holles, & heard Mr. Prince again from Gen. 41: 55:

I grow in my esteem of him as a profitable preacher.

*Frid. 21.* Our Lecture before the Sacrament, Mr. Prince preached for me from Luk. 19: 1-10

*Sat. 22.* I had Company in the forenoon. Mr. Shed & Wife, from Billeries: went up to Mr Swallow's & dined with 'em.

*Sab. 23.* I preached A. M: from Col. 3:3: P.M. Mat 5:4. Mr. Kendal, a Brother of our Chh. came to Meeting in the forenoon, & stopt when I was about to administer the Ordinance of the Supper, & began to make some Objections against our Way of Worship, & in particular against one of the Brethren of the Chh. I was obliged to stop him, & desire him to withdraw, which he did without making so much Disturbance as I expected: he is deeply tinged with Enthusiasm: he has not attended with us for some months.

*Mon. 24.* I had Company chief of the forenoon, Mr. Bliss called to see me: afternoon I attended the funeral of Widow Shipley, being sent for by Reason of Mr. Trowbridge being out of Town.

*Tues. 25.* I studied chief of the Day.

*Wed. 26.* Forenoon did some Business in the Parish: afternoon went to the other end of the Town, & preached a Sermon at Daniel Lartell's from, *In the Time of Adversity, Consider*; his wife has been so low that she has not been able to attend Publick Worship at the Meeting House for 5 years.

*Thurs. 27.* Studied part of the Day: conversed with two Persons, one about to joyn in full Communion, the other under promising Conviction.

*Frid. 28.* Studied some in the Morning, & had determined to spend the rest of the Day in Fasting & Prayer, but was interrupted by my Brother Edward coming in from Boston about 1 o'clock: spent the Remainder of the Day with him: rid out to Several Houses.

*Sat. 29.* Studied all Day.

*Sab. 30.* I preached A:M: from Psal. 37:5. P:M. from *What is a man profited &c.*

*Mar. 31.* I sat out with Brother Edward for Malden, & got safe there in the Evening.

## NOVEMBER.

*Tuesday 1.* I went to Boston, did some Business, & returned to Malden.

*Wed. 2.* Sat out for home: being not well, I reached only as far as Mr. Benj. Parker's of Groton.

*Thurs. 3.* Returned to my Lodgings (in Pepperell). did some Business in the Parish.

*Frid. 4.* Studied some: conversed with 2 Persons who are about joyning ye Chh: went out in the Evening.



# Journal of a Clergyman in America in 1748

*Sat. 5.* Studied chief of the Day.

*Sab. 6.* Very much out of order with a Cold, yet preached all Day from Psal. 37:5: much better in ye Evening.

*Mon. 7.* Sat out some Time before Day on a Journey to Northampton to visit Mrs (Miss) Esther Edwards to treat of Marriage: got to Worcester comfortably, tho' something stormy: lodged at Mr. Goodwin's.

*Tues. 8.* Had a pleasant Day to ride in; got to Cold spring in the Evening; lodged at Mr. Billing's, the Minister, where I was very comfortably entertained.

*Wed. 9.* Got safe to Northampton: obtained the Liberty of the House: in the Evening heard Mr. Searle preach at an House in the Neighborhood from, *By Grace are ye saved.*

*Thurs. 10.* I spent chief of the Day with Mrs Esther in whose company the more I am, the greater value I have for her.

*Frid. 11.* The young Lady being obliged to be from Home, I spent the Day in copying off something remarkable Mr. Edwards hath lately received from Scotland. Spent ye Evening with Mrs Esther.

*Sat. 12.* Spent part of the Day upon the Business I came about.

*Sab. 13.* A:M: Mr. Eaton of Leicester being here on a visit, preached from, *In the Day of Adversity, Consider;* P:M: I preached from, *Behold, the Lamb of God.*

*Mon. 14.* I could not obtain from the Young Lady the least Encouragement to come again: the chief Objection she makes is her Youth, which I hope will be removed in Time. I hope the Disappointment will be sanctified to me, & yt the Lord will by His Providence order it so that this shall be my Companion for Life. I think I have followed Providence, not gone before it.

I sat out with Mr. Eaton for home: we lodged at Col. Dwight's at Brookfield.

*Tues. 15.* I came as far as Worcester; lodged at Mr. Stearns'.

*Wed. 16.* I came to Lancaster: this Day the Rev. Mr. Harrington was installed to the Pastoral Office here. Mr. Storer of Watertown began with Prayer. Mr. Hancock of Lexington preached from 1 Cor, 9:19.

Mr. Appleton of Cambridge gave the Right Hand. After supper I went to Harvard, home with Mr. Seccomb.

*Thurs. 17.* I came home to my Lodgings (in Pepperell): dined at Capt. Bancroft's at Groton. I was considerably melancholy under my Disappointment at Northampton; concluded, notwithstanding, by Leave of Providence, to make another trial in the Spring.

*Frid. 18.* In the forenoon I read some: P:M: I went to the private meeting at Mr. Wright's: read a sermon of Mr. Elvin upon the Obedience of Faith.

*Sat. 19.* So discomposed I could not study. I could not have thought that what I have lately met with would have had this Effect. The Lord hath put me in a very good School: I hope I shall profit in it.

*Sab. 20.* Much more composed.

I endeavored to roll off my Burden upon the Lord, & He sustained me. I preached all Day from, *They that are whole need not a Physician, but they that are sick.*

*Mon. 21.* Studied chief of the Day.

*Tues. 22.* Studied forenoon: afternoon I went to see some workmen I have about my House.

*Wed. 23.* I studied very hard all Day: was much assisted.

*Thurs. 24.* Publick Thanksgiving. I preached from *Praise ye the Lord.* Went up to Holles to Supper: returned in the Evening to marry a Couple.

*Friday 25.* Rid out with Brother Emerson in Town about Business.

*Sat. 26.* Read some in the forenoon: afternoon wrote a Relation for Mercy Williams; rid up to Holles to change with Brother Emerson.

*Sab. 27.* I preached at Holles all Day from, *He is the Rock &c.*

*Mon. 28.* I made one Pastoral Visit to Silas Blood on the other side of the River: made several other Visits.

*Tues. 29.* I studied forenoon: afternoon preached a Sermon at John Words from, *He is the Rock &c.*

*Wed. 30.* Studied hard all Day: in the Evening did some other Writing.

## DECEMBER.

*Thurs. 1.* Studied hard all Day: went in the Evening to Mr. Isaac Farnsworth's, & wrote the quarter part of a Relation for his Wife.

*Friday 2.* Studied forenoon: afternoon our (Preparatory) Lecture: I preached from *with Joy shall ye draw Water out of the Wells of Salvation.*

*Sat. 3.* I went in the Morning to visit a child of Mr Wright, who is sick of the Throat Distemper: She died in the afternoon.

*Sab. 4.* Sacrament. I preached from 2 Cor. 8:9 P:M: from *Blessed are they who mourn &c*

*Mon. 5.* I wrote two Letters to Northampton, one to dear Mrs (Miss) Esther Edwards, who I find ingrosseth too many of my Tho'ts, yet some glimmering of Hope supporteth my Spirits. In the evening I went down to Capt. Bulkley's & lodged there.

*Tues. 6.* Set out with a number of Groton People for Concord. I lodged with Capt. Hubbard, a Relation of mine, where I was courteously entertained. I heard of the death of Mr. Owen of Boston which affected me much: the best friend I had in Boston. I pray God to sanctify it to me!







# Journal of a Clergyman in America in 1748

chief of the Day. Studied in the Evening.

*Frid. 6.* Went up to Holles after studying some in the morning, & preached Brother Emerson's Lecture, from *Fear not, little Flock* &c: Returned Home.

*Sat. 7.* Studied all Day. Being hindered so much this week, I could not get prepared for the Sabbath till in the Evening.

*Sab. 8.* I preached all Day from *The whole need not a Physician* &c; an extreme cold Day, much colder than the last.

*Mon. 9.* I went up to the other end of the Parish, & visited Eleazer Green's Wife, who is sick: went down to Dunstable, & lodged at Ebenezer Kendal's.

*Tues. 10.* Went to see a man in the neighborhood, who is apprehended to be a dying; & who did die within an hour or two after I left the House. I returned Home.

*Wed. 11.* Forenoon I studied some; afternoon went to the Parish Meeting: Evening waited upon Company.

*Thurs. 12.* Studied all Day, Evening reckoned with some who have worked for me.

*Frid. 13.* Studied forenoon: afternoon attended the meeting at Jonas Varnum's, instead of the Lecture, for I put by the Sacrament upon the Account of the Difficulty of the Season: spent the Evening at James Parker's.

*Sat. 14.* Studied all Day.

*Sab. 15.* I expounded all Day 2 Tim. 3 1-12.

*Mon. 16.* Read chief of the Day.

*Tues. 17.* Read forenoon; afternoon & Evening spent with the Committee who came to settle the Salary for this coming year.

*Wed. 18.* Went up to Holles: spent the Day: returned Evening.

*Thurs. 19.* Studied forenoon; afternoon attended the funeral of a Child at Saml Rolfe's 'tother side the River.

The Child was not a fortnight old, born of a woman whom Ezra Rolfe brot here, & calls his Wife, tho' he has another at Lancaster. I spent the Evening at Deacon Cumming's with Brother Emerson & Mr. Prince.

*Frid. 20.* Studied all Day.

*Sat. 21.* Studied all Day

*Sab. 22.* Preached all Day from Mal. 3:16.

*Mon. 23.* Studied some. afternoon entertained Company: Mr. Prince came to tarry a Day or two with us.

*Tues. 24.* Studied chief of the Day.

*Wed. 25.* Studied forenoon: afternoon went up to Holles.

*Thurs. 26.* Studied all Day; Evening

Mr. Prince preached at my Lodgings from *To 'em who believe, he is precious*

*Frid. 27.* I went to Dunstable, Brattle's End, & preached to a family meeting at Mr. Ebenezer Kendal's from Mal. 3:16: & in the Evening at Mr. John Kendal's from *Turn thou & I shall be turned,*

*Sat. 28.* Returned Home very much out of Order.

*Sab. 29.* Preached all Day from *Yea, all who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer Persecution.* Much indisposed all Day.

*Mon. 30.* My illness seems to increase upon me.

*Tues. 31.* Something better thro' Mercy: was able to do a little writing: heard of the death of James Parker whom I married about a month ago: he died at his Mother's at Toun.

## FEBRUARY.

*Wed. 1.* Something better: wrote two Letters to Northampton.

*Thurs. 2.* I went down to Groton, & attended the Lecture. Mr. Trowbridge preached from Mar. 13, 35. I went to Unkety & lodged at John Wood's.

*Frid. 3.* Attended the private Meeting at John Scot's: read a Sermon out of Dr. Watts.

*Sat. 4.* I studied some.

*Sab. 5.* I preached all Day from *O that they were wise.*

*Mon. 6.* Read some in the forenoon; afternoon walked up to Holles in Order to joyn with Brother Emerson tomorrow in the Concert of Prayer.

*Tues. 7.* We spent the forenoon in religious Exercises in private, except one or two Neighbors with us. afternoon a publick Lecture.

Brother Emerson preached from Esther 4:14

*Wed. 8.* In the afternoon I sat out to return Home, went part of the Way, & was beat out by a Storm of Snow: made a Visit to the Widow Cummings, who hath for some Time, been under peculiar Temptations; returned to Brother Emerson's.

*Thurs. 9.* Studied chief of the Day.

*Frid. 10.* Studied some in the Morning, & returned Home to my Lodgings.

*Sat. 11.* Studied all Day.

*Sab. 12.* I preached all Day from *Yea, all who will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer Persecution.*

*Mon. 13.* Read all Day, Brother Emerson & Mr. Ward, our Schoolmaster, who keeps in the Parish, spent the chief of the Evening with me, and then I went up to Holles with Brother E.

*Tues. 14.* Went early in the Morning to Capt Powers, & did some Business: made two or three Visits, & returned to my



# Observations in Life of an Early American

MARCH.

Lodgings. I conversed at Brother Emerson's with Mrs. Brown, wife to Josiah Brown, who is under very grievous Temptations & spiritual Difficulties: the Lord relieve her!

*Wed. 15* Read some & studied some.

*Thurs. 16* Studied forenoon; afternoon made a Visit to the Widow Parker, who is a young Widow indeed, but a little above 18 years of Age.

*Frid. 17* Studied all Day.

*Sat. 18* Went up to Townshend in order to change with Mr. Hemenway.

*Sab. 19.* I preached all Day at Townshend from Mal. 3:16.

*Mon. 20.* I made several Visits, & returned Home at night.

*Tues. 21.* I read all the forenoon: afternoon wrote a Letter to Northampton to send by Mr. Isaac Parker who designs to set out for there tomorrow. Spent the Evening with the Committee who came up from Town to lay out the Common about our Meeting.

*Wed. 22* Studied some; spent the Evening with Company.

*Thurs. 23* Studied chief of the Day: went in the Evening to visit Cap. Parker & Mehitabel Flanders, who seems to be abandoned to all Wickedness. I could not see the Capt: but talkt with her, & discharged my own Conscience: but I fear did her but little Good.

*Frid. 24.* Studied Forenoon: Afternoon the Preparatory Lecture: I preached from those words, *My Beloved*.

*Sat. 25.* This Day, being the Annov'sary of my Ordination, I devoted to Fasting & Prayer. I was obliged to study some being not prepared for Tomorrow. I endeavoured to lay low before God for my many Sins, & the many Aggravations of 'em especially for the short Comings of the year past, & awful breach of Vows and Promises.

I solemnly renewed my Covenant, & made Resolutions & Promises. I hoped in the Strength of Christ that I would live better, that I would watch more against sin, & especially against the Sin which doth most easily beset me; & pleaded for strength to perform all Duties of my General & Particular Calling. O Lord, hear my Prayers, accept my Humiliation, & give me Strength to keep my Vows for Jesus' Sake. Amen & Amen.

*Sab. 26.* Sacrament. I preached all Day from 2 Cor: 8:9

*Mon. 27.* I sat out for Malden: got to my Father's safe in the evening. Went via Concord.

*Tues. 28.* I spent the Day in visiting a Neighbour or two. The Winter in a great measure broke up.

*Wed. 1* Accompanied my Uncle Moody a few Miles, who hath been visiting his Friends here for some Time. He is something better than he hath been.

*Thurs. 2.* I went down to Boston. Mr. Foxcroft preached the publick Lecture from Job 1:5. I agreed to preach for Mr. Roby at Lynn precinct next Lord's Day, who supplies my place. Mr. Cheever is to go up.

*Frid. 3* Returned to Malden and preached my Father's Lecture from Mal. 3:16.

*Sat. 4* I went to Lynn, took my Lodging at Mr. Jonathan Wait's.

*Sab. 5.* Preached A:M: from *There is no Peace saith my God to the Wicked*. P:M: from Mal. 3:16, and in the Evening I preached a Sermon at Mr. Wait's from *The Whole need not a Physician &c.*

*Mon. 6* I returned to Malden, made a Visit or two by the Way.

*Tues. 7.* I went to Cambridge, & visited a poor woman in Jail who is condemned to die for Burglary. She appears one of the most hardened Creatures I ever saw. Afternoon I went to Boston & returned to Malden.

*Wed. 8.* A:M: Made a Visit to Mr. Cleaveland. P:M: My Father preached a Lecture to the Children at his own House from *Acquaint thyself with God, & be at Peace*.

*Thurs. 9.* I sat out for Home. Dined at Concord, spent the Afternoon at Mr. Minot's, lodged at Mr. Bliss's, & returned Home on Frid. 10.

*Sat. 11* Read something, received a Letter from Mrs Sarah Edwards of Northampton, who entirely discourages me from taking a Journey again there to visit her Sister, who is so near my Heart. I am disappointed: the Lord teach me to profit; may I be resigned.

*Sab. 12.* I preached all Day from Rom. 8:1.

*Mon. 13.* Began my Pastoral Visits, & visited 5 Families, Daniel Boynton, Jos. Jewett, Jonathan Woods, Jacob Ames, James Shattuck.

*Tues. 14.* I kept school Forenoon for Mr. Ward, had 60 Scholars; afternoon I chatechized in the same House, had an hundred children present, I went up to Holles at night & lodged.

*Wed. 15.* I went in company with Brother Emerson to Townshend, Mr. Hemenway's Lecture. Mr. Trowbridge preached it from *The precious Blood of Christ*. Returned Home to my Lodgings, Brother Emerson with me.

*Thurs. 16.* Read some. entertained Company forenoon & afternoon. Married



# Journal of a Clergyman in America in 1748

Abraham Parker to Lois Blood in the evening.

*Frid. 17.* Studied forenoon, afternoon went to the private meeting at Mr. White's. read a Sermon of Dr. Watts'.

*Sat. 18.* Studied all Day.

*Sab. 19.* Preached all Day from Job. 19:25, 26, 27.

*Mon. 20.* Visited 5 Families, Saml Shattuck, Wm Spaulding, the Young Widow Parker, Simon Lakin, Nehemiah Hobart.

*Tues. 21.* Very much out of order, I have a constant faintness at my Stomach, more weak this Spring than usual.

*Wed. 22.* Able to study some.

*Thurs. 23.* Publick Fast. A:M: I preached from Isa. 58:1. P:M. Brother Emerson preached for me, the Day not being observed in Hampshire, from Psal 79:8,9.

*Frid. 24.* Very faint & weak yet, I wrote two Letters to Malden. Received Visits. Went out toward Evening with Mr. Ward to see Mr. Prescott.

*Sat. 25.* Read some forenoon. Went up to Holles to change with Brother Emerson.

*Sab. 26.* I preached at Holles A:M. from Hoseah 3:1. P:M: from Mal. 3:16. Came home in the Evening.

*Mon. 27.* My weakness increases upon me, so I am obliged to leave Pastoral Visits for a Time. I rode out and did some Business in the Parish.

*Tues. 28.* I rode up to my Place to see my Workmen. I had 19 Yoke of Oxen at work for me. & 16 Hands, all given me.

My People seem to grow in their Kindness to me, blessed be God. They cross-ploughed 3 or 4 Acres of Land.

*Wed. 29.* I rode down to town, made several Visits, lodged at Capt. Bulkley's.

*Thurs. 30.* Attended Mr. Trowbridge's Lecture. Mr. Hemmenway preached from Psal. 26:6. I went to Unkety, lodged at Mr. Perker's.

*Frid. 31.* Returned Home, and read some.

The ancient diary was found not many years ago and I will tell the interesting story: My grandfather, Reverend James Howe, was succeeded by Reverend Joseph Emerson, with one occupant intervening, in the pulpit at Pepperell. I have often heard my grandfather relate anecdotes of the Emersons. My mother's father, James Lewis, also lived in Pepperell, so the Howe and Lewis and Emerson families were much together. When the Emerson property changed hands, some time ago, the "minister's barrels" became a source of interest to my uncles, who were then young men. They pulled out large bunches of sermons, and among the other manuscripts, found these journals. The journal relating to Esther Edwards was found by my uncle, James S. N. Howe, and the Louisburg journal, by Samuel Lewis. Many years ago, the Esther Edwards' diary disappeared. Within two years, by the merest accident, the original journal was found, when the papers of the Reverend Charles Babbidge were being looked over by his daughter, after his death. It had been loaned to him by my uncle. She returned it to my father, but we felt that it belonged to a son of the original finder, so it has been kept by him ever since. I asked his permission to send a copy to THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY for historical record, and he readily assented. His name was Frank C. Howe and he resided in Melrose, Massachusetts, but some weeks ago he died, and where the journal will go now, I do not know. He valued it so highly that he kept it with his private papers in a safe. The Louisburg portion of the journal is owned by my cousin, Harriet E. Freeman of Boston. It was given to her by our uncle, Samuel Lewis of Pepperell, who found it. She has had it deciphered and type-written.





# Centenary of an American of Letters

One Hundredth Anniversary of Birth of Oliver Wendell Holmes &  
Born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on August 29, 1809, and  
Contributed Liberally to the Culture and Literature of His Century

On this Centennial of Oliver Wendell Holmes, these patriotic lines which he dedicated to the cause of American Liberty are inscribed to his memory—His work is his grandest monument—His poem, "Old Ironsides," written at the time that the Government proposed to break up the old battleship "Constitution," appealed to the patriotic spirit of his countrymen and gave him his first national reputation as an American poet

## LEXINGTON

Slowly the mist o'er the meadow was  
creeping,

Bright on the dewy buds glistened the sun,  
When from his couch, while his children  
were sleeping,

Rose the bold rebel and shouldered his gun,  
Waving her golden veil

Over the silent dale,

Blithe looked the morning on cottage and  
spire;

Hushed was his parting sigh,

While from his noble eye

Flashed the last sparkle of Liberty's fire.

On the smooth green where the fresh  
leaf is springing

Calmly the first-born of Glory have met;  
Hark! the death-volley around them is  
ringing!

Look! with their life-blood the young  
grass is wet!

Faint is the feeble breath,

Murmuring low in death,

"Tell to our sons how their fathers have  
died!"

Nerveless the iron hand,

Raised for its native land,

Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side.

Over the hillsides the wild knell is tolling,  
From their far hamlets the yeomanry  
come;

As through the storm-clouds the thunder-  
burst rolling,

Circles the beat of the mustering drum.

Fast on the soldier's path

Darken the waves of wrath,—

Long have they gathered and loud shall  
they fall;

Red glares the musket's flash,

Sharp rings the rifle's crash,

Blazing and clanging from thicket and wall.

Gayly the plume of the horseman was  
dancing,

Never to shadow his cold brow again;

Proudly at morning the war-steed was  
prancing,

Reeking and panting he droops on the rein;

Pale is the lip of scorn,

Voiceless the trumpet horn,

Torn is the silken-fringed red cross on  
high;

Many a belted breast

Low on the turf shall rest

Ere the dark hunters the herd have passed by.

Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse wind  
is raving,

Rocks where the weary floods murmur  
and wail,

Wilds where the fern by the furrow is  
waving,

Reeled with the echoes that rode on the  
gale;

Far as the tempest thrills

Over the darkened hills,

Far as the sunshine streams over the plain,

Roused by the tyrant band,

Woke all the mighty land,

Girdled for battle from mountain to main.

Green be the graves where her martyrs are  
lying!

Shroudless and tombless they sunk to  
their rest,

While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying  
Wraps the proud eagle they roused from  
his nest.

Borne on her Northern pine,

Long o'er her foaming brine

Spread her broad banner to storm and to  
sun;

Heaven keep her ever free,

Wide as o'er land and sea

Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won!





129  
 HISTORIC ART IN BRONZE IN AMERICA—Symbolism of "Knowledge" and "Wisdom" by Daniel Chester French, embodied in the Entrance Doors of the Boston Public Library—Bronze by John Williams, Incorporated—Photographic reproduction for historical record in THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY by courtesy of William Donald Mitchell of New York—Copyright by Sculptor

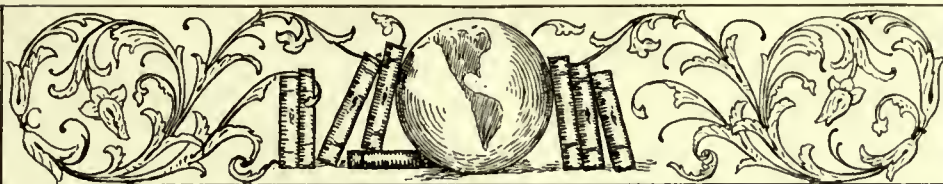




THE RISE OF THE GREAT WEST—Triumphal Symbolism in Sculpture of the Development of Minnesota, by Daniel Chester French and E. C. Potter—Photograph copyrighted by John Williams, Incorporated, of New York—Permission for reproduction for historical record granted to THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY

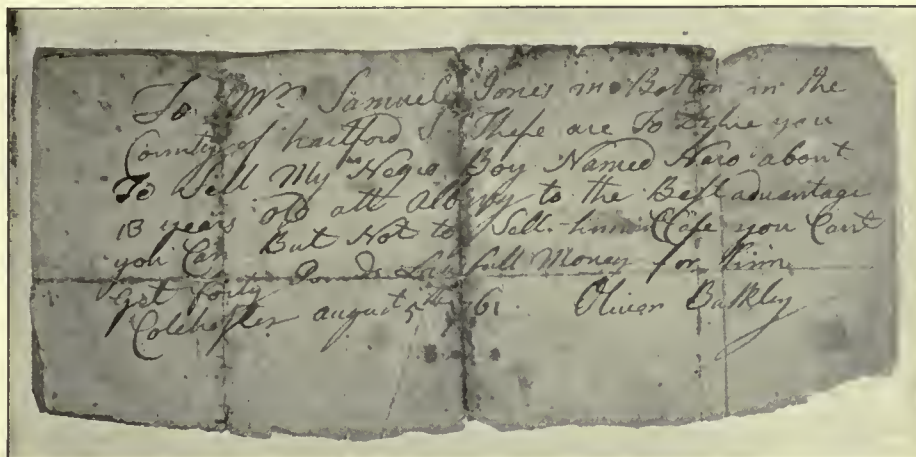


MEMORY—Beautiful Symbolism of the "years that have gone" and linger only in the memories of those who pass through them—Modelled by Hans Schuler of Baltimore, Maryland—This reproduction for historical record in THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY granted by courteous permission of the Sculptor



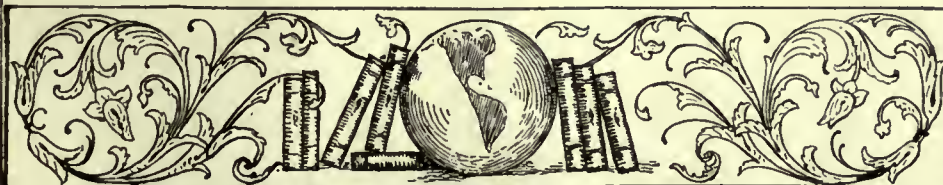
# Museum of American Antiquarian

Repository for Ancient Documents & Historic Mementoes &  
Relics and Heirlooms in the Private Collections and  
Homes of Descendants of the Builders of the Nation



Original order for Sale of a Negro Boy in New England in 1761, when slavery was a universal American practice—Document owned by Mr. George Langdon of Plymouth, Connecticut—Reproduced by permission

**A**NTIQUITY is to a nation what reputation is to a man. Disregard for the record of the past, whether it be in the individual man or groups of men united under a political system, is the first step toward self-destruction. Reputation is constructive; it is the cumulation of years. The interests of the antiquarian and the inspiration for civic beauty and honorable living are conceived from the same psychological motive. A true antiquarian must necessarily be a good citizen. This is not an academic deduction, for it is proved a thousand-fold by the membership of the antiquarian and historical societies in America today. An analysis of the character of the Americans devoted to antiquarian interests reveals a higher state of intellectuality and morality than any other social relation of the time. These same American homes are the treasure-houses of History. In nearly every home of more than a generation's foundation in America, there are ancient documents in the handwriting of the first citizens of the Republic testifying to the social and economic establishment of the Nation. Thousands of these are being lost by neglect, and becoming indecipherable by age. It is to be the public service of these pages to become a repository for these ancient autograph documents, preserving them for historical record to posterity. All documents submitted for this purpose will be reproduced in facsimile and returned to their owners. These will prove of wider service if accompanied by such data as will assure it greater historical import.



Art

History

Literature



# Museum of the American Antiquarian

New Haven May 3. 1844

Dear Nephew.

I have your letter before me. I am sorry to know that you are unsuccessful. I have sent a line to you at Greenfield, but it is probable you may have returned before you receive it. You may prefer a copy of the Dictionary

is President Allen, with my respects. As the boats are now running from New Haven to Northampton, you have an easy conveyance by the Canal, I can stop in Northfield, and Torrington, if you judge it best. This will depend on the frequency of the running of boats.

Yours in friendship

Noah Webster

Ms. A. 9. 2. 1. 1. 1.

Original Letter written by Noah Webster, writer of the first American Dictionary, to his nephew

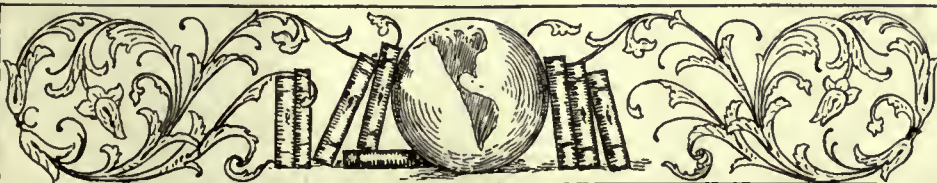
This is an autograph letter, written by Noah Webster, compiler of the Dictionary of the English Language, to his nephew. Noah Webster was born in West Hartford, Connecticut, October 16, 1758, and served in a company of militia raised to oppose General Burgoyne. He graduated from Yale in 1778, and first came into prominence with his spelling book, of which sixty-two million copies were issued. The first dictionary was written in the handwriting here shown. The manuscript enrolled twelve thousand words and between thirty and forty definitions in this chirography.



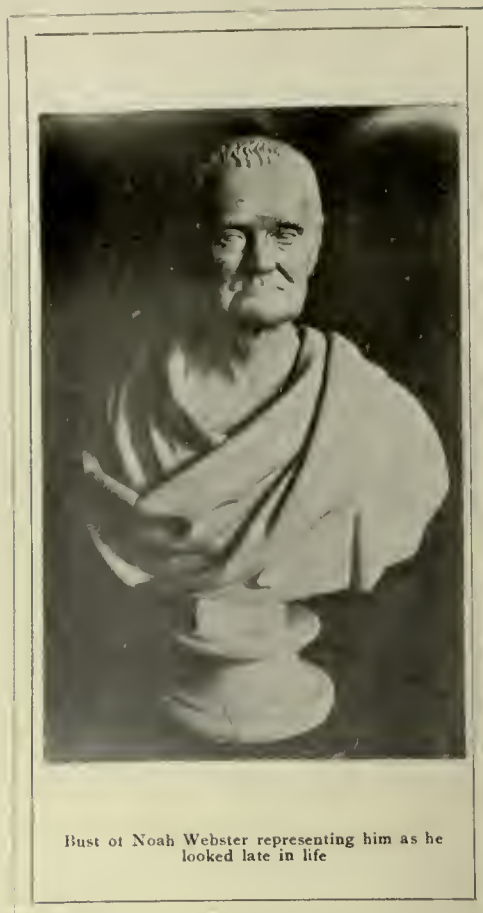
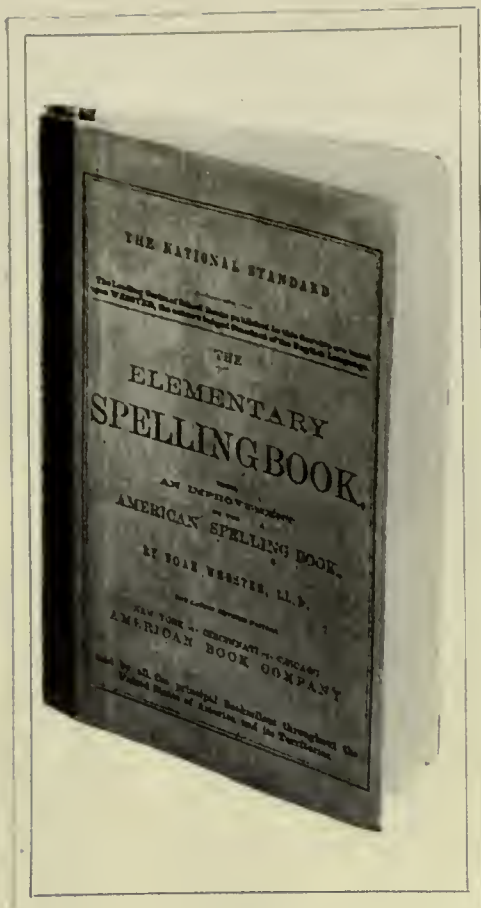
[illegible]

Original Statement of Account rendered in 1776 by Captain Reuben Marcy against the Continental Government  
for money loaned to Revolutionists

**T**HIS is an exact photographic reproduction of the original account of Captain Reuben Marcy, a prominent merchant during the American Revolution, against the Continental Government for money and goods advanced to soldiers and their families. Captain Marcy was born in Connecticut, November 28, 1732, and his store was one of the chief distributing points, goods being hauled overland by oxen. During the blockade, he transported goods as far as Portsmouth, New Hampshire, though his main sources of supply were Boston and Providence. To meet the demands of the trade, he often had over thirty teams on the road at the same time. In the American Revolution, he was especially kind to the families of absent soldiers, and the freedom with which he extended credit made heavy drafts upon his fortune. This document, charging his loans to the government in 1776—the year of the signing of the Declaration of Independence—was paid in sheets of dollars, but as the United States did not adopt the decimal system for their money until 1786, it is apparent from this document that he must have waited at least ten years for its payment. The notation on this document, changing the dollars to pounds, shilling and pence, and making them agree to the fraction, is an interesting exhibit of early American finance. Captain Marcy answered the call of the Lexington “To Arms,” and when Sir William Howe, with thirty thousand men, supported by a powerful British fleet, appeared off New York Harbor in 1776, Captain Marcy raised and commanded a company of patriots to recruit General Washington in its defence. Captain Marcy’s old musket is now in possession of his great-great-grandson, Charles Guilford Woodward of Hartford.



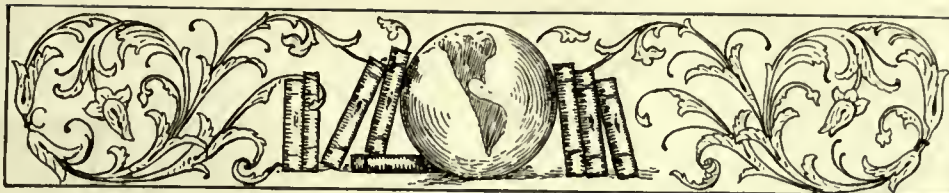




Bust of Noah Webster representing him as he looked late in life



Photographs of the original editions of first American Dictionary and first American Spelling Book written by Noah Webster — Now in Springfield, Massachusetts



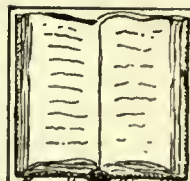
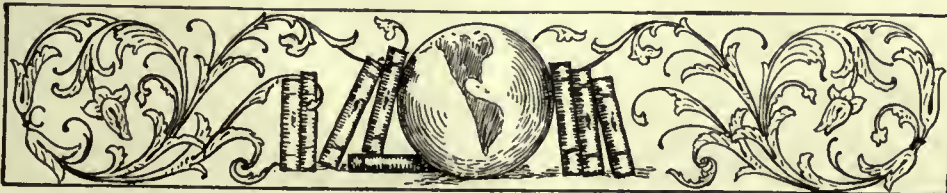
## Ancestral Homesteads in America

American Landmarks & Old Houses & Colonial Homes of the Founders of the Republic & Preserved for Historical Record from Photographs in Possession of their Descendants



Ancestral Homestead and Birthplace of First American Missionary to the Sandwich Islands, Martha Barnes—  
Now standing at Southington, Connecticut

**A**MERICA is rich in historic landmarks. While battle-fields instill a thrill of patriotism into a nation, the noblest and truest memorials are those which stand for peace and industry, loyalty in every day's work—the patriotism of the home. Throughout the Nation today there are many old homesteads within whose walls the founders of the Nation worked and lived for their country. There lingers about them no tragedy of bloodshed, no heroic romance, only the sweet memory of a mother and her children. It was in these old homesteads that the real republic had its inception. It was here that liberty, duty, civic righteousness found their first abiding-place. It is the intent of these pages to give historical record, before it is too late, to these early American homes. Americans are invited to co-operate in this patriotic work by contributing photographs for record in these pages, accompanied by such data as may prove of historical import. All photographs will be returned safely to their owners.







## OLD HOUSE

Photographs taken  
THE JOURNAL OF  
Preserving for  
the American Land  
demolished by







## IN AMERICA

New England for  
AMERICAN HISTORY  
Historical Record  
Buildings that are being  
Modern Progress



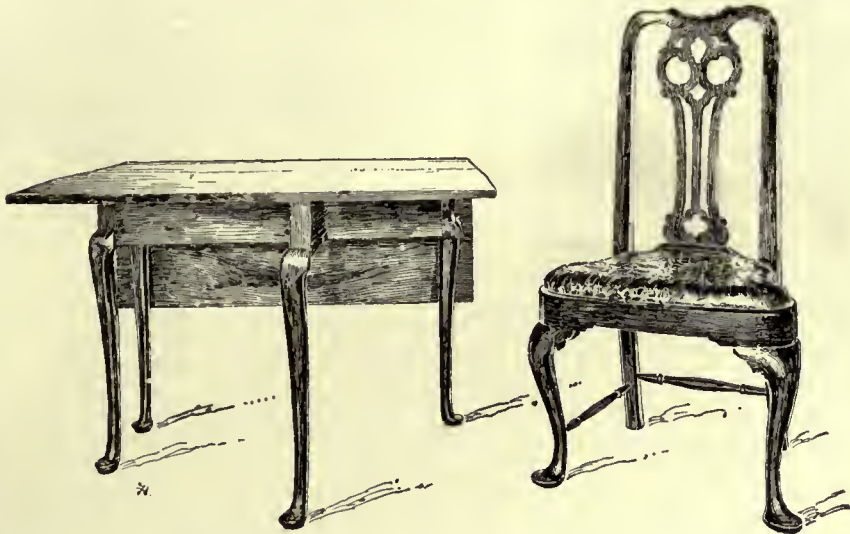




EARLY AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE—Types of Ancestral Homesteads in New England

# Antique Furniture in America

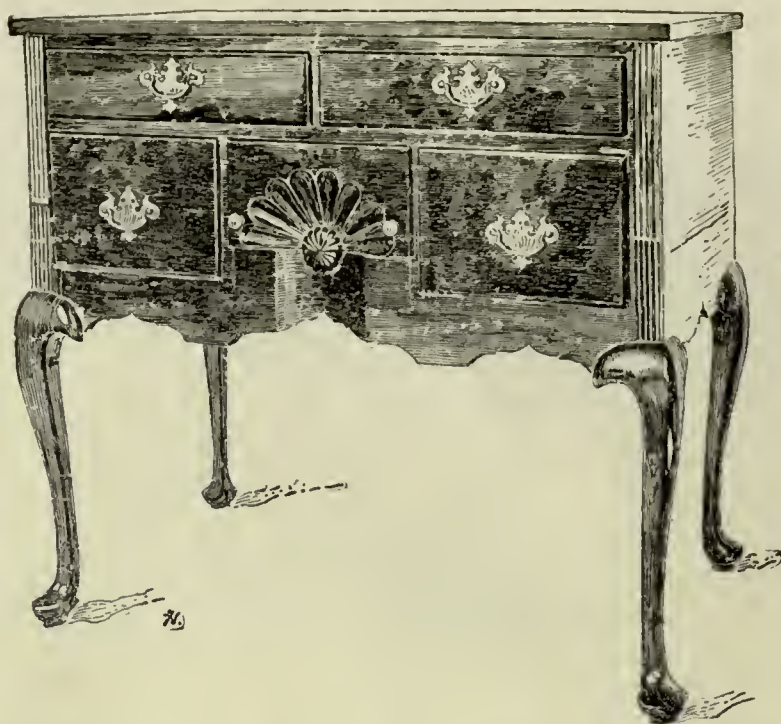
Extant Specimens of the Furniture of the First American Homes & Exhibits of Early Designs Still Treasured in the Possession of their Descendants



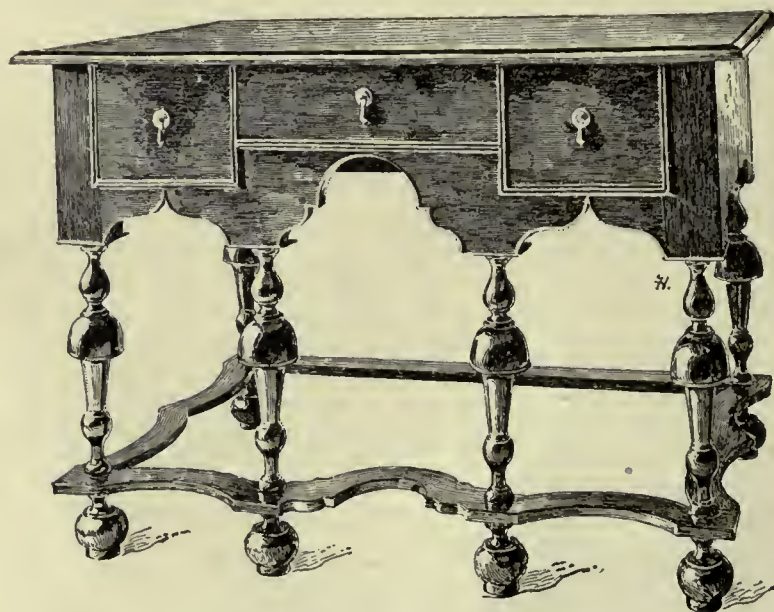
Property of Governor William Pitkin, Governor of Connecticut in 1766-1769—Mahogany table and chair with combination of Anglo-Dutch legs and frame-work that came into fashion in England toward the middle of the Eighteenth Century—Now in possession of Miss Marion P. Whitney of New Haven, Connecticut

**A**MERICANS are futurists rather than antiquarians. The American spirit is absorbed in the morrow, and is inclined to forget the yesterday. This tendency is characteristic of ardor and ambition, whether it be in man or nations of men, especially in the newness of life. Youth looks only ahead; Age looks back—and then goes forward. Maturity must have a foundation; matured thought is based on experience, the organization of gone years. All material greatness is structural and its permanency depends wholly upon its foundation. The substance of all life is based upon this truth. The character of the nation is moulded in the home, and the home is but the evolution of the homes of yesterday. It is from this view-point that all tangible expressions of home-life find their real, historical value. The heirloom, the furniture of the forefathers, the ancient silver-service, and all that comes down through the generations as the tangible evidence of ancestral devotion, is a worthy and significant contribution to History, and should be preserved in the annals of a nation. This is the real worth of the collections of antiques treasured in American homes today. It is to be the service of these pages to reproduce for historical record photographs of these heirlooms in possession of contemporary Americans. These photographs will be safely returned to their owners.

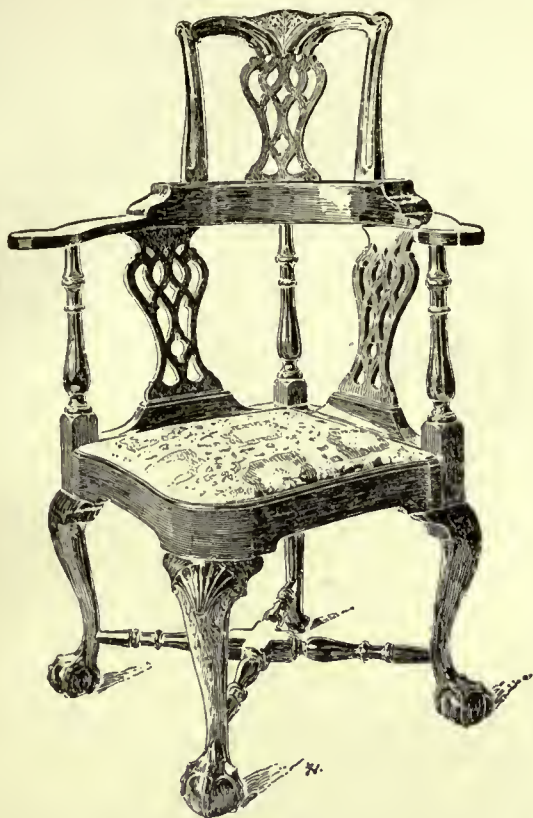




- Dressing Table used before the American Revolution—Now owned by Mr. Thomas S. Grant,  
Enfield, Connecticut



In period just before Revolution—Six-Legged High Case over one hundred years old—Now  
owned by Mrs. Wainwright, Hartford, Connecticut



Pre-Revolutionary Chair now owned by Mr. Walter Hosmer,  
Wethersfield, Connecticut



Chair, hat and walking-stick used by Dr. Eliphalet  
Nott, born in 1773, President of Union College at  
Schenectady, New York—He delivered the notable  
address on the death of Alexander Hamilton, the  
organizer of present American system of finance



Arm chair used by James Gates Percival, linguist and  
scientist, born in 1775—This chair was occupied dur-  
ing many of his greatest achievements in Wisconsin

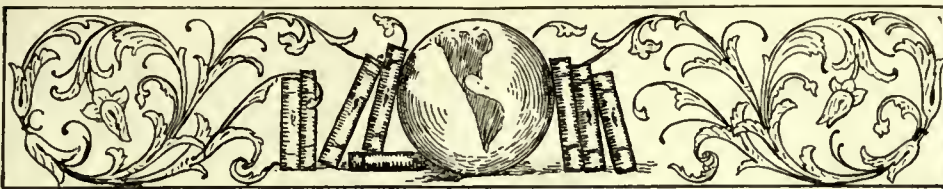


Office Chair of Roger Sherman, Signer of the Four Great  
Documents in the Founding of the American Nation—  
Now in possession of Connecticut Historical Society





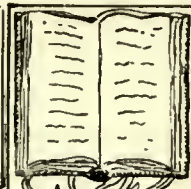
Eighteenth Century or Revolutionary Settle with folding candle-stick—  
Now owned by Mrs. Wainwright, Hartford, Connecticut



# Gallery of the American Art Connoisseur

Ancient Masterpieces in America & Old Paintings & Miniatures & Engravings & Silhouettes in the Possession of American Collectors and Ancestral Homes

**A**MERICA has frequently been rated by Europeans as a Nation without Art. This is not only unjust, but untrue. The American people have a well-defined Art sense. Moreover, it is extending more encouragement to aestheticism than any other country in the world. The ancient master-pieces are coming into possession of Americans every day. The municipalities throughout the Nation are organizing Art commissions. Nearly every city has its public collections, and there are but few American homes that do not contain something strongly suggestive of the truest Art instinct. It may be partially true that there is no organized technique of expression in creative art in America, and that academic interest in various schools of art is but slightly developed. This, however, is not of first importance. The basic principle of true Art is the love of the beautiful, and that this sub-conscious appreciation permeates America today is of greater import to the Nation than the merely critical cult. It is far better for the millions to feel the sense of beauty than it is for the clique to discuss it academically. It has been truly said that true Art is the expression of the ideals of a people; "their conditions, their activities in architecture, decorations, furnishings, clothes, pictures, pottery, in fact in those things most intimately associated with their actual living. Art feeling and art knowing have not been limited to paint and canvas, but have found their expression in all the mediums and through all the devices known to man. The question of a National Art is now being widely discussed. This great movement is not wholly in the hands of the artist who paints pictures, although this may be the highest form of Art. It is in the hands of the architect, the sculptor, the decorator, the printer, the costumer, the designer and the general public who buy and use the products of these men. Reform, or the birth of a new idea, grows from the bottom up, not from the top down. If we are to be remembered, to be known to future peoples, we must extend our vision of National Art to include both the simple and the vital, national and individual ideas and their expression in every field of social and industrial activity." Art is History just as truly as are political movements and wars, and its tendency is much more uplifting. It is not the privilege of these pages to discuss the academic problem of National Art, rather to give historical record to the various expressions of Art that are treasured in America today, from which a National Art will ultimately arise. Reproductions from private collections of old paintings, miniatures, and portraits, either by known or unknown painters, will be given record, especially such as pertain to historical events, or historical personages in the building of the Nation. Photographs will be safely returned to their owners.







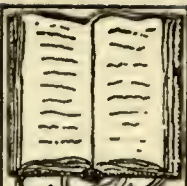
Old Painting of Elihu Yale (1649-1721) English Governor of Madras, India, whose benefactions permanently founded Yale College—This canvas is now in possession of Yale University




## The Inauguration of Genealogy as the Science of Heredity

*Institution of a Movement on this Centenary of Darwin to  
Establish Genealogical Research on a Foundation of Scientific  
Investigation into the Strains of Blood in America and their  
Effect upon American Citizenship and American Character*

**I**N this Centenary of Darwin, who established the science of the processes of evolution through which mankind is developing, there can be no more significant memorial to his memory than to record at this time the tendency in America toward the establishment of a new science of heredity on the same scientific basis which Darwin gave to the world. That man is an atom in evolution is today accepted by science. That heredity is one of the greatest forces in the life and the character, as well as in physical resemblances, in this process of evolution, is acknowledged by medical science and our system of justice. Heredity is today one of the strongest factors in criminology, and it is accepted by courts of law and equity as sufficient grounds for relieving moral responsibility, even for taking human life. One of the greatest financial systems in the world, life insurance, representing billions of dollars, rests upon heredity as a foundation. Strange as it may seem, in every relation of man to the lower animal, heredity or pedigree is the basis of valuation; man values his dog, his thoroughbred horse, even his fowls, on the strains of blood that are perfected in them. He guards against the intermingling of strains that are unknown to him. In fact, he has so far perfected the science of heredity that he can control the color, physical form, and characteristics of his animals. Man ignores this most subtle power of heredity only in his own offspring. In this greatest and most responsible duty known to mankind—fatherhood and motherhood—he brings into the world souls that know not, and have no control whatever over, the endowments of heredity which have been thrust upon them without reason or intent. The weakest point in civilization today is its promiscuous marriage and loose marriage bonds, as proved both by its offspring and its divorce courts. It is as positive as time itself that future civilizations will require by law examinations into heredity before granting the privileges of entering into the serious and sacred matrimonial relations—and the basis for these examinations will be a perfected system of genealogical investigations.







## Genealogy—Foundation of Science of Heredity

Genealogy today is largely a social factor in America. Even on this plane it is the most wholesome and the most inspiring of social customs. As has been stated before in these pages, genealogical knowledge is moral strength. The man who feels the responsibility of upholding the honorable record of his family for generations will make a good citizen. To such a man there can be no deeper humiliation than that he is the weakest and the most ignoble of generations of strong forbears, and that he has stooped to dishonor that which has been held sacred by his own blood for centuries and for which many of his kin would have sacrificed their lives—*honor*. This is the philosophy and the science of genealogy—every man taking good care to contribute some good quality of character to the name with which he is intrusted—a *true American aristocracy* on principles of pure democracy.

### Genealogy as a Sociological Factor in American Life

The tremendous responsibility of the single individual, both to himself and to posterity, is now being forcibly demonstrated by Professor Elisha Loomis, Ph. D., of Cleveland, Ohio, who is preparing the investigations into the Loomis foundations in England and America. Dr. Loomis is one of the ablest mathematicians in this country, and he has just completed a mathematical calculation of the relative importance of the individual to the state as a factor in the building of the Nation. Dr. Loomis' scholarly genealogical work is now being published by THE ASSOCIATED PUBLISHERS OF AMERICAN RECORDS (the publishers of THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY), and from the manuscript this interesting computation is made: Every human being has necessarily had two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, and so on until one's ancestors for ten generations are apparently 512; fifteen generations, over 16,000; twenty-five generations, over 16,000,000. This computation would make the direct lineal ancestors greater in number than all the inhabitants of the earth at the time of the beginning of the Christian era. It is therefore apparently a paradox in mathematics. The solution of this is: that through the processes of heredity, intermarriage, and various genealogical branches, a single ancestor is common to countless interweaving lines. 'The only mathematical approach for sociological deductions is therefore by beginning with an ancestor and working forward. As a test any early American emigrant may be taken. Consider, for example, the case of Joseph Loomis, who came from Braintree, Essex County, England, to America in 1638. He was the average early American settler. He was married to Mary White. They had five sons and three daughters. As a basis for calculation let us suppose that the families in descent averaged two sons and two daughters; as a matter of fact the Loomis lines happen to average more than this number. The actual result on this conservative estimate makes Joseph Loomis, and his wife, Mary White Loomis, in ten generations, or less than three hundred years, the father and mother to 5,270,540 sons and daughters in various degrees of descent. What a tremendous responsibility! And every living man and woman stands today as the probable beginning of a race as mighty as this, which is to spring from his or her being.






# Stuyvesant

This Year is the Three Hundredth Anniversary of the Founding of America's  
Greatest City by the Dutch in 1609. In Historical Commemoration of  
the Dutch Regime, this Coat-of-Arms is emblazoned, marking the  
transition of the Dutch New Amsterdam to the English  
New York, under the Administration of Peter  
Stuyvesant, the Last Dutch Governor of  
the New Netherlands in America

146<sup>a</sup>







## Inauguration on the Centenary of Darwin

America can pay no greater tribute to Darwin on this centenary than to begin to give practical consideration to heredity as a subtle power in the morals, the mentality, the physical strength, and the abilities of its people—upon these the future must be built, social and political; upon these all material and intellectual greatness rests.

### Inauguration of Department of Genealogical Research


This marks the inauguration of a Department of Genealogical Research in connection with the investigations into American foundations now being conducted by THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY. This publication is dedicated to public service and pledged to extend its energies to all that pertains to the moral, intellectual and political uplift of the Nation. Believing that genealogy is the foundation upon which is to be ultimately developed one of the greatest discoveries in the annals of science—the *Science of Heredity*—this Department is instituted with the co-operation of the most distinguished and authoritative genealogists in America and England. Organization is now in progress for the most comprehensive and united movement for genealogical research that has ever been inaugurated in America. While this system is being perfected the patrons of THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY are invited to send to this department a record of the investigations upon which they are engaged and data to complete their hereditary foundations. These records will be disseminated among the leading genealogists in this country and abroad. The most practical method for bringing the investigator into communication with the source of information is now being discussed by genealogists and will be announced in the succeeding numbers of this publication as the organization develops. The desire is to institute in America a clearing-house for genealogical statistics and there is no more practical and effective channel than through THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY which today is the recognized historical authority in the first homes of hereditary Americans and the leading public and private libraries on two continents.

### Exhaustive Investigations into American Foundations


Supplementary to this Department of Research, exhaustive inquiries which have just been completed by eminent investigators, and embody the elements of historical record through intricate association with the history-making epochs of our Nation, will be recorded in the literary pages of THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY. In this issue there are invaluable contributions to American historical and genealogical records, representing in several instances from ten to twenty-five years of indefatigable research and expenditures of more than fifteen thousand dollars. That these explorations unearth rich sources for information into historical foundations, that would never be discovered were it not for genealogical research, and that they are direct investigations into the sociological and economic evolution of the American people is acknowledged by the leading historians and scholars.







## Genealogy—Foundation of Science of Heredity



That America is beginning to appreciate the significance of genealogical research, is shown on this Centenary of Darwin by the movements for its higher development. The most distinguished scholarship of the country, including the affiliation of many men of science, is now interested in the various aspects of genealogical investigation. The New York Genealogical and Biographical Society, under the presidency of Mr. Clarence Winthrop Bowen, the publisher of America's leading critical weekly, *The Independent*, and treasurer of the American Historical Association, is organizing exhaustive and systematic registration of American pedigrees. Promoting this movement are such eminent authorities as George Austin Morrison, Junior, John Reynolds Totten, Dr. William Austin Macy, J. Henry Lea. Its executives include types of the truest American character: William Bradhurst, Osgood Field, Tobias Alexander Wright, Henry Russell Drowne, Hopper Striker Mott, Richard Henry Greene, Ellsworth Eliot, M. D., Howland Pell, Warner Van Norden, Henry Pierson Gibson, James Junius Goodwin, Archer M. Huntington, General James Grant Wilson, William Isaac Walker. The Department of Research in connection with *THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY* will co-operate fully in the registration of these pedigrees and suggests that Americans communicate immediately with the library and archives of the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society at 226 West Fifty-eighth Street, New York.

### Institution of a Genealogical Clearing-House in England and America

This Department of Research in these pages is also co-operating in several British movements, with which affiliations are now being completed. Charles A. Bernau, the distinguished genealogist at Walton-on-Thames, England, is compiling a complete international genealogical dictionary, in which is to be given record of genealogical investigations completed, those now in process of investigation, and sources of all professional and private information. More than 1,400 genealogical researchers have already filed their records. The work had the approval of the late Sir Edmund Bewley, LL. D., F. S. A., who was one of the most distinguished British genealogists. *THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY* will give this work every possible assistance in America, it being along the direct lines of the institution of this department as a clearing-house for genealogical researches on both continents and of the widest public service not only to genealogists, but to all Americans who desire to lay a genealogical foundation under their homes and families. "Knowledge of ancestry is information which all are in duty bound to transmit in permanently recorded form for the benefit of their children in particular, and of posterity in general. Failure to record in the present what is now known to be accurate genealogical information will result in the loss of this knowledge to succeeding generations."

American genealogists are cordially invited to co-operate in this organized movement toward placing genealogy on sound and permanent foundations, tending toward the establishing of the science of heredity. On this centenary of the discovery of evolution it is a safe assertion that within the next century another Darwin will arise with the revelation of a new force, more subtle, more powerful than them all—the science of building a great race through a full knowledge of the science of heredity.





## Impressions of the American Public

**"It is Well Worth Having Lived to Know that  
Life's Work is not Being Done Alone, but Finds  
an Abiding Place in the Hearts of the People"**

- PETER I, King of Servia—"His Majesty, King Peter, desires to acknowledge the Anniversary Number and to express His Majesty's thanks."
- GEORGE I, King of Greece—"His Majesty sends assurances of respect and admiration."
- FREDERICK AUGUSTUS III, King of Saxony—"It gives His Majesty much pleasure to receive your publication."
- GEORGE II, Duke of Saxe-Meiningen—"The Duke sends expressions of esteem."
- ERNST, Duke of Saxe-Altenburg—"With assurances of fidelity and constancy for your work."
- FREDERICK AUGUSTUS, Grand Duke of Oldenburg—"His Majesty wishes to extend his thanks for your 'Journal' and to express his gratitude and appreciation."
- ERNST LOUIS V, Grand Duke of Hesse—"We have the honor to receive your publication, for which we thank you. It is indeed worthy."
- PEDRO MONTT, President of Chili—"Sends greetings bespeaking the cordial friendship existing throughout Pan-America."
- PORFIRIO DIAZ, President of Mexico—"It is a most remarkable work. I extend my congratulations."
- MANUEL ESTRADA CABRERA, President of the Republic of Guatemala—"His Excellency is grateful, and extends his compliments."
- HONORABLE WILLIAM H. TAFT, President-elect of the United States—"It is a journal of the deepest interest."
- HONORABLE GROVER CLEVELAND, Ex-President of the United States—"It seems to me that you are doing a very good work in attempting to arouse increased interest in the incidents in our History—I have sometimes thought that in this age of materialism too little attention was being given to the things which have made our past splendid and inspiring."
- HONORABLE CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS, Vice-President of the United States—"I congratulate you upon its excellence."
- HONORABLE HENRY ROBERTS, Ex-Governor of Connecticut—"A journal of American History will be a credit to the Nation. I hold its builders in high esteem. I cannot too strongly endorse the plan. I am sure it will receive the immediate co-operation of all who have the real interests of the Nation at heart."
- HONORABLE JAMES RUDOLPH GARFIELD, Secretary of the Interior—"It presents a very interesting appearance."
- HONORABLE D. J. BREWER, Chief Justice of the United States—"It seems full of interesting matter and ought to be very acceptable to those investigating historical questions."
- SIR C. PURDON CLARKE, Director Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City—"I cannot speak with too warm praise of 'The Journal of American History,' and wish it every success."
- WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY, Admiral of the United States Navy during the Spanish-American War—"It is most commendable."
- HONORABLE CYRUS NORTHROP, President of The University of Minnesota—"After looking through the work and admiring it to a degree that would have done your heart good, I have passed it over temporarily to our department of History that the professors and instructors may have an opportunity to study its merits and enjoy it."
- HONORABLE JOHN C. CUTLER, Governor of Utah—"I wish to compliment you on the enterprise. I cannot help thinking that such a periodical will supply a want long felt, and its influence will be for the spread and deepening of patriotic feeling throughout the land. I congratulate you most heartily."
- GEORGE AUSTIN MORRISON, JUNIOR, of the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society—"The publication will undoubtedly fill a want among historical and genealogical magazines, and the articles therein are most interesting, preserving as they do much data which otherwise would remain unknown."




Art

History

Literature





## Impressions of the American Public

Thousands of letters of appreciation have been received by THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY at this beginning of its third year as an institution of patriotism, not alone from the critical public press but from the most distinguished scholars on both continents. As a matter of historical record, and as an evidence of the national spirit of the times, excerpts from this extensive collection are filed in these annals

NEW YORK—"It is extremely pleasing, and one may almost say sumptuous in appearance, and a public service is rendered through such an undertaking." *The Outlook*.  
"The high standard set by its editor has been consistently maintained. The 'Journal' is far removed from the ordinary output of the day."  
A distinctly high-grade journal." *Albany Journal*.

"The 'Journal' has achieved a proud position among current chronicles."  
No expense has been spared in giving the history of the first American century a beauty of setting which has never before been given historical material." *Buffalo Sunday News*.

"Deserves a place in every genuine American household."  
superior in beauty of illustration to any other historical magazine in the world.

Students of American History need no longer bemoan the lack of an historical magazine first-class in all its departments." *Rochester Post Express*.  
"No handsomer magazine is published." *Troy Record*.

"It is a cause for congratulation, however, that this highly valuable and instructive quarterly, designed as a national periodical of patriotism, has won for itself a position in American literature that is unique and unrivalled. The hope that its career will be indefinitely prolonged, with a steadily growing appreciation of its intrinsic worth, cannot be too fervently expressed." *Brooklyn Standard Union*.

NEW JERSEY—"A magnificent example of typographical art, and well worth perusal by everyone in whose heart may be found patriotism and abiding faith in American institutions. The magazine is a wonderful example of the printer's and engraver's art." *Patterson Morning Call*.

"In the course of the next twenty-five years this ambitious work will be of great value both from a reference viewpoint and as an achievement of art." *Trenton Evening Times*.

"The most beautiful quarterly ever issued in the United States. Each issue a delight to the eye. Beautiful in its simple dignity."  
No magazine in America approaches it in point of beauty." *Newark Evening News*.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—"Its literary merit is beyond question."  
no exaggeration to use the word 'splendid' in referring to this publication. Already the most beautiful magazine in America, and it has strong claim on first place for value in its field. It is next to impossible to convey an adequate idea of the excellence of illustrations and the contents in general." *Manchester Union*.

RHODE ISLAND—"To all persons interested in historical research, this publication cannot fail to prove invaluable." *Providence Journal*.

MASSACHUSETTS—"It is rich in information that will be of value to the American student." *Boston Transcript*.

"It is nothing short of amazing that such a mass of interesting, original historical material can be gotten together in three months."  
A valuable addition to every library." *Boston Globe*.

"It is a bewildering display of riches that is set before the reader." *Springfield Republican*.

IOWA—"Historical teacher and student will find it an exceedingly valuable publication—not fully furnished without it." *Plover Review*.

ALABAMA—"From appearance of the publication, larger funds have been expended in the development of this historical literature than ever before in the history of magazine industry." *Birmingham News*.

VIRGINIA—"This periodical is a magnificent production relating articles of force, interest and inspiration." *Wheeling Register*.

WASHINGTON—"A delight to the connoisseur." *Spokane Spokesman-Review*.

MINNESOTA—"The 'Journal' does not share with the magazines the custom of publishing advertisements, and this is in keeping with the dignity of the editorial plan of the publication." *St. Paul Dispatch*.

150<sup>w</sup>





BRONZE MEDAL IN COMMEMORATION OF THE LINCOLN CENTENARY

By JAMES EDWARD ROUSE, of Pitt.

Cast under instructions of Mr. ROUSE HENRI, of New York, Collector of Historical Medals, and reviewed  
with his assistance, and under his supervision, by The Society of American Historians, on  
his late Honored Anniversary at the Pittsboro, N.C., and Lincoln.

## Last Page of First Number of Third Volume

MISSOURI—"Published in impressive form befitting its admirable purpose." *Kansas City Star*.

WYOMING—"One of the most handsomely arranged periodicals ever received in this office. It will add tone to any library and reading room." *Wyoming Tribune*.

COLORADO—"Beautiful publication with art editions of highest interest." *Denver Rocky Mountain News*.

DELAWARE—"Unique and artistic. For its Art and Americana it will be desired by all to whom the history of our country is a living and vital subject." *Wilmington Every Evening*.

OREGON—"Should be in the home of every American worthy of the name. . . . Words are inadequate to describe the beauties of this edition. Keep up the good work!" *Portland Chamber of Commerce Bulletin*.

"There is perhaps no other magazine published that presents a study before its leaves are cut, but this is one. . . . There is no magazine in America today as elegantly gotten up, nor upon which such an amount of money is expended. It is a gem of literary merit from cover to cover." *Oregon Journal*.

"Should be read from ocean to ocean. . . . Aims to interpret History, taking new paths apart from those traversed by school and college histories." *Oregonian*.

INDIANA—"An immense amount of careful work and much expense go to the making of this periodical and it deserves the support of all interested in American historical literature." *Indianapolis Star*.

TENNESSEE—"It fills a place that no other magazine has attempted; it holds inspiration for every American citizen, and it should have a clientage in every family in the land. . . . With age the publication increases in interest and beauty." *Nashville American*.

OHIO—"In a distinctive class, entirely different from anything that has ever before been published." *Columbus Press Post*.

"One of the handsomest issues of this always handsome periodical." *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"The 'Journal,' aside from the value of its articles, attracts attention by its successful presentation in a new and unhackneyed manner of matters pertaining to American History." *Toledo Blade*.

"A master-piece of literary and mechanical workmanship." *Cincinnati Times-Star*.

"May the 'Journal' continue to flourish and inspire us to better citizenship, as it aims to do." *Ohio State Journal*.

KENTUCKY—"There is such a plethora of valuable matter that only a superficial view of the treasure-store may be given in brief mention. . . . A casket of historical gems." *Louisville Times*.

PENNSYLVANIA—"Exceedingly rich in its contents." *Scranton Times*.

"A handsome addition to any home and all libraries." *Pittsburg Press*.

MARYLAND—"Should find its way into the hands of every lover of History, and every person who likes to see History in the setting of contemporary picturing." *Baltimore American*.

MONTANA—"It is a magazine with a distinct and attractive personality, rich in learning, broad in culture, and filling a field all its own. . . . The path it has made is distinctly unique." *Montana Daily Record*.

MICHIGAN—"A magazine of which editors, artists and publishers have every reason to be proud." *Detroit Free Press*.

"It is a superb publication." *Detroit News*.

"There is no better way for young Americans to learn the History of their country than by reading 'The Journal of American History.'" *Detroit Journal*.

"Edited with a fine sense of historical values and popular interest." *Saginaw Courier*.

ILLINOIS—"More than merely interesting reading." *Chicago Daily News*.

"A sumptuous production." *Chicago Examiner*.

CONNECTICUT—"It is certainly a beautiful specimen of typographical art, as well as valuable for the quality of the reading matter which it contains." *Waterbury American*.







HERODOTUS  
THUCYDIDES  
POLYBIUS  
LIVY  
TACITUS  
BÆDA  
COMIN

HUME  
GIBSON  
NIEBUHR  
GUIZOT  
RANKE  
BANCROFT  
MOTLEY

TRAD

The  
Journal  
of  
American  
History





III 12





# The Journal of American History

Produced by the Associated Publishers of American Records, Inc.  
in the Ancient Municipality of Meriden, Commonwealth  
of Connecticut, in Quarterly Art Editions, four  
books to the volume at Three Dollars  
annually, Seventy-five Cents  
a copy & Protected by  
copyright Nineteen  
Nine

## THE ASSOCIATED PUBLISHERS OF AMERICAN RECORDS

### BOARD OF DIRECTORS

FRANCIS T. MILLER  
PRESIDENT  
ARTHUR M. WICKWIRE

WILLIAM H. WAY  
TREASURER

EDWARD O. DORMAN  
SECRETARY  
MARLETTE CROUSE

Editorial Library  
341-347 Fifth Avenue  
New York

*Address all Business Communications  
to the Subscription Offices at  
165 Broadway  
New York*

Printing House  
163-169 Pratt Street  
Meriden, Connecticut

Make all Checks Payable to the Treasurer

LONDON . . . . B. F. Stevens & Brown  
4 Trafalgar Square, W. C.  
PARIS . . . . . Brentano's  
37, Avenue de l'Opera  
BERLIN . . . . Asher and Company  
Unter den Linden 56  
DUBLIN . . . . Combridge and Company  
18 Grafton Street  
EDINBURGH . . . Andrew Elliott  
17 Princes Street  
MADRID . . . . Libreria Internacional de  
Adrian Romo, Alcalá 5  
ROME . . . . . L. Piale  
1 Piazza di Spagna

ST. PETERSBURG Watkins and Company  
Marskala No. 38  
CAIRO . . . . . F. Diemer  
Shepherd's Building  
BOMBAY . . . . Thacker and Company, Limited  
Esplanade Road  
TOKIO . . . . . Methodist Publishing House  
2 Shichome, Giza Ginza  
MEXICO CITY . . American Book & Printing Co  
1st San Francisco No. 12  
ATHENS . . . . . Const. Eleotheroudakis  
Place de la Constitution  
BUENOS AYRES . John Grant & Son  
Calle Cangallo 469

1526



# Syllabus of the Hudson Ter-Centenary Number

SECOND NUMBER

THIRD VOLUME

This book marks second quarter of third year of institution of a Periodical of Patriotism in America, inculcating principles of American Citizenship, and narrating Deeds of Honor and Achievement that are so true to American Character—This Summer Number is Dedicated to American Civilization

HIISTORIC MURAL ART IN AMERICA—Cover Design on this book is a reproduction in original colors of the mural painting symbolizing "History" in the Library of Congress at Washington—By John White Alexander—From the Art Collection and by special permission of Foster and Reynolds of New York	
AMERICA'S GREAT METROPOLIS THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO—On this Ter-centenary of New York, This Rare Document Describing the Island of Manhattan when "Wilde Beasts" Roamed its Forests, is Historically Recorded as Evidence of the Wonderful Power of American Civilization.....	153
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES—Honorable William Howard Taft—Portrait bearing his signature presented to THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY in recognition of its services to American patriotism and literature.....	157
HUDSON'S ARRIVAL AT MANHATTAN ISLAND—Painting by George Wharton Edwards—In Commemoration of the Three Hundredth Anniversary of New York, which since the arrival of the adventurous Dutch navigator in the "Half Moon" has become America's greatest metropolis and one of the world's richest ports of commerce and trade.....	159
LAST VOYAGE OF HENRY HUDSON—Painting by Sir John Collier—On this Three Hundredth Anniversary of Hudson's Arrival at Manhattan Island there is neither an Authentic Portrait nor a Known Burial Place of the Great Navigator—This painting represents him on his voyage to the Far North from which the mariner never returned.....	161
PRAISE OF NEW NETHERLAND—Written by Jacob Steendam in 1661—Translated from the Dutch.....	162
RARE WOOD ENGRAVING OF NEW YORK ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO—Canal Street in 1809 with its drainage ditch spanned by bridges.....	163
SKY-LINE IN NEW YORK TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO—Sketch from ancient map.....	163
FIRST MARKET PLACE IN NEW AMSTERDAM—Now Broad street in the Heart of the Financial District of the Western Continent—Rare Wood Engraving.....	163
BRONZE TABLET RECENTLY ERECTED AT FORT McHENRY, MARYLAND—By United States Government—Executed by John Williams, Inc. of New York—Photograph by courtesy of William Donald Mitchell.....	164
MANUSCRIPT OF THE NATIONAL HYMN IN HANDWRITING OF ITS AUTHOR, FRANCIS SCOTT KEY—"The Star-Spangled Banner" was Originally Written on the Back of a Letter in 1814—First sung in a Tavern in Baltimore—Transcript of Manuscript Presented by the Author to a Friend in Washington.....	165
DISCOVERY OF THE BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO By Portola—Painting by Arthur Mathews—Original in Possession of the San Francisco Art Association.....	169
DISCOVERY OF THE BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO By Portola—Painting by William Keith—Original in Possession of the Bohemian Club at San Francisco.....	170
FIRST OVERLAND ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC—Journey of Colonel Anza Across the Colorado Desert to Found the City of San Francisco and Open the Golden Gate to the Riches of the Great Orient—By Honorable Zoeth S. Eldredge, San Francisco, California—Member of American Historical Association.....	171
PORT BUILT BY FIRST WHITE SETTLERS AT SAN FRANCISCO—Old Engraving of historic Castillo de San Joaquin as it appeared in 1852—The fort was razed and the rock cut down in 1853-54 to erect the present Fort Winfield Scott.....	175

*Address all Business Communications to the Subscription Offices at 165 Broadway, New York*  
*Make all Checks payable to the TREASURER of "The Journal of American History"*  
*Subscription throughout the United States THREE DOLLARS annually*  
*Subscription to Foreign Countries Four Dollars annually*  
*Single Copies SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS in United States*

# Context with Engravings and Authors

SECOND QUARTER

NINETEEN NINE

Chronicles of Those Who Have Done a Good Day's Work—  
Rich in Information upon Which May Be Based Accurate  
Economic and Sociologic Studies and of Eminent Value to  
Private and Public Libraries—Beautified by Reproductions of  
Ancient Subjects through the Modern Processes of American Art

## CONTINUATION OF INDEX

THE FIRST AMERICAN IN SCULPTURE—Reproductions of historical statuary.....	180
War or Peace—By Cyrus E. Dallin.	
Victory—By E. Berge of Baltimore, Maryland.	
American Indian—By A. Sterling Calder of Los Angeles, California.	
On the Trail—By E. Berge of Baltimore, Maryland.	
Bas Relief on Parkman Monument—By Daniel Chester French of New York.	
AMERICA'S CONTROL OF THE SEAS—Sculptural Conception of Science and Invention as applied to the American Navy and embodied in the bronze doors recently dedicated at the United States Naval Acad- emy at Annapolis, Maryland—By Evelyn Beatrice Longman of the National Sculpture Society.....	182
AMERICAN PATRIOTISM—Sculptural Conception of the Spirit of American Supremacy as symbolized in the Motherhood and Youth of the Nation—Bronze doors unveiled in June of this year at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland—By Evelyn Beatrice Longman of the National Academy of Design	183
FIRST ATTEMPT TO ORGANIZE SOCIETY INTO A FREE POLITICAL BODY—Investigations into the Famous Providence Compact which First Separated the Civil Government from Theology and Estab- lished Citizenship as an Absolutely Independent Political Unit—Evidence that this Document was Not Written by Roger Williams but is of Lollard or Quaker Origin—By Professor Stephen Farnum Peckham, Chemist of Department of Finance of City of New York.....	185
ORIGINAL DOCUMENT WHICH CREATED THE FIRST POLITICAL GOVERNMENT IN THE NEW WORLD FREE FROM THEOCRATIC PRINCIPLES—Photograph of the Providence, Rhode Island, Compact of 1638, in the handwriting and bearing the autograph of Richard Scott as the first signer.....	188
GREAT PAINTINGS IN AMERICAN HISTORY—Reproductions from famous canvasses by John Trumbull, the first American Historical artist:	
Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.....	197
Death of General Montgomery before Quebec.....	198
Surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga.....	198
Battle at Princeton.....	199
Battle of Bunker Hill.....	199
ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPH OF CUSTER ON THE BATTLEFIELD—Negative taken at Brandy Sta- tion, Virginia, in 1863, while Custer on his black war-horse, was conferring with Major-General Pleason- ton, astride his gray charger.....	200
DIARY OF CAPTAIN BENJAMIN WARREN ON BATTLEFIELD OF SARATOGA—Remarkable Nar- rative of One of the "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World" Written on the Battlefield by a Captain in the American Revolution—Transcribed from the Jared Sparks Collection of Manuscripts Deposited in the Library at Harvard University.....By David E. Alexander, Cambridge, Massachusetts	201
FIRST TERRITORIAL GOVERNOR IN THE FIRST TERRITORIAL EXPANSION OF UNITED STATES—Investigation into services of the deposed St. Clair whose government embraced all the region from Pennsylvania to the Mississippi and from the Ohio River to the Great Lakes, known as the "United States Northwest"—Strong Pleas for Governor St. Clair—By Dwight G. McCarty, A. M., LL. B., Emmets- burg, Iowa.....	217
AMERICA—THE INVINCIBLE REPUBLIC—Poem from William Watson of London, England.....	226
A SURVIVOR'S STORY OF THE CUSTER MASSACRE ON AMERICAN FRONTIER—Recollections of an old Indian Fighter who followed the Gallant Custer to his Tragic Death in 1876—Living Witness to Heroism of the Daring Cavalryman who Fell on the Sioux Battlefield—Testimony of Jacob Adams —By Horace Ellis, A. M., Ph. D., President Vincennes University.....	227
PLANTATION LIFE IN THE OLD SOUTH AND THE PLANTATION NEGROES—Recollections of the Days Before the War and Customs that Prevalled—Documentary Evidence of the Relations which Existed Between a Master and His Negroes as Exhibited in the Investigations into the Private Life of Jef- ferson Davis on His Plantation in Mississippi—By Walter L. Fleming, A. M., Ph. D., Professor of History in Louisiana State University.....	233
FIRST DECLARATIONS OF INDEPENDENCE—Ancient Document by Joseph Hawes at Wrentham, Mas- sachusetts, which Antedates Jefferson's Declaration at old Philadelphia, Transcribed by Gilbert Ray Hawes of the New York Bar.....	247

INDEX CONTINUED (OVER)

152



# Transcripts From Ancient Documents

APRIL

MAY

JUNE

Collecting the Various Phases of History, Art, Literature, Science, Industry, and Such as Pertains to the Moral, Intellectual and Political Uplift of the American Nation—Inspiring Nobility of Home and State—Testimonial of the Marked Individuality and Strong Character of the Builders of the American Republic

## CONTINUATION OF INDEX

PAINTING OF AUTHOR OF WRENTHAM DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE—Joseph Hawes (1727-1818), Lieutenant in Massachusetts Militia, 1775-78, Minute Man at "Lexington Alarm," Bunker Hill and Siege of Boston, Representative to the General Court in 1778-81—Painting by Eliab Metcalf in Possession of Gilbert Ray Hawes of New York.....	249
HISTORIC COLLECTIONS IN AMERICA—Exclusive reproductions for historical record from the Seven Thousand Original Negatives taken under the Protection of the Secret Service during the Civil War—Valued at \$150,000 and now owned by Edward Bailey Eaton, Hartford, Connecticut.....	251
ORIGINAL NEGATIVES TAKEN AT FAMOUS LONG BRIDGE, connecting National Capital at Washington with Alexandria, Virginia, the Gateway of the Confederacy, in 1861.....	250
ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN BEHIND BREASTWORKS AT FORT LINCOLN in protection of the National Capital, in 1861.....	252
ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN IN 1862 WHILE THE MILITARY TELEGRAPH CORPS WERE FOLLOWING THE FEDERAL ARMY.....	253
ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN BEHIND BREASTWORKS AT YORKTOWN, VIRGINIA, showing heaviest battery of artillery in the world up to 1862.....	254
ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN AT RUINS OF MANASSAS JUNCTION, IN VIRGINIA, IN 1862....	255
ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN WHILE McCLELLAN WAS PASSING THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC OVER THE CHICKAHOMINY IN 1862.....	256
ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN WHILE FEDERAL PROVISION TRAINS WERE ENTERING PETERSBURG AFTER THE EVACUATION, IN 1865.....	257
ORIGINAL NEGATIVE OF THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM, IN 1862, First photograph ever taken by armies in battle on the Western Continent.....	258
ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN AT RUINS OF STONE BRIDGE OVER BULL RUN, IN 1862.....	259
ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN AT FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA, IN 1862.....	260
ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN OVER RUINS OF KNOXVILLE TENNESSEE, IN 1863, from Fort Sanders.....	261
ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN ON GRANT'S MILITARY RAILROAD when the 13-inch Mortar, "Petersburg Express," was throwing shells into Petersburg in 1864.....	262
ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN AT FORT FISHER, NORTH CAROLINA, showing the destruction of gun carriage, in 1865.....	263
ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN BEHIND THE PARAPETS AT FORTRESS MONROE, the base of the Government operations, in 1861.....	264
FIRST BOOK PRINTED IN NEW YORK—Remarkable Treatise on Morals and Ethics entitled "A Letter of Advice to a Young Gentleman" concerning his Behavior and Conversation in the World, printed by William Bradford in 1696 and now in archives of Columbia University Library—Written about 1670 by Reverend Doctor Richard Lingard, University of Dublin.....	265
GENERAL WASHINGTON'S ORDER BOOK IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION—Original Records in Washington's Orderly Book throwing new light onto his Military Character and His Discipline of the army—Proof of his genius as a Military Tactician—Life of the American Patriots in the ranks of the Revolutionists as revealed by Original Manuscript in possession of Mrs. Ellen Fellows Bown, Penfield, New York.....	275

INDEX CONTINUED (OVER)

# Original Research in World's Archives

The Publishers of "The Journal of American History" announce that the issues of the first year are now being held by Book Collectors at a premium, the market price is now Four Dollars and will increase as the numbers become rare—Subscriptions for 1909, however, will be received for Three Dollars until the early editions of the year are exhausted

## CONCLUSION OF INDEX

FIRST MANOR-HOUSES IN AMERICA AND ESTATES OF THE FIRST AMERICANS—A Journey to the Historic Mansions along the York River in Old Gloucester County, Virginia—Old-time Southern Character and Culture Reflected in the Magnificent Landmarks which Still Withstand the Ravages of More than Two Centuries—Mute Evidence of the Ancient Tombs—Transcribed by R. T. Crowder of Gloucester County, Virginia.....	283
Including original photographs:	
Earliest Type of Houses in First English Generation in America—"Goshen," seat of the Tompkins in Historic Old Gloucester, Virginia.....	
Typical Southern Manor-place during British regime in America—"White Marsh," estate of the Whitings, Prossers, Rootes and Tabbs in Virginia.....	
Mansion of the early American aristocracy in the Old South—"Burgha Westra," estate of the Taliaferros in Virginia, used as Hospital in Civil War.....	
Estate of old Cavalier Days in the South—"White Hall," original seat of the Willis blood in America, later the Corbins and Byrds of Southern aristocracy.....	
Homestead of American Revolutionists in the Old South—"Timber Neck," abode of the Catletts of ancient lineage in Virginia.....	
Mansion where Jefferson wrote first draft of Declaration of Independence, "Rosewell," established by the Pages in Virginia in 1725 and scene of brilliant assemblages.....	
Mansion built in 1758—"Belleville," original seat of the Booths in Virginia.....	
"Hockley," of the Virginia Taliaferros—"Glen Roy,"—"Lowland Cottage," built in 1700.....	
"Warner Hall," established in Virginia in 1674 by Honorable Augustus Warner, Speaker of the House of Burgesses.....	
"Elmington" before the American Revolution and as now occupied by Thomas Dixon, junior, and "The Exchange," home of the Dabneys.....	
Famous old churches of England still standing in Virginia—Abingdon, built in 1690, and "Ware," erected in 1679.....	
Manor-place, "Churchill," established in Virginia in 1658 by William Throckmorton.....	
ADVENTURES OF A MINUTE MAN IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION—Experiences of Captain Samuel Allen who ventured his fortune and his life in the struggle to found a Republic on the Western Continent—Thrilling Episodes on Land and Sea in the protection of New York from the British—Narrative of a True Patriot in the Conflict for Independence—By Colonel Ethan Allen, Former Deputy District Attorney, New York.....	297
INAUGURATION OF DEPARTMENT OF GENEALOGICAL RESEARCH.....	310
MARGINAL DECORATIONS in this book are by Howard Marshall of New Haven Connecticut	
EDITORIAL and all unsigned introductions to articles are by Francis Trevelyan Miller, Editor-in-chief	
Presswork and entire manufacture of this book is from the plant	
of the Curtiss-Way Company at Meriden, Connecticut	

1522







# The Journal of American History

Relating Life Stories of Men  
and Events that have entered  
into the Building of the  
Western Continent & Original  
Researches into Authoritative  
Sources & American, British  
and European Archives &  
Private Journals, Diaries and  
Hitherto Unpublished Docu-  
ments & Fugitive Papers &  
Reminiscences and Memoirs  
& Folklore and Traditions &  
Reproductions from Rare  
Prints and Works of Art &



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  
**FRANCIS TREVELYAN MILLER**  
Member of the American Academy of Political and  
Social Science  
American Historical Association  
National Geographic Society  
American Statistical Association  
Fellow of the American Geographical Society









# The Journal of American History

VOLUME III  
NINETEEN NINE



NUMBER II  
SECOND QUARTER


## 1609—Three Hundred Years—1909 America's Great Metropolis

On this Ter-centenary of New York, this Rare Document Describing the Island of Manhattan when "Wilde Beasts" Roamed its Forests, is Historically Recorded as Evidence of the Wonderful Power of American Civilization

**T**HIS is the three hundredth anniversary of America's greatest metropolis—the "wonder city" of commerce and trade that has arisen as if by magic on Manhattan Island, the gateway to the western civilization; until it stands to-day with its towering structures that pierce the clouds, its subterranean railways that under-travel its foundations and rivers, as the the most marvelous handiwork of man that the world has ever seen. This anniversary marks two epochs: the culmination of three centuries of American civilization since Hudson planted the Dutch flag on Manhattan; and the achievement of a single century since Fulton proved the practicability of navigation by steam on the Hudson river, revolutionizing the world's commerce, bringing the nations of the earth into one fellowship, linked by a mighty race of sea messengers that find New York their mother-port. It is still more; it is the beginning of a third epoch in which—having solved the problem of wind and tide on the waters of the Hudson, and having delved underneath its surface with subways and tunnels—man, the master of the universe, now rises above his magnificent achievements and follows the course of the historic Hudson in ships that sail through the air. New York, on this anniversary, stands as the triumph of material civilization. In historical juxtaposition with the great American metropolis to-day there is recorded in these pages this ancient manuscript from the archives of the New York Historical Society.







## First Years on Manhattan Island

Accurate Transcript of Manuscript on Manhattan Island Written in First Years of English Occupation

**T**HAT Tract of Land formerly called The New Netherlands, doth contain that Land which lieth in the north-parts of America, betwixt New-England and Mary-Land in Virginia, the length of which northward into the Countrey, as it hath not been fully discovered, so it is not certainly known. The bredth of it is about two hundred miles: The principal Rivers within this Tract, are Hudsons River, Raritan-River, and Delewerbay-River. The Chief Islands are the Manahatans-Island, Long Island, and Staten-Island.

And first to begin with the Manahatans Island, so called by the Indians, it lieth within land betwixt the degrees of 41, and 42, of north-latitude, and is about 14 miles long, and two broad. It is bounded with Long-Island on the South, with Staten-Island on the West, on the north with the main Land: and with Conecticut Colony on the East-side of it; only a part of the main Land belonging to New-York Colony, where several Towns and Villages are settled, being about thirty miles in bredth, doth intercept the Manahatans Island, and the Colony of Conecticut before mentioned.


New-York is settled upon the West-end of the aforesaid Island, having that small arm of the Sea, which divides it from Long-Island on the South-side of it, which runs away Eastward to New-England, and is navigable, though dangerous. For about ten miles from New-York is a place called Hell-Gate, which being a narrow passage, there runneth a violent stream booth upon flood and ebb, and in the middle lieth some Islands of Rocks, which the Current sets so violently upon, that it threatens present shipwreck; and upon the Flood is a large Whirlpool, which continually sends forth a hideous roaring, enough to affright any stranger from passing further, and to wait for some Charon to conduct him through; yet to those that are well acquainted little or no danger, yet a place of great defence against any enemy coming in that way, which a small Fortification would absolutely prevent, and necessitate them to come in at the West end of Long-Island by Sandy-Hook, where Nutten-Island doth force them with-in Command of the Fort at New-York, which is one of the best Pieces of Defence in the North-parts of America.

New-York is built most of Brick and Stone, and covered with red and black Tile, and the Land being high, it gives at a distance a pleasing Aspect to the spectators. The Inhabitants consist most of English and Dutch, and have a considerable Trade with the Indians for Bevers, Otter, Raccoon skins, with other Furrs; As also for Bear, Deer, and Elke skins; and are supplied with Venison and Fowl in the Winter, and Fish in the Summer by the Indians, which they buy at an easie rate; and having the Countrey round about them, they are continually furnished with all such provisions as is needful for the life of man; not only by the English and Dutch within their own, but likewise by the adjacent Colonies.

The Commodities vented . . . is Furs and Skins before mentioned; As likewise Tobacco made in the Colony, as good as is usually made in mary-land; Also Horses,——Oyl, Pease, Wheat and the like.

Long-Island, the West-end of which lies South-ward of New-York runs Eastward above one hundred miles and is in some places eighteen some twelve, in some fourteen miles broad; it is inhabited from one end to the other. On the West end is four or five Dutch Towns, the rest being all English to the number of twelve, besides Villages and Farm





## Rare Manuscript on Old New York

houses. The Island is most of it in a very good soyle, and very natural for all sorts of English grain; which they sowe and have very good increase of, besides all other fruits and Herbs common in England, as also Tobacco, Hemp, Flax, Pumpkins, Melons, &c.

The Fruits natural to the Island, are Mulberries, Posimans grapes great and small, Huckelberries, Cranberries, Plums of several sorts, Raspberries and Strawberries, of which last is such abundance in June, that the Fields and Woods are died red: Which the Countrey-people perceiving, instantly arm themselves with bottles of Wine, Cream and Sugar, and instead of a Coat of Male, every one takes a Female upon his Horse behind him; and so rushing violently into the fields, never leave till they have disrobed them of their red colours, and turned them into the old habit.

The greatest part of the Island is very full of Timber, as Oaks white and red, Walnut-trees, Chestnut-tree, which yield store of mast for swine, and are often therewith sufficiently fattened with Oat-corn: as also Maples, Cedars, Saxifrage, Beach, Birch, Holly, Hazel, with many sorts more.

The Herbs which the Country naturally afford, are Purslain, White Orage, Egrimony, Violets, Penniroyal, Alicampane, besides Saxaparilla very common, with many more. Yea, in May you shall see the Woods and Fields so curiously bedecke with Roses, and an innumerable multitude of delightful Flowers, not only pleasing the eye, but smell, that you may behold nature contending with Art, and striving to equal, if not excel many gardens in England: nay, did you know the vertue of all those Plants and Herbs growing there (which time may more discover) many are of opinion, and the natives do affirm, that there is no desease common to the countrey, but may be cured without materials from other Nations.

There is several Navigable Rivers and Bays, which puts into the North-side of Long-Island, but upon the South-side which joyns to the Sea, it is to fortified with bars of sand and sholes, that it is a sufficient defence against any enemy, yet the South-side is not without Brooks and Riverets, which empty themselves into the Sea; yea, you shall scarce travel a mile, but you shall meet with one of them whose Christa streams run so swift, that they purge themselves of such stinking mud and filth, which the standing or low paced streams of most brooks and rivers westward of this Colony leave lying, and are by the Suns exhalation dissipated, the air corrupted, and many Fevers and other distempers occasioned, not incident to this Colony: Neither do the brooks and Riverers premised, give way to the Frost in Winter, or draught in Summer, but keep their course throughout the year.


These Rivers are very well furnished with Fish, as Bosse, Sheeps-heads, Place, Pearch, Trouts, Eels, Turtles, and divers others.

The Island is plentifully stored with all sorts of English Cattel, Horses, Hogs, Sheep, Goats, &c, no place in the north of America better, which they can both raise and maintain, by reason of the large and spacious meadows or marches wherewith it is furnished, the Island likewise, producing excellent English grass, the seed of which was brought out of England, which they sometimes mow twice a year.

For wilde Beasts there is Deer, Bear, Wolves, Foxes, Racoons, Otters, Musquashes and Skunks. Wild Fowl there is great store of, as Turkeys, Heath-Hens, Quailles, Partridges, Pidgeons, Cranes, Geese of several sorts, Ducks, Widgeon, Teal, and divers others. There is also the red Bird, with divers sorts of singing birds, whose chirping notes salute the







## First Years on Manhattan Island

ears of Travellers with an harmonious discord, and in every pond and brook silken Frogs, who warbling forth their untun'd tunes strive to bear a part in this musick.

Towards the middle of Long-Island lyeth a plain sixteen miles long and four broad, upon which plain grows very fine grass, that makes exceeding good Hay, and is very good pasture for sheep or other Cattel; where you shall find neither stick nor stone to hinder the Horse heels, or endanger them in their races, and once a year the best Horses in the Island are brought thither to try their swiftness, and the swiftest rewarded with a silver Cup, two being annually procured for that purpose. There are two or three other small plains of about a mile square, which are no small benefit to those Towns which enjoy them.

Upon the South-side of Long-Island in the Winter, lie store of Whales and Crampasses, which the inhabitants begin with small boats to make a trade Catching to their small benefit. Also an innumerable multitude of Seals, which make an excelent oyle, they lie all the Winter upon some broken Marshes and Beaches, or bars of sand before-mentioned, and might be easily got were there some skilful men to undertake it.

To say something of the Indians, there is now but few on the Island, and those few no ways hurtful but rather serviceable to the English, and it is to be admired, how strangely they have decreased by the Hand of God, since the English first settling of those parts; for since my time, where there were six towns, they are reduced to two small Villages, and it hath been generally observed, that where the English come to settle, a Divine Hand makes way for them, by removing or cutting off the Indians, either by Wars one with the other, or by some raging mortal Disease. They live principally by Hunting, Fowling and Fishing; their Wives being the Husbandmen to till the Land, and plant their corn.


The meat they live most upon is Fish, Fowl and Venison; the eat likewise Polecits, Skunks, Racoon, Possum, Turtles and the like. The build small moveable Tents, which they remove two or three times a year, having their principal quarters where they plant their corn; their Hunting quarters, and their Fishing quarters: Their Recreations are chiefly Foot-ball and Cards, at which they will play away all they have, excepting a Flap to cover their nakedness: They are great lovers of strong drink, yet do not care for drinking, unless they have enough to make themselves drunk; and if there beso many in their company, that there is not sufficient to make them all drunk, they usually select so many out of their Company proportionable to the quantity of drink, and the rest must be spectators. And if any one chance to be drunk before he hath finisht his proportion, (which is ordinarily a quart of Brandy, Rum, or Strong-waters) the rest will pour the rest of his part down his throat.

They often kill one another at these drunken matches, which the friends of the murdered person, do revenge upon the murderer unless he purchase his life with money, which they sometimes do: Their money is made of a Periwinkle shell of which there is black and white, made much like unto beads and put upon strings.

For their worship which is diabolical, it is performed usually but once or twice a year, unless upon some extraordinary occasion, as upon making of War or the like; their usual time is about Mickaelmass, when their corn is first ripe, the day being appointed by their chief Priest or pawaw; most of them go a hunting for venison: When they are all congregated, their







## First Years on Manhattan Island

Priest tells them if he want money, there God will accept of no other offering, which the people beleevving, every one gives money according to their ability. The priest takes the money and putting it into some dishes, sets them upon the top of their low flat-roofed houses, and falls to invoking their God to come and receive it, which with a many loud hallows and outcries, knocking the ground with sticks, and beating themselves, is performed by the priest, and seconded by the people.

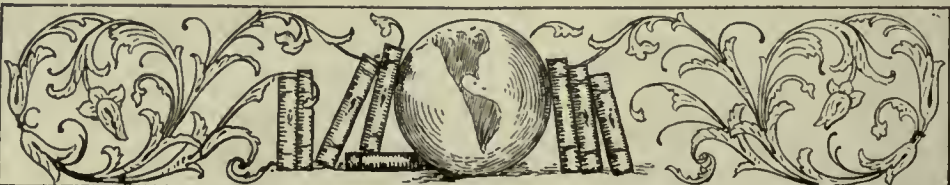
After they have thus a while wearied themselves, the priest by his Conjuraction brings in a devil amongst them, in the shape sometimes of a fowl, sometimes of a beast, and sometimes of a man, at which the people being amazed, not daring to stir, he improves the opportunity, steps out, and makes sure of the money, and then returns to lay the spirit, who in the mean time is sometimes gone, and takes some of the Company along with him; but if any English at such times do come amongst them, it puts a period to their proceeding, and they will desire their absence, telling them their God will not come whilst they are there.

In their wars they fight no pitcht fields but when they have notice of an enemies approach, they endeavor to secure their wives and children upon some Island, or in some thick swamp, and then with their guns and hatchets they way-lay their enemies, some lying behind one, some another, and it is a great fight where seven or eight is slain.

When any Indian dies amongst them, they bury him upright, sitting upon a seat, with his gun, money, and such goods as he hath with him, that he may be furnished in the other world, which they conceive is Westward, where they shall have great store of Game for Hunting and live easie lives. At his Burial his nearest Relations attend the Hearse with their faces painted black, and do visit the grave once or twice a day, where they send forth sad lamentations so long, till time hath wore the blackness off their faces, and afterwards every year once they view the grave, make a new mourning for him, trimming up of the grave, not suffering of a grass to grow by it: they fence their graves with a hedge, and cover the tops with mats, to shelter them from the rain.

Any Indian being dead, his name dies with him, no person daring ever after to mention his name, it being not only a breach of their Law, but an abuse to his friends and relations present, as if it were done on purpose to renew their grief: and any other person whatsoever that is named after that name doth incontinently change his name, and takes a new one, their names are not proper set names as amongst Christians, but every one invents a name to himself, which he likes best. Some calling themselves Rattle-snake, Skunk, Bucks-horn, or the like; and if a person die, that his name is some word which is used in speech, they likewise change that word, and invent some new one, which makes a great change and alteration in their language.

When any person is sick, after some means used by his friends, every one pretending skill in Physick; that proving ineffectual, they send for a Pawaw or Priest, who sitting down by the sick person, without the least enquiry after the distemper, waits for a gift, which he proportions his work accordingly to; that being received, he first begins with a low voice to call upon his God, calling sometimes upon one, sometimes on another, raising his voice higher and higher, beating of his naked breasts and sides, till the sweat runneth down, and his breath is almost gone, that that






HUDSON'S ARRIVAL AT MANHATTAN ISLAND

Painting by George Wharton Edwards

In Commemoration of the Three Hundredth Anniversary of New York which since the arrival of the adventurous Dutch navigator in the "Half Moon" has become America's greatest metropolis and one of the world's richest ports of commerce and trade





## First Years on Manhattan Island

little which is remaining: he evaporates upon the face of the sick person three or four times together, and so takes his leave.

At their Cantica's or dancing matches, where all persons that come are freely entertained, it being a Festival time: Their custom is when they dance, every one but the Dancers to have a short stick in their hand, and to knock the ground and sing altogether, whilst they that dance sometimes act warlike postures, and they come in painted for War with their faces black and red, or some all black, some all red, with some streaks of white under their eyes, and so jump and leap up and down without any order, uttering many expressions of their intended valour. For other Dances they only shew what Antiek tricks their ignorance will lead them to, wringing of their bodies and faces after a strange manner, sometimes jumping into the fire, sometimes catching up a Firebrand, and biting off a live coal, with many such tricks, that will affright, if not please an English man to look upon them, resembling rather a company of infernal Furies than men.

When the King or Sachem sits in Council, he hath a Company of armed men to guard his Person, great respect being shewen him by the People, which is principally manifested by their silence: After he has declared the cause of their convention, he demands their opinion, ordering who shall begin: The Person ordered to speak after he hath declared his minde, tells them he hath done: no man ever interrupting any person in his speech, nor offering to speak, though he make never so many or long stops, till he says he hath no more to say: the Councell having all declar'd their opinions, the King after some pause gives the definitive sentence, which is commonly seconded with a shout from the people, everyone seeming to applaud, and manifest their assent to what is determined: If any person be condemned to die, which is seldom, unless for Murder, or Incest, the King himself goes out in person (for you must understand they have no prisons, and the guilty person flies into the Woods) where they go in quest of him, and having found him, the King shoots first, though at never such a distance, and then happy is the man can shoot him down, and cut off his Long Hair, which they commonly wear, who for his pains is made some Captain or other military Officer.

Their Cloathing is a yard and a half of a broad Cloth, which is made for the Indian Trade, which they hang upon their shoulders; and half a yard of the same cloth, which being put betwixt their legs, and brought up before and behinde, and tied with a girdle about their middle, hangs with a flap on each side: They wear no hats, but commonly wear about their Heads a Snake's skin, or a Belt of their money, or a kind of a Ruff made with Deers hair, and died of a scarlet colour, which they esteem very rich. They grease their bodies and hair very often, and paint their faces with several colours, as black, white, red, yellow, blew, &c, which they take great pride in, everyone being painted in a several manner: Thus much for the Customs of the Indians.

Within two leagues of New-York lieth Staten-Island, it bears from New York West something Southerly: It is about twenty miles long, and four or five broad; it is most of it very good Land, full of Timber, and produceth all such commodities as Long-Island doth, besides Tin and store of Iron Ore, and the Calamine stone is said likewise to be found there: There is but one Town upon it consisting of English and French, but is capable of entertaining more inhabitants: betwixt this and Long-





LAST VOYAGE OF HENRY HUDSON

---

Painting by Sir John Collier

---

161.

On this Three Hundredth Anniversary of Hudson's Arrival at Manhattan Island there is neither an Authentic Portrait nor a Known Burial Place of the Great Navigator—This painting represents him on his voyage to the Far North from which the mariner never returned



# First Years on Manhattan Island

Island is a large Bay, and is the coming in for all ships and vessels out of the Sea: On the North-side of this Island After-Kull River puts into the main Land on the West-side, whereof is two or three towns, but on the East-side but one. There is very great Marshes or meadows on both sides of it, excellent good Land, and good convenience for the settling of several Towns: there grows black Walnut and Locust, as their doth in Virginia, with mighty tall straight Timber, as good as any in the North of America: It produceth any Commoditie Long-Island doth.

Hudsons River runs by New-York Northward into the Countrey, toward the Head of which is scated New-Albany, a place of great Trade with the Indians, betwixt which and New York, being above one hundred miles is as good Corn-land as the World affords, enough to entertain Hundreds of Families, which in the time of the Dutch-Government of those parts could not be settled: For the Indians, excepting one place, called the Sopers, which was kept by a garrison, but since the reduction of those parts under His Majesties obedience, and a Patent granted to His Royal Highness the Duke of York, which is about six years: since the care and diligence of the Honourable Coll Nichol's, sent thither Deputy to His Highness, such a league of Peace was made, and Friendship concluded betwixt that Colony and the Indians, that they have not resisted or disturbed any Christians there, in the settling or peaceable possession of any Lands with that Government, but every man hath sate under his own vine, and hath peaceably reapt and enjoyed the fruits of their own labours, which God continue.

The Countrey is full of Deer, Elks, Bear, and other Creatures, as in other parts of the countrey, where you shall meet with no inhabitants in this journey, but a few Indians, where there is stately Oaks, whose broad-branched-tops serve for no other use, but to keep off the Suns heat from the Wild Beasts of the Wilderness, where is grass as high as a mans middle, that serves for no other end except to maintain the Elks and Deer, who never devour a hundredth part of it, then to be burnt every Spring to make way for new. How many poor people in the World would think themselves happy, had they an Acre or two of Land, whilst here is hundreds, nay thousands of acres, that would invite inhabitants.

I must needs say: if there be any terrestrial Canaan, 'tis surely here, where the Land floweth with milk and honey. The inhabitants are best with Peace and plenty, blessed in their Countrey, blessed in their Fields, blessed in the Fruit of their bodies, in the fruit of the grounds, in the increase of their Cattel, Horses, and Sheep, blessed in their Basket, and in their Store: In a word, blessed in whatsoever they take in hand, or go about, the Earth yielding plentiful increase to all their painful labours.

## PRAISE OF NEW NETHERLAND—Written by Jacob Steendam in 1661 Translated from the Dutch

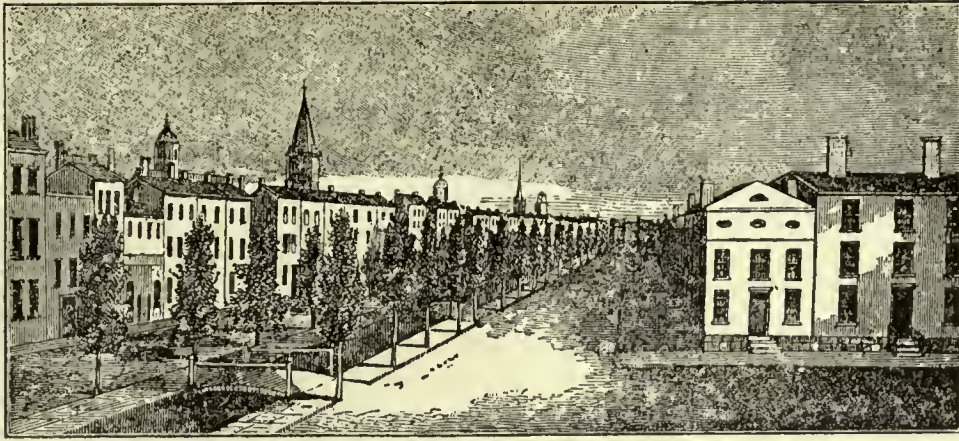
New Netherland, thou noblest spot of earth,  
Where Bounteous Heaven ever poureth forth  
The fulness of His gifts, of greatest worth,  
Mankind to nourish.

Whoe'er to you a judgment fair applies,  
And knowing, comprehends your qualities,  
Will justify the man who, to the skies,  
Extols your glories.

In North America, behold your seat,  
Where all that heart can wish you satiate,  
And where oppressed with wealth inordinate,  
You have the power

To bless the people with whate'er they need,  
The melancholy from their sorrow lead,  
The light of heart, exulting pleasures cede,  
Who never cower.

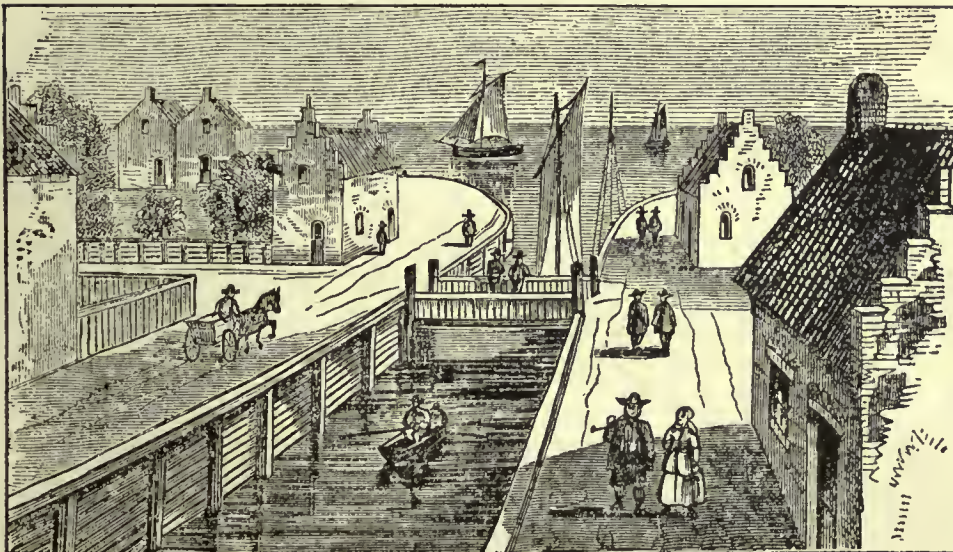




Rare Wood Engraving of New York One Hundred Years Ago  
Canal Street in 1809 with its drainage ditch spanned by bridges



Sky-line in New York Two Hundred Years Ago—Sketch from ancient map



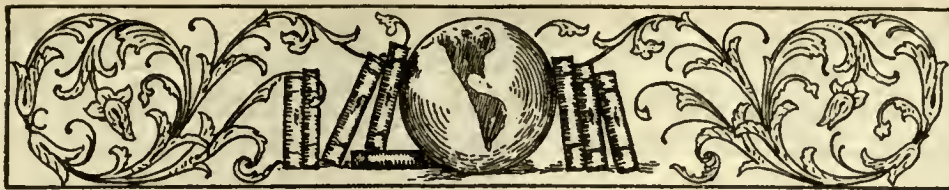
Rare Wood Engraving of First Market Place in New Amsterdam  
Now Broad street in the Heart of the Financial District of the Western Continent





Bronze Tablet recently erected at Fort McHenry, Maryland, by United States Government  
Executed by John Williams, Inc., of New York—Photograph  
by courtesy of William Donald Mitchell





## Manuscript of the National Hymn

"The Star-Spangled Banner" was Originally Written on the Back of a Letter in 1814 & First Sung in a Tavern in Baltimore & Transcript of Manuscript Presented by the Author to a Friend in Washington

This record of an original copy of the American national hymn in the handwriting of its author, Francis Scott Key, witnesses the variations that have been made in "The Star-Spangled Banner" since its first inscription. The first lines of the national hymn were written on the back of a letter, and while there is some discussion regarding the exact conditions, the most authoritative sources give this record: Francis Scott Key was an American lawyer born in Maryland, August 1, 1779. He was thirty-five years of age when the British ascended Chesapeake Bay, in 1814, and captured Washington. General Ross and Admiral Cockburn established headquarters in Upper Marlboro, Maryland, at the home of Dr. William Beanes, one of Key's friends. Dr. Beanes was taken prisoner by the British. To release his friend, Key planned to exchange for him a British prisoner in the hands of the Americans. President Madison approved the exchange and directed John S. Skinner, agent for the exchange of prisoners, to accompany Key to the British commander. General Ross consented to the exchange, but demanded that Key and Skinner be detained until after the approaching attack on Baltimore. They had gone from Baltimore out to the British fleet in a vessel provided for them by order of President Madison and were transferred to the British frigate *Surprise*, commanded by Admiral Cockburn's son, but soon afterward permitted to return, under guard, to their own vessel, whence they witnessed the bombardment of Fort McHenry. By the glare of guns they could see the flag flying over the fort during the night, but before morning the firing ceased, and the two men passed a period of suspense, waiting for dawn, to see whether or not the attack had failed. When Key discovered that the flag was still there his feelings found vent in verse. On the back of a letter he jotted down in the rough "The Star-Spangled Banner." On his return to Baltimore, Key revised the poem and gave it to Captain Benjamin Eades, of the Twenty-seventh Baltimore Regiment, who had it printed. Taking a copy from the press, Eades went to the tavern next to the Holiday Street Theater, which was a gathering place for actors and their congenial acquaintances, and the words were first read aloud to the crowd, who shouted for someone to sing them. Ferdinand Durang, a singer of the day, was lifted upon a chair and sang America's national hymn, for the first time, the crowd taking up the strain enthusiastically. The popular melody soon swept the country and found its way so deeply into the hearts of the American People that it became the American national anthem. Key did not write the music, but suggested that the words would adapt themselves to the popular air, "Anacreon in Heaven," which had its vogue in England between 1770 and 1775, and was written by John Stafford Smith. The original lines vary somewhat from its popular interpretation to-day and it is interesting to note these changes. There is extant a copy of the hymn written in the handwriting of Key, which was presented to James Maher, the gardener at the White House, about six months before the death of the author. It is interesting to note that when Key wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner" he was describing in verse an actual situation, apparently addressing the lines to his companion, Skinner. The words and sentiment have since moulded themselves into modern and more general conditions and "The Star-Spangled Banner" as tri-





# Original Manuscript of the National Hymn

umphantly sung today does not relate to any special incident in American history but has become an expression of the true American spirit of patriotism on all occasions, past, present, or future. Key died in Baltimore, January 11, 1843, and James Lick, the American philanthropist, bequeathed \$60,000 for a monument to the memory of the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," which was erected in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. The memorial, fifty-one feet in height, designed by the sculptor, Story, presents a seated figure of the author of the national anthem in bronze, under a double arch, crowned by a bronze figure of America with an unfolded flag.

Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's  
early light,

What so proudly we hailed at the twi-  
light's last gleaming,

Whose broad stripes and bright stars,  
through the *clouds of the fight*, <sup>(1)</sup>

O'er the ramparts we watched, were  
so gallantly streaming?

And the rocket's red glare—the bombs  
bursting in air—

Gave proof through the night that our  
flag was still there;

Oh! say, does that Star-Spangled Banner  
yet wave

O'er the land of the free and the home  
of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the  
mists of the deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread  
silence reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the  
towering steep,

As it fitfully blows, *half* <sup>(2)</sup> conceals,  
*half* <sup>(3)</sup> discloses;

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's  
first beam,

In full glory reflected, now shines *on*  
<sup>(4)</sup> the stream.

'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner—Oh! long  
may it wave

O'er the land of the free and the home  
of the brave.

And where is the *foe that* <sup>(5)</sup> so vauntingly  
swore

*That* <sup>(6)</sup> the havoc of war and the  
battle's confusion

A home and a country *should* <sup>(7)</sup> leave  
us no more?

*This* <sup>(8)</sup> blood has washed out *his* <sup>(9)</sup>  
foul footsteps pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave  
From the terror of flight or the gloom  
of the grave.

And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph  
doth wave

O'er the land of the free and the home  
of the brave

Oh, thus be it ever! when *freemen* <sup>(10)</sup> shall  
stand

Between *their* <sup>(11)</sup> loved homes and the  
war's desolation.

Blest with victory and peace, may the  
Heav'n rescued land

Praise the power that hath made and  
preserved us a nation.

Then conquer we must when our cause  
it is just,

And this be our motto, "In God is our  
trust."

And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph  
shall wave

O'er the land of the free and the home  
of the brave.

1. "Perilous fight."—Griswold—Dana. Common version. 2. "Now."—Dana. 3. "O'er."—Several versions. 4. "Band who."—Griswold—Dana. 5. "Mid."—Griswold—Dana. 6. "They'd."—Griswold. 7. "Their."—Griswold—Dana. Common version. 8. "Their."—Griswold—Dana. Common version. 9. "Freeman."—Griswold. 10. "Our."—Griswold—Dana. Common version.

Manuscript of National Hymn, "Star Spangled Banner"  
in the Handwriting of its Author  
Francis Scott Key

The star-spangled banner.

O say! can you see by the dawn's early light  
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the clouds of the fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming?  
And the rocket's red glare - the bomb bursting in air  
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there?  
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave? —

In that shone, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
What is that, which the breeze, o'er the towering steep  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream,  
'Tis the star-spangled banner — O long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave!



And where are the foes that so vauntingly swore  
That the havoc of war & the battle's confusion  
A home and a Country should leave us no more?  
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.  
No refuge could save the hireling & slave  
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave  
O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever! when freemen shall stand  
Between their lov'd homes & the war's desolation.  
Blest with vict'ry & peace, may the heav'n rescued land  
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.  
Then conquer we must - when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto - in God is our trust -  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave.

F. Key





And who are the force that are mounting the sword  
That the havoc of war is the death of confusion  
A home and a country should be as no more  
Their blood has washed out the foul footsteps of pollution  
No refuge could be found for the living slave  
From the terror of death or the gloom of the grave,  
And the time has come when in triumph we stand  
Over the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O! Thus be it with the firm men shall stand  
Between the world and the way's of revolution,  
Best and noblest of men, may the land be as no more  
O! Thus be it with the world made and preserved as a nation.  
The cause is just and the cause it is just,  
And the cause is just. In God is our trust  
And the cause is just and the cause it is just  
O! Thus be it with the world made and preserved as a nation.



DISCOVERY OF THE BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO by Portola  
Painting by Arthur Mathews  
Original in Possession of the San Francisco Art Association

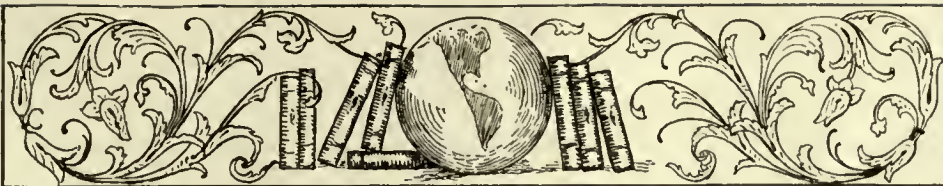




DISCOVERY OF THE BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO by Portola  
 Painting by William Keith  
 Original in Possession of the Bohemian Club at San Francisco



ROUTE OF COLONEL ANZA FROM HIS OWN DIARY  
 First Overland Journey to California—Photograph along the Santa Ana River



# First Overland Route to the Pacific

Journey of Colonel Anza Across the Colorado Desert  
to Found the City of San Francisco and Open the  
Golden Gate to the Riches of the Great Orient

BY

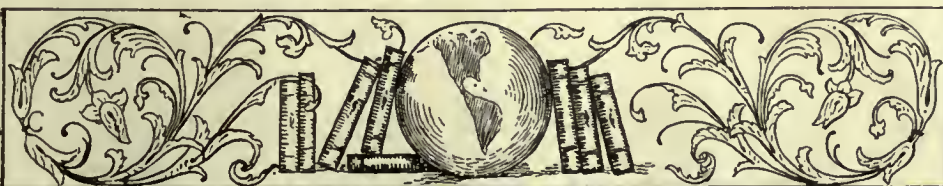
HONORABLE ZOETH S. ELDRIDGE

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA


Member of the American Historical Association  
President of the National Bank of the Pacific

While the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition is engaging the attention of the country, and thousands of travelers are turning toward the Great West, it is interesting to follow the development of Mr. Eldredge's investigations into the route of the first overland journey of the first white men to the Pacific. These investigations, which are being recorded in these pages, are the first accurate survey of the route and are based upon recent translations from the original diary of Explorer Anza, who preserved each day's progress of his heroic journey in Spanish. It is one of the most important contributions to the historical records of the Pacific and is especially appropriate at this time. The preceding article left the explorer in camp on the bank of the Rio de Santa Rosa after possibly one of the most daring overland journeys in early American exploration. The investigations carry him to the Golden Gate and the founding of the great metropolis of San Francisco.—EDITOR


**A**NZA was obliged to remain in camp on the bank of the Rio de Santa Rosa until the tide went out, and at 12:30 P. M. of February 29, 1776, succeeded in effecting the passage of the river. Continuing the march in a northerly direction along the Burton Mesa, in sight of the ocean, they came in three leagues of travel to a little lake, named by Portolá, La Laguna Graciosa, where they camped for the night. The map of the Geological Survey does not show any lake in the vicinity and it has possibly disappeared. It may have been formed by the San Antonio Creek which here flows into the sea. The name is perpetuated by the Cañada de la Graciosa through which the Pacific Coast railroad runs and by the Graciosa Station at the mouth of the cañon. Three leagues of travel the next morning brought them into a wide and beautiful valley having in the middle a large lake, named by Portolá, La Laguna Larga de los Santos Martires, San Daniel y sus Compañeros—The Great Lake of the Sainted Martyrs, St. Daniel and his Companions—now known as Lake Guadalupe, situated in the northwestern corner of Santa Barbara County. Anza did not halt at Lake Guadalupe but pushed on to the mouth of the San Luis Cañon, a long *jornada* of nine leagues, to the Ranchería del Buchon. This was just below the site of the little town of Avila in San Luis Obispo







## First Overland Journey to the Golden Gate




County. The spot is marked by mounds of shells still visible. The name, which means an encysted tumor, was given by Portolá's soldiers to the chief of the Indian village because of a large tumor that hung from his neck. The name *El Buchon* was conferred on the chief, on his rancheria, and on San Luis Cañon. It still exists in the locality. The cape between Port Harford and Moro Bay is Point Buchon, and the hill east of Port Harford, marked Bald Knob on the maps of the Geological Survey is Mount Buchon.

A march of three and a half leagues the next morning brought the expedition to the mission of San Luis Obispo, founded in 1772, and now a flourishing town of 3,500 inhabitants. In anticipation of their arrival at the mission the colonists had smartened themselves up, but disaster overtook them. Just before reaching the mission they fell into a marsh so miry that all had to dismount and make their way across it as best they could. The men had to relieve the pack animals and carry the baggage on their shoulders, while those of the expedition who endeavored to preserve themselves by forcing their horses through the mire fared worse than the rest, being obliged to dismount and extricate the horses. The marsh which caused the pilgrims such distress was located in what is now the southern part of the town of San Luis Obispo, and one of the finest residence streets of the town is Marsh Street. Portolá, on his march, fell into this same cienega, December 28, 1769, the day of the Holy Innocents—*Fiesta de los Santo Inocentes*—and Crespi bewails the fact that they cannot say mass because they are all stuck fast in a mud-hole and unable to move.

There was great joy in the mission of San Luis Obispo over the arrival of the expedition. Not only was it a delight to the priests and the soldiers of the *escorta* to see so many Spanish faces and hear the news from home, but they had been badly frightened by the affair at San Diego, and were informed by the Indians that they were to be next attacked, and that Anza had been killed and his expedition utterly destroyed by the tribes of the Colorado.

Sunday, March 3rd, was given as a rest for the expedition and on Monday morning the march was resumed. Traveling up the cañon of San Luis Obispo Creek for seven miles, they crossed the summit of the Santa Lucia Mountains by the Cuesta Pass, at an elevation of about 1,500 feet, thence a descent of four miles brought them to Santa Margarita, where now a little town marks the site and preserves the name of the ancient rancheria. Two and a half miles down the Rio de Santa Margarita, they came to the Rio de Monterey (Salinas River), down which they traveled five and one-half miles and camped at the rancheria of La Asuncion (Asuncion), still so called, a good day's march of seven leagues. This is one of the sites selected by the United States Government for the camp and summer maneuvers of the army. The next morning they traveled down the beautiful plain for three leagues and then left the river at a point where El Paso del Robles now stands and passed into the hills to the west, traveling in a west north-west direction. Four leagues more brought them to the Rio del Nacimiento which they crossed and proceeded another mile to El Primo Vado of the Rio de San Antonio, where they camped for the night. Resuming the march next morning, they reached the mission of San Antonio de Padua at four o'clock in the afternoon after a march of eight leagues. Their reception here was equal to that of San Gabriel and of San Luis, and the padres regaled the troops with two very fat hogs and some hog lard. This present, Anza says, considering the condition of the country and of their





## Route of Colonel Anza from His Own Diary

own necessities, they highly appreciated. The following day was given to rest and at one in the afternoon, Lieutenant Moraga arrived and reported to the commander that he had captured the deserters in the Desert of the Colorado and had left them prisoners at the mission of San Gabriel to be dealt with by Captain Rivera. He also reported that the Serranos of the Sierra Madre had made hostile demonstrations against him, but when he charged them they dispersed. He said that the Indians had secretly killed three of the stolen horses to prevent their recapture, and that he noted in their possession articles indicating that they had taken part in the sacking of San Diego.

Leaving the mission the next morning, the expedition passed up Mission Creek and descended Release Cañon to Arroyo Seco, down which they traveled to the Valley of the Rio de Monterey and halted for the night at the site of his camp of April 17, 1774, which he now calls Los Ositas (The Little Bears). The next day they traveled eight leagues through a spacious and delightful valley along the river and camped at a place called by them Los Correos. The following day, Sunday, March 10, 1776, they marched three leagues down the river, then leaving it, turned westward for four leagues more, all in a heavy rain, and at half past four in the afternoon reached the Royal Presidio of Monterey and the end of their journey. Anza gives the distance traveled from Tubac as three hundred and sixteen and a half leagues, in sixty-two *jornados*—somewhat fewer than he had calculated before starting.

The next morning, the very beloved father-president of the missions, Fray Junípero Serra, accompanied by three other *religious*, came from the mission of San Carlos del Carmelo to congratulate them and bid them welcome, and the priests sang a mass as an act of thanks for the happy arrival of the expedition, after which Padre Font preached an unctuous sermon in which he exhorted the people with much energy, that, with the good example of their lives, they should manifest Catholicism as a mirror, and justify his majesty, the king, in sending them to these regions to convert the gentiles. In the evening, the señor comandante and his chaplain accompanied the priests to the mission, one league distant, as there were no proper accommodations for them at the presidio. Anza notes that a number of Christian converts has been increased to more than three hundred souls and he says that here, as in the other missions he has passed through, with all they raise, they do not produce enough to maintain themselves, because though the land is very fertile there has been no means of planting it, although this year the amount of land under cultivation is much greater; "and in proportion as this abounds will be the spiritual conquest, since the Indians are many, and if, as we say of the greater part of these, conversion and faith enter by the mouth, so much greater will be our success."


The viceroy had ordered Anza to deliver his expedition to Rivera, the comandante of California at Monterey, and proceed to make a survey of the port and river of San Francisco before returning to his presidio of Tubac. Two days after his arrival at the mission, while preparing for his survey, Anza was suddenly taken with the most violent pains in the left leg and groin. So great was the pain that he could scarcely breathe and believed that he would suffocate and die. After six hours of torment, during which the doctor of the presidio administered such medicines as he had, without giving him relief, Anza had them make a poultice of a root

Art

History

Literature

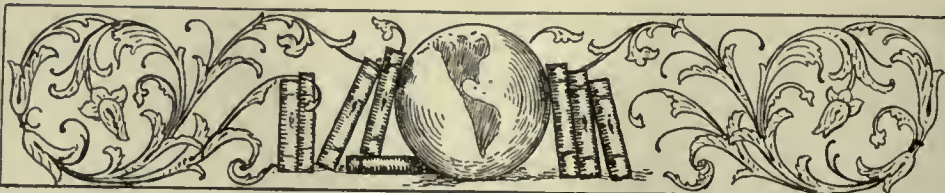




## First Overland Journey to the Golden Gate

among his own stores, which somewhat alleviated the pain, but not enough to enable him to sleep. For over a week he was unable to move, but on the ninth day he got out of bed and on the day following, in spite of the remonstrance of the doctor, he mounted his horse and began his journey to the San Francisco Peninsula, going as far as the presidio of Monterey. There he rested, being able to walk but a few steps. The next day, March 23rd, he set out accompanied by Padre Font, Lieutenant Moraga, and an escort of eleven soldiers. While sick at the mission he had sent to Rivera to say that the soldiers of the expedition were anxious to reach their destination and he begged Rivera to join him in establishing a fort and mission of San Francisco as ordered by the viceroy, and notified him that he should proceed at once to the survey and examination of the port. The travelers made seven leagues across the Valley of Santa Delfina, as Font calls it, and camped at the mouth of a cañada at a place called La Natividad, probably an Indian rancheria. The village of Natividad now marks the site. The place was the scene of a sharp little engagement, November 16, 1846, between a detachment of sixty men of the California Battalion (American) under Captain Burrows, conveying a band of several hundred horses, gathered for Fremont's army at Monterey, and a force of about eighty Californians under Don Manuel de Jesus Castro, in which the American commander was killed and the Californians retired, leaving the Americans in possession of the field. The valley, which is the lower Monterey or Salinas, was given the name of Santa Delfina—*Virgen y esposa de San Elcearo* by Portolá, October 7, 1769. "Esposa" does not mean spouse—wife, but a young woman who devotes herself to the service of the holy man.

Leaving the Salinas Valley, the explorers passed into the Gabilan Mountains, traveling up the beautiful cañon of Gabilan Creek, over the summit and descended to the San Benito River, passing the site where, on June 24, 1797, was founded the mission of San Juan Bautista. They crossed the San Benito River just north of San Juan Bautista and entered upon the Llano de San Pascual Bailon, passed the Rio del Pájaro, entered the San Bernardino Valley and camped for the night on the Arroyo de Las Llagas. These streams still bear their original names but ancient San Bernardino, which extended from Gilroy to Coyote Station is now the upper part of Santa Clara Valley. The following morning the explorers passed between the low hills where the valley narrows to the Coyote River and entered upon the great *Llano de los Robles del Puerto de San Francisco*—the Plain of the Oaks of the Port of San Francisco—now better known as the Santa Clara Valley—and keeping well to the western part, they traveled along the base of the foot hills and camped on the Arroyo de San Jose Curpertino, where from an elevation of about three hundred feet, they saw the Bay of San Francisco some seven miles to the north. A march of four leagues the next morning brought the *exploradores* to the Arroyo de San Francisco, now known as the San Francisco Creek, the site of Stanford University, and Portolá's camp of November 6th to 11th, 1769. A little rancheria of about twenty huts on the bank of the stream received the name of Palo Alto in honor of a giant redwood tree growing on the bank, whose size, height, and appearance is recorded by both Anza and Font as it had been by Crespi six years before. Here Anza found a cross planted to designate the place for a mission. This had been done by Captain Rivera and Frey Palou in 1774, but the idea was abandoned because, Anza says, of lack of water in the dry season. Passing on, they crossed the Arroyo de





## Route of Colonel Anza from His Own Diary



FORT BUILT BY FIRST WHITE SETTLERS AT SAN FRANCISCO—Old Engraving of historic Castillo de San Joaquin as it appeared in 1852—The fort was razed and the rock cut down in 1853-54 to erect the present Fort Winfield Scott

San Mateo and halted for the night on a little stream about a league beyond. Anza comments upon the abundance of oaks, live oaks, and other trees they have had on all sides during the last two days' travel and particularly notes the many tall and thick laurels of extraordinary and very fragrant scent. He has been traveling through the most beautiful section of California. Breaking camp early the next morning, a march of three and one-half hours brought them to the mouth of the port of San Francisco, and they camped at Mountain Lake, known afterwards as Laguna del Presidio. Anza does not give any name to the lake, but the creek running from it to the sea he calls *Arroyo del Puerto* and says its flow is considerable and sufficient for a mill; while Font says that boats can come into it for water. Its present name is Lobos Creek and it is but a little brooklet.<sup>1</sup>

Pitching his camp at the *laguna*, Anza went at once to inspect the entrance to the bay for the purpose of selecting a site for the fort. Font grows enthusiastic over the wonderful bay. He says that the port of San Francisco is a marvel of nature and may be called the port of ports. He gives at length an excellent description of it; its shores; its islands; the great river which disembogues into the *Bahia Redondo*—San Pablo Bay—which has been called the *Rio de San Francisco* and which he says he will henceforth call *La Boca del Puerto Dulce*—The Mouth of the Fresh Water Port—from the experiments they made when they went to examine it. At eight o'clock the next morning, Anza resumed his survey and going to the point where the entrance to the bay was narrowest, *Punta del Cantil Blanco*—Point of the Steep White Rock, now called Fort

<sup>1</sup>The government is now taking measures for fortifying the mouth of Lobos Creek, which forms the southern boundary of the Presidio Reservation—not to prevent the boats of a hostile fleet from entering—but as a part of the system adopted for fortifying the harbor of San Francisco.



# First Overland Journey to the Golden Gate

Point—and where, he says no one has been, there planted a cross to mark the spot where the fort should be built, and at its foot, underground, he placed a notice of what he had seen. Between the Laguna del Presidio and the Punta del Canto Blanco is a mesa—table-land—having an elevation of some three hundred and fifty feet, about a mile in breadth and a trifle more in length, narrowing to the north until it ends in the Cantil Blanco. Font says "This mesa presents a most delicious view. From it may be seen a great part of the port and its islands, the mouth of the port, and of the sea, the view reaches beyond the Farallones."<sup>2</sup> The señor comandante designated this mesa for the site of a new town."<sup>3</sup>

The comandante now turned his attention to the east and southeast part of the peninsula and taking with him Lieutenant Moraga, soon encountered some streams and timber, mostly of oak; the trees being of good thickness but twisted against the ground on account of the northwest winds prevalent on the coast. About three quarters of a league from camp, he came upon a little lake of good water, known to the San Francisco pioneers as Fresh Pond, or Washerwomen's Lagoon. Continuing along the eastern shore of the bay he found a large lake into which flowed a good stream or spring—*ojo de agua*—which appeared as if it might be permanent in the driest season, and the land about it was fertile and promised abundant reward for cultivation. He returned to camp about five o'clock, much pleased with his day's examination.

The next morning, Friday, March 29, Anza packed the baggage and sent it by the road of his coming with orders to await him at the Arroyo de San Mateo, and taking with him his *padre capellan* and an escort of five soldiers, went to complete his examination of the southeast part of the peninsula and of the lake, to which he gave the name of Laguna de Manantial. He also examined the stream—*ojo de agua*—which Font speaks of as a beautiful rivulet, and because the day was the Friday of Sorrows—*Viernes de Dolores*, Good Friday—he named it the Arroyo de los Dolores. Thus originated a name that became the official designation of a very large and thickly settled section of the city of San Francisco—the Mission Dolores

<sup>2</sup>The Farallon Islands, about twenty-five miles off the coast.

<sup>3</sup>Captain Benjamin Morrell, who visited the port in May, 1825, says "The town of San Francisco stands on a table-land about three hundred and fifty feet above the sea, on a peninsula five miles in width, on the south side of the entrance to the bay, about two miles to the east of the outer entrance, and one-fourth of a mile from the shore." (*Morrell's Narrative*, N. Y., 1853.) This settlement at the Presidio was abandoned after 1835-6, when the Americans and other foreigners began to build their trading houses and residences at Yerba Buena. It was not on the mesa, but on the lower and more sheltered ground of the Presidio.

<sup>4</sup>The fort was built on the point designated by Anza. The Punta del Cantil Blanco was a bold jutting promontory of hard serpentine rock, about one hundred feet above high water. The fort was a formidable affair of adobe, horse shoe in shape and pierced with fourteen embrasures. It was one hundred and thirty-five feet long, by one hundred and five feet wide. The parapet was ten feet thick. In the middle of the fort was the barracks for the artillerymen. Eleven brass nine pounders were sent from San Blas, but I believe only eight of them were mounted. The fort stood on the extreme point of the rock which on the west was sheer to the water. It was finished in 1794 and cost \$6,500. In 1796 it had a garrison of a corporal and six artillerymen. It was named Castillo de San Joaquin and was variously called by that name, the "Castillo," and "Fort Blanco." In 1853-4, the fort was razed and the rock cut down to the water to form the site of the present fort. Winfield Scott. One of the ancient guns now serving as a fending-post at the Sally port of Fort Winfield Scott bears the date of 1673, and the legend: *Gobernando los Señores de la Real Audiencia de Lima*—The Governing Lords of the Royal Council of Lima.



## Route of Colonel Anza from His Own Diary




ENGRAVING OF THE GOLDEN GATE IN SAN FRANCISCO IN 1852  
Original from Bartlett's Narratives showing Cantil Blanco and the Spanish Fort

—shortened in the vernacular to the "Mission." Anza found here all the requirements for a mission; fertile land for cultivation, unequalled in goodness and abundance, and with water, fuel, timber suitable for building, and stone, nothing was wanting. Anza, a quiet, self-contained man, speaks with enthusiasm of the site for the new town and mission he had done so much to establish. The fort, he said, shall be built where the entrance to the port is narrowest and where he set up the cross,<sup>4</sup> the town on the mesa behind it and the mission in this quiet, beautiful valley, sufficiently near the fort to be under its protection, but far enough away to insure its peaceful serenity.


Having settled these details, Anza proceeded across the peninsula to examine the Laguna de la Merced,<sup>5</sup> which is situated near the ocean shore in the southwestern part of the city, thence he turned into the Cañada de San Andres, through which he traveled its entire length of some six and one-half leagues and gives an account of the abundance of suitable timber for building; speaking particularly of the redwood—*palo colorado*—oak, poplar, willow and other trees, and of the facility with which the lumber could be gotten out. He also suggested that a second mission could also be established in this *cañada* which would serve as a stopping place—*escala*—between Monterey and San Francisco.<sup>6</sup> In the *cañada* an enormous bear came out on the road against them and they succeeded in killing it. At 6:15, after dark, he reached his camp on the Arroyo de San Mateo.

<sup>4</sup>Laguna de la Merced (Lake of Mercy) was named by Captain Bruno Hecate of the *fragata* "Santiago," September 24, 1775. For many years it formed the chief water supply for San Francisco.





## First Overland Journey to the Golden Gate



On the following morning, March 31st, they proceeded to cut off the head of (*descabezar*—to get around the head of) the *estero*, as they designated the Bay of San Francisco. From the Arroyo de San Mateo they kept to the road of their coming until they reached the Arroyo de San Francisco—San Francisquito Creek—then leaving the road, they passed around the head of the bay and came to a large *arroyo* or moderate river, which, after some difficulty in finding a ford, they crossed and camped for the night. Anza gave the name of Rio de Guadalupe to the stream and said it had abundant and good timber, and lands that would support a large population.<sup>7</sup> The next morning the march was resumed and crossing with some difficulty the Coyote River, they traveled northward for seven leagues and camped on the San Leandro Creek, named by Fages in 1772, Arroyo de la Harina, and by Crespi, Arroyo de San Salvadore. They passed six rancherías, the people of which, unaccustomed to seeing white men, fled in terror. Anza endeavored to pacify them and gave presents of food and trinkets to all who would approach him. The Indians, unlike those he had met in coming up the coast, wore their hair long and tied up on top of the head. Three leagues of travel the next morning brought the *exploradores* to the site of the University of California at Berkeley, “a point opposite the disembogucment of the *estero* commonly called San Francisco,” and they gazed out through the Golden Gate to the broad Pacific beyond. Anza noted his opinion that the *estero* was not five leagues broad as had been stated, but scarcely four. Proceeding on their journey they climbed over the treeless hills and crossed the deep *arroyos* of Contra Costa and camped for the night very close to the “disemboguement of the Rio de San Francisco into the port of that name.” Font gives a very good description of San Pablo Bay—*Bahia Redonda*—and speculates if the large cove and stretch of water, which, from a high hill he could see away to the west, one quarter northwest did not communicate with the port of Bodega, discovered six months before by Lieutenant Juan Francisco de Bodega y Cuadra. What Font saw was Petaluma Creek. The camp that night was on Rodeo Creek, about two and one-half miles from Carquines Strait. On the following day, April 2, 1776, the command proceeded a short distance up the strait and halted to take the latitude of the place, to observe the condition of the “river” and to measure its breadth and depth. Both Anza and Font were doubtful if it were a river at all as there appeared to be no current and there was no evidence of freshets in the shape of driftwood and rubbish thrown up on its banks. They both tasted the water and found it brackish, though not so salty as the sea. They record their observation of the sun as giving the latitude  $38^{\circ} 5\frac{1}{4}'$ . Resuming the march in the afternoon, they found the so-called river begin to widen out until it took on the appearance of

“The Cañada de San Andres was named by Portolá, Cañada de San Francisco, and it was from the heights as he crossed into it that he first beheld the bay of San Francisco. On November 30, 1774, it received from Rivera the name Cañada de San Andres, which it still retains. It formed part of the Buri Buri and Las Pulgas grants and now belongs to the Spring Valley Water Company and contains the water company's principal reservoirs.

“The royal order for the establishment of a presidio and two missions on the Bay of San Francisco also included a pueblo in the vicinity under the jurisdiction of the presidio. The site selected was on the Rio de Guadalupe. Under the orders of Governor Neve, Lieutenant Moraga took nine soldiers, skilled in agriculture from the presidios of San Francisco and Monterey, five settlers—*pobladores*—and one servant, numbering with their families seventy-eight persons, and with them founded, on November 29, 1777, the pueblo of San Jose de Guadalupe, the first pueblo established in California.



## Route of Colonel Anza from His Own Diary



OLD ENGRAVING OF THE MISSION OF MONTEREY IN CALIFORNIA IN 1792

a *laguna* rather than that of a river,<sup>8</sup> then turning somewhat to the south to avoid the marshes they camped for the night on the bank of an *arroyo* of wholesome water that had been named by Fages, Arroyo de Santa Angela de Fulgino, now known as Walnut Creek. The next morning they crossed the valley of Santa Angela de Fulgino in a northwest direction and entering Willow Pass, surmounted a hill, from the top of which they could see how the "river" divided itself into three arms or branches, as described by Don Pedro Fages. Descending the hill they tried to approach the river but were prevented by the marshes. Continuing to the east northeast for two and one-half leagues they came to the river and to a large rancheria of some four hundred Indians who received them with friendly demonstrations and gave them cooked slices of salmon, while Anza reciprocated with the usual presents. Tasting the water of the river they found it quite fresh and were persuaded that what Lieutenant Fages had called the Rio de San Francisco was not a river at all, but a great fresh water sea.<sup>9</sup> They were now on the San Joaquin River.

<sup>8</sup>Suisun Bay.

<sup>9</sup>Don Pedro Fages, fourth governor of California, born in Catalonia, Spain, came to Mexico in 1767 with the First Battalion, Second Regiment, Catalonia Volunteers, in which he held the rank of lieutenant. In the autumn of 1768 he joined the California Expedition by order of Galvez, being appointed *gefe de las armas* to the expedition, and with twenty-five of his men, sailed for San Diego Bay on the ill-fated *San Carlos*. While still weak and sick from the scurvy he joined Portolá in his march to Monterey. He also accompanied him on the second expedition in 1770, which founded the presidio and mission of Monterey when he was appointed by Portolá comandante of California. In 1772 he explored the coasts of San Francisco, San Pablo, and Suisun Bay. To the straits of Carquines, Suisun Bay, and San Joaquin River, discovered by Ortega in 1769, he gave the name of Rio de San Francisco. In 1773, Junipero Serra, with whom he had quarreled, procured his recall and he was ordered to join his battalion at Real de Minas de Pachuca, Mexico. On July 12, 1782, he was appointed governor of the Californias, having previously been made a lieutenant-colonel, and reached the capitol, Monterey, the following November.

He was made a colonel in 1789, was retired at his own request in 1791, and died in Mexico in 1796. His wife was Doña Eulalia Calis, whom he married in Catalonia. One child, Maria del Carmen, was born in San Francisco, August 3, 1784.





# The First American



By A. Sterling Calder, Los Angeles, California

Ye say they all have pass'd away,  
That noble race and brave,  
That their light canoes have vanish'd  
From off the crested wave;  
That 'mid the forests where they roam'd,  
There rings no hunter's shout;  
But their name is on your waters,  
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow  
Like ocean's surge is curl'd;  
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake  
The echo of the world;  
Where red Missouri bringeth  
Rich tribute from the West,  
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps  
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their conelike cabins,  
That cluster'd o'er the vale,  
Have fled away like withered leaves  
Before the Autumn's gale:



WAR OR PEACE—By Cyrus F. Dallin



VICTORY—By E. Berge of Baltimore, Maryland

# By American Sculptors

But their memory liveth on your hills.  
Their baptism on your shore;  
Your everlasting rivers speak  
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it  
Within her lordly crown,  
And broad Ohio bears it  
'Mid all her young renown;  
Connecticut hath wreathed it  
Where her quiet foliage waves,  
And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse  
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides its lingering voice  
Within his rocky heart.  
And Alleghany graves its tone  
Throughout his lofty chart;  
Monadnock on his forehead hoar  
Doth seal the sacred trust:  
Your mountains build their monument,  
Though ye destroy their dust.

—LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY



ON THE TRAIL—By E. Berge of Baltimore, Maryland

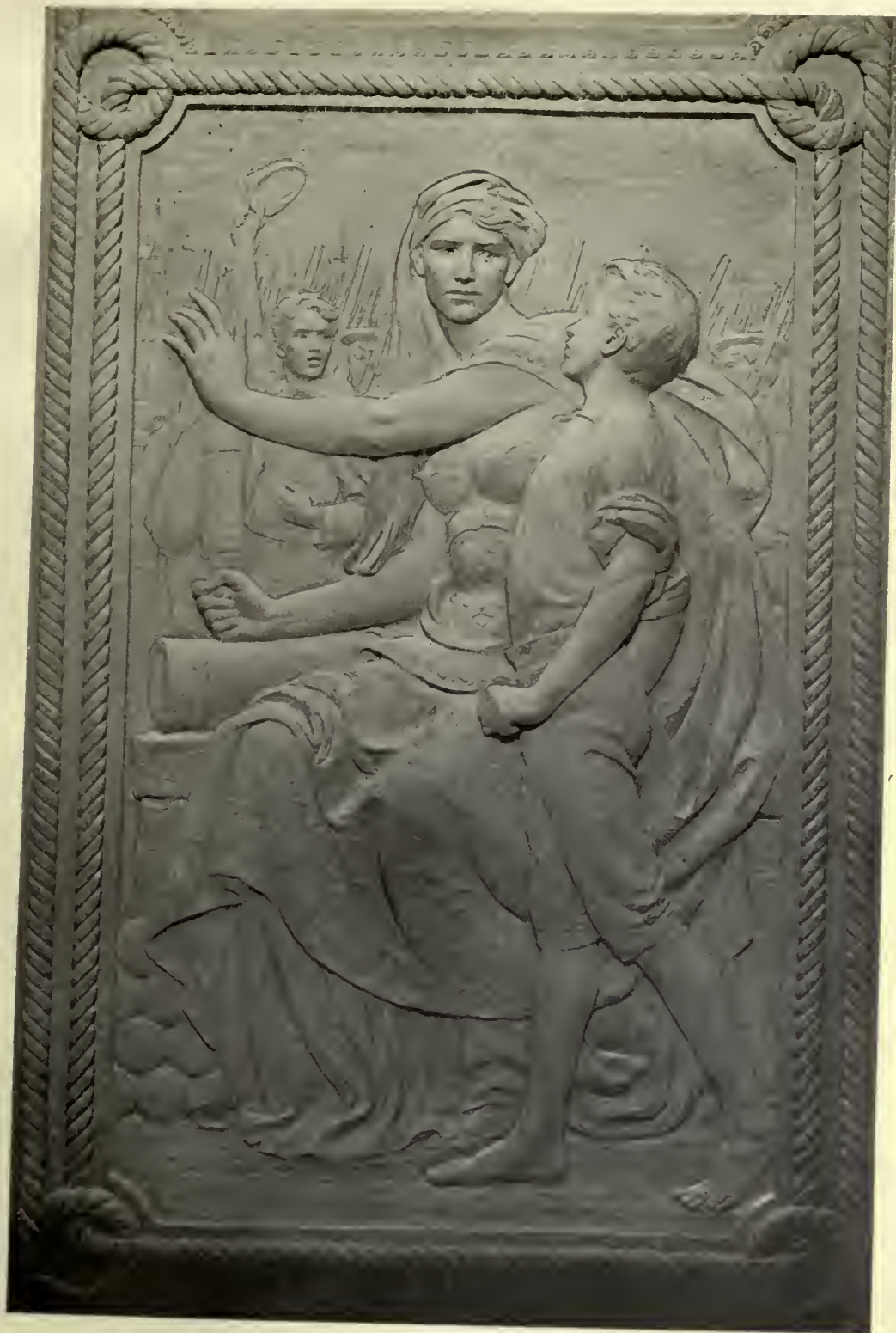


Bas-relief on Parkman Monument





AMERICA'S CONTROL OF THE SEAS—Sculptural Conception of Science and Invention as applied to the American Navy and embodied in the bronze doors recently dedicated at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland—By Evelyn Beatrice Longman of the National Sculpture Society



AMERICAN PATRIOTISM—Sculptural Conception of the Spirit of American Supremacy as symbolized in the Motherhood and Youth of the Nation—Bronze doors unveiled in June of this year at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland—By Evelyn Beatrice Longman of the National Academy of Design





IN HONOR OF AMERICA'S NAVAL HEROES  
 Bronze doors erected at Annapolis, Maryland  
 By Evelyn Beatrice Longman of New York



# First Attempt to Organize Society into a Free Political Body

Investigations into  
the Famous Providence Compact  
which First Separated the Civil Government from  
Theology and Established Citizenship as an Absolutely  
Independent Political Unit & Evidence that this Document  
was Not Written by Roger Williams but is of Lollard or Quaker Origin

BY

PROFESSOR STEPHEN FARNUM PECKHAM


CHEMIST OF THE DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

Former Chief Chemist in Laboratory of United States Army and on Faculties of Brown  
University, Washington College, and University of Minnesota—Fellow of the  
American Association for the Advancement of Science—American  
Philosophical Society—Franklin Institute of Philadelphia

**P**OLITICS must always be an absorbing problem with the American people as the foundation of the nation is laid upon political discussion. The more agitated the controversy, the more healthful the result. Such discussions as that which has been engaging the political parties in Congress—the tariff—are typical of the American spirit. It is indeed a dangerous symptom of a diseased political body when it falls into a comatose condition and cannot be aroused. It needs such hyperdermic solutions as the tariff to infuse vitality into its veins. It is a wholesome condition when argument is rife whether it be in politics or in history—it is the best evidence of vigorous life. This article is along the lines of healthful controversy. For twenty-five years, Professor Peckham has been investigating American political foundations and is convinced that certain claims that have established themselves in history are untrue. The argument is over the first attempt to organize society into a free political body, separating civil government absolutely from theology. The first so-called "free" government on the Western Continent was based on religious rather than pure political or economic principles. In New England self-government was the outgrowth of a theological doctrine. In Virginia the Church of England was the dominant force. In New York there was probably less of the religious domination under the Dutch than in the other American foundations. It nevertheless remained for Rhode Island, now geographically the smallest state in the Union, to establish a system of government on a pure economic and political foundation without religious regulation, authority or interference. For two and a half centuries this has been attributed to Roger Williams, as the author of the original compact. Professor Peckham, while recognizing Roger Williams as a radicalist, even to the possible extent of being a socialist, contends that the full credit does not lie with him inasmuch as he was but a single voice in a gathering of men who were supporting the same political principle.—EDITOR







## First Free Political Compact in America

**W**HEN I was a boy, brought up within sight of the steeple of St. John's Church, Providence, I received the impression from various sources, that the liberties we enjoy in Rhode Island were bestowed by Roger Williams and confirmed by George Washington. When old enough to comprehend the meaning of religious liberty, I gained a further impression that liberty of conscience was unknown before Roger

Williams discovered or invented it, and, that Rhode Island was a land consecrated from the dawn of its existence, in a peculiar manner, to freedom of conscience, whose cradle was guarded and rocked and whose infancy was shielded by Roger Williams, until a hero had stepped forth to bring a world to bow at his feet. Therefore the debt the world owed to Roger Williams, and the debt that Rhode Island in particular owed to him was beyond all repaying, and an aureole invested his name like that of a patron saint.


About twenty-five years ago, I was stimulated to seek to discover from whom I came. In doing this I discovered evidence which brings historical truths into better proportion. As it is so intimately concerned with my own family researches, it will be necessary for me to enter into somewhat personal records to prove the claim which I have already intimated. I traced the Peckhams back to John Peckham who settled in Newport in 1638. I have since learned that he came of an Anglo-Saxon family settled in Kent and Sussex shortly before the Norman Conquest. On this side he was a Baptist associated with John Clarke and his brothers. John Peckham's first wife was their sister, Mary Clarke. I found that my line of Peckhams from John Peckham's oldest son, John, became Quakers and married for three generations the descendants of Governor John Coggeshall, through his son Joshua and his daughter Waite, who married Daniel Gould. They were all Quakers. Through John Coggeshall and his associates I went back to the founding of Portsmouth and the Portsmouth Compact and to the 57 who were disarmed, disfranchised and banished from Boston in 1638.

My Grandmother Peckham was a Wardwell, and through her I went back through the first settlers of Bristol, again to the 57 who were disarmed and to John Howland of the Mayflower. These people were all Congregationalists, not one Quaker or Baptist among them.

My mother was a birthright Quaker, from Farnums, Congdons, Laphams and Scotts. Through the Farnums of Uxbridge, Mass., I went back to the Sanfords of Hartford and the Gaskells of Mendon, all Quakers. The Laphams were all Quakers from the original John Lapham of Providence. The Scotts went back to Richard Scott, the first signer of the Providence Compact and the first Rhode Island Quaker. His wife was Catharine Marbury, a sister of Ann (Marbury) Hutchinson. She was whipped in a Boston jail, by John Endicott, because she was a Quaker. Her son, John Scott, married the daughter of John and Sarah Browne of Swansea—old Swansea—that was burned by the Indians in Philip's War, the site of which is now in the southeast corner of East Providence. This family of Brownes were of John Myles' Baptist congregation.

The Quakers and Baptists, before they came to New England, would have been classed together in Old England as Lollards or Wyckliffites, and would have been persecuted alike by any of the dominant sects who held political power there.





## Investigations into American Foundations

While craving the pardon of this audience for so much that is personal, I beg to remind you that these researches that were at first personal soon led me into bye paths of history that at length became more interesting and general in their scope than any personal consideration. Further investigation led me to fix my attention upon certain facts that focus upon the Providence Compact.

The printed "Early Records of the Town of Providence," on the first page of the first volume of which this remarkable instrument appears, led to a very careful examination of these volumes as they came out.

Two sources of information, that may appear to have a very remote connection with this subject really brought many very important considerations to bear upon the origin and purpose of this document. These were—first, the "History of Religion in England," by Sharon Turner, published by Longmans in 1815, and—second, "Antinomianism in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay," edited by Charles Francis Adams, and published by the Prince Society in 1894. The first shows that the Lollards were a power in England centuries before Wyckliffe, the second shows in what manner those holding the doctrines of the Lollards were driven from Boston to Rhode Island.

Under the Providence Compact, the first attempt was made to organize human society into a political unit absolutely free from theology. That it is a Lollard document I shall now proceed to show; it reads as follows:

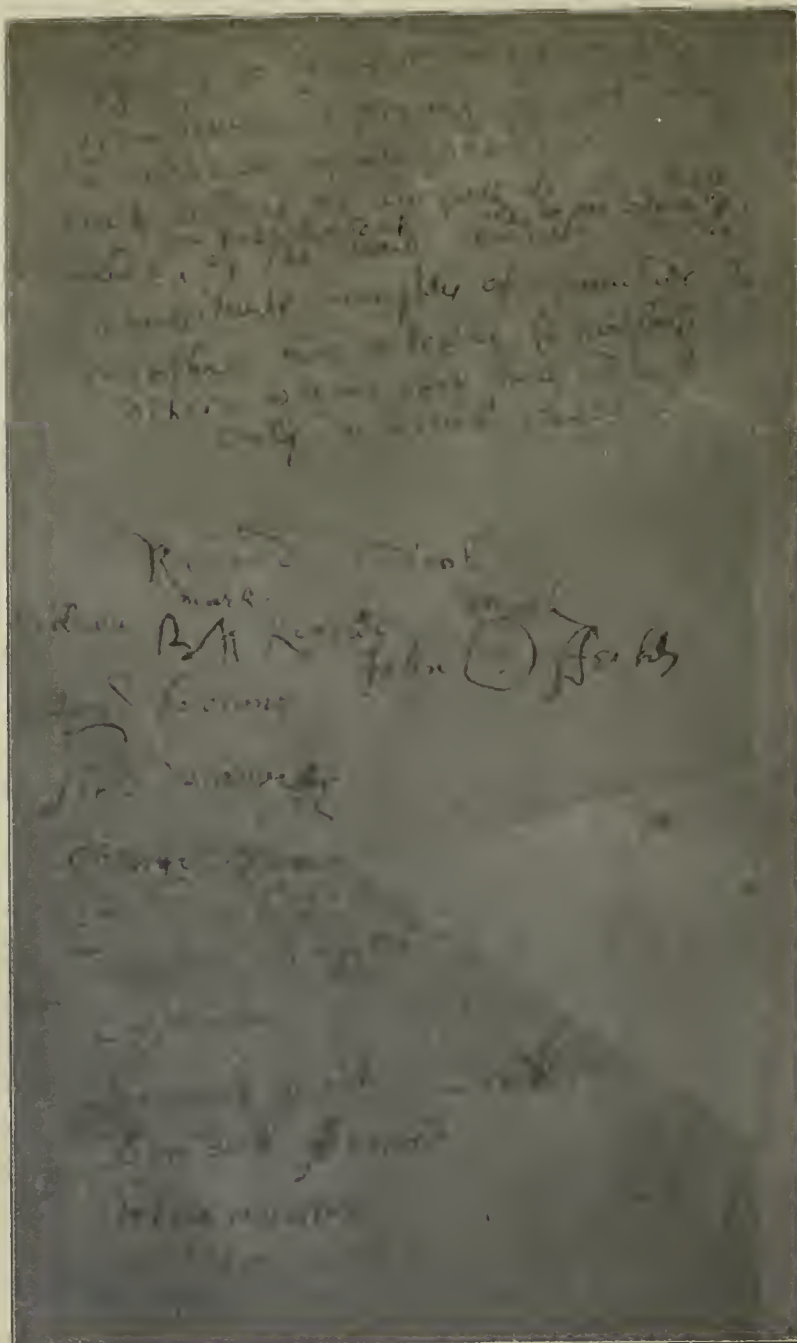
"We whose names are hereunder desirous to inhabit in ye town of providence do promise to subject ourselves in active or passive obedience to all such orders or agreements as shall be made for publick good of our body in an orderly way by the major consent of the present inhabitants, maisters of families incorporated together into a town fellowship and others whom they shall admit unto them only in civill things."

I have for a long time possessed a full sized photograph of the compact, which I highly prize, as it so emphatically contradicts so much of the productions of vivid imaginations concerning the original. The photograph shows that the compact was originally written on a loose sheet of paper about ten and one-half inches long and four and one-half inches wide; that this paper was folded and carried in some ones pocket until the corners were worn off, and then, after being trimmed was pasted into the book where it now is, yellow and stained with its weight of years. All of the descriptions that relate that it was written in a book with blank leaves for additional signatures are pure imagination, as are all of the deductions drawn from such descriptions. The reduced facsimiles, published on various occasions are worthless to convey any adequate impression of the thing itself.

As before stated this Compact is found on the first page of the first volume of the printed records of the town of Providence. In volume fifteen at page 67 is printed a letter, the original of which in the autograph of Sir Henry Vane is found in the Town Records. Neither the Compact nor the letter are reproduced by photo-engraving in the printed records; yet the Commissioners saw fit to reproduce twelve pages of Roger Williams' autograph much of which has very little intrinsic value. The multiplicity of examples furnished the most complete evidence as to the identity of Roger Williams' autograph, which was filled with peculiarities of the strongest individuality.

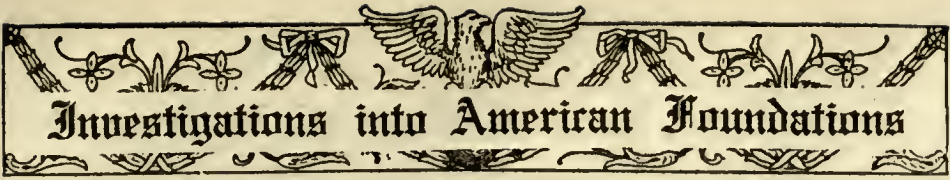






ORIGINAL DOCUMENT WHICH CREATED THE FIRST POLITICAL  
GOVERNMENT IN THE NEW WORLD FREE  
FROM THEOCRATIC PRINCIPLES

Photograph of the Providence, Rhode Island, Compact of 1638 in the hand-  
writing and bearing the autograph of Richard Scott as the first signer




## Investigations into American Foundations

The first signer of the Compact was Richard Scott, whose signature is plainly in the hand of the instrument itself. In the same hand are also written the signatures of William Reynolds and John Field, who made their marks. Then follow Chad Browne, John Warner and George Rickard. These six signatures with the body of the Compact are written with an ink that has been well preserved. Then follow with an ink that has faded, Edward Cope, Thomas Angell's mark, Thomas Harris, Francis Week's mark, Benedict Arnold, Joshua Winsor and William Wickenden. These men were all among those who came either before or with or immediately after Roger Williams. Their names are in the earliest transactions recorded in the town records. John Warner became identified with the Warwick party. Edward Cope was a kinsman of Richard Scott's wife and died about 1646, leaving no heirs. It is a singular coincidence that the Copes of Philadelphia are and have been Quakers from colonial times. All of the other signers were identified with the activities of Providence from the beginning until after Philip's war. Benedict Arnold removed to Newport and became one of the most noted of the colonial governors: Chad Browne and William Wickenden both became pastors of the First Baptist church of Providence. Among the descendants of nearly all of them in the 18th and 19th centuries were found many of the prominent Quakers of the state. There must have been a reason why the men who signed that Compact were afterwards members of the Society of Friends or whose descendants became Friends; for, the doctrines of the followers of George Fox embrace certain sublime ideals, and one of those ideals—the complete separation of church and state—is the corner-stone of the Compact. It was also a cardinal doctrine of the Lollards from an unknown date to the 17th century.

Let us examine the Compact closer. The phrase "*we whose names are hereunder*" is the common phrase of the period and is not confined to Rhode Island. "*Desirous to inhabit in the town of Providence,*" does not reasonably signify that the signers did not then inhabit therein, for their names are on the earliest of the town records; and, being already there, they desired to remain there, under certain conditions to be named. "*Do promise to subject ourselves in active or passive obedience to all such orders or agreements as shall be made for publick good of our body in an orderly way by the major consent of the present inhabitants,*" is latent in all the legislative acts of the town for many years from its foundation, also in Roger Williams' deed, the Combination of 1640 and the Charter of 1643. There is nothing about this language peculiar to this Compact. It is probable that it represents the consensus of opinion that was abroad among the immediate companions of Roger Williams and the others associated with him. It might have been first proposed by any one of several of the companions of Roger Williams or by Roger Williams himself. "*Maisters of families incorporated into a town fellowship and others whom they shall admit unto them.*" This clause is also latent in Roger Williams' deed, the Combination and the Charter of 1643. Unlike the preceding clause it is peculiar to these documents and indicates that the signers wished to restrict those who might enjoy the privileges of citizenship to those whom the majority might select as best fitted to share with them the responsibilities of the government. It is true that in May, 1637, Roger Williams wrote to Deputy Governor Winthrop a letter in which he embodied the same ideas in nearly the same language, and it may be that these






## First Free Political Compact in America

ideas that were then abroad were expressed in language that was original with Roger Williams, but not necessarily so, for Roger Williams was an educated man who wrote a very peculiar and elegant hand and he must have been an artist in making quill pens, for no man could write the hand he wrote who was not. If, however, Roger Williams was the originator of those phrases, he would not have been likely if he wrote the compact, to have forgotten a part of the phrase and have been obliged to interline the forgotten words, as was done by whoever wrote it. Very much more likely would another person have made such a mistake who was trying to use words original with Roger Williams in order to secure his signature and support to the Compact, and which it was intended should embody an idea not yet promulgated by Williams. Roger Williams was not the only man among those who came earliest who was a penman, acquainted with books and who possessed a smattering knowledge of law. The letter which Richard Scott wrote to George Fox, which was published by Fox in his "A New England Fire Brand Quenched," shows Scott to be just as familiar with the use of good English as Roger Williams. The inventory of the estate of William Harris shows that he could not have been ignorant of the rudiments of law. Nine of the thirteen who signed the Compact used his own autograph and eight of them also signed the Combination, with the four who used their marks. Of Roger Williams and the twelve grantees under his deed, nine signed the Combination and all but Richard Waterman used his autograph. These facts show conclusively, for that place and period, that Roger Williams was by no means an educated man alone among a company of uneducated men, but, on the contrary that he was an educated man among his peers. They represent the political atmosphere of Old England with her generations of freemen, transplanted to New England by English freemen. Another element in these problems has been overlooked, viz.: many of these emigrants were junior members of gentle families; they were in the social scale considerably above the average emigrant. The brothers, William and Thomas Arnold and their niece, the wife of William Mann, were from an old Welch family, still represented in South Wales. Richard Scott claimed descent from John Baliol and his wife and her kinsman Edward Cope, were of a gentle family in Lincolnshire. I presume the others were in the same social scale. It is not necessary in order to bestow upon Roger Williams the honor he deserves to depreciate his associates by conferring upon him the honor which belongs to them.

To what I have already written as forming the body of the Compact, there were added four words, which so far as I know are not found in any of Roger Williams' letters or anywhere else. They make the document immortal. These words are "*only in civill thinges.*" Here we have the words that make it worth while to enquire who wrote them. There is no absolute proof that they were written by Richard Scott, for this is the only writing in existence, so far as I know, attributed to his pen. As to Roger Williams the case is entirely different, as there are a large number of examples of his unique and elegant penmanship in the libraries of New England. The printed Records of the Town of Providence have been widely circulated. Any unprejudiced person who examines the twelve photo-engraved pages of Roger Williams' letters in volume XV of those records will discover certain peculiar forms of letters, particularly the letter P, which occurs about twenty times as the initial letter





## Investigations into American Foundations

of the word Providence, that are very peculiar. Other less striking will be easily discovered. If a search is made for these peculiar forms of letters in the photo-engraved copy of the Compact, recorded in the April number of the New England Historic-Genealogical Register for 1906, they will not be found. There will be found peculiar forms of letters, particularly the final s in many of the words, that do not occur in Roger Williams' letters. There is no more resemblance between these letters and the Compact than is to be found in the general style of penmanship in vogue at any given period. The handwriting of the Compact, be it whose it may, is not the handwriting of Roger Williams.

There are several documents that have come down to us from early in the 17th century relating to Liberty of Conscience. I have in my possession a book of about 400 pages, entitled "Tracts on Liberty of Conscience," which contains, among other things, a tract entitled, "Religion's Peace or a Plea for Liberty of Conscience, long since presented to King James, and the High Court of Parliament then sitting, by Leonard Busher, Citizen of London, and printed in the year 1614, wherein is contained certain Reasons against Persecution for Religion; also a designe for a peaceable reconciling of those that differ in opinion."


I need not call the attention of this audience to John Robinson's famous farewell discourse, yet it properly falls in here.

Later came the Compact in the cabin of the Mayflower, or Combination, as Bradford calls it. It runs as follows:

"In ye name of God, Amen. We whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovraine Lord King James, by ye grace of God, of Great Britaine, France & Ireland King, defender of ye faith, &c, having undertaken for ye glory of God and advancement of ye Christian faith, and honour of our King and countrie, a voyage to plant ye first colonie in ye Southern parts of Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and mutually in presence of God and one of another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civill body politick for our better ordering and preservation & furthermore of ye ends aforesaid, and by virtue hereof to enacte, contribute and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions and officers, from time to time as shall be thought most meete and convenient for ye general good of ye Colonie, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof we have hereunder subscribed our names at Cap Codd ye 11 of November, in ye year of ye raigne of our sovraine Lord, King James, of England, France and Ireland ye eighteenth, and of Scotland ye fiftie fourth. An<sup>o</sup> Dom. 1620."

In 1629 the colony of Massachusetts Bay was organized at Salem and Boston under a charter of incorporation. Bancroft says, quoting Judge Story, "according to the strict rules of legal interpretation was far from conceding to the patentees the privilege of freedom of worship. Not a single line alludes to such a purpose, nor can it be implied by a reasonable construction of any clause." Bancroft then quotes from Clarendon, who declared, "the principle and foundation of the charter of Massachusetts to be the freedom of liberty of conscience." Bancroft says further, "the emigrants were a body of sincere believers, desiring purity of religion, and not a colony of philosophers bent on universal toleration." These contradictory statements clearly shadow forth the contradictions that became active in the colony. The Brownes, who were Episcopalians, were sent home to England; Roger Williams, a reputed Baptist, would have been sent after them but he escaped to Rhode Island; later the Wheelwright and Hutchinson party with their supporters in





## First Free Political Compact in America

Salem were banished to Exeter and Rhode Island. Still later, through the withdrawal of Hooker and his companions, the town of Hartford was founded. In ten years, under this charter, described as above by Clarendon, the government of the colony had become a theocratic despotism, in the administration of which, law and justice were trampled in the dust under the sway of a fanatical clergy, who returning to the Levitical law forgot that the New Testament had ever been written.

Hooker and his associates drew up in 1639 a Compact that became the fundamental law of the Colony of Connecticut. The Hutchinson party came to Providence in 1638. My friend Reuben Guild once said to me, "the Antinomians came to Providence, but Roger Williams did not want them so he sent them down to Portsmouth." Be that as it may, the Hutchinson party signed the Compact which is known as the Portsmouth Compact and runs as follows:

"The 7th day of the first month 1638.


"We whose names are underwritten do here solemnly in the presence of Jehovah incorporate ourselves into a Body Politick and as He shall help, will submit our persons, lives and estates unto our Lord Jesus Christ the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, and to all those perfect and most absolute laws of His Holy word of truth to be guided and judged thereby." "Exodus XXIV, 3 & 4; 2 Chron. XI, 3; 2 Kings XI, 17."

The idea of this compact is a pure theocracy.

Winthrop's colony of Massachusetts Bay was a very respectable company. They were just as orthodox as they chose to be, and they expected everybody else to be like themselves, exercising toleration for just as much dissent as they chose and no more. To indulge any more imperiled a man's soul. So, when the ship Griffin arrived in 1634, with about as heterodox a crowd as ever sailed the main, the Winthrop party was shocked, both theologically and politically, to its very foundations. For, when the Lollard element, which had been steadily increasing with each fresh arrival, became strong enough to elect Sir Henry Vane governor of the Massachusetts Bay in spite of Winthrop, something had got to be done, and it was done with the help of the clergy headed by the Reverend John Wilson. Vane was defeated for a third election and in disgust returned to England. The imprudence of Wheelwright was a godsend to Winthrop. The Wyckliffites who formed the party supporting Ann Hutchinson were disarmed, disfranchised and banished without a pretext of law or justice, and Ann Hutchinson was vilified and abused with a bigotry, that, it has been well said, finds no parallel outside the annals of the Spanish Inquisition. I know of no story among civilized, Christian gentlemen that equals in brutality Winthrop's story of her trial. If any one thinks my language too strong, let him read the terrific arraignment of Massachusetts 17th Century theology in Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*.

Richard Scott was present at the trial of his sister-in-law and with John Coggeshall and William Coddington vainly protested against the injustice of her condemnation. He was never banished from Massachusetts. He must have been at Moshasuck when the 57 were disarmed or his name would have been in the list. It is evident that he was not with the Hutchinson party that went to Portsmouth. He must have separated from Coggeshall and Coddington who signed the theocratic Portsmouth Compact while he was obtaining signatures to the Providence Compact,





## Investigations into American Foundations

which discarded that principle and to which he affixed his autograph. He also signed the Combination which affirmed the principle set forth in the Providence Compact. Years afterwards he wrote the letter to George Fox in which he reiterated his adherence to the same principles. His record is clear and consistent from 1638 to 1676 as an uncompromising advocate of government "only in civill things."


Another fact pertinent to this discussion has been frequently overlooked. The town government of Gravesend, Long Island, was organized under a patent granted December 19, 1645 by Governor Kieth to Lady Deborah Moody, her son Sir Henry Moody and others. The patent specifically allowed "freedom to worship without interference from magistrates or ministers." This is even a more emphatic declaration for a government "only in civill things," than the Providence Compact.

To return to Rhode Island. When the Hutchinson party were banished from Boston, several of Roger Williams' old friends were banished from Salem. They immediately joined him at Providence and in November of 1638, they, together with the Pawtuxet party, forced or persuaded Roger Williams to deed to them an undivided interest in the town of Providence. In this deed the signers of the Compact had no share. The records of the family of William Arnold, as shown in the New England Historical-Genealogical Register of 1879, prove that he was at Pawtuxet before Roger Williams was at Providence, and it may be reasonably inferred from subsequent events that some members of the families of William Harris and William Carpenter were there with him. Thomas Arnold and Thomas Harris, brothers of the two Williams, settled at Moshasuck, near by Richard Scott. I believe that they too had made their settlements before Roger Williams came to the spring near where St. John's Church now stands and called his settlement Providence. The deed which Roger Williams secured from the Indian Sachems, covered the territory at both Pawtuxet and Moshasuck, but Roger Williams' deed to the twelve proprietors of Providence did not include the Moshasuck settlers, although it included their lands. This deed was not recorded until 1660, and then Roger Williams recited it from memory. The town records do not show what became of the original or why it was not recorded. The feud which was apparently engendered by this deed lasted with the Pawtuxet party about fifty years, although it was superficially allayed by what is called in the records the "Combination." This was drawn upon the 27th of 5th mo. 1640, by Chad Browne and John Warner of the signers of the Compact and Robert Coles and William Harris of the grantees under Roger Williams' deed. They declare that, "being freely chosen by the consent of our loving friends and Neighbors, the inhabitants of this town of Providence, having many differences amongst us: They being freely willing and also bound themselves to stand to our Arbitration in all differences amongst us: to rest contented in our determination: Being so betruſted: we have seriously and carefully endeavoured to waye and consider all those differences: being desirous to bring them to unitye and peace: Although our abilities are farr short in the due examination of such weightye thinges: yet so far as we can conceive laieing all thinges together: wee have gon the faireſt and equalleſt way to produce o' peace."

Then follows agreement 1 as to the boundaries between Providence and Pawtuxet:







## First Free Political Compact in America

Then agreement 2: That in the town of Providence 5 men be chosen "to be Betruſted: with deſpoſall of Landes: and alſo the Towne ſtock: and Gennerall thinges:"

Then agreement 3: The details of a method of government by arbitration.

Then agreements 4, 5 and 6: Further details.

Then agreement 7, "That the Towne by the five men ſhall give every man a deed of all his Landes lying within the boundes of the plantation to hold it by for after ages."

Then agreements 8, 9 and 10 give details as to calling town meetings.

Then agreements 11 and 12, direct that all "Townesmen" ſhall pay as they are received 30s. into the Towne ſtock.

This unique inſtrument cloſes thus: "Theſe being thoſe thinges which we have Gennerally Concluded on for o' peace we deſiring o' Loving friends to receive as o' abſolute determination Laieing o' ſelves down as ſubjects to it."



The Combination was not recorded until March 28, 1662. It was dated "Providence this 27th of the 5th Month in the Yeare ſo called 1640." It was an echo of the Compact, and was an attempt to organize a civil government without magiſtrates, through arbitration. The document was ſigned by twelve of the thirteen who ſigned the Compact, by Roger Williams and eight of the twelve grantees under his deed and by eighteen others, including two women. They were the earlieſt inhabitants of Providence, Pawtuxet and Moſhaſuck. Externally matters were quieted, and all of the ſigners from that time on became prominent citizens of the town of Providence, acquieſcing in the requirements and agreements of the Combination which became the fundamental law of the town. The perſonal feuds, however, laſted until the death of the principal actors. The Combination will be found on the 2 page of vol. XX. of the Early Records of the town of Providence.

Some time after the ſigning of the Combination, Roger Williams went to England. He returned in 1643 with a royal charter for the colony, a copy of which will be found at page 7, vol. XV. of the Early Records of the town. This charter provides that the Rhode Island colony ſhall chooſe ſuch officers as it ſees fit, to make ſuch laws "as be conformable to ye Lawes of England." There is not a word in the charter that refers in any manner to religion, and liberty of conſcience is not mentioned.


The Charter of 1643 did not prove permanently acceptable to the four towns that then formed the Rhode Island Colony and after ſome years of continued differences the four towns united in ſending to England John Clarke, a Baptist Lollard, to ſecure a royal charter more acceptable in its provisions. After more than ten years of diplomacy and entreaty he returned with a charter which was granted by the humble petition of our truſted and well beloved ſubject John Clarke on the behalf of Benjamin Arnold and twenty-two others of whom Roger Williams was one, they repreſenting the four towns of Portsmouth, Newport, Warwick and Providence. Half of theſe, including Roger Williams, had been baniſhed from Maſſachuſetts, and the others would have been had they not gone directly to Rhode Island. This charter recites:

"And whereas, in their humble addreſs, they had freely declared, that it is much on their hearts (if they may be permitted) to hold forth a lively experiment, that a moſt flouriſhing civil ſtate may ſtand and be beſt maintained, and that among





## Investigations into American Foundations



our English subjects, with a full liberty in religious concerns but that all and every person and persons, may from time to time and at all times hereafter, freely and fully have and enjoy his and their own judgements and consciences in matters of religious concerns."

This charter, as well as the Compact and Combination reflects the sentiments of the group of Lollards who were active in securing it with John Clarke as their chief.


Now, of all these various instruments under which these different groups of individuals sought to organize themselves into bodies politic, between 1620 and 1663 in which religion is directly or indirectly referred to, this Providence Compact, the Combination, the Gravesend Patent and the Charter of 1663, are the only ones that did not aim at founding a theocracy. Roger Williams signed the Combination and the Charter of 1663, but he did not write either of them; yet, the Combination is the only one in which "we agree as formerly hath been the Liberties of this Towne, so still to hold forth Liberty of Conscience."

Of the men who signed these various instruments declaring for liberty of conscience, Roger Williams is the only one who did not consistently support that doctrine. I have carefully read and re-read his extended controversy with John Cotton concerning persecution for religion, and I am unable to find either in its spirit or its argument anything that supports liberty of conscience, or toleration. He condemns injury of either person or property on account of religion; but hurls anathemas against heretics, and advocates that all law be derived from a scriptural source. The whole book is so saturated with this idea that it is difficult to make selections unless at great length. I have read too that marvelous production of an apostle of free thought, "George Fox digged out of his Burrowes," in which the author exhausts the vocabulary of scurrility to heap abuse upon the Quakers. Nothing could surpass it in intolerance. I am fully aware that it is extremely difficult to determine the theological relations of Mr. Williams. William Coddington states that he was constant only in his inconstancy. Of all the group of men whose names appear in the Charter of 1663 he is the only one who maintained familiar correspondence with the Winthrops and Endicott, and who encouraged their abuse and persecution of Quakers. In March, 1657, it is stated that he began an action against Robert West, Catharine, wife of Richard Scott, Ann Williams and Rebecca Throckmorton as common opposers of all authority; also a further action against Thomas Harris, William Wigenon and Thomas Angell for ringleaders in new divisions in the colony. These men and women were all associated with the Providence Compact. With these acknowledged works from his pen still in our libraries, and not an organic act of which he is known to have been the author in which liberty of conscience or toleration is mentioned, where *did* he get the sole reputation as an apostle of freedom of thought in religion?

No, whoever penned that Compact, Roger Williams did not. He did not believe in a government "only in civill things." As I gather from his book, he believed in a theocracy, not in theory, but in reality, under which the church is supreme and the unfortunate heretic's person and goods might be safe from the whips of scorpions that chastized his soul.

If Roger Williams did not, who then did write it? I think any unprejudiced person, comparing the text and the signatures will say Richard





## First Free Political Compact in America

Scott wrote it. I have tested the opinions of a number of persons, using the photograph for the purpose with one uniform result to that effect.

There are other reasons for supposing that he wrote it. The Hutchinson party were Lollards or Wyckliffites. I have here neither time nor space to prove by a comparison of the doctrines of that sect or body of believers with those professed by the major portion of the Rhode Island settlers. Yet, any one who will investigate the subject can easily prove the relation. This relation accounts for the bitterness with which they were persecuted. The Lollards had been present as a residuum of dissent in England for a thousand years. The men had been hanged and the women sewed into sacks and drowned by Catholics, Presbyterians, Puritans and Congregationalists, for centuries before 1600. The first and last martyr burned in England was a Baptist Lollard. All manner of opprobrium was heaped upon them. They had no rights that orthodox Christians were bound to respect; yet, they increased until at one time half the population were said to be Lollards. It was but a step for a Baptist Lollard to reject all sacraments and become a Quaker. The complete separation of church and state was one of their cardinal doctrines, hence many of them were the determined foes of theocracy. They believed in a government "only in civill things."

Richard Scott had been to Boston and had witnessed at the trial of Ann Hutchinson the despotic brutality of which a theocracy is capable. I believe he returned to Providence with his soul on fire to mould the nascent forces of the infant commonwealth in such manner as to make a repetition of that scene impossible. He caught the familiar phrase of Roger Williams and added the crucial words "only in civill things." He secured the signatures of twelve men besides himself, Roger Williams and the other believers in theocracy refusing to sign it. He carried it in his pocket until it was nearly worn out, when it was at length placed among the town papers and at last pasted into its present place, as I believe, by John Whipple, Jr., who was the first Town Clerk of Providence worthy of the name.

However repulsive and unchristian the fanatical zeal of Winthrop and his colleagues may appear when judged by present standards, it must not be forgotten that there is much to admire in the austere virtue and devotion to convictions of duty exhibited by those men. They lived in a superstitious age when witches and specters were abroad. The name Anabaptist filled them with dread. Lawless and unreasoning as their treatment of the Antinomians was, it was merciful when compared with the treatment they had received in England for centuries before.

Another curious phenomenon is observed in the manner in which Rhode Island has singled out Roger Williams from the group of his associates and lavished all her praise on him, leaving his companions to be forgotten. Why are the fifty-seven banished from Boston, the four from Salem, the three from Dorchester and Nicholas Easton from Newbury never mentioned? They all suffered for conscience sake. Some of them came to Providence, others went to Newport. Four of them became governors of the colony and nearly all of them were active for fifty years in moulding the institutions of the state. John Clarke, not Roger Williams, secured the charter of 1663, which finally made possible a government for the colony "only in civill things." Let his name be remembered gratefully.





SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS AT YORKTOWN, October 19, 1781—Painting by John Trumbull

## Great Paintings in American History

Historic events produce their masters in art as well as military or political strategy. The American Revolution found in John Trumbull, a boy patriot, its historical painter. Trumbull fought in the ranks and felt the spirit of liberty. But twenty years of age when the Declaration of Independence was written, and having been graduated from Harvard only three years before, he answered the "call to arms" and offered his life as well as his abilities to his country. The youth who had studied art in Boston, went to England in 1780 to study under the master, West, but was imprisoned on a charge of treason and forced to leave the country. Subsequently he returned to England and became a pupil of the master. It was in 1786 that he produced his first American historical painting, "The Battle of Bunker Hill," which was soon followed by "The Death of Montgomery before Quebec." These paintings, imbued with the spirit of Americanism, brought him close to the hearts of the American people, and in 1817 the Congress of the United States commissioned Trumbull to paint four great canvasses for the rotunda of the national capitol at Washington, namely, "The Declaration of Independence," "The Surrender of Burgoyne," "The Resignation of Washington at Annapolis" and the "Surrender of Cornwallis." The American historical painter contributed many years of his life to this work, and at the time of his death at eighty-seven years of age, left many canvasses, including portraits and copies from old masters, fifty-four of which are now treasured in the art galleries at Yale University. Trumbull's birthplace was in Lebanon, Connecticut, June 6, 1756. He died in New York, November 10, 1843





DEATH OF GENERAL MONTGOMERY BEFORE QUEBEC—Painting by John Trumbull



SURRENDER OF BURGOYNE AT SARATOGA—Painting by John Trumbull

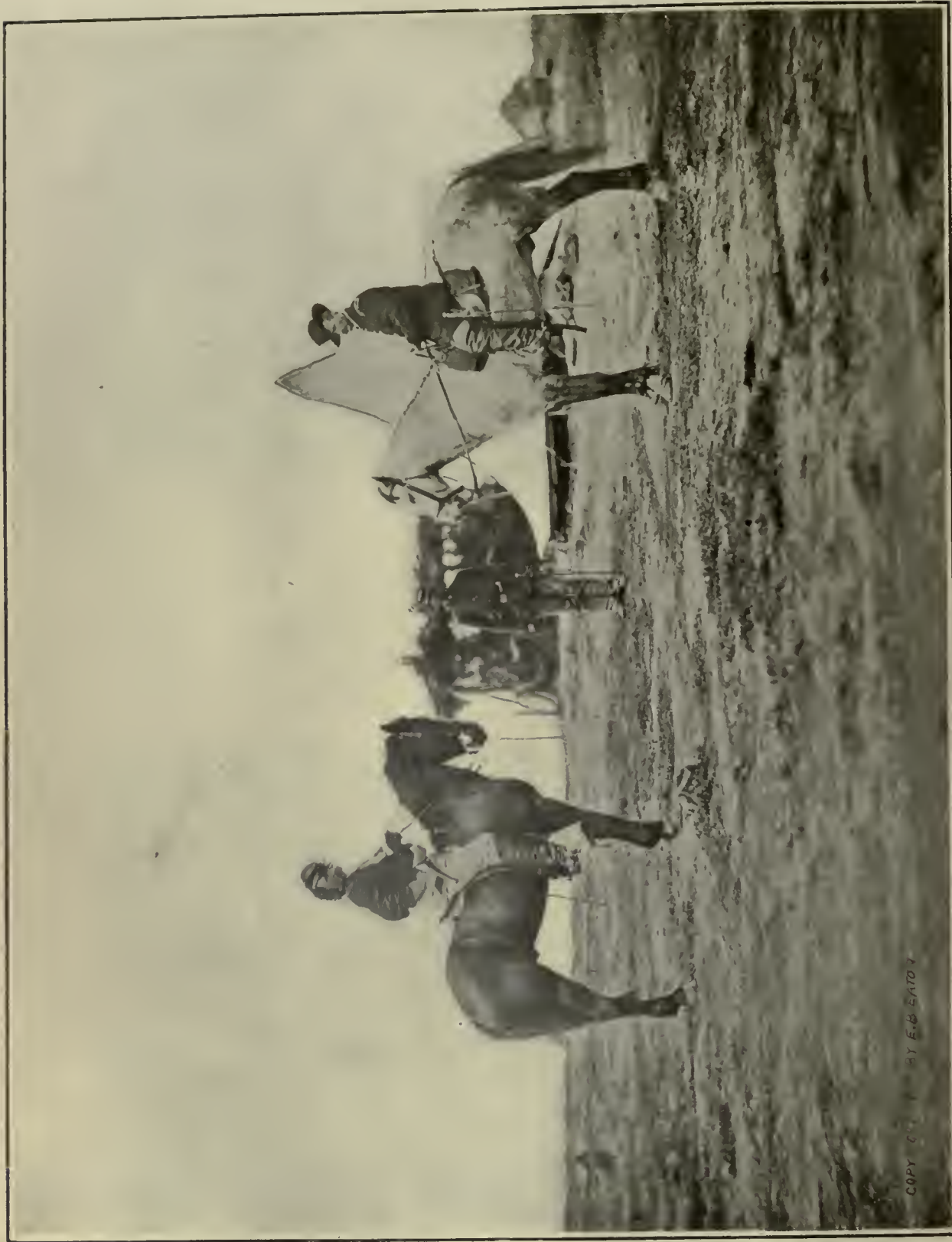


BATTLE AT PRINCETON—Painting by John Trumbull





BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL—Painting by John Trumbull





COPY BY E. B. EATON

Original Negative taken at Brantley Station, Virginia, in 1863, while Captain George A. Custer, on his black war horse, was conferring with Major General Alfred Pleasonton who is astride a gray charger—Now in the \$150,000 Collection of 7,000 original negatives taken under the Protection of the Secret Service during the Civil War, owned by Edward Bailey Eaton



# Diary of Captain Benjamin Warren on Battlefield of Saratoga


Remarkable  
Narrative of One of  
the "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the  
World" Written on the Battlefield by a Captain  
in the American Revolution & Transcribed from the Jared Sparks  
Collection of Manuscripts Deposited in the Library at Harvard University

BY  
DAVID E. ALEXANDER  
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

**T**HIS is the remarkable narrative of a soldier's experiences in one of "fifteen decisive battles of the world." It is one of those secret documents that remain apparently lost for many years only to appear in later generations to bear testimony to the foundations upon which the republic is built. It is another evidence that the true story of the American people has never been told. America has been so engrossed in the building of a great nation that it has had little time to even gather the testimonies of the men who have done, and are doing, the building. One by one they lay down their lives on the altar of civilization. Thousands of documents, in the form of diaries and journals, bearing witness to truths that may never be known except through them, are scattered throughout the United States in the private possession of descendants of the early American families. Since the inauguration of THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY thousands of these documents have been brought to light, many of which have been recorded in these pages, but most of which are deposited in the libraries and the historical associations. Correspondence to the extent of nearly sixty thousand letters inquiring for diaries, journals and all documents left by the early Americans, has been conducted by THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY during the last three years. Such organizations as the American Historical Association, and the societies throughout the states, are doing an invaluable service to the American people. The Government recognizes its obligation to preserve its "historical materials as among the surest means of maintaining an intelligent national patriotism," and since 1890 has expended nearly three million dollars (\$2,875,183) in printing documentary texts, calendars of manuscripts, and other historical volumes, an average of \$159,737 per annum. The most extensive and costly historical enterprise ever carried through by any government is the official records of the Civil War in 128 volumes at a cost computed at \$2,858,000. This great work is, however, necessarily confined to congressional, diplomatic and state department records, and cannot include private records of individuals such as that of Captain Benjamin Warren, written on the battlefield at Saratoga in 1777, and now deposited in the library at Harvard University.—EDITOR








## Diary of Captain Benjamin Warren

**W**HILE engaged in the investigation of historical matter at the Harvard College Library, I had occasion to examine the Spark's Collection of Manuscripts deposited there; my attention was drawn to the "Extracts from Captain Benjamin Warren's Diary, Saratoga, 1777; Cherry Valley, 1778," contained in Volume XLVII of that collection.

After a careful perusal of it I realized that a printed edition of the diary with notes, would make a valuable contribution to the historical literature of the American Revolution. Having ascertained that the diary had not previously been printed, I decided to prepare the diary for publication, and with that end in view, I sought and was readily given permission by the officials of the Harvard College Library. to make a transcript of it. The diary is in two parts; the first part taking in the period of Burgoyne's advance from the north in July, 1777, the battles of Saratoga in September and October of that year, until his surrender at what is now Schuylerville, New York on October 17, 1777. The Battle of Saratoga is considered by authorities as one of the "fifteen decisive battles" of the world. The concluding portion of the diary covers the Cherry Valley Massacre, one of the most horrible incidents of the Revolutionary War, which occurred at Cherry Valley, New York, in November, 1778. The whereabouts of the original diary is at present not known, but the copy from which this transcript is made is endorsed in the handwriting of Jared Sparks, thus: "The above copied from Captain Warren's Original Diary, lent to me by Mr. Daggett of New York, J. S.," which endorsement by such an authority as was Mr. Sparks, is sufficient proof of its authenticity. Extracts from the Cherry Valley section of the diary are quoted in Francis Whiting Halsey's excellent work, "The Old New York Frontier." No attempt has been made to alter the spelling, or Captain Warren's style of punctuation. In annotating this work, I have consulted the best authorities, and have endeavored to have the notes as free from error as careful study could make it. Acknowledgments are due to William Coolidge Lane, Librarian of the Harvard College Library, for special privileges granted; and to Thomas J. Kiernan of the same library, for his many favors.

Material for only a brief sketch of the author of the diary given below (Captain Benjamin Warren), is available, and although considerable time was spent in his native town, in the endeavor to procure additional matter, all efforts were fruitless. Benjamin Warren was born in Plymouth, Massachusetts, on March 13, 1739-40, and was the son of Captain Benjamin Warren, who was a descendant of Richard Warren, the first of that family in America; who left Plymouth, England, and sailed in the "Mayflower." He was a sergeant in Captain Abraham Hammatt's company that marched April 20, 1775, in response to the alarm of April 19, 1775, when he served for a period of eleven days. Later in that year, he was subaltern and ensign in Captain Thomas Mayhew's Company of Colonel Cotton's Regiment, and from January 1 to December 31, 1776, he was first lieutenant in the Twenty-fifth Continental Infantry. On January 1, 1777, he was promoted to be captain in the Seventh Massachusetts Regiment, which with other regiments of that state participated in the campaign against Burgoyne in Northern New York. It is very evident that the regiment in which Captain Warren served, was a portion of the garrison stationed at Fort Edward, and who evacuated that post upon the approach of Burgoyne's army. On what date he was transferred from his regiment to Colonel





## On the Battlefield at Saratoga in 1777

Ichabod Alden's Sixth Massachusetts Regiment does not appear. Again in 1779, his name is among the list of officers in the Seventh Massachusetts, then in command of Lieutenant-Colonel Brooks. He was also acting brigade-major in 1781, and was retired from the service on January 1, 1783. Captain Warren died on the tenth of June, 1825, aged eighty-five years.

### EXTRACTS FROM CAPTAIN BENJAMIN WARREN'S DIARY SARATOGA, 1777

*Monday 21st, July, 1777.* Last night Doctor Gilbert<sup>1</sup> arrived in camp, brought intelligence of a division of the regiment on the march from Albany this way. This morning sent a letter to my wife and one to my uncle at Albany; applied to Dr. How<sup>2</sup> for my arm he gave some dressing and physick, which I took this forenoon,—This afternoon some of Capt. Lane's<sup>3</sup> scout which consisted of 34, including officers of which only 5 arrived, and informed they were surrounded by the Indians and they did not know of any more escape: upon which 100 men were ordered out immediately in order to reinforce the Guard. The camp all ordered to dress and lay on their arms.

*Tuesday 22nd July.* This morning 7 more arrived with the Lieutenant, an informed that the Capt. and considerable number of the party were killed or made prisoners. This forenoon several were sent out 50 in a party to scour the woods have heard of no more as yet. About two o'clock our advance centry in front of the camp was attacked, one killed and scalped, (Lewis Harlo), the other taken; on which the Brigade turned out, Col. Nicksons<sup>4</sup> and Col Gratoms<sup>5</sup> in front and part of Putnams<sup>6</sup> Aldens<sup>7</sup> on left flank. A smart engagement ensued that lasted 28 minutes, very heavy fire on both sides Captain Thayer with a party advanced over the bridge and behind with great bravery charged their left flank so hot obliged them to retreat. The enemy consisted mostly of Indians: What the enemy lost we can't tell. But great tracks of blood where they drew them off, we judge their loss was considerable Col. Nickson had his horse killed under

<sup>1</sup>Samuel Gilbert, surgeon's-mate 7th Massachusetts Regiment, 1st January, 1777; resigned 11th October, 1777. (Heitman, *Officers Continental Army*, p. 190.)

<sup>2</sup>Estes Howe, surgeon 5th Massachusetts Regiment, 1st January, 1777; resigned 1st May, 1779. (*Ibid.* p. 230.)

<sup>3</sup>Daniel Lane, captain 7th Massachusetts Regiment, 1st January, 1777; taken prisoner 21st October, 1777, near Fort Edward; resigned 18th October, 1779. (*Ibid.* p. 255.)

<sup>4</sup>Thomas Nixon, captain company of minute men at Lexington, 19th April, 1775; lieutenant-colonel 5th Massachusetts, 19th May, 1775; lieutenant-colonel 4th Continental Infantry, 1st January, 1776; colonel, 9th August, 1776; colonel 6th Massachusetts, 1st January, 1777, to rank from 9th August, 1776; retired 1st January, 1781. Died 12th August, 1800. (*Ibid.* p. 310.)

<sup>5</sup>John Groaton, lieutenant-colonel of Heath's Massachusetts Regiment, 19th May, 1775; colonel 1st July, 1775; colonel 24th Continental Infantry, 1st January 1776; colonel 3rd Massachusetts, 1st November, 1776; brigadier-general Continental Army, 7th January, 1783; and served to close of war. Died 16th December, 1783. (*Ibid.* p. 198.)

<sup>6</sup>Rufus Putnam, lieutenant-colonel of Brewer's Massachusetts Regiment, May to December, 1775; lieutenant-colonel 23rd Continental Infantry, 1st January, 1776; colonel engineer, 5th August, 1776; colonel 5th Massachusetts, 1st November, 1776, to rank from 5th August, 1776; brigadier-general Continental Army, 7th January, 1783, and served to close of war. Died 1st May, 1824. (*Ibid.* p. 338.)

<sup>7</sup>Ichabod Alden, lieutenant-colonel of Cotton's Massachusetts Regiment, May to December, 1775; lieutenant-colonel 25th Continental Infantry, 1st January 1776; colonel 7th Massachusetts, 1st January, 1777. Killed at Cherry Valley, 11th November, 1778. (*Ibid.* p. 59.)



# Diary of Captain Benjamin Warren

him. We had eight killed and fifteen wounded on our side. At eight o'clock we had orders to remove down to our encampment on the height above fort Edward;<sup>8</sup> arrived there about eleven o'clock P. M., there we made fires, laid down on the ground, without victuals or anything to cover us.

*Wednesday 23rd.* This morning drew provision orders for the men to cook immediately and be ready for a march. Every thing of value carried down and burnt and destroyed. In afternoon was joined by a division of our regiment consisting of 100 men four miles below fort Edward at a place called mount Pleasant though wrongly named

*Thursday 24th.* This day about nine o'clock we heard a number of guns: sent out to know the cause: found a Lieutenant named Sewyer<sup>9</sup> of Col. Bradford<sup>10</sup> and a sergeant killed and scalpt. Their was two others with them that escaped. On which a scout of two hundred men were sent out to scour the woods, but could discover none of them.

*Friday 25th.* This morning Col. Putnam's regiment came in, that was left at fort Edward, and Major Whiting with a party of pickets, was sent to fort Edward. They<sup>11</sup> came so near our encampment that the century fired on them.

*Saturday 26th.* This morning came an express informing Major Whiting<sup>12</sup> was attacked. A reinforcement was immediately sent off and Gen. Larnard<sup>13</sup> with 500 men went round to come of the backs of them. But it rained hard and prevented this design. On their return, we learnt that an advance guard of twenty men from Major Whiting being posted on a

\*Fort Edward was erected in 1755, during the French and Indian, or "Seven Years' War." It stood at the junction of Fort Edward Creek and the Hudson River, also known as the "Great Carrying Place," in the present village of Fort Edward. The fort was constructed under the supervision of Major-General Phineas Lyman, who, with six thousand troops were collected at this point awaiting the arrival of Sir William Johnson, commander-in-chief of an expedition against Ticonderoga and Crown Point. This was named Fort Lyman, as a compliment to General Lyman. It was about six hundred feet long, and three hundred feet wide, the ramparts of earth and logs, were about seventeen feet high, and ten or twelve feet thick at the top, and surrounded by a deep ditch. The fort was garrisoned by six hundred men, and mounted six cannon. Several years later the name was changed to Fort Edward, in honor of Edward, Duke of York. The English abandoned the fort in 1774. At the beginning of the American Revolution, Fort Edward was strengthened and heavily garrisoned by American troops. Upon the approach of Burgoyne in 1777, the fort was evacuated by General Schuyler, and was not again occupied by the Americans until after the surrender of Burgoyne's Army. (*N. Y. Col. Doc's.* Vol. VIII, p. 45; Vol. X, p. 332; Stone, *Campaign of Gen. Burgoyne*, p. 339, et seq; Dwight's *Travels in N. Y. and N. E.*, Vol III, p. 234.)

<sup>8</sup>Jonathan Sawyer, 2nd lieutenant of Whitcomb's Massachusetts Regiment, May to December, 1775; 1st lieutenant 18th Continental Infantry, 1st January to 31st December, 1776; 1st lieutenant 14th Massachusetts, 1st January, 1777. He was killed a few miles below Fort Edward, July 19, 1777. (*Heitman, Officers Continental Army*, p. 357.)

<sup>9</sup>Gamaliel Bradford, colonel 14th Massachusetts, 1st January, 1777; retired 1st January, 1781. Died 9th January, 1807. (*Ibid.* p. 95.)

<sup>10</sup>The enemy.

<sup>11</sup>Daniel Whiting, captain of Brewer's Massachusetts Regiment, May to December, 1775; captain 6th Continental Infantry, 1776; major 7th Massachusetts, 1st January, 1777; lieutenant-colonel 6th Massachusetts, 29th September, 1778; retired 1st January 1781. (*Ibid.* p. 342.)

<sup>12</sup>Ebenezer Learned, colonel of a Massachusetts regiment, 19th May to December, 1775; colonel 3rd Continental Infantry 1st January, 1776; brigadier-general Continental Army, 2nd April, 1777; resigned 24th March, 1778. Died 1st April, 1801. (*Ibid.* p. 259.)



## On the Battlefield at Saratoga in 1777

hill was attacked, in which a Lieutenant<sup>14</sup> and seven were killed and a number wounded. They also took two women out of a house, killed and scalpt them; our people repaired to the fort, defended it and drove them off.

*Sunday 27th.* This day the Lieutenant and Miss McCray<sup>15</sup> was brought up, and buried here, the Lieutenant under arms his name was Van Vacken of Vandikes regiment. Almost all the officers of the Brigade mett in order to petition for redress of grievances imposed on us by Gen. Scuyler.<sup>16</sup>

*Monday 28th.* This morning early was alarmed with the news that Col. Loring's<sup>17</sup> pickets was surrounded at Fort Edward. But before we sent off, some of them came in and said they all made their escape by fording the River. We had orders to pack up all and retreat to a hill about two miles above fort Miller.<sup>18</sup> On our march down the Indians crept between our rere gard and the body and killed and scalpt an inhabitant that was

<sup>14</sup>The "lieutenant" mentioned by Captain Warren was Tobias Van Vegthen, 1st lieutenant 1st New York. His body was found near that of the unfortunate Jane McCrea


<sup>15</sup>Jane McCrea was the daughter of the Reverend James McCrea, a Presbyterian clergyman of Lannington, N. J. At the time of her murder by the Indians, she was visiting a Mrs. MacNeil, who resided at Fort Edward. Mrs. MacNeil was a cousin to General Fraser of the British Army, who was killed at Saratoga in October, 1777. Miss McCrea was betrothed to David Jones, an American loyalist, serving as a lieutenant in the "Royal New Yorkers" attached to Burgoyne's Army. On July 26, 1777, during a skirmish between a detachment of American troops and a party of Indians on Fort Edward Hill, some of the Indians rushed to the house of Mrs. MacNeil and took her and Miss McCrea prisoners. Later the body of Miss McCrea was found horribly mutilated and scalped; Mrs. MacNeil returned unharmed. Jane McCrea is buried in the Union Cemetery near Fort Edward. A monument has been erected to mark the spot where the murder occurred, which stands near what is known as the Jane McCrea Spring, on Fort Edward Hill. (Wilson, *Life of Jane McCrea*; Stone, *Campaign of John Burgoyne*, p. 302; Neilson, *Account of Burgoyne's Campaign*, p. 68.)

<sup>16</sup>Philip Schuyler was born in Albany, N. Y., November 11, 1733. Early in 1755, he entered the English service and commanded a company of Provincials in the expedition against the French forts on Lake Champlain. After the peace of 1763, he was much in active service in the civil government of his state. He was elected a delegate to the Continental Congress assembled at Philadelphia in May, 1775, and the following month was appointed one of four major-generals in the Continental Army. He was placed in command of the Northern Department, and being unable to accompany the expedition against Canada, by illness, the command devolved on Montgomery. He was superseded by Gates in March, 1777, but was reinstated the following May. When prudence caused him to evacuate Fort Edward and retreat down the Hudson upon the approach of Burgoyne's Army, the Eastern people and the militia demanded his removal, and Gates was again placed in command. General Schuyler, acquitted of all blame by the court of inquiry he had asked for, was urged to again accept military command, but declined. He served twice as United States Senator from New York. He died at Albany, November 18, 1804. His mansion is still standing at the head of Schuyler Street in that city. (Tuckerman, *Life of Philip Schuyler*; Lossing, *Field Book*, Vol. I, p. 39.)

<sup>17</sup>Jotham Loring, major of Heath's Massachusetts Regiment, May to December, 1775; major 24th Continental Infantry 1st January to 31st December, 1776, lieutenant-colonel 3rd Massachusetts 1st January, 1777; dismissed 12th August, 1779. (Heitman, *Officers Continental Army*, p. 269.)

<sup>18</sup>Fort Miller, erected in 1756 or 1757, stood on the west bank of the Hudson River, almost opposite the present village of that name. It was a small picketed work, named after Colonel Miller, commander of that force that constructed it. Fort Miller was never a post of any great importance, and was not proof against cannon. It was of much service in checking the incursions of the Indians, who frequently attacked the early settlers, plundering and scalping them. In 1758, the fort was garrisoned by one hundred and sixty men. Burgoyne and his army encamped opposite the fort while on his march to Saratoga in 1777. (N. Y. Col. Doc'ts. Vol. X, p. 946; Dwight's *Travels in N. Y. and N. E.*, Vol. III, p. 234.)





## Diary of Captain Benjamin Warren

watching his pigs. Set out large gard and — here this night.

*Tuesday 29th.* This day our fatigue party from the brigade was employed felling trees cleaning encampment, when the Indians crawled up, shot one of our sentrys through the neck: Same day killed and scalped a serjant.

*Wednesday 30th.* This day hove up a brestwork of logs round our encampment. General orders to decamp immediately and march for fort Miller immediately. The Indians to the number of four hundred attack our rear on both sides the river. Our rear guards were soon reinforced and repulsed them. Together with our field pieces played on them to retreat; in which scurmage Gen. Arnold's aid de camp was shot through the neck and one man killed on the spot, is all the loss I hear of on our side. Began our march again and got into fort Miller in the night, hove down a tent on the ground and lodged there; slept well.

*Thursday 31st.* This morning at gun-firing turned out; drew provision for men: set them cooking, being twenty four hours since we eat anything. Before we had it cooked, ordered on our march again for saratoga; pushed on, forded white Creek then then the main river; at four o'clock P. M. arrived at a plat of ground below Scuyler's creek, Saratoga, where our brigade and Gen. Larnards' pitched together with a train of Artillery. Dirty, hungry weary and wet; lodged in our wet clothes. Slept pretty well.

*August Friday 1st.* This morning at reveille beating turned out, washed, took a kick in the stomach attended prayers;—went up and viewed Gen. Glover's<sup>19</sup> brigade who arrived from Albany last night consisting of 1,200 men clean and tidy.

*Saturday 2nd.* This day we heard the enemy killed and scalpt two men. Last night about eleven o'clock the York regiment marched down the river, and about twelve o'clock the brigade paraded without arms to raft down boards and baggage from here.

*Saturday 3rd.* This morning all the troops on the ground had orders to pack up their baggage for march; about eight o'clock was alarmed that the enemy ambushed and fired on our scout, killed and wounded about twenty or thirty. On which a detachment was sent out: wounded Lieutenant Gray<sup>20</sup> who commanded the party; our party returned,—the Indians fled; one was prisoner among the Indians. In the afternoon, began our march; it rained exceeding hard, impeded our march till 5 o'clock; marched and arrived at still water<sup>21</sup> at 14 miles by 12 o'clock at night. Our tents and baggage on rafts, obliged us to camp down on the wet ground and still rainy with nothing to cover most of us but the heavens.


*Monday 4th.* This morning, drew provision and got something to eat by 10 o'clock, none having eat anything since yesterday's breakfast. Immediately after breakfast was alarmed that a body of the enemy was nigh, but none appeared. Learnt that two men were killed last night, bringing down rafts. In the afternoon, the encampment was laid out for the whole army; pitched our tents and cleaned our arms.

<sup>19</sup>John Glover, colonel of a Massachusetts regiment 19th May to December, 1775; colonel 14th Continental Infantry 1st January, 1776; brigadier-general Continental Army, 21st February, 1777; retired 22nd July, 1782. Died 30th January, 1797. (Heitman, *Officers Continental Army*, p. 192.)

<sup>20</sup>Hugh Gray, 1st lieutenant 10th Massachusetts 6th November, 1776. Died from the effects of wounds received near Saratoga, 3rd August, 1777.

<sup>21</sup>Stillwater, situated on the west bank of the Hudson River, about twenty-two miles north of Albany.





## On the Battlefield at Saratoga in 1777

*Tuesday 5th.* This day very wet, had orders to remove our tents, shift the front and send off all our baggage, except that we could carry on our backs.

*Wednesday 6th.* This day removed our tents, laid out on the ground and began to heave up redoubts in front and right wing.

*Thursday 7th.* This day I took charge of fatigue party of fifty men, cutting and fetching fashens<sup>22</sup> &c.

*Friday 8th.* Last night Lieutenant Curtis<sup>23</sup> came in from Cambridge with a division of 40 men of Col. Aldens regiment. This morning a Major and three men were taken by the Indians. A large scout was sent out and this afternoon a Major was killed and scalpt, Vanscout by name. About three miles below stillwater the scout got in and brought one Indian scalp, the first brought yet.

*Saturday 9th.* Nothing material occurred this day.

*Sunday 10th.* This afternoon attended church on grand parade, had a good sermon from these words; "Ye have been called unto liberty only not liberty for occasion to the flesh; but in love serving one another."

*Monday 11th.* This morning took charge of the hospital guard; nothing material while on guard.

*Tuesday 12th.* This day was releived of guard about ten o'clock; came to my tent; was very poorly all day.

*Wednesday 13th.* This day I was very low; extreme pain in my head and bones; could not go out. Received orders to strike tents at two o'clock to morrow morning and gather the boards in order to burn. No officer or soldier to leave his division to plunder on the road on pain of immediate death.

*Thursday 14th.* Last night received orders not to strike our tents till further orders. This day something rainy.

*Friday 15th.* This morning struck our tents at three o'clock A. M. and got our baggage ready for march at gun firing; marched about six miles down the river; rain obliged us to pitch our tents; we drew provision and tarried this night.


*Saturday 16th.* A party was ordered from our brigade of 100 men that I had the command of and 120 men Gen. Glover's under the command of Capt. Knapp<sup>24</sup> paraded at sun-rising. We had orders to march to Stillwater and burn all the boards left there; make what discovery we could and return. We accordingly marched there; burnt the boards; discovered three Indians on the opposite shore and some cattle; discovered some people on the Island about a mile and a half below sent out a party of 40 men; brought off 25 torys and their effects; marched down 5 miles; rafted off 40 thousand boards; burnt the bridge and returned.

<sup>22</sup>Fascines.

<sup>23</sup>William Curtis, 2nd lieutenant 25th Continental Infantry 1st January to 31st December, 1776; 1st lieutenant 7th Massachusetts 1st January, 1777; captain —, 1780; retired 1st January, 1781. Died 11th October, 1821. (Heitman, *Officers Continental Army*, p. 143.)

<sup>24</sup>Moses Knapp, captain of Read's Massachusetts Regiment May to December, 1775; captain 13th Continental Infantry 1st January to 31st December, 1776; captain 4th Massachusetts 1st January, 1777; major 11th Massachusetts 5th November, 1778; transferred to 10th Massachusetts, 1st January, 1781; transferred to 5th Massachusetts, 1st January, 1783, and served to 12th June, 1783. Died 7th November, 1809. (Heitman, *Officers Continental Army*, p. 253.)





## Diary of Captain Benjamin Warren

*Sunday 17th.* This day turned out at gun-firing paraded regiment for roll-calling. In the afternoon attended divine service; returned and was informed that Lieutenant Parker<sup>25</sup> and the officers with him was arrested for pillaging the inhabitants of Balltown.<sup>26</sup>

*Monday 18th.* This day orders came to strike tents and parade for marching. Two brigades paraded in the fields. Near the river Gen. Scuyler congratulated the troops on the news of the sweep of Gen. Rath which was as follows: 1 Col, 1 Major, 5 Captains, 1 Lieutenant, 4 Ensigns, 2 Convicts, 4 judge advocates, 1 Baron, 2 Canadian officers, 37 British soldiers, 398 Hessians, 38 Canadians, 151 torys, 80 wounded, 200 killed; total 936—5 Brass field pieces taken. Marched down to Fort Moon; went on to look up the plunder between the sprouts of smokegrass; cleared the ground; pitched our tents and lodged there.

*Tuesday 19th.* The adjutant went a fishing with us after roll calling; nothing material this day.

*Wednesday 20th.* A general court marshal was appointed to try all those men brought before them. Col. Smith,<sup>27</sup> President I was appointed Judge Advocate; the court met at 10 o'clock A. M.; tried 4 soldiers mostly for resisting and deserting at sundry times.

*Thursday 21st.* Court met by adjournment and adjourned again to the 22d, at 9 o'clock A. M.

*Friday 22d.* Last night general orders came for the army to hold themselves in readiness to march, and the general court martial to be dissolved. Then orders came from Gen. Gates<sup>28</sup> being the 7th orders after his arrival, which was day before yesterday.

*Saturday 23rd.* Received orders to clean our arms and clothes in order for muster.

*Sunday 24th.* This day was busy making out our muster rolls. Could not attend preaching.

*Monday 25th.* This day the brigade was paraded, and the Continental Muster Master mustered the brigade.

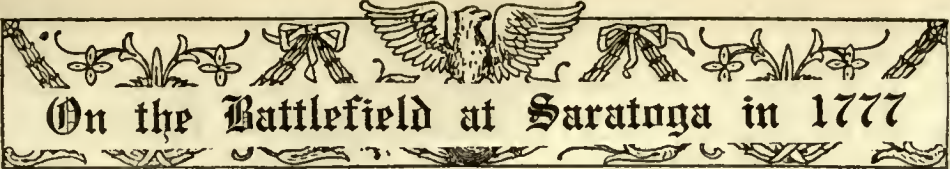
<sup>25</sup>James Parker, 2nd lieutenant of Bridge's Massachusetts Regiment May to December, 1775; 2nd lieutenant 6th Continental Infantry 1st January, 1776; captain-lieutenant 7th Massachusetts 1st January, 1777; captain 5th July, 1779; discharged 24th January, 1781. Also called Jonas Parker. (*Ibid.* p. 317.)

<sup>26</sup>The present Ballston Spa, thirty-two miles north of Albany.

<sup>27</sup>Calvin Smith, major of Read's Massachusetts Regiment May to December, 1775; major 13th Continental Infantry 1st January, 1776; lieutenant-colonel 6th Massachusetts 1st November, 1776; lieutenant-colonel commandant 13th Massachusetts, 10th March, 1779; transferred to 6th Massachusetts, 1st January, 1781, and served to 12th June, 1783. (Heitman, *Officers Continental Army*, p. 369.)

<sup>28</sup>Horatio Gates was a native of England, and was educated in the military profession. He served under Braddock in the French and Indian War. He later took up his residence in Virginia, and when the Continental Army was organized in 1775, he was appointed adjutant-general with the rank of brigadier. In June, 1776, he was given chief command of the northern department, with the rank of major-general, superseding Schuyler. The victory over Burgoyne at Saratoga, by the army under his command, gave him great praise. In June, 1780, Gates was placed in command of the southern department but his military operations were of little account. The disastrous battle near Camden, S. C., scattered his troops and he fled toward Charlotte. He was succeeded in command by General Greene, and his conduct was scrutinized by a committee from Congress who acquitted him from all blame. He was reinstated in his military command in the main army in 1782. At the close of the war he retired to his estate in Virginia, and in 1790, removed to New York City. He died on the tenth of April, 1806, aged seventy-eight years. (Lossing, *Field Book*, Vol. II, p. 463, note.)





## On the Battlefield at Saratoga in 1777

*Tuesday 26th.* This day was ordered on a forcing party to cover the teams.

*Wednesday 27th.* This day the paymaster paid the regiment two months wages.

*Thursday 28th.* This day received a letter from my wife; wrote by the post, Josiah Waterman, back and sent two thirty dollar bills home.

*Friday 29th.* Large party was called out for fatigue; heaving up redoubts round our encampment.

*Saturday 30th.* This day the pay master arrived from Albany, with some clothing for the regiment.

*Sunday 31st.* This day attended divine services.

*September 1st. Monday.* Strict orders were given out respecting the soldiers marauding.

*Tuesday 2nd.* This day orders were given to hold ourselves in readiness to march at the shortest notice. The General expected soon a considerable reinforcement.

*Wednesday 3rd.* Had intelligence that at Fort Stanwix<sup>29</sup> the enemy had raised the siege and fled and that our troops sallied out of the forts and pursued them. They fled and left their tents standing and camp equipage:—And that 200 Indians had joined Gen. Arnold's<sup>30</sup> division that way.


<sup>29</sup>Fort Stanwix was erected in 1758, by General John Stanwix and was named in his honor. It stood on the bank of the Mohawk River, at what was known as the "Oneida Carrying Place," and the site of the fort is now bounded by Dominick, Liberty, and Spring Streets in the city of Rome, New York. It was a strong fortification, having bomb-proof bastions, and was about four hundred feet square, surrounded by a ditch forty feet wide, and twenty feet deep. The barracks accommodated nearly seven hundred men. About 1760 the use of Fort Stanwix as a military station was given up, and it was allowed to go to decay. At the outbreak of the American Revolution, the fort was repaired by the Americans, and named Fort Schuyler in General Schuyler's honor. Colonel Peter Gansevoort, with the 3rd Regiment, New York Line, was assigned as a garrison. When the fort was besieged by the British under St. Leger, August 2, 1777, it mounted fourteen guns. In November, 1778, Gansevoort's Regiment was replaced by Colonel Van Schaick's. In 1781, through floods caused by incessant rains and the melting snow, the fort was destroyed; it was abandoned and not occupied again. (*Oneida Historical Society's Transcript*, 1885-86, pp. 69-74; Lossing's *Field Book*, Vol. I, p. 38, et seq.)

<sup>30</sup>Benedict Arnold was a native of Connecticut. He served as a captain in the Lexington alarm, April, 1775. He was with Ethan Allen at the capture of Fort Ticonderoga on May 10, 1775, and in September of that year he was appointed colonel in the Continental Army. He was wounded at Quebec, December 31, 1775. In 1776 he was promoted to be brigadier-general, and in February, 1777, to be major-general. At the Battle of Saratoga he displayed great bravery and was severely wounded in the leg. He received the thanks of Congress by resolution of November 4, 1777. In September, 1780 his traitorous dealings with the British having been discovered by the capture of Major André, the British spy, he deserted to the enemy. He died in London, England, June 14, 1801. (*Spark's Life of Arnold*; Heitman, *Officers Continental Army*, p. 66.)

<sup>31</sup>Benjamin Lincoln was a native of Massachusetts. He was very active until the close of 1776 in training the militia for the Continental service, and in February, 1777 he joined Washington at Morristown with a reinforcement. On the nineteenth of that month he was appointed major-general in the Continental Army. He was wounded in the leg at Saratoga, seventh of October, 1777, which kept him from active service until August of the year following. Soon after, he was given chief command of the southern department. On May 12, 1780, he surrendered to the British at Charleston. He was permitted to return to his home, Hingham, Massachusetts, on parole, and in November of that year he was exchanged. General Lincoln was Secretary of War from October 30, 1781 until he resigned in October, 1783. He died at his home in Hingham, May 9, 1810. (Heitman, *Officers Continental Army*, p. 264; Lossing, *Field Book*, Vol. II, p. 527.)







## Diary of Captain Benjamin Warren

*Friday 5th.* Received intelligence that Gen. Lincoln<sup>21</sup> had six or eight thousand men marched to Fort Ann<sup>22</sup> and Skenesborough.<sup>23</sup>

*Saturday 6th.* Preparation was made for a march.

*Sunday 7th.* Attended divine service in the evening; received orders to strike our tents at four o'clock to morrow morning and march at gun-firing.

*Monday 8th.* We accordingly struck our tents and loaded our baggage at gun-firing; marched and forded the Sprouts; marched eight miles and pitched our tents.

*Tuesday 9th.* At gun-firing struck our tents and marched for still water; arrived there at 9 o'clock A. M. drew provisions and tarried there; was informed Gen Burgoin's<sup>24</sup> principle force was at Saratoga and that Gen. Lincoln had got Fort Ann and Skenesborough in possession.

*Wednesday 10th.* This day Col. Baldwin<sup>25</sup> with his carpenters built a floating bridge across the river, so that they drove over a great number of cattle and sheep from the other side upon it before night. This bridge was a rod wide and fifty six rods long.

*Thursday 11th.* Fatigue men were employed heaving up works, as we were to tarry there; received orders at night to march to morrow morning at sunrise.

*Friday 12th.* Marched at sun-rise towards saratoga three miles on a grand eminence not far from the river; was joined by Gen. Arnold's division, so that we had at least nine thousand men.

*Saturday 13th.* Scouts that went out to spy the enemys encampment,


<sup>21</sup>Fort Ann was built by the English in 1757, during the French and Indian War. It stood at the junction of Halfway Creek and Mud Creek, near the present village of Fort Anne, New York. It was a small stockaded fortress and never was the scene of any fierce hostility. On July 8, 1777, after an engagement near the fort between a party of British and a detachment of Americans under Colonel Long, the fort was set on fire by that officer on his retreat to Fort Edward. (Stone, *History Washington County, New York*, p. 145; Lossing, *Field Book*, Vol. I, p. 139.)

<sup>22</sup>The present Whitehall, New York, situated at the lower end of Lake Champlain, seventy-eight miles north of Albany. There was an American garrison stationed here during the Revolution, and the vessels commanded by Arnold in the action on the lake below Crown Point, were constructed and partially armed here. The British encamped at Skenesborough for several weeks while on the march to Saratoga. Major Skene, after whom the place was named, was made prisoner at the surrender of Burgoyne's Army.

<sup>23</sup>John Burgoyne entered the army at an early age. In 1762 he served in Portugal with the English Army in the defense of that kingdom against the Spaniards, in which he greatly distinguished himself. After his return to England, he became a privy councillor and was elected to a seat in Parliament. He came to America in 1775 and was in Boston at the time of the Battle of Bunker Hill. The same year he was sent to Canada, but early in 1776 returned to England. In the spring of 1777, he was appointed to the command of the Northern British Army in America. After some successes, he was captured with all his army in October, 1777. He was sent to Cambridge, Massachusetts as a prisoner of war, and after some delay was allowed to return to England. From the conclusion of peace, until his death, he devoted his time to pleasure and literary pursuits. He died of an attack of gout, August 4, 1792. (Lossing, *Field Book*, Vol. I, p. 37, note; Fonblanque, *Life of John Burgoyne*.)

<sup>24</sup>Jeduthan Baldwin, captain-assistant-engineer Continental Army, 16th March, 1776; colonel-engineer 3rd September, 1776; retired 26th April 1782; he was also colonel Artillery Artificer Regiment, 3rd September, 1776 to 29th March, 1781. Died 4th June, 1788. (Heitman, *Officers Continental Army*, p 72.)





## On the Battlefield at Saratoga in 1777

brought in three prisoners that they took near Scuyler's house<sup>86</sup> and say they are a very few troops this side the river, only a guard. The most of their troops are on the Heights on the other side; in the afternoon our Indians brought in two more regular prisoners.

*Sunday 14th.* This morning after prayers I was ordered on duty, to take command of the main guard; relieved Capt. Spur;<sup>87</sup> in the evening our scout returned; they discovered the enemy too large a number to pick a wrangle with. Had ambushed the road where they expected our scout would come; visited my sentries in the night and found them alert on their posts.

*Monday 15th.* This day was relieved of guard delivered 11 Tories, 5 regular prisoners and three convicts to the Capt. of the troops in order to carry to Albany. Had information by scouts that the enemy was advancing; all the troops on the ground employed in throwing up lines. Nothing material from them further.

*Tuesday 16th.* This day the troops paraded; struck our tents; loaded our baggage. Gen. Arnold marched about three thousand men up to the enemy's quarters, but some of the rifle men fired on them and by that means discovered the plot; He marched back without attacking them.

*Wednesday 17th.* This day all the troops on fatigue and guard got in good order to receive them. Our scouts brought intelligence that they were on the march towards us. A flag came in with Capt. Lane on parole; the same scout brought in two Hessian prisoners.

*Thursday 18th.* This day our scout brought in two regular prisoners, and in the afternoon they brought in one more wounded.

*Friday 19th.* Received intelligence that the enemy was nigh; ordered to strike the tents and load the baggage, which was instantly done; manned the lines in the following manner: Gen. Arnold's division on the right with his reserve,—Gen. Glover on plond Hill in front,—and Gen. Nickson's<sup>88</sup> on the right,—our regiment in the rear lines for a reserve. Some of the militia manned the lines round our camp as reserve; the rest of the Army all paraded on their own ground ready to reinforce either wing. About two o'clock the action began on our left, between their advanced guard and Capt. Morgan's,<sup>89</sup> who was a flanking party; he beat them back to the main body.—This action lasted half an hour; the enemy soon reinforced and advanced. The engagement began again at 25 minutes after three o'clock

<sup>86</sup>The Schuyler House was erected in 1766 by Philip Schuyler, afterward Major-General in the Revolution. It stood in Old Saratoga, just south of Fish Creek, and was a pretentious home for the times. It served as a summer home for its owner, his winter residence being in Albany. Upon the retreat of Burgoyne after the battle of October 7, 1777, this house, with others in the vicinity, was ordered to be burnt by him. It was rebuilt by the soldiers of Gates' Army in the remarkably short space of seventeen days, but in a style much inferior in beauty. This house is (1908) still standing.

<sup>87</sup>John Spurr, lieutenant of Hitchcock's Rhode Island Regiment, 3rd May, 1775; captain 11th Continental Infantry 1st January to 31st December, 1776; captain 6th Massachusetts, 1st January, 1777; Major 16th October, 1780; retired 1st January, 1781. (Heitman, *Officers Continental Army*, p. 378.)

<sup>88</sup>John Nixon, captain company of minute men at Lexington, 19th April, 1775; colonel of a Massachusetts regiment 19th May to December, 1775; wounded at Bunker Hill 17th June, 1775; colonel 4th Continental Infantry 1st January, 1776; brigadier-general Continental Army 9th August, 1776; resigned 12th September, 1780. Died 24th March, 1815. (Heitman, *Officers Continental Army*, p. 310.)



## Diary of Captain Benjamin Warren

with great spirit on both sides, we beat them back three times and they reinforced and recovered their ground again, till after sunset without any intermission when both parties retired and left the field:<sup>40</sup> we took a field piece twice and they retook it again and carried it off with them. About eight o'clock I was called out with twenty four men from our regiment and a number from the rest to make a hundred from the brigade to act as a picket to guard near where the action was; we were so nigh that we heard the cries and groans of the wounded all night that was left on the ground: We sent off in the night to bring them off, but both guards advanced and neither dared to take the field.

*Saturday 20th.* This morning early a wounded man of the militia, who had been wandering all night, came to our guard; he was shot through the head. There came in two men that was taken at night and one regular, that deserted last night, who informed that Gen. Burgoyne was mortally wounded and the second in command killed on the spot; the soldier belonged to the 62, who said that most of their regiment officers and soldiers were either killed or wounded and he thought the safest way to desert to us. Our patrols brought in a dead serjeant of Col. Martial's<sup>41</sup> regiment. In afternoon we sent out a party that brought in Capt. Clark<sup>42</sup> of the militia, who was stripped entirely naked; he was wounded in the head; they gave him drink in a spoon; he seemed to have some sense though speechless. Lieut. Reed<sup>43</sup> of our regiment is among the dead. Col. Adams<sup>44</sup> of Hamsher and Col. Coburn<sup>45</sup> are all the field officers that I hear of that are killed, though no particulars as yet transpire. The loss of the enemy is very great; the field was covered with dead almost for several acres. The hottest battle

<sup>40</sup>Daniel Morgan was a native of New Jersey, where he was born in 1737, and at an early age removed to Virginia. He was a private soldier under Braddock in 1755. At the beginning of the Revolution he joined the army under Washington at Cambridge and commanded a corps of riflemen. He was with Arnold at Quebec in 1775, where he distinguished himself, and was taken prisoner. In November, 1776, he was selected as colonel of the Eleventh Virginia Regiment in which was incorporated his rifle corps. At the Battle of Stillwater, September 19, 1777, he did great service. He was appointed brigadier-general in the Continental Army, October 13, 1780, and for his brilliant victory over Tarleton at the Cowpens January 17, 1781, Congress voted him a gold medal. He served to the close of the war, when he retired to his estate, near Winchester, Virginia. In 1800 he removed to Winchester where he died on July 6, 1802. (Graham, *Life of General Daniel Morgan*; Lossing, *Field Book*, Vol. II, p. 431.)

<sup>41</sup>Lieutenant W. Digby, serving in Burgoyne's Army says in his *Journal*, page 289: "Darkness interposed (I believe fortunately for us) which put an end to the action."

<sup>42</sup>Thomas Marshall, colonel 10th Massachusetts 6th November, 1776; retired 1st January, 1781. Died 18th November, 1800. (Heitman, *Officers Continental Army*, p. 285.)


<sup>43</sup>Norman Clark, private of a company of minute men at Lexington, 19th April, 1775, and in a Massachusetts regiment, June to December, 1775; lieutenant Massachusetts militia in 1776; wounded at Harlem Plains, 16th September, 1776; captain Massachusetts militia in 1777 and 1778. (*Ibid.* p. 125.)

<sup>44</sup>Benjamin Read, 2nd lieutenant and adjutant 13th Continental Infantry 1st January to 31st December, 1776; 1st lieutenant 1st Massachusetts 1st January, 1777; killed at Stillwater 19th September, 1777. (*Ibid.* p. 341.)

<sup>45</sup>Winborn Adams, captain 2nd New Hampshire 23rd May to December, 1775; captain 8th Continental Infantry 1st January, 1776; major 2nd New Hampshire 8th November, 1776; lieutenant-colonel 2nd April 1777; killed at Bemis' Heights 19th September, 1777. (*Ibid.* p. 59.)

<sup>46</sup>Andrew Colburn, major 4th Continental Infantry 1st January, 1776; wounded at Harlem Heights 12th October, 1776; died 20th September, 1777, of wounds received at Bemis' Heights, 19th September, 1777. (*Ibid.* p. 130.)





## On the Battlefield at Saratoga in 1777

and longest that was ever fought in America. The enemy hove in all their British troops the last reinforcement and its generals thought there was not above a third of our army engaged with them; our picket was relieved about 9 o'clock at night; returned to my tent.

*Sunday 21st.* This morning came on a smart shower in the height of it discovered the enemy on the move; suspected that they designed a desperate rush with the bayonets; our army girded on theirs and waited to receive them; when the showers were over, manned the lines. The General received an express from Gen'l. Lincoln Col Brown<sup>46</sup> had taken Fort George,<sup>47</sup> the French lines at Ticonderoga<sup>48</sup> and three hundred prisoners, and retook two hundred that was taken from us; 300 batlians, 17 gun-boats, and a large, armed sloop, and made a demand of Fort Independence,<sup>49</sup> when the express came off; took also a large number of cannon: On which thirteen cannon was fired and three cheers through the whole Army, which rang in the ears of the enemy.<sup>50</sup>

*Monday 22nd.* This morning received orders to strike tents and man the lines which we did; marched on the height near headquarters for a reserve if the enemy attacked: while they received intelligence by an express to


<sup>46</sup>John Brown was a native of Massachusetts. He graduated at Yale College in 1771, and studied law with Oliver Arnold (a cousin of the traitor), at Providence, Rhode Island. After practicing law for a short time at Caughuawaga, New York, he went to Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and became active in the patriot cause. He was elected to Congress in 1775, but before the meeting of that body he had joined the expedition against Fort Ticonderoga, in May of that year. He was at the capture of Fort Chambly in Canada, October, 1775. Congress gave him the commission of lieutenant-colonel November 20, 1775 and he participated in the storming of Quebec the following month. In the campaign in Northern New York in the autumn of 1777, Brown was very active. He was colonel of a regiment of New York levies in 1780 and he was killed in an attack on the British near Palatine, New York on the nineteenth of October of that year. (Heitman, *Officers Continental Army*, p. 102; Lossing, *Field Book*, Vol. I, p. 280.)

<sup>47</sup>Captain Warren is here in error as without doubt he has reference to Lake George, not Fort George. Colonel Brown captured all the British outposts at the north end of Lake George before proceeding to Fort Ticonderoga.

<sup>48</sup>Fort Ticonderoga, or Fort Carillou as it was named by the French, was erected by them in 1756, near the present village of Ticonderoga, New York. It was built on a peninsula elevated more than one hundred feet above Lake Champlain, admirably adapted for a place of defense. The fort was strongly built, its walls and barracks were of limestone. About a mile north of the fort were intrenchments which were known during the Revolution as the French Lines. The fort and outworks were garrisoned by about four thousand French troops, commanded by Montcalm. In July, 1758, General Abercrombie with a large force of English attacked the fort but was compelled to retire with heavy loss. On July 26, 1759, Amherst with nearly eleven thousand troops moved against Ticonderoga; the French despairing of being able to hold out against a vastly superior force, dismantled and abandoned the post, retiring to Crown Point. Amherst, after taking possession, repaired and enlarged the works. On May 10, 1775, Ethan Allen with a small party captured Ticonderoga. It was in the hands of the Americans until July 5, 1777, when Burgoyne and his army appeared before its walls. St. Clair, who was in command, evacuated the post without any attempt to defend it because of the weakness of the garrison. The ruins of the fort may still be seen. (Watson, *Hist. Essex Co., N. Y.* p. 89; Lossing, *Field Book*, Vol. I, pp. 117-118; *Thacher Military Journal*, p. 61.)

<sup>49</sup>Opposite Fort Ticonderoga and about fifteen hundred yards distant is Mount Independence, an eminence in Vermont. Here a star fort was erected enclosing a square barrack. It was strongly garrisoned and well supplied with artillery picketed, and the approaches guarded by batteries. In July, 1777, this fort with the works at Ticonderoga was abandoned by St. Clair. (Watson, *Hist. Essex Co., N. Y.*, p. 178; Stone, *Campaign of Gen. John Burgoyne*, p. 435.)





## Diary of Captain Benjamin Warren

Gen. Gates from Gen. Washington, informing that there had been a considerable battle between him and Gen. How,<sup>51</sup> in which ours held the ground and killed one general; one mortally wounded and a third wounded; two thousand of the enemy killed and one thousand wounded; one thousand and three hundred killed and wounded on our side.<sup>52</sup> This afternoon the Indians brought in a number of prisoners from the enemys quarters.

*Tuesday 23rd.* This day was warned for guard in morning at troop beating; mounted picket guard of 100 men, properly officered and commanded by Major. Whiting; nothing material for the time on guard.

*Wednesday 24th.* Nothing worthy of notice occurred this day.

*Thursday 25th.* This morning was relieved half after eight o'clock by Col. Newell;<sup>53</sup> came to camp; breakfasted and went to visit Col. Alden, who arrived yesterday. The Indians brought in 27 regulars and Hessians also Tories who were given up to them to buffet.

*Friday 26th.* This day some regulars were taken; one officer was killed and scalpt, who had quarters offered him by the Indians but refused it.

*Saturday 27th.* This day received orders to cook three days provisions and hold ourselves in readiness to march at a moments warning. This day Gen. Gamble came in from Bennington; retaken at Ticonderoga; Gen. gave him an order for a suit of clothes.

*Sunday 28th.* This day had orders to turn out on intelligence that the enemy was on the move; but they not appearing turned in again. Lieut. Gamble to Albany for clothes; sent a letter by him to my uncle in Albany.

*Monday 29th.* Received a letter from Mr. Warren by Howe.

*Tuesday 30th.* Sent an answer by Howe and ordered him to receive \$180 of mine in the paymasters hand at half-moon,<sup>54</sup> and carry to my wife.

*October, Wednesday 1st.* This day received another letter from Plympton<sup>55</sup> by Waterman. Nothing material new.

*Thursday 2nd.* Was alarmed by moves of the enemy; manned the lines. But only a scurmage.


<sup>50</sup>Under the date of September 21 1777, Captain Pausch of the artillery, serving with the Hessian troops in Burgoyne's Army, writes in his journal, page 148, thus: "It is very evident that we are very near the enemy's camp, for we can hear their drums distinctly. Today they fired salutes of thirteen to fourteen guns, and we could repeatedly hear their joyful exclamation 'Hurrah! Hurrah!' The cause of their celebrating this festival is at present unknown to us."

<sup>51</sup>William Howe, fifth Viscount Howe, entered the English Army at an early age. His elder brother, Lord George Howe, was killed in the disastrous assault on Fort Ticonderoga in 1758. At the outbreak of the American Revolution, Howe was sent to America, then ranking as a major-general, and commanded the force sent out by General Gage to attack the Americans at Bunker Hill. In October 1775, he succeeded to the command of the British Army in America, which he retained until he resigned in May, 1778. After his return to England he became lieutenant-general of ordinance, and in 1783, general in the army. (*Dict. Nat'l Biography*, Vol. XXVIII, p. 104.)

<sup>52</sup>The Battle of Brandywine was fought September 11, 1777, between the American Army under Washington, and the British commanded by General Howe. The American force numbered about fourteen thousand; that of the British nearly eighteen thousand. The Americans were forced to retreat, leaving the enemy masters of the field. (Bancroft, *Hist. of U. S.*, Vol. V, p. 179; Carrington, *Washington, the Soldier*, p. 185; *Washington to President of Congress*.)

<sup>53</sup>Ezra Newhall, captain of Mansfield's Massachusetts Regiment May to December, 1775; captain 27th Continental Infantry 1st January to 31st December, 1776; major 5th Massachusetts 1st January, 1777, to rank from 1st November, 1776; lieutenant-colonel 17th May, 1777; transferred to 4th Massachusetts 1st January, 1783, and served to November, 1783; brevet-colonel 30th September, 1783. (Heitman, *Officers Continental Army*, p. 308.)





## On the Battlefield at Saratoga in 1777

*Friday 3rd.* Drew three days provision had orders to cook it immediately and be ready to march at a moments warning.

*Saturday 4th.* A small scurmage between our picket and theirs; marched 700 men on scout up the river.

*Sunday 5th.* This day I was warned to attend as President of court martial at nine o'clock at my tent tried two; one for selling his clothes and the other for quarrelling and stabbing his messmate with a knife.

*Monday 6th.* This day discovered enemy on move; sent out scouts to watch them.

*Tuesday 7th.* This day about 12 o'clock was alarmed; turned out and manned the lines.—waited till half past three o'clock when a cannonade began on our left in the woods; soon after a smart musketry; in about half an hour, the Gen. came up and ordered our regiment to march immediately to reinforce; we marched up just as they retreated into their own lines; we marched up on the right of Col. Morgan's riflemen to their lines within ten rods of a strange fort; fought them boldly for better than half an hour when they gave way; left the fort and fled. Our people marched in and took possession of their cannon and 600 tents, standing with baggage &c. The fire was very hot on both sides. The fields are strowed with the dead. Gen. Frasier<sup>96</sup> is amongst the dead; and the devil took Burgoyne's aid de camp. Their loss is by their own confession 1500 killed and wounded; what our loss is I cannot tell, but 17 are killed and wounded in our regiment.


*Wednesday 8th.* This morning turned out to the alarm posts. The General came and marched us up the road in the low land, till we came within fifty rods of the enemy's lines. Formed on the great height; a smart cannonade ensued on both sides. They being in their, lines, and we in the open field. Their Indians ordered to rip up bridge over the river under which were 60 battoes with provision in them; we brought up our brass sixes and twelves and briskly played on them, which soon drove them off; the musketry from the heights continued till after sun set; we had a man wounded and two killed on the fly and Gen. Lincoln had his leg broke and three more wounded on the heights; this day returned to our quarters.

<sup>96</sup>Half-Moon, now Waterford, New York, situated on the west bank of the Hudson River, opposite the upper end of Troy. The early name (Half-Moon) was after Henry Hudson's ship.

<sup>97</sup>Plympton, Massachusetts.

<sup>98</sup>Simon Fraser was the youngest son of Hugh Fraser of Balnain, Inverness-shire, by his wife, a daughter of Fraser of Forgie. In 1755 he was appointed lieutenant in the Sixty-second Royal Americans, which later became known as the Sixtieth Royal Rifles. In January, 1757, he became captain-lieutenant of the Second Highland Battalion; he was promoted to be captain in 1759. He fought in this battalion at the Siege of Louisburg, Cape Breton, and served under Wolfe at Quebec. Several years later he returned to England. In 1776 he accompanied his regiment (the Twenty-fourth Foot), then holding the rank of colonel, to Canada. He was appointed to the command of a brigade composed of his regiment and the grenadiers and light companies of the army. He was attached to Burgoyne's Army of Invasion in 1777, and was present at the first Battle of Saratoga. In the action of October 7 he fell mortally wounded by a rifleman in Morgan's command. Removed to a house near the field of battle, he expired at about eight o'clock the next morning. Late in the afternoon of that day, he was buried with all the honors of war on top of a hill west of the Hudson within one of the intrenchments known as the "Great Redoubt." (*Dict. Nat'l Biog.* Vol. XX, p. 222; Fonblanque, *Life of John Burgoyne*, p. 241., note; Lossing, *Field Book*, Vol. I, pp. 65-66.)





## Diary of Captain Benjamin Warren

*Thursday 9th.* This morning it came on to rain hard and continued all day; Lieut. Curtis went off in the morning with a party of 50 men to relieve the Guard; the old Guard returned at day light; discovered the enemy was gone; marched in and took possession of their lines; took about 400 prisoners, sick, wounded and well; took their battoes with provision. They left their wounded in barns and 20 Markees left; apothecary drugs and many valuable things; drew 4 days provision and had it cooked in order to pursue them; our riflemen pursued them; 8 field pieces which makes 17 in number taken from them. Many deserters came in.

*Friday 10th.* This morning the greatest part of the Army marched up to give them a fatal blow, I being not well, would not go forward with them.

*Saturday 11th.* This day took physick and kept my tent till orders came to strike our tents and carry our baggage forward: a black fellow was wounded in camp by accident of our men; About eleven o'clock baggage loaded and set off for Saratoga; met 50 or 60 prisoners taken the night before; marched to where the enemy fled from; saw 20 large markees with their wounded, many of them badly: the roads strowed with waggons, baggage, dead carcasses, Amunition, tents &c., as much of it damaged as they could for the time; houses and buildings mostly burnt as they retreated and the bridges though our carpenters repaired them as fast as we marched: Arrived at Saratoga at sun set, near Schuyler's house, which they burnt just as our people got there; set a guard over our baggage and encamped in the night; saw a vision in my sleep, which much surprised me being very remarkable.

*Sunday 12th.* This morning went up to regiment which laid near the enemy, being poorly; returned to the tent and spent the Sabbath in great adjutation of mind; saw a wounded man of Col. Nixon's brought down to be dressed and had his leg taken off:—some prisoners taken and some deserters.

*Monday 13th.* This morning after breakfast went down to Col. Stacy<sup>57</sup> to the picket: small arm and cannon shot flew thick and fast; returned to the regiment; encamped on the hill south of Col. Nickson's regiment.

*Tuesday 14th.* This day a flag came out from the enemy in answer to a demand, sent in last night for a surrender. Orders are issued for a cessation of arms; not again to be fired on any pretence, till further notice.

*Wednesday 15th.* All remains still like Sunday; no firing; still a conference is held and capitulation agreed on between Gen. Gates and Gen. Burgoyne, the particulars not publick. I was ordered on main guard, where we had a number of prisoners before and 18 brought in this day.

*Thursday 16th.* This morning we learn that the British and Hessians, are to march out at 8 o'clock this morning; some difficulty arising in the capitulations; it was not completed. This day Gen. Gates, uneasy at their evasion, sent in the Adjutant General to demand an immediate decision, on or off. The article was then signed and completed.

END OF DIARY AT SARATOGA.

<sup>57</sup>William Stacey, major of Woodbridge's Massachusetts Regiment May to December, 1775; lieutenant-colonel 7th Massachusetts 1st January, 1777; transferred to 4th Massachusetts 29th September, 1778; taken prisoner at Cherry Valley 11th November, 1778; prisoner of war four years; did not return to army. Died —, 1804. (Heitman, *Officers Continental Army*, p. 378.)





# First Territorial Governor in the First Expansion of United States

Investigation  
into the Services of the  
Deposed St. Clair whose Government  
Embraced all the Region from Pennsylvania to the  
Mississippi and from the Ohio River to the Great Lakes, known  
as the "United States Northwest" & Strong Plea for Governor St. Clair

BY

DWIGHT G. McCARTY, A. M., LL. B.


EMMBURG, IOWA

Member of the American Historical Association who is Investigating the Administrations  
of the Territorial Governors of the Old Northwest for Historical Record  
in the Archives of the State Historical Society of Iowa

**M**ISUNDERSTANDING of men and events is one of the most unfortunate experiences of life. In all phases of human activity it has been the source of misrepresentation and false accusation. It alternately over-estimates and under-estimates a man's services to his fellowmen. Public opinion is nothing more or less than a composite of these estimates. It is but an inventory of fulsome praises and condemnations, of friendships and enmities, based upon hearsay evidence, which has long since been rejected in our systems of justice and cannot be accepted as a true verdict in history. The political axiom that the will of the majority establishes the standard of right and wrong, (a modern adaptation of might makes right) is not yet proved as an economic truth, and is certainly not applicable to historical judgment as long as it gives equal weight to truth and falsehood, misinformation and misrepresentation, ignorance and knowledge. Through the evolution of intellectual processes it is possible that in the generations to come the will of the majority may be irrefutably right in all things, but this can be only when reason rules heart and mind, and intellectuality (which may be spirituality) reigns supreme over the physical and moral being in man and his works. It is not strange, then, that historical investigations should so frequently reveal what seems for the time to be the ingratitude of men. Every epoch witnesses a reorganization of historical judgment, in which men and events are brought into their truer positions by the penetrating light of clearer understanding through more accurate knowledge. Recent investigations into the life and work of that vigorous personality in American history, the Scotchman, St. Clair, first governor of the first territorial expansion of the United States, are bringing him into better perspective and it is probable that through these researches by Attorney McCarty, this first territorial magistrate may find his true position in the hearts and annals of his people—EDITOR







## First Governor of the Old Northwest

**A** PEOPLE guilty of ingratitude towards one of its benefactors can never hope to make amends after his death; but it should be a sacred duty to restore to his memory the renown to which a just appreciation of his deeds entitle him. It brings a blush of guilt to find that one of the prominent patriots of the Revolution, the organizer of our territorial system, a statesman who left his exalted impress upon our national life during its formative period,—to find that such a national character, entitled to national gratitude, should die alone in poverty and retirement and his name and fame remain for a century almost unknown. The mention of Arthur St. Clair in our country's history is practically confined to the disastrous campaign that bears his name; although a greater injustice can hardly be imagined than that a whole life of honor and usefulness should be obscured by a single incident, and that too, warped and exaggerated out of its true proportion. So few writers have given St. Clair his just due that it is time the true story of his life was heralded across our broad land. The story of his life is replete with achievement; and his devotion to duty presents a remarkable character.


Arthur St. Clair was born in Scotland in 1734. Descended from stern Scotch stock, in a noted family, and having had a good education, he was a youth of considerable promise. But the irrepressible fire of adventure burned in his veins, and at the early age of twenty-three he abandoned his profession and crossed to America to begin a commission as ensign in one of the British regiments in New England.

It was amidst stirring scenes that young St. Clair now found himself. France and England had locked horns in the great "Seven Years' War" and the deadly struggle was surging over their new dominions. For conspicuous gallantry, St. Clair was made a lieutenant and fought with bravery for his King, until France was driven from her foothold in North America. Soon after the siege of Quebec, St. Clair went to Boston where he was received in the best society, married, and settled down as one of Boston's citizens.

But the lure of the frontier soon attracted him, and with his family he moved to Western Pennsylvania, where he bought a large tract of land in the Ligonier Valley, built himself a home and at once became a man of power and influence in the community that grew up around him. As a soldier of experience, he was made commandant of the local fort and led the expeditions against the Indians; and as local magistrate, he dispensed justice among his neighbors and became the advisor and friend for the whole county.

St. Clair was a loyal subject of the King, for whom he had fought upon many a field of battle, and he was slow to believe that the colonies should separate from the mother country. But with the opening of the Revolution and the news of the desperate stand that the tide-water colonies were making for liberty, he saw that justice was trembling in the balance. It was hard to forget the memories and traditions of the past, but having once decided that the colonies were right, nothing could swerve him from his duty, and he gave his full allegiance, heart and soul, to his adopted country. He worked faithfully, and almost single-handed turned the sentiment on the frontier in favor of independence; and when Western Pennsylvania at last subscribed to his resolutions, it was safe for the cause of liberty.





## The Truth About the Deposed St. Clair

The Continental Congress commissioned him to raise a regiment in Pennsylvania, which he did, and marched them to the front, taking an active part in the opening campaigns of the war. St. Clair was close to Washington and took part in the military councils of the Continental Army. Whole hearted in his loyalty, he gave freely of his money and credit to aid the cause. Always in the forefront he fought valiantly and suffered patiently throughout the varied campaigns of that remarkable struggle for independence. And when the war was at last ended, Major-General Arthur St. Clair, though his private fortune was gone, had yet a record for ability and heroism that placed his name among the foremost patriots in our country's history. It is to our Nation's shame that the funds advanced and credit extended during the dark and trying hour of need were never refunded. It is a tardy recompense to record his achievements now.

His compatriots, however, were quick to recognize his worth. In 1786 he was elected a member of the Continental Congress and later was chosen president of that illustrious body. This was a position of power, almost first in prominence in the country that was then just beginning to take the first halting steps that were to lead on towards the fullness of strength in a united nation. Although the Congress as then constituted was fundamentally impotent, and although it has been overshadowed by the more famous constitutional convention, yet it filled an important place in the government of the colonies, and St. Clair's influence was more extended than is generally recognized.


The most important act of this Congress under the Confederation and one that ranks with the Declaration of Independence in History, was *The Ordinance of 1787*,—"An ordinance for the government of the territory of the United States Northwest of the River Ohio." This was an unalterable compact between the original states and the people of the new territory, ordained for the purpose of "extending the fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty, which form the basis whereon these republics, their laws and constitutions, are erected; to fix and establish these principles as the basis of all laws, constitutions, and governments, which forever hereafter shall be formed in the said territory."

This great enactment was in effect a complete constitution for the Northwest Territory. That territory embraced all the region from Pennsylvania to the Mississippi and from the Ohio River to the Great Lakes; and from it the great states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin were afterwards formed.

At the time of the passage of the Ordinance, this vast area was practically a wilderness, unrecognized, unappreciated, waiting only for the hand of civilization to develop the marvelous resources upon its fertile plains. This territory had come to us as a result of the conquest of George Rogers Clark, aided by the skillful negotiations of the American Peace Commissioners. The times were ripe for expansion westward and the new domain was waiting to be developed. It therefore, required little argument for the agents of the New England land company known as the "Ohio Company" to present to Congress the need of government for the western country. Congress had tried before unsuccessfully to pass laws for the territory, but here were settlers from New England ready to go west and found their homes if they could be guaranteed a stable government. The result was that the Ordinance of 1787 provided for a government







## First Governor of the Old Northwest

headed by a governor with large powers, who together with the three territorial judges, made the laws; but when there should be five thousand free males of full age, a territorial legislature might be elected.

General Arthur St. Clair was selected as the first Governor of this Northwest Territory. It was at great personal sacrifice that St. Clair accepted this position. He would be compelled to leave his family for an indefinite time, and retire from an influential and congenial public position, that presaged a brilliant future, and go far out into a new country amid the hardships of frontier life, with the future shrouded in uncertainty. But the rugged Scot was thoroughly imbued with the American spirit and did not hesitate to undertake the post of duty.

After a long and eventful journey down the Ohio, Governor St. Clair in July, 1788, arrived at Mariette, the embryo settlement on the river's bank. The cannon boomed out their welcome from the little fort and the assembled people rejoiced that the long promised government was at last a reality. The inaugural ceremonies were elaborate, and the governor in his wise and patriotic address outlined the broad policies of liberty and good order that were to form the corner stone of the new territorial government.

The governor began at once the arduous task of organizing the government of the Territory. The Ordinance as the fundamental law was the framework of the structure, but aside from that St. Clair had to hew his material from the frontier. His was the first territorial government in the United States. He had no precedents to guide him. As governor he was the head and body of the government,—he alone had power and he alone was responsible. The wild frontier had need of a strong and efficient government, and it devolved upon the governor, even with slender resources, to make the governmental organization effective.

The unsettled conditions existing in the territory made this task more difficult. The few settlers were widely scattered over hundreds of miles of wilderness and gathered in little colonies along the banks of the principal rivers.<sup>1</sup> In a land of such magnificent distances and of such splendid isolation, means of communication and intercourse were necessarily primitive and uncertain.


Moreover, the English were hostile on the Northern border, the Spaniards across the Mississippi were suspicious of the growing power of America, and the indifferent French settlers and traders were entirely out of sympathy with the American idea of government. Even the Americans were from the Southern, Atlantic and New England States, with their consequent divergence in methods of life and thought. The Indians also were a constant menace to the peace and safety of the Territory.<sup>2</sup>

When we add to all this the jealousy and constant antagonism of the judges and other officers in the Territory, we begin to realize the delicate and exacting position in which St. Clair found himself. It was indeed a gigantic task to build a territorial government with so few materials at hand, and under such adverse circumstances.

<sup>1</sup>MSS. State Department, Washington, D. C.

<sup>2</sup>There is abundant original evidence of the matters referred to in this paragraph to be found in the Draper MSS., Wisconsin Historical Society Library, Madison; St. Clair Papers; American State Papers; Burnet's Notes on the Northwest; and State Department MSS., Washington, D. C.





## The Truth About the Deposed St. Clair

But St. Clair set resolutely to work. He laid out a county, and appointed justices of the peace, sheriffs, clerks, coroners and the necessary military officers, and thus arranged temporary machinery for the conduct of the government. The Ordinance provided that the Governor and the Judges of the Territory were to make all laws, and it soon appeared that the practical common sense of St. Clair was a needed ballast for the theories of the judges. From the start St. Clair took an active and important place in the law-making branch of the territorial government. No law could be passed without him and a study of the early statutes shows that he exercised his power with moderation and wisdom in spite of the antagonism of the judges.<sup>3</sup> Courts were also established, and the system devised is noteworthy for the simplicity and ease with which it could be used in a frontier community. The local government was further developed by the creation of townships and the necessary local officers.

With this machinery of government in operation, the governor next turned his attention to Indian affairs. He made treaty after treaty, spent time and money in attempting to keep peace between the Indians and the settlers, and was continually vigilant and alert to protect the settlers from Indian depredations and to see that justice was done to the friendly tribes who were not connected with the outrages that stirred the settlements to their very depths. He organized the militia into bands of mounted rangers who gave the greatest measure of protection possible to the scattered settlements. He also personally planned and conducted expeditions against the Indians when their hostility became too marked. St. Clair was one of the first to perceive the baleful influence of the British agents on the northern border, and repeatedly warned the government of the dangers of English presents and English influence upon the Indians.

The governor also assumed a heavy burden in caring for the needy Revolutionary soldiers who had come to the territory in small bands and were wholly unprepared for the rigors of a western winter. He also gave needed assistance to the French in the Wabash and Mississippi settlements, saving many from the want and starvation during severe winters and hard times by his judicious use of government stores and provisions.

This sort of work required arduous trips about the territory. The governor "made repeated journeys from one part of the territory to another, sleeping upon the ground or in an open boat, and living upon coarse and uncertain fare. At one time he travelled in this manner a distance of five thousand miles, without the means of protection against inclement weather, and without rest."<sup>4</sup>


He also spent much time and energy trying to straighten out the almost inexplicable tangle of land titles inherited from the different sovereignties that had controlled the country during the preceding centuries. Even the Americans under Colonel Todd and his successors had made grants of land in the County of Illinois that could not be reconciled with the existing conditions. After a laborious and painstaking investigation, the governor reported to the government that the various titles were irreconcilable and recommended that they be quieted on the basis of actual settlement.<sup>5</sup> St. Clair was the first to grapple with the land title problem,

<sup>3</sup>Chase, Statutes of Ohio.

<sup>4</sup>St. Clair Papers I-192.

<sup>5</sup>1791. American State Papers, Public Lands I, 18-22.





## First Governor of the Old Northwest

but the question was bequeathed to those who followed; and governors, commissioners and legislators in after years, in the later divisions of the Northwest Territory, wore themselves out in a vain endeavor to find a method of equitable adjustment, and finally were compelled to come back to the basis suggested by St. Clair. It is noteworthy that the final disposition was made in accordance with St. Clair's early recommendation<sup>6</sup>. This is surely an effective tribute to the thoroughness and sound judgment of the first territorial governor.

St. Clair was zealous in this promotion of education, and repeatedly recommended the establishment and maintenance of schools and colleges and vigorously guarded and preserved the land laid out by Congress for educational purposes. He also enforced the clause of the Ordinance against slavery by sternly preventing the importation of slaves into the territory even though this attitude made him many enemies. Indifference would have been easier and more politic, but the rugged integrity of his character prompted the fearless discharge of his duty.

This was thoroughly characteristic. He always hewed to the line of duty and let the chips fall where they might. Indeed, throughout his whole administration he was independent, honest and tireless in his work. He scorned to use his high office for his personal aggrandizement, and resolutely refused to speculate in land. The result was that he retired from office a poor man, while men were making fortunes all around him.

The multitude of administrative details which the large and newly organized territory forced upon him constituted a heavy burden, but the conscientious governor never shirked a single duty nor failed to perform any task that he believed would be for the benefit of the Territory. His voluminous correspondence and reports to the general government<sup>7</sup> are filled with evidences of solicitude for the Territory and his earnest endeavors to promote its welfare. Instead of being the clannish aristocrat that he is often pictured, St. Clair threw his whole soul into the work of building up the Territory. Jacob Burnet, one of the territorial judges, describes St. Clair as being "plain and simple in his dress and equipage, open and frank in his manners, and accessible to persons of every rank."<sup>8</sup>

With the weight of the territorial government resting almost wholly upon his own shoulders, it is not strange that the intrepid governor accepted the responsibility, and strong in the consciousness of the rectitude of his intentions, pressed forward without fear or favor towards the goal he sought. It was this strong personality and his fearlessness in doing what he believed to be right, regardless of advice or criticism that caused him to be often misunderstood and tended to incur the enmity of many whose designing schemes were thwarted by the governor's steadfast position. But on the whole the contemporary writings show that he was deservedly popular during the first period of territorial history.


St. Clair gave the best and maturest years of his eventful life in tireless and unselfish devotion to the territory with which his name is so indissolubly associated. If he erred it was on the side of honesty and advancement. His acts bear out the picture of the man, and the country was indeed fortunate in having a governor of such attainments at the head

<sup>6</sup>American State Papers, Public Lands.

<sup>7</sup>St. Clair's Papers, American State Papers, and Department of State MSS.

<sup>8</sup>Notes on the Northwest Territory, 375.





## The Truth About the Deposed St. Clair

of its territorial system during the formative period. The limits of this article preclude more than this brief summary of some of the activities of St. Clair's early administration.<sup>9</sup>

Students of the history of the Northwest Territory during St. Clair's administration must admit the important fact that St. Clair was the dominant force in the territorial government, and indelibly impressed his personality upon the Territory. He used sound common sense in dealing with territorial problems, and started the new government on a business basis. A study of the internal administration of the Territory shows conclusively that his methods of organization and administration were of a high standard for such a new country, and in fact have been a model for subsequent territories. St. Clair blazed the trail and his work has marked the path of territorial progress ever since.

The territorial government soon found itself face to face with a critical period in western history. The titanic struggle for the great public domain was approaching a crisis. On the one hand were the on-rushing settlers coming by thousands, insatiable in their desire for land and a place to found a home for themselves in the vast regions that lay before them. On the other hand, the Indians,—the hereditary claimants of the soil, only because there had been no one to question their claim to great tracts of wilderness hunting grounds,—now bitterly resenting the civilizing encroachments upon their rights.


The avowed policy of the National Government was to placate the Indians by solemn councils, secure title to their land by generous treaties, and eventually civilize and improve them.<sup>10</sup> But the Indian tribes were so numerous and shifting and the Indian nature so treacherous that the treaties accomplished practically nothing toward peace. The white settlers also regarded their own interests more than the stipulations of the treaties. St. Clair again and again urged a more vigorous policy, and those on the frontier soon saw that there was in fact an abyss between the nature and condition of the Indian and that of the settler. A pacific and humanitarian policy was not only fruitless but was increasing the danger and solidifying the tribes for the inevitable clash. The strong arm of battle alone could settle the differences.

The Indian depredations throughout the Northwest Territory became so frequent and menacing that the slender resources of St. Clair's government were wholly inadequate, but still the National Government gave little heed to his urgent appeals for assistance. Even when fierce border warfare broke out and the necessity for a complete campaign of subjection became manifest to the federal authorities, they were slow and almost criminally negligent in the preparations for the expedition. St. Clair was appointed to command but was supplied with only two small regiments of regulars, two regiments of inexperienced volunteers and a few militia, and some cavalry and small guns. They were delayed long by lack of stores and equipment and half they did get were so wholly unfit for use that the expedition was not able to start for the Indian villages until late September, 1791. St. Clair, fatigued by long exertion and exposure, was

<sup>9</sup>My forthcoming book on *The Territorial Governors in the Old Northwest* (State Historical Society of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa) contains an extended consideration of St. Clair's administration and of the conditions in the Old Northwest Territory.

<sup>10</sup>American State Papers.





## First Governor of the Old Northwest

sick and scarcely able to proceed but continued pluckily, thus throwing much of the command upon subordinate officers. The miserable commissariat caused dissatisfaction, and insubordination and desertion weakened the efficiency of the troops. Racked by pain and worried over incessant troubles and the failures of others, St. Clair was in no condition to command, and his officers appear to have been, with few exceptions, inferior.

Under those circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that these insufficient troops were ambushed and defeated by the Indians in a battle that has gone down in history as "St. Clair's Defeat." St. Clair strove valiantly to turn the tide of battle, riding up and down the lines with his gray hair streaming out from under his cocked hat. Twice his horse was shot out from under him and eight bullets tore through his clothing, fortunately only grazing his skin, but he was powerless against such heavy odds, and the fearful slaughter was only terminated by the savage love of plunder which drew them back to the camp, and saved the fleeing remnants of the army.

The first torrent of blame and abuse naturally fell upon St. Clair, the commander of the ill-fated expedition; and he was jeered at by the populace as he passed through the towns on his way home. But time tempered the first hasty judgments with justice, and a committee of the House of Representatives after a careful investigation completely exonerated St. Clair from blame, and placed the responsibility for the disaster upon others, where it rightfully belonged.<sup>11</sup> It is easy to criticise the generalship of such a battle from the safe security of subsequent years, but it is hardly just to measure the life services of St. Clair by this one failure, which was caused by the fault and failure of others for whom he was not responsible. It is time that this historical injustice be remedied and St. Clair restored to his rightful place among the founders of our Nation.


The later decisive victory of Wayne broke the Indian resistance and restored peace and security to the western country. St. Clair returned to the task of administering the Territory and for the years that followed exercised his dignified statesmanship with gratifying results. With peace and security assured, and the verdant West calling to new and wondrous opportunities, the settlers poured into the country in great numbers and the wilderness began to blossom as the rose.

With the increase of population came the second stage of government, and in 1799 the first legislature of the Territory met at Cincinnati. Here again the strict ideas of the governor did not harmonize with the boom measures of the legislators and their townsite speculators, and many were the governor's vetoes and many the bitter clashes between these two branches of the government. But on the whole, the governor's influence was wholesome and a very necessary check on the assertiveness of the young legislature.

The feelings of bitterness thus engendered, though held in abeyance for a while, burst out anew upon the question of statehood. St. Clair's enemies had persistently tried to undermine his influence with the National Government. But the authorities at Washington understood too well the value of his services and the soundness of his administration to countenance any charges against him.

<sup>11</sup>American State Papers XII, 38.





## The Truth About the Deposed St. Clair

The bitter controversy that resulted from the agitation for the statehood had its roots deeper than mere personal antagonism. St. Clair was a Federalist of the school of Washington and Hamilton, while the growing West was imbued with the spirit of democracy. St. Clair was conservative with deepset convictions as to the necessity of a strong and centralized government; while the people of his Territory were buoyant in their newfound consciousness of power, and keenly anxious for the opportunity to try their pinions in the free air of statehood.

It was this natural cleavage that intensified the struggle. St. Clair and his party opposed immediate statehood (even after Indiana had been set apart as a separate territory) on the ground that it was premature and not authorized by the Ordinance until the Territory should contain the required sixty thousand inhabitants. While some of the many other reasons advanced by St. Clair in opposition to statehood may not seem valid to us now, yet it is indisputable that St. Clair was honest and fair in his attitude and undoubtedly right in his main proposition.

The feeling ran high and mobs repeatedly stormed the governor's house at Chillicothe, and he was malevolently burned in effigy in the public square, until for self-protection he removed the seat of government to Cincinnati. Even the self-contained St. Clair could not long stand such partisan tactics as this. The statehood party finally were successful in getting an enabling act through Congress in 1802, and the governor made a speech before the convention, in which he threw prudence to the winds and launched into an intemperate tirade against his enemies and their political friends. Honest and fearless though he was, even in these utterances, yet it gave his enemies the very opportunity they sought. President Jefferson immediately removed St. Clair from office, though he had but a short time to serve out his term. It was a bitter experience for the venerable governor, and an inglorious ending to a long term of public usefulness. Looking at the occurrence from the vantage point of years gone by, it seems that the penalty was too severe for the momentary indiscretion of speech. A life of public service such as that of St. Clair certainly merited more consideration than was here shown him.

Sadly leaving the office that he had so long and so worthily filled, St. Clair, now sixty-eight years old, returned to his old home in Pennsylvania. Broken in health and with his fortune gone to aid the very government that was now turning him out, St. Clair soon found himself without means or credit; and when his last property was sold on execution, he sadly wrote: "They left me a few books of my classical library, and the bust of John Paul Jones, which he sent me from Europe for which I am very grateful." The government turned a deaf ear to his appeals for re-embursement for the generous sums he had advanced, and so alone in a little log cabin on the mountain side, in an honorable poverty, he eked out his livelihood with the aid of a few charitable friends, until in the summer of 1818 he died and was quietly laid to rest.

It has fallen to the lot of few characters in history with careers so notable, to have their fame so obscured. Such unselfish devotion to his country, and such a record of permanent achievement should entitle the name of St. Clair to a place prominent among the master builders of our Nation.





# America—The Invincible Republic

BY  
WILLIAM WATSON  
LONDON, ENGLAND

Art  
America! I have never breathed thy air,  
Have never touched thy soil or heard the  
speed  
And thunder of thy cities—yet would I  
Salute thee from afar—not chiefly awed  
By wide domain, mere breadth of governed  
dust,  
Nor measuring thy greatness and thy  
power  
Only by numbers: rather seeing thee  
As mountainous heave of spirit, emotion  
huge,  
Enormous hate and anger, boundless  
love,  
And most unknown, unfathomable depth  
Of energy divine.

History  
In peace to-day  
Thou sit'st between thy oceans; but when  
fate  
Was at thy making, and endowed thy soul  
With many gifts and costly, she forgot  
To mix with these a genius for repose.  
Wherefore a sting is ever in thy blood,  
And in thy marrow a sublime unrest.  
And thus thou keepest hot the forge of life  
Where man is still reshapen and remade  
With fire and clangor.

Literature  
And as thou art vast,  
So are the perils vast that evermore  
In thy own house are bred; nor least of  
these  
That fair and fell Delilah, Luxury,  
That shears the hero's strength away,  
and brings  
Palsy on nations. Flee her loveliness,  
For in the end her kisses are a sword.  
Strong sons hast thou begotten, natures  
rich  
In scorn of riches, greatly simple minds.

No land in all the world hath memories  
Of nobler children; let it not be said  
That if the peerless and the stainless one,  
The man of Yorktown and of Valley Forge,  
Or he of tragic doom, thy later born—  
He of the short plain word that thrilled  
the world

And freed the bondman—let it not be said  
That if to-day these radiant ones returned  
They would behold thee changed beyond  
all thought  
From that austerity wherein thy youth  
Was nurtured, those large habitudes of  
soul.

But who are we, to counsel thee or warn,  
In this old England whence thy fathers  
sailed?

Here, too, hath Mammon many thrones,  
and here  
Are palaces of sloth and towers of pride.  
Best to forget them! Round me is the  
wealth,  
The untainted wealth, of English fields,  
and all  
The passion and sweet trouble of the  
spring

Is in the air; and the remembrance comes  
That not alone for stem and blade, for  
flower

And leaf, but for man also, there are times  
Of mighty vernal movement, seasons when  
Life casts away the body of this death,  
And a great surge of youth breaks on the  
world.

Then are the primal fountains clamorously  
Unsealed; and then, perchance, are dead  
things born

Not unforecast by deep parturient pangs.  
But the light minds that heed no auguries,  
Untaught by all that heretofore hath been,  
Taking their ease on the blind verge of fate,  
See nothing, and hear nothing, till the  
hour

Of the vast advent that makes all things  
new.





# A Survivor's Story of the Custer Massacre on American Frontier

Recollections of  
an Old Indian Fighter who  
Followed the Gallant Custer to His  
Tragic Death in 1876 & Living Witness to Heroism  
of the Daring Cavalryman who Fell on the Sioux Battlefield &  
Thrilling Testimony of "One of Custer's Boys" for Historical Record

BY  
HORACE ELLIS, A. M., PH. D.  
PRESIDENT OF VINCENNES UNIVERSITY  
VINCENNES, INDIANA

**I**T is my privilege to know intimately an old Indian fighter who fought with the gallant Custer to the very day of that great cavalryman's tragic death on the Sioux battlefield. I have sat in his modest home in the southern hills of Knox County, Indiana, and listened to his thrilling narrative of the days when civilization was battling its way across the American frontier, leaving behind it a trail of blood. It is indeed inspiring to see this "minute man on the advance-guard of civilization," passing his days in peace with his devoted family—a wife, two sons and two daughters, and observe the beautiful contentment and sanctity of his home. Jacob Adams is, and always has been, an American hero, whether his duty lay in war or peace. Within his heart's recesses are secrets the historian can never find, except through his lips. It was this Jacob Adams who first rode forth to the Little Butte out on the Little Big Horn, on the 27th day of June, 1876, and discovered the dead bodies of the heroes of the Seventh cavalry—the murdered Custer and his luckless battalion. It was Jacob Adams' big, tender, soldier heart that was the first of millions of hearts to "bleed with sorrow" on that fateful day, thirty-three years ago. It is my privilege to give to historical record the testimony of this living witness as he relates it a third of a century after the tragedy was enacted before his eyes.

## TESTIMONY OF JACOB ADAMS


I enlisted at Yankton, South Dakota, April 13, 1873 and was assigned to duty with Company H, Seventh United States Cavalry. Shortly thereafter, we moved to Fort Lincoln, a distance of five hundred miles, where an expedition was fitted out for the summer, called the Yellowstone Expedition. On the 4th day of August we had a brisk skirmish with the Indians near the Yellowstone River in Montana, where two civilians were killed—Doctor Honzinger, the veterinary surgeon of the Seventh, and Mr. Baliran, the sutler, both of whom had become somewhat separated from the command in their zeal to study the flora of that new region.

Art


History

Literature





## A Survivor's Story of the Custer Massacre




In the winter of 1874, while the Seventh was stationed at Fort Abraham Lincoln, a scout came in and reported to General Custer that a Sioux chief, Rain-in-the-Face, was boasting down at Standing Rock Agency, seventy-five miles from Fort Abraham Lincoln, that he had murdered Honzinger and Baliran. The general instantly sent a detail of fifty men under the command of Captain Tom Custer, to Standing Rock Agency to capture Rain-in-the-Face. I was a member of this detail. We reached the agency on ration day, and there were large numbers of the Sioux present. It so happened that not one of the command knew Rain-in-the-Face, but a scout at the agency gave Captain Custer a description of the wily Sioux and also informed him that Rain-in-the-Face had just gone into the sutler's store where he might be found. Captain Custer went immediately to the store and, with two or three men, entered. Rain-in-the-Face had just stepped to the counter to make a purchase when Captain Tom seized him. An unusual commotion among the Indians followed this arrest, but no one was hurt and Rain-in-the-Face was landed safely in the guardhouse at Fort Abraham Lincoln to await the charge of murder.


Later on, two civilians who were also incarcerated with the Sioux murderer, made their escape from prison, and Rain-in-the-Face, taking advantage thus afforded, likewise escaped. During his incarceration, Rain-in-the-Face had a very close friend in the person of a private soldier who had been locked up for some minor garrison offense. This private soldier often furnished Rain-in-the-Face with tobacco and kilikinnick, and showed him many other favors. I relate this incident because of its intimate connection with another incident associated with the massacre. After his escape, Rain-in-the-Face joined Sitting Bull, the chief of the hostile Sioux.

In the spring of 1876, an expedition was fitted out at Fort Abraham Lincoln, called the Yellowstone and Big Horn Expedition, with gallant General George A. Custer in command of the Seventh Cavalry. I was a member of Company H, of this command. We marched from Fort Lincoln to the Powder River, a distance of five hundred miles, and there we went into camp for some time. During our stay here, Major Reno, with six companies, while scouting, suddenly found a large Indian trail and hurried back to report to the commanding officer, General Terry.

On the 22nd day of June, 1876, General Terry fitted out a pack train, consisting of two men from each company of the Seventh Cavalry. I was a member of this detail, under Captain McDougall. We packed our mules on the morning of the 22nd, broke camp about midday, marched about twelve miles and went into camp again about four o'clock in the afternoon. At five o'clock on the 23rd, we resumed our march and covered about thirty-three miles that day. On the 24th we marched twenty-eight miles. That night all fires were extinguished and no bugle sounded. Captain Tom Custer, Captain McDougall, and a citizen-scout by the name of Charles Reynolds, with a half-breed Sioux scout who had deserted the hostiles and joined Custer, reviewed the Indian camp, got the situation and came back to report to General Custer. Among the soldiers the story was current at this time that Sitting Bull was offering one hundred head of horses for the scalp of this half-breed deserter. The story also went the rounds that this same half-breed had advised General Custer strongly against attacking Sitting Bull at that time and in that place, as the number of the Indians was too great but that Custer called him a coward. This brave scout







## Recollections of Frontier Life in 1876

went with Custer's command of five companies and was never seen again, dead or alive.

I well remember the first bugle call on the morning of the 25th; it was officers' call and was the first bugle call since we had left the Powder River three days before. The officers gathered around General Custer to receive their orders. What these orders were, I, of course, do not know. I only know that the scene was most impressive; I can never forget it. Custer's magnificent bearing was superb. I see him this minute as he stood there, the idol of us all.

General Custer then divided the regiment into three battalions as follows: He allotted to himself companies C, E, F, I and L, together with the regimental staff and the regimental band. He gave Major Reno companies A, G and M, and the three remaining companies, D, H and K, he gave to F. W. Benteen, captain of Company H, at that time brevet-colonel.


General Custer advanced to the attack first with his five companies. As he passed the remaining command, he lifted his hat in response to the cheers of the soldiers and shouted: "Follow me, boys, and we will sleep on robes tonight!" Benteen's command swung into line shortly after Custer had passed and Major Reno's battalion brought up in the rear.

Now, the Indians' camp lay on the farther side of the Little Big Horn River, in the edge of the timber and immediately in front of a long bluff extending some five miles parallel with the river's bank, which was insurmountable for cavalry except at certain places because of its precipitous, rocky sides.

From the place where the command was divided to the point where Custer hoped to cross the river, at the lower and farther end of the Indian village, was about seven miles. The last mile of this distance before he came to the head of the village was in plain sight of the Indians. Thus warned of his approach, the Indians had every opportunity to concentrate their forces against Custer's battalion, and this they undoubtedly did. My own impression is that the general was attacked about the middle of the ford, as many of the troopers' horses lay dead in the river and there was no evidence that any of them had ever reached the village across the stream. Undoubtedly the troopers became demoralized upon receiving the first volley, and retreated from the ford to the hills about three hundred yards in the rear, for the ground from the ford to the little knoll where the final stand was made was strewn with dead soldiers; now one, now groups of five or six. On this little, barren, yellow knoll, surrounded by a circle of the band horses which he had undoubtedly killed to form a breastwork, I found General Custer. With him lay Captain Custer, Boston Custer—who was forage master of the expedition—and Adjutant-General Cook. General Custer had two wounds, one in the right side of the breast, the other in the left temple above the eye. The blood was still oozing from the wound and running down over his face and his mustache being turned into his mouth, the blood had coursed through the mouth and out at the lower side. He was not scalped nor his body mutilated in any way except one cut in his thigh about four inches in length, which evidently had been made after the general's death. The body was naked save only for stockings. The body of Captain Tom Custer was badly mutilated, scalped and stripped. Adjutant Cook wore long side whiskers, these also were scalped off with the other horrible mutilations. All the rest of the command were stripped, scalped and badly mutilated except one private soldier—the man who







## A Survivor's Story of the Custer Massacre

had befriended Rain-in-the-Face while that chief was a prisoner at Fort Abraham Lincoln; his body was not molested in any way except that his coat had been removed and spread carefully over his face as though to protect it from the sun's rays. I believe Rain-in-the-Face came upon the battle-field and forbade the Indians from molesting this body and I also believe if he could have seen this soldier his life would have been spared.


The entire command of five companies was massacred with but two exceptions. A Crow Indian scout called "Curly" came into Benteen's command about 9 o'clock at night of the 25th, making a great pow-wow. We thought he had word from Custer but when our interpreters questioned him, he could not tell whether Custer had been killed or not. It was the prevailing opinion of the soldiers that this Crow had never been in the battle, but had run away at the first attack at the ford. Martin, the orderly-bugler of General Custer, was sent back to Benteen with a dispatch. He told the soldiers that when he left Custer, they were in sight of the Indians. These were the only persons of the whole command who did not perish and neither saw the battle.

I think the men of General Custer's battalion were all killed about two or three o'clock in the afternoon, for shortly after this time I saw Indians fighting us in the white stable uniforms of the boys; I also saw them with the band instruments, riding on the adjacent ridges and defiantly blowing these instruments at us. I also believe the Indians fought General Custer dismounted, as there was but one dead Indian pony on the entire battle-field. It seems to me evident that all organization was gone after the first demoralization, for the slain of all companies were scattered promiscuously, without regard to company formations. These soldiers were simply overwhelmed and overpowered. I saw one line of dead soldiers, twenty-five or thirty in number, from all the companies in the battalion, stripped and mutilated—evidently so arranged by the squaws—and shot full of arrows by the Indian children after the massacre.

From the point where the bugle sounded "officers' call" on the morning of the 25th, Major Reno's command had about five miles to march to the ford at the left of the village, which he was to reach about the time Custer had reached the ford at the right end of the village. Forging the river without mishap, Reno crossed an open space of some four hundred or five hundred yards before he could reach the woods where the Indians lay concealed. Charging across this open, the troopers entered the timbered tract where they were met by a most withering fire from the Indians, which sent the horses in uncontrollable confusion backward. Reno ordered his men to dismount. At a second volley from the Indians, the troopers were ordered to remount, whereupon such confusion prevailed that the order was now given for every man to save himself. Troopers and Indians were now promiscuously intermixed, fighting a hand-to-hand engagement with indescribable desperation. Troopers were lassoed from their horses and dragged to the center of the village, where they were tied to trees and burned to death that night within sight of their comrades of Benteen's division, who were helpless to rescue them.

Benteen's battalion moved to the center, a distance somewhat shorter than that covered by the other two battalions. It therefore brought up with it the pack-train which was stationed about one mile to the rear of the center. Benteen's soldiers saw with dismay the sad plight of Reno's men and except for his presence, Reno's command would have gone precisely





## Recollections of Frontier Life in 1876

as Custer's. As it was, only a few of Reno's brave fellows escaped from the awful ambush across the river to Benteen.

While these frightful reverses were coming to the men, I was at the rear with the pack-train, about a mile from Benteen's command, which we were ordered to join after perhaps one hour's delay. Captain McDougall told us that we should form ourselves into a separate company if the battle was raging when we reached the field. When we reached Benteen's battalion, there was a temporary lull in the fighting. I rode up to the crest of the hill to look over into the valley, when Captain Benteen shouted out: "Rein in your horse, Adams, or you will get killed." I did as ordered, but saw the Indians just over the brow of the hill as thick as they could lie on the ground.


It was about one o'clock when we reached Benteen. At this time we could hear sharp firing on the right, presumably from Custer's command. The officers held a brief council, after which we shortly started to find Custer. We advanced to the right not more than one-half of a mile when we came to a sharp ridge, very much like a railroad grade. Just over this ridge, literally thousands of Indians lay in wait for us. Benteen, seeing the necessity of acting upon the defensive, ordered a retreat to our former position which was a stronger position than where we then stood. This occurred between two and three o'clock, and the firing to the right had ceased. One company covered our retreat, for as soon as the Indians perceived our intentions of withdrawal, they began to close in upon us from all sides, forcing this last company back to our lines at the double quick.

The battle now raged furiously on all sides, not relaxing until about eight o'clock that evening. This was the first time I had been under such fire. By five o'clock most of the men who were near me had been killed. My bunk mate, George Lell, being fatally wounded, asked pitifully for water, as did all the other wounded men. So, about five o'clock, volunteers were called for to bring water from the river. Being thus far unharmed, I volunteered. With our camp-kettles, several of us started down a little ravine, protected from the Indians' fire. At the end of the ravine was a little open space of thirty yards, just opposite the woods where Reno's men had suffered so terribly in the early part of the day, across which we had to dash to the river. In these same woods the Indians lay concealed. One by one the men would dash across, dip their kettles into the river, then run back to shelter, and to the suffering wounded. What was my own chagrin when just about to enter the ravine with my kettle of water, I felt my kettle receive a jar, and upon examination, I discovered a passing bullet had punctured it and I was forced to get a new kettle and go a second time. But I had the satisfaction of seeing my suffering friend satisfy his thirst ere he died, which sad event came about ten o'clock that night.


After eight o'clock on the evening of the 25th, there was no further fighting until about four o'clock on the morning of the 26th. Seeing a squad of Indians creeping along the top of a ridge higher than where we lay, we opened fire upon them, whereupon the battle raged furiously all along the line. Continuing without interruption until about nine o'clock in the forenoon, the Indians now came with terrific obstinacy and in apparently countless numbers. It seemed indeed the very end of all hope, but Captain Benteen ordered a charge and although the hand-to-hand struggle was indescribably fierce, the Indians soon wavered and retired to their former position. Our command also fell back a few feet below the crest of the ridge, where we







## A Survivor's Story of the Custer Massacre



awaited the next move. While effecting this last slight change of position, my tent-mate, Thomas Meadows of West Virginia, fell with a dangerous wound in his right breast. I attempted to carry my wounded comrade back across the ridge, when another bullet struck him in the head, ending his life instantly. I dropped the body and was hurrying to shelter, when happening to look back, I saw an Indian with a long stick adorned with feathers, trying to reach Meadows' form. I felt my whole nature revolt, and I assure you that Indian never attempted another such feat. About four o'clock in the afternoon of the 26th, the Indians began to cease firing and we could see them packing up as if to leave. There were stray shots until about sundown, but we gave little heed to these.

The situation where the command made its final stand was peculiar. We were in a large basin, at the center of which we had our horses. Along the outer edges of the basin, at the top of the ridges, we lay, for the Indians had us surrounded and fought us from every quarter. Company H suffered heavier losses than did the other companies.

There was just one spade in the command; with it we began to throw up breastworks at nightfall, for we had no other thought than that the Indians were merely removing the squaws and children to a place of safety and would return to fight us to the death of the last trooper. But they never returned, their scouts doubtless having learned of the approach of General Terry. Early on the morning of the 27th, from the direction of Custer's command but on the opposite side of the river, Generals Terry and Gibbon arrived. They passed within a few hundred yards of where Custer lay, but passing through the late Indian village, they missed Custer. Our men greeted Terry with loud cheers and waving of hats, but when the old commander attempted to respond to the soldiers' welcome, he choked, sobbed and broke down entirely.

Up to this time no one knew what had become of Custer. We carried our wounded across the river to the commands of Generals Gibbon and Terry, and a squad of this remnant of the Seventh rode in the direction in which we had last seen Custer. Under the command of Captain Benteen and Major Reno we rode across the bluffs and soon began to find dead men. We then separated, each one seeking to unravel the deep mystery. Riding somewhat apart from the other men and nearer the river, I saw a little knoll covered with dead white horses. I rode forward to it and there discovered the mortal remains of the gallant Custer. I motioned to Captain Benteen, who came to me on a gallop. I said, "Captain, here's General Custer." "That surely is General Custer," he sadly replied. The entire command soon assembled at the ill-fated spot, but few words were spoken.

The only living thing on that field of death was Comanche, the favorite horse of Captain Keough. This animal was sitting on his hind parts, his front feet upon the ground. As we approached him, he whinnied. Two or three of us dismounted and lifted him to his feet, then we rode away, leaving him feebly grazing. That night this splendid old horse, which was later to attract so much public attention, though riddled with bullets, came into camp. With the wounded soldiers he was transferred to the steamboat belonging to Terry's command and brought East.

The dead of the several commands were buried as far as they could be located, and all of the officers of Custer's command were buried. Yet upon my return to the battle-field two years later, I found the bones of the dead bleaching in the sun, wolves and coyotes having dug up the bodies.





# Plantation Life in the Old South and the Plantation Negroes

Recollections of  
the Days Before the War and  
Customs that Prevailed & Documentary  
Evidence of the Relations which Existed Between  
a Master and His Negroes as Exhibited in the Investigations  
into the Private Life of Jefferson Davis on His Plantation in Mississippi

BY

WALTER L. FLEMING, A. M., PH. D.

Professor of History in the Louisiana State University at Baton Rouge


Member American Historical Association

INTRODUCTORY BY THE EDITOR


**D**R. Fleming's investigations into plantation life in the Old South reveal many interesting anecdotes and reminiscences of the days before the war, and present important evidence which must be weighed by every fair-minded American in considering the economic problem which overpowered the nation nearly a half century ago. There is no finer tribute to American character than its willingness today to weigh both sides of the problem which within a generation threw a devoted people into one of the most terrible conflicts that man has ever known. A nation that can reunite its hearts and hands for the upbuilding of its beloved country so magnificently, as witnessed by the whole world in the reunion of the North and the South, even while the blood still stains the battlefields, is *destined* to live and become the most powerful of the earth's people. Dr. Fleming is one of the South's most devoted historians and one of America's ablest scholars. While he lives in the traditions of the heart of the South, he presents his evidence with a fidelity to historical truth that is exceeded only by his love for America as a united nation. His recent investigations, preserved in a monograph entitled "Jefferson Davis, the Negroes and the Negro Problem," for the Sewanee Review, and issued in brochure by the Department of History of the Louisiana State University at Baton Rouge, are here adapted for wider public service in *THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY*. It is based upon reminiscences, recollections, and documentary evidence discovered by Dr. Fleming and is as entertaining as it is valuable to American historical literature. It will be especially interesting in the North, where until recent years little has been known of plantation life in the South, except that which was used in the arguments during the economic struggle. Now that we are all big and broad enough in intellect and heart to sit down and "talk it over" this narrative from such an authority as Dr. Fleming will be highly valued. It is to this national service that *THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY* is pledged, a strong national organ to bring the states and the people into the truest understanding and strongest brotherhood.—EDITOR








## Southern Reminiscences of Jefferson Davis



**I**F the question were asked, "What were the views of Jefferson Davis concerning the negroes?" many people would now as in 1861 unhesitatingly answer that he, like the most extreme of the slave-holders, looked upon the negro as nothing but a form of property somewhat more valuable than horseflesh, and that he considered the race hopelessly inferior and incapable of progress and therefore doomed to the permanent status of slavery. Some of his speeches in Congress would seem to commit him to this view. Yet such an impression would be almost wholly incorrect. His dealings with the race and his private utterances show that he regarded the negro as quite capable of reaching a higher civilization, that he believed slavery to be a more or less temporary status and that he was a most considerate master. In his opinion, slavery was not only a temporary solution of the labor problem in the newly settled South, but it was also a partial solution of what we now call the race problem—the problem of how to make two distinct races live together without friction. That the negro race was fundamentally inferior to the white was his firm conviction. That there was any moral wrong in holding slaves, he, in company with most of the slave-holders, would never admit. By him, as by most men of his class, then as now, slavery was considered a benefit to the negro and a recognition of that law of nature which subjected the weaker to the stronger for the good of both. Slavery took idle, unmoral, barbarous blacks and gradually rooted out their savage traits, giving to them instead the white man's superior civilization—his religion, his language, his customs, his industry. The negro was a child race and slavery was its training school. These convictions shaped his attitude toward the individuals of the race. And never were there more intimate friendships between whites and blacks than existed between Davis and his servants, as he always called his slaves.


Davis was always popular with young people, dependents and inferiors. When serving in the army among the Indians of the West he was so well liked that in one tribe he was adopted and known as "The Little Chief." As Mrs. Davis said, "he never had with soldiers, children or negroes any difficulty to impress himself upon their hearts."<sup>1</sup> In his intercourse with them he always assumed that they were reasonable beings, able and willing to follow a proper line of conduct, and capable of understanding mistakes when pointed out to them. Blind obedience was never exacted. To children and to negroes he carefully explained the reasons for doing or not doing a thing and was not satisfied until the understanding was complete. Like his oldest brother, Joseph, he was so careful to regard the rights of the weak that others found it difficult to keep order with his children and servants.<sup>2</sup> From him the black skin never hid the man or woman. He was as polite to a negro as to a white person. Of this trait of Davis' character, Major R. W. Milsaps, founder of the Mississippi college that bears his name, recently related the following incident: "I got a lesson in the treatment of negroes when I was a young man returning South from Harvard. I stopped in Washington and called on Jefferson Davis, then United States Senator from Mississippi. We walked down Pennsylvania Avenue. Many negroes bowed to Mr. Davis and he returned the bow. He was a very polite man. I finally said to him that I thought he must



<sup>1</sup>Memoirs, Vol. I, pp. 79, 80.

<sup>2</sup>Memoirs, Vol. I, pp. 538, 566.





## His Relations with His Negro Slaves

have a good many friends among the negroes. He replied, 'I cannot allow any negro to outdo me in courtesy.'"<sup>3</sup>

In his youth Davis saw less of slavery than is supposed. He did not grow up on a typical Black Belt plantation; the Southwest of his youthful days was a new country in which institutions, social and economic, were only forming, and even here, up to the age of twenty-eight, he had lived less than eleven years. Perhaps the first negro who came into close relations with Mr. Davis was James Pemberton. Pemberton was given him by his mother as a body-servant when he entered the army, and remained with him during his entire service—from 1828 to 1835. Though stationed much of the time in free states or in free territory, Pemberton devoted himself with perfect faith to Davis. He carried the purse, took care of his master's arms, accompanied him on dangerous scouting expeditions, foraged and cooked for him and nursed him when sick. In 1831 Davis was ill of pneumonia for several months in the forests of Wisconsin and had no other nurse or physician than James Pemberton. During the illness that followed the death of Davis' wife in 1835 he was again devotedly nursed by Pemberton. After his master returned to Brierfield, James was made manager of the plantation, and held that position until his death in 1852. Davis and his negro manager in their constant intercourse treated one another as gentlemen. When Pemberton came to report he would not take a seat until asked, but Davis always asked him to do so and frequently brought a chair for him. At parting Davis always offered cigars, and Pemberton would accept with grave thanks. Mr. Davis never called him "Jim" but always James, and objected when anyone shortened the name. And so it was with the other negroes; no nicknames nor fancy names were allowed, and the negroes had to be called, as they wished, by their full names; no classical names were forced upon them.<sup>4</sup>


The practical acquaintance of Jefferson Davis with the conditions of negro slavery was made during the '30's and '40's on the Mississippi plantation belonging to his brother and himself. In a bend of the Mississippi River known then as Palmyra Bend, twenty miles below Vicksburg, Joseph Davis, during the twenties, gradually acquired several thousand acres of fine cotton lands by entering government lands, by buying out small frontier farmers who held from twenty-five to one hundred and sixty acres each, and who, as the slave system grew, desired to go farther west. This was the typical development of the plantation system. As an inducement to leave the army Jefferson Davis was offered by his brother Joseph the use of several hundred acres of land and the loan of money for the purchase of slaves. The offer was accepted by the younger brother, who with "his friend and servant James Pemberton" and fourteen negroes began to clear up the plantation which was known as "The Brierfield" on account of the thick growth of briars which covered the fertile land. Davis could not afford to employ an overseer, and except for the assistance given by Pemberton, he was in direct control of all the work. The first house at Brierfield, a log house chinked with clay, was built by the two—master and slave manager. For eight years Davis scarcely left the Bend, and frequently during his brother's annual absences during the hot season he was in charge of both plantations—Brierfield and Hurricane.

<sup>3</sup>*American Magazine*, August, 1907, p. 394. Similar stories are related of Randolph, Calhoun and Webster, and might be told of many of the gentlemen of the time.


<sup>4</sup>*Memoirs*, Vol. I, pp. 81, 155, 165, 176.







## Southern Reminiscences of Jefferson Davis



One of the most interesting experiments ever made with negro slaves was that initiated by Joseph Davis and carried out by the two brothers on the Hurricane and Brierfield plantations in Warren County, Mississippi. In the management of his own slaves, Jefferson Davis was influenced to a considerable extent by the opinions and example of his brother Joseph. It was the theory of the latter that the less the negroes were disciplined by force the better they would conduct themselves. So he tried to train them into habits of self-government. If one could make money for himself he was allowed to do so, paying to his master the wages of an unskilled laborer. Some of Joseph Davis' slaves set up in business for themselves. Notable among these was Ben T. Montgomery, who, with his sons, later purchased both the Davis plantations. Other planters and overseers laughingly spoke of "Joe Davis' free negroes," and when hoopskirts came in, assumed that the Davis negroes were to get them and predicted that "Joe Davis will have to widen his cotton rows so that the negro women can work between them. From his brother Joseph, Jefferson Davis adopted the negro self-government plan. No negro was ever punished except after conviction by a jury of blacks. This jury was composed of "settled" men; an old negro presided as judge; there were black sheriffs or constables; witnesses were examined as in white courts, and the punishments were inflicted by negroes. The negro took great delight in the workings of the court and showed no disposition to be too lenient with criminals. Davis retained the right to modify the sentence or to grant pardon. Mrs. Davis relates an incident which illustrates the workings of the system:


A fine hog had been killed and it was traced to the house of a negro who was a great glutton. Several of the witnesses swore to a number of accessories to the theft. At last the first man asked for a private interview with his master, and in a confidential tone said: "The fact of the matter is, master, they are all tellin' lies. I had nobody at all to help me. I killed the shote myself and eat pretty near the whole of it, and dat's why I was so sick last week." Davis pardoned the thief but the jury were much scandalized at master's breaking up "dat Cote, for fore God, we'd a cotch de whole tuckin' of 'em, if he had let we alone."

After the death of Pemberton in 1852 Davis employed white overseers, some of whom did not approve of his system of managing negroes. They were not allowed to inflict punishment—only to report offenses. One of them left because of his objection to the negro court. The Davis system which was practiced until 1862 had vitality enough to survive for a while after the Federals had occupied the plantations, and a year later a Northern officer who saw what remained of the self-governing community and knowing nothing of its origin took it for a new development, and an evidence of how one year of freedom would elevate the blacks.\*

It is quite likely that Davis could not have understood the mental make-up of such a negro as Frederick Douglass, but he did understand the ins and outs of the average negro's nature. Instinctively the negroes knew this and since he used his understanding for their good his servants were devoted to him. When one was charged by a white person with misconduct, Davis always insisted on hearing the negro's side of the story. To him the slaves would appeal from decisions of the overseer and the latter often found it difficult to exact any kind of obedience, so accustomed were the negroes to take all their disputes to their master. One negro girl refused to wait

\*See John Eaton, *Grant, Lincoln, and the Freedmen*, p. 165.





## His Relations with His Negro Slaves

on the overseer's wife because, contrary to her master's rule, she had been called "out'en her name"—Rose instead of Rosina. A man who was disobedient and had threatened the overseer asked Mrs. Davis, "How does you speck us ter b'lieve in them poor white trash when we people has a master that fit and whipped everybody?"

The negroes were allowed the usual plantation privileges. Each family had its "patch" for vegetables and fruits, pigs and chickens, which were raised for their own use and for sale to the master's family. At the birth of a negro child an outfit was given, and at death the burial clothes and food for those who "set up." When a negro was ill the master was expected to furnish or to pay for delicacies, and for a wedding he provided the dinner and the finery. A dentist came regularly to Hurricane and Brierfield to keep the negroes' teeth in order. So careful was Davis of the comfort and health of his negroes that when he was absent in Washington his income from the plantation greatly decreased. The negroes would work well for him but not for his overseers who were not authorized to force them to work.

Some of the negroes did not always appreciate their master's rather gentle methods. Especially did some of them chafe under his attempts to reason with them and thus to make them see their mistakes. Like a small white boy a negro sometimes preferred a thrashing or a round scolding to a serious temperate talk. One negro woman who pretended to cook for him after the death of his first wife was much troubled by the joking way in which he disposed of her failures. As she told the second Mrs. Davis, "Master did me mighty mean dat time; he orter cussed me, but it was mean to make fun of me." Davis, however, never was familiar with his servants in that way peculiar to many Southern masters—a sort of sublime condescending as to a very small child or to a pet animal. To him they were men and women and were treated accordingly.

Provision was made for the religious training of the slaves. Sometimes Davis and his brother paid the salary of a white Methodist preacher who was sent out by the Southern Methodist Church to work among the negroes. "Uncle Bob" was the resident black preacher at Brierfield. Davis said of him: "He was as free from guile and as truthful a man as I ever knew." He had long passed the age for active labor, but still kept up his spiritual supervision of the Brierfield flock. He had a comfortable house and a horse and buggy in which he drove every day to the plantation. It was Davis' conviction that in religious work for the negroes the South "has been a greater practical missionary than all the society missionaries in the world."

In many ways the plantation negroes showed their appreciation of his mastership. When his first son was born the women and children came to see the newcomer, bringing gifts of chickens, eggs and fruit, and all of them brought boisterous good wishes. When the master would go through the quarters the little negroes would swarm out of the houses to greet him, shake hands with him and catch him around the legs. Upon his departure for a long stay, all came to bid him good-bye and to say what they wanted him to bring back for them. When he came home again all duties were suspended until the servants could see and welcome him. In a letter written by his niece, is an account of a home-coming that she witnessed:

"On one occasion when I was a child he arrived at Hurricane, my




Art

History

Literature





## Southern Reminiscences of Jefferson Davis

grandfather's plantation, after a protracted absence, and took me with him to Brierfield, a distance of a mile and a half. It was at once known that he had arrived and . . . (the slaves) came running to the house and without ceremony made their way to the room where we were and to my surprise threw themselves before him and embraced his knees at the risk of pulling him down. He must have been accustomed to such demonstrations for he very gently extricated himself and patiently answered their questions and asked kindly for their families."<sup>6</sup>

Whether Davis looked forward to early emancipation it is impossible to say. At times it would seem that he and his brother were training their negroes for freedom soon to come. After the war when in prison, Davis spoke of the hopeful emancipation movement of the twenties and thirties which in his opinion was killed by the reaction following the growth of radical abolition sentiment in the North.<sup>7</sup> But before the Civil War neither brother ever made a more definite declaration about negroes in the South than that the exceptional negroes would emerge from slavery. And it is well known that Davis believed slavery a better state for negroes than any sort of freedom offered them in the North or in the South. For the free negro there was then nowhere a place, and Davis believed that it would be difficult to make a place for him. In this conviction he was not so fixed as was Lincoln, for he had a higher opinion of the negro than his great rival had.

While demanding the theoretical right to carry slaves to all territories, Davis did not really expect slavery to extend into the far West and North-west. In fact he thought that the slight expansion that would result would ultimately weaken slavery. In a speech in 1860 he said: "There is a relation belonging to this species of property, unlike that of the apprentice or the hired man, which awakens whatever there is of kindness or nobility of soul in the heart of him who owns it; this can only be alienated, obscured, or destroyed by collecting this species of property into such masses that the owner is not personally acquainted with the individuals who compose it. In the relation, however, which can exist in the northern territories, the mere domestic association of one, two, or at most half a dozen servants in a family, associating with the children as they grow up, attending upon age as it declines, there can be nothing against which either philanthropy or humanity can make an appeal. Not even the emancipationist can raise his voice; for this is the high road and open gate to the condition in which the masters would, from interest, in a few years, desire the emancipation of everyone who may thus be taken to the northwestern frontier."<sup>8</sup>



To rule negroes by laws made for whites was, Davis thought, barbarous. Once before the war he visited a reformatory in the North. Most of the inmates were whites, but there was one negro boy who caught Davis by the coat with the plea "Please buy me, sir, and take me home wid you." "I tried to procure the little fellow's liberty," said Mr. Davis, "and offered to take him and guarantee his freedom, but he was in a free state and I

<sup>6</sup>This account of life at Brierfield is based on the following authorities: Davis, *Memoirs*, Vol. I, pp. 163, 173, 174, 178, 193, 203, 284, 475, 479; *Jones Memorial Volume*, p. 667; Daniel, *Life and Reminiscences of Davis*, p. 207; Bancroft, *Davis*, p. 156, 167; *Chicago Tribune*, May 7, 1889; *Times-Democrat*, Feb. 16, 1902; Craven, *Prison Life*, p. 215, and correspondence with relatives.

<sup>7</sup>Bancroft, *Davis*.

<sup>8</sup>*Congressional Globe*, May 17, 1860; Davis, *Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*, Vol. II, pp. 7, 30.





## His Relations with His Negro Slaves

could not get him. It was bad enough to keep white children there, but it was inhuman to incarcerate that irresponsible negro child."<sup>9</sup>

During the Civil War the Confederate President saw nothing of his Brierfield servants. When summoned to Montgomery to lead the Confederates he went to Brierfield, assembled the negroes and made a farewell talk. They expressed devotion to him and he left them never to see them again as slaves and never to live again at Brierfield. He understood that slavery as an economic system had a precarious existence and it was his belief that no matter how the war might end, slavery would be destroyed. Before leaving Brierfield he gave to the negroes all the supplies that he could command. To "Uncle Bob," who was rheumatic, he gave so many blankets and supplies that when the Federals came they confiscated them because they said that Davis could never have given him so much, that he must have stolen them or he must be trying to save them for his master. Mr. Davis said: "Nothing ever done to me made me so indignant as the treatment of this old colored man."<sup>10</sup>

After the fall of Vicksburg some of the Davis negroes were carried into the interior to keep them from falling into the hands of the Federals. When Sherman's army captured them the Federals were surprised to find that they would not follow the army. Finally the soldiers set fire to the houses occupied by them in order to make them leave. Some never left the plundered plantation at Davis Bend, others returned, and the self-government system was for a while continued. Grant planned a "negro paradise" on the Davis plantation and many other negroes were brought to the Bend, and everything turned over to them. The land was "consecrated as a home for the emancipated . . . a suitable place to furnish means and security for the unfortunate race which he (Davis) was so instrumental in oppressing," so that "the nest in which the rebellion was hatched has become the Mecca of freedom."<sup>11</sup> In the crowding that resulted many of the Davis negroes lost their homes, among them "Uncle Bob."

Towards the close of the Civil War, Davis and Robert E. Lee advocated the enlistment of negroes as Confederate soldiers, freedom to be the reward for military service. This plan met much opposition, though Davis used all his influence in favor of it. To members of Congress he declared that the negroes would, in his opinion, make good soldiers if well led, that he himself in Mississippi had led negroes against lawless white men. Finally becoming impatient at the bringing forward of technical objections by the opposition, Davis said: "If the Confederacy falls there should be written on its tombstone, 'Died of a theory.'"<sup>12</sup>

So far as known only two slaves went with Davis to Richmond. These were the son of James Pemberton, who soon ran away to the Federals, and Robert Brown who remained faithful. The other servants were whites and free negroes. It was found difficult to keep the white servants; it was said that some of them took service with the Davis family for the purpose of acting as spies. One free black girl also went to the Federals. Two


<sup>9</sup>Winnie Davis, "Jefferson Davis in Private Life," in *New York Herald*, August 11, 1895.

<sup>10</sup>Davis, *Memoirs*, Vol. I, p. 179, Vol. II, pp. 11, 12, 19; Bancroft, *Davis*, p. 196.


<sup>11</sup>Garner, *Reconstruction in Mississippi*, p. 252, quoting from the order of General Dana; Bancroft, *Davis*, p. 152; *Times-Democrat*, Feb. 16, 1902; *Chicago Tribune*, May 7, 1879; Eaton, *Grant, Lincoln, and the Freedmen*, p. 165.

<sup>12</sup>*Rise and Fall*, Vol. I, pp. 516, 518.





## Southern Reminiscences of Jefferson Davis




other free blacks were connected with the Davis establishment—James H. Jones and James Henry Brooks. The latter was a little negro boy rescued by Mrs. Davis from a drunken mother who was beating him. Mr. Davis went to the mayor of Richmond, had free papers made out for the boy and took him home as a playmate for the children who spoiled him completely. He took part in their games and fights also, and once got a broken head in a clash between the "Hill Cats," or wealthy children, and the "Butcher Cats," or working men's children. He was fighting as a "Hill Cat." President Davis, seeing his injury, went down the hill and endeavored to persuade the "Butcher Cats" to make friends, but though they expressed respect for him they refused to make peace with the "Hill Cats." After the collapse of the Confederacy, the Brooks boy went with the Davis family in their flight toward the Southwest and was captured with them in Georgia. He saw the soldiers forcibly separate Mr. and Mrs. Davis, and long after he declared to some Northern teachers that when grown he intended to kill the officer who took hold of Mrs. Davis. One of the captors named Hudson, who Mrs. Davis thought was a bad character, threatened to adopt the boy. So, when on the way to prison at Fortress Monroe a stop was made at Port Royal, South Carolina, Mrs. Davis sent the boy to General Saxton, an old friend who was stationed there. The boy fought furiously to keep from going. General Saxton turned him over to a New England school marm then teaching the Sea Island blacks. She reported that he was constantly fighting other negro children who made slighting references to Davis, or sang "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree." He was later sent North to school where he had other fights. A few years before Mr. Davis' death someone sent him a Massachusetts paper containing an account of young Brooks in which it was stated that the man would bear to the grave the marks of beatings inflicted by the Davises.<sup>13</sup>

Two trusted servants were James H. Jones, a free negro, and Robert Brown. Jones was Davis' valet and coachman; Brown was Mrs. Davis' servant. Both gave faithful service during the war, and in 1865, just before the collapse of the Confederacy, they were sent South with Mrs. Davis. On May 10, 1865, Mr. Davis overtook his wife in the pine woods of Georgia, and that night was captured. It was Jones who had the President's horse saddled and ready, and hearing the coming of the enemy, waked Mr. Davis and threw over his shoulders the famous rain-coat which Mr. Stanton's imagination and ingenuity magnified into a female costume. After accompanying the Davis family to Fortress Monroe, Jones went to live in Raleigh, North Carolina. Some years later when Mr. Davis was in North Carolina, Jones called and his old master excused himself to a distinguished company in order to see "my friend, James Jones." Jones, now employed in the Stationery Room of the United States Senate, is full of reminiscences of his master, and nothing makes him more indignant than to hear the story about Mr. Davis' disguise when captured. Among his treasures are letters and pictures from the Davis family and a stick that Mr. Davis once used. Jones claims that on the retreat through the Carolinas Mr. Davis gave him the Great Seal of the Confederacy to hide, and that for a while he had charge of the coin of the Confederacy treasury. While it is certain that Davis gave him something to hide, it is doubtful whether

<sup>13</sup>Davis, *Memoirs*, Vol. II, pp. 199, 645; Bontume, *First Days with the Contrabands* pp. 183.





## His Relations with His Negro Slaves

it was the seal. Jones says that his master was a fine "every day man" who "didn't take nobody into his bosom too soon."<sup>14</sup>

Robert Brown spent his whole life in the service of the Davis family. He went with Mrs. Davis and her children from Fortress Monroe to their captivity in Savannah and was nurse and protector to the family. On the vessel that brought Mrs. Davis to Savannah, a sailor was very abusive of Davis and seemed anxious to teach Brown that he was now his master's equal. Brown asked: "Am I your equal?" "Yes, certainly," the sailor replied. "Then take this from your equal," said Brown, and knocked him down. On several occasions Brown stood between the helpless family and insult or outrage. Mrs. Davis was not permitted to leave Savannah, so Brown took the children to relatives in Canada. When Mr. Davis was released from prison, Brown went to him and as soon as possible re-entered his service. After Davis' death in 1889, Brown went to Colorado to live with his master's daughter, Mrs. Hayes, and there he died.<sup>15</sup>

While in captivity Davis showed intense interest not only in the welfare of his own servants but in the prospects of the race. And he was not left without evidence that the negroes did not hate him as was supposed at the North. When his captors stopped for dinner at Macon, Georgia, a strange negro servant, of his own accord and at the risk of offending the rather relentless captors, secretly brought flowers to Davis and messages from Confederate friends in the city. A year later, Mrs. Davis was again in Macon and wrote to Mr. Davis of the friendly inquiries made by negroes. He replied: "The kind manifestations mentioned by you as made by the negro servants are not less touching than those of more cultivated people. I liked them and am gratified by their friendly remembrance. Whatever may be the result of the present experiment the former relation of the races was one which could incite to harshness only a very brutal nature!"<sup>16</sup>

As soon as he was allowed to write and receive letters and to read, Davis' first inquiries were for the Brierfield negroes, and in his letters he expresses apprehension lest the crowding of strange negroes on the place by the Freedmen's Bureau might cause the home negroes to suffer. Later he was much angered when he learned that "Uncle Bob" had been robbed and turned out of his home, and frequently asked about him "with painful anxiety."<sup>17</sup> The imprisoned Confederate ex-president did not endorse the methods adopted by the "Johnson" state governments, which endeavored to fix the place of the negro in the social order. He believed that complete civil rights should be given to the blacks. In one of his letters, dated October 11, 1865, occurs the following passage which illustrates his views:

"I hope the negroes' fidelity will be duly rewarded, and regret that we are not in a position to aid and protect them. There is, I observe, a controversy, which I regret, as to allowing negroes to testify in court. From brother Joe, many years ago, I derived the opinion that they should then (as slaves) be made competent witnesses, the jury judging of their credibility; out of my opinion on that point arose my difficulty with Mr. C—— (an overseer who left the employ of Davis because slaves were allowed to testify in the plantation courts), and any doubt which might have existed


<sup>14</sup>*New York Tribune*, June 4, 1907; *Times-Democrat*, March 3, 1907; Davis, *Memoirs*, Vol. II, p. 638; Statement of Jones; Correspondence of M. H. Clark.

<sup>15</sup>*Memoirs*, Vol. II, pp. 719, 716; Bancroft, *Davis*, p. 196; Craven, *Prison Life of Jefferson Davis*, pp. 215, 344.

<sup>16</sup>*Memoirs*, Vol. II, pp. 643, 751.

<sup>17</sup>*Memoirs*, Vol. II, pp. 703, 741; Bancroft, *Davis*, p. 153.





## Southern Reminiscences of Jefferson Davis

in my mind was removed at that time. The change of relation diminishing protection must increase the necessity. Truth alone is inconsistent, and they must be acute and well trained who can so combine as to make falsehood appear like truth, when closely examined."<sup>18</sup>

In 1866 Mrs. Davis was allowed to go to Fortress Monroe and live near her husband. Frederick Maginnis, a former free servant, then came and insisted upon re-entering the service of the family. He stoutly resented all unfriendly conduct toward or criticism of Mr. Davis and saved him from much annoyance by sightseers and others. In spite of the fact that General Burton, who succeeded General Miles, was liked by the Davises, Frederick refused to invite the general to his wedding when he married Mrs. Davis' maid. No one, he explained, who held his master in prison should come to his wedding. Of his kindly devotion Mrs. Davis wrote: "What this judicious, capable, delicate-minded man did for us could not be computed in money or told in words; he and his gentle wife took the sting out of many indignities offered to us in our hours of misfortune. They were both objects of affection and esteem to Mr. Davis as long as he lived."<sup>19</sup>

During this period of enforced seclusion Mr. Davis talked and wrote more about the negro problem than about any other topic. The disturbed condition of the race excited his pity; he did not believe that a million had perished during and just after the war, as some asserted, but thought that the negroes who had left the plantations had suffered greatly; for as slaves they had been cared for, now no one looked after them and they were not yet competent to care for themselves. Most of the immorality exhibited was due, he said, to the removal of the restraints of slavery; the state of freedom was more than the negro could comprehend and he was aimlessly drifting. Of amalgamation of races, that bugbear of many whites, he said that nature had erected barriers against it; no normal white or black desired it; the few cases of intermarriage in the North had no significance; "there could be no problem of the negro at the North for they were too few to be of consequence." The disturbed condition of the race was, in his opinion, due less to the mere fact of freedom than to the evil teachings of the Bureau officers and such people who had excited the ex-slaves with talk of lands, houses, equal rights, and so forth. He believed that the Southern States should be left to deal with the negroes. They could do it better than the Bureau. Were its officers soldiers it might be different, but camp followers were a most unsafe class to entrust with the care of a helpless race. He compared them to the Indian agent of the West who so mistreated the red wards of the Nation. In this connection he told the following anecdote to Doctor Craven, his physician:

"Driving to church one Sunday, a pious but avaricious old gentleman of Mississippi saw a sheep foundered in a quagmire on the side of the road and called John, his coachman, to halt and extricate the animal. John endeavored to pull out the sheep but found that fright and exposure had so sickened the poor brute that its wool came out in fist-fulls whenever pulled. With this news John returned to the carriage.

"'Indeed, John, is it good wool?'


"'First-class. Right smart good, Massa. Couldn't be better.'

"'It's a pity to lose the wool, John. You'd better go see if it is loose everywhere! Perhaps his sickness only makes it loose in parts.' John pulled out all the wool and carried it to the carriage.

<sup>18</sup>Memoirs, Vol. II, p. 722.

<sup>19</sup>Memoirs, Vol. II, pp. 774, 777.





## His Relations with His Negro Slaves

"'It be's all done gone off, Massa. Every hair on him was just fallin' when I picked 'em up.'

"'Well, throw it in here, John, and now drive to church as fast as you can; I am afraid we shall be late.'

"'But the poor sheep, Massa! Shan't dis chile go fotch him?'

"'Oh, never mind him,' returned the philanthropist, measuring the wool with his eye, 'even if you dragged him out he could never recover and his flesh would be good for nothing to the butchers.'

"So the sheep, stripped of his only covering, was left to die in the swamp," concluded Mr. Davis; "and such will be the fate of the poor negroes entrusted to the philanthropic but avaricious Pharisees who now propose to hold them in special care."

The views of Mr. Davis on the economic situation are also interesting. "There is no question," he said, "but that the whites are better off for the abolition of slavery; it is an equally potent fact that the colored people are not." The planter would no longer be obliged to purchase his labor at high prices, nor care for laborers and their families in sickness and when idle. If a free negro died his master would lose nothing; when a slave died he lost \$1,000 or more. True, all the wealth invested in slaves was swept away, but the labor itself remained, and it was possible that the negro race might develop into an efficient tenantry that would make the South again prosperous. For the immediate future the operation of the laws of supply and demand would, he thought, serve to adjust economic relations between whites and blacks, but if theorists continued to interfere the result would be bad.

Davis had the usual mistaken Black Belt belief that only blacks could be efficient laborers in producing the staple crops of the lower South; that Germans, Irish and other immigrants might produce tobacco, and might, for a few years, do something with the other Southern staples, rice, cotton and sugar; but that in the end the climate would overcome them, for only negroes could successfully cultivate, year after year, those crops. How mistaken he was, forty years of opportunity for the whites have shown—the whites now make nearly all the rice, half the cotton and are beginning to go into the sugar industry. It is now known that a white man can work anywhere in the United States that a negro can and can usually do better work.

Davis foresaw, however, the development of other industries in the South. He believed that the industrial revolution would come early, for he did not foresee the destruction of Reconstruction. The high price of cotton would attract immigrants from the North and from Europe, the great water power of the South would be utilized, factories would spring up and "the happy agricultural state of the South will become a tradition, and with New England wealth, New England grasping avarice and evil passions will be brought along."

But of the ultimate independence, economic and social, of the negro race he was doubtful. Wherever the races were thrown into political and economic competition, there the negro would finally suffer. Doctor Craven has reported his views on this point, and time has shown the correctness of many of them:

"The papers bore evidence from all sections of increasing hostility between the races, and this was but part of the penalty the poor negro had to pay for freedom. The more political equality was given or ap-




Art

Fishing

Literature





## Southern Reminiscences of Jefferson Davis

proached, the greater must be the social antagonism of the races. In the South, under slavery, there was no such feeling because there could be no such rivalry. Children of the white master were often suckled by negroes, and spoiled during infancy with black playmates . . . it was under black huntsmen the young whites took their first lesson in field sports. They fished, shot and hunted together, eating the same bread, drinking from the same cup, sleeping under the same tree with their negro guide. In public conveyances there was no exclusion of the blacks, nor any dislike engendered by competition between white and negro labor. In the bed-chamber of the planter's daughter it was common for a negro girl to sleep, as half attendant, half companion; and while there might be, as in all countries and amongst all races, individual instances of cruel treatment, he was well satisfied that between no master and laboring classes on earth had so kindly and regardful a feeling subsisted. To suppose otherwise required a violation of the known laws of human nature. Early associations of service, affection and support were powerful. To these self-interest joined. . .

"The attainment of political equality by the negro will revolutionize all this. It will be as if our horses were given the right of intruding into our parlors, or brought directly into competition with human labor, no longer aiding it but as rivals. Put large gangs of white laborers belonging to different nationalities at working beside each other and feuds will probably break out. . . . Emancipation does this upon a gigantic scale, and in the most aggravated form. It throws the whole black race into direct and aggressive competition with the laboring classes of the whites, and the ignorance of the blacks, presuming on their freedom, will embitter every difference. The principle of compensation prevails everywhere through nature, and the negroes will have to pay in harsher social restrictions and treatment for the attempt to invest them with political equality."<sup>20</sup>



In 1865 the Davis negroes drifted back to Hurricane and Brierfield, which were soon restored to Joseph E. Davis, and there they tried to begin the new life. Both plantations were sold in 1866 by Joseph E. Davis to three of his former slaves, Ben Montgomery and his two sons, Thornton and Isaiah, for \$300,000. Jefferson Davis was then in prison and Joseph E. Davis was too old to manage the plantations. He believed that his former slaves could, under the Montgomery supervision, gradually attain self-control and economic independence.<sup>21</sup> Jefferson Davis was not so sanguine as was his older brother; he believed that white supervision of the blacks was still necessary. The plan failed mainly because of the general business depression in the South during the seventies.<sup>22</sup> The Montgomery negroes later achieved success as farmers in Kansas, North Dakota and Canada and more recently as the founders of Mound Bayou, a negro town in Mississippi. Isaiah was the only negro member of the Mississippi Convention of 1890; he supported the movement to restrict the suffrage.

<sup>20</sup>There is no reason to doubt the essential accuracy of Doctor Craven's accounts of what he saw and heard, though some portions of his book were considerably revised by General Charles Halpine who prepared Craven's notes for the press. Craven, *Prison Life*, pp. 97-102, 211-213, 215-216, 235-242, 279-283, 284-285; Bancroft, *Davis*, pp. 152-154, 156-127; Davis, *Memoirs*, Vol. II, pp. 12, 748.


<sup>21</sup>See article by Booker T. Washington on Mound Bayou, in *World's Work*, July, 1907.

<sup>22</sup>*Chicago Tribune*, May 7, 1879; *Times-Democrat*, Feb. 16, 1902; Correspondence of relatives.





## His Relations with His Negro Slaves



For several years after regaining his freedom Mr. Davis had little direct connection with the ex-slaves, but he never lost interest in their welfare nor did they lose their regard for him. In 1867, after being released from Fortress Monroe, he went to Mississippi on a short visit. Many of the negroes came up to see him at Vicksburg and others went to New Orleans, while to see the remaining ones he made a trip to Brierfield and Hurricane.<sup>23</sup>

In spite of Mr. Davis' Confederate pro-slavery record no instance is known of his having been insulted by an ex-slave, though the negroes at times during Reconstruction became exceedingly impudent to the whites. But as the carpet-bag scalawag régime wore on, the white leaders of the blacks began to consolidate their negro following by arguing that if the white party should come into power the Confederacy would be reorganized, Jefferson Davis would come to Montgomery and slavery would again be established. Thousands upon thousands of negroes over the South came to believe that Jefferson Davis represented all that was hostile to their freedom, and even after the downfall of the reconstruction governments, some negroes were afraid of Davis. When in the late seventies and eighties he began to travel about the South many a negro was frightened by his visits and the accompanying demonstrations of the whites. The negroes often avoided the railway stations when his train would stop for him to speak. Before he died most of the blacks lost their fear of him. Proof of this changed feeling was shown by the behaviour of the colored school children, who, when Davis visited Atlanta in 1886, attracted general attention by their extravagant welcome.<sup>24</sup>

Among the negroes who knew him Davis was always popular. When he was living in Memphis as the president of an insurance company, he was often surrounded by the negroes at the steamboat landing or on the streets and made the object of ovations that surprised strangers.<sup>25</sup> After he again took charge of Brierfield he was, on account of his lenient ways with the tenants, unable to secure as much income from the estate as the Montgomery brothers had paid him in rent. In this connection a relative wrote: "His managers complained that it was impossible to maintain discipline on the plantation, for his former slaves were continually appealing to him and he would write reproving them (the managers) for being too exacting with the old servants."

After the death of Mr. Davis a Florida newspaper published some letters written to an old negro, Milo Cooper, who then lived in Orlando, but who is now in the Miami, Florida, Poor House. Cooper had formerly belonged to some member of the Davis family. He frequently sent little gifts of fruit to Mr. Davis who always returned a courteous acknowledgment. The last letters to Milo were written less than a year before Davis' death.<sup>26</sup>

The following extracts from letters written in 1885 will illustrate his appreciation of the friendship of this humble man:

<sup>23</sup>Memoirs, Vol. II, p. 804.

<sup>24</sup>House Report, No. 262, 43 Cong., 2 Sess., p. 181; Fleming, *Documentary History of the Reconstruction*, Vol. II, p. 86; Conversations with whites and negroes; John C. Reed, *Brothers' War*, p. 325.

<sup>25</sup>Somers, *Southern States*, p. 264.

<sup>26</sup>Jacksonville, *Times-Union*, Jan. 9, 1890; Jones, *Memorial Volume*, p. 493; Bancroft, *Davis*, p. 100.



## Southern Reminiscences of Jefferson Davis

My good friend Milo: The plants did not arrive until the day before your letter came. They have been planted and are much valued by me, and Mrs. Davis unites with me in thanking you for them. . . . Mrs. and Miss Davis unite in kindest regards to you and with best wishes, I am, with thanks,

Yours sincerely,  
JEFFERSON DAVIS.

We are indebted to you for kind intentions. . . . I shall always be glad to hear of your welfare.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Davis are thankful to their friend, Milo Cooper, for the lemons and for his congratulations. Mr. Davis passed his eightieth birthday in good health and spirits for one of his age, and is cheered by the kind spirit evinced by so many friends.

Your Friends,  
JEFFERSON and V. H. DAVIS.

The cane arrived safely. Please receive my thanks and the assurance that it is a valued testimonial which I shall keep. The peaches were very fine and I have ordered the seed planted in the orchard and hope to raise some from them of better quality than those I have.

Always remembering you with friendly interest, my family and self have thankfully to acknowledge your kind attention in sending to us the choice fruits of the season. With renewed assurance of our cordial good wishes, I am,

Very truly yours,  
JEFFERSON DAVIS.

At the funeral of the great Southern leader his humble friends were there to pay the last tribute of love and respect. Among them was Robert Brown, now an aged man, who had spent his life in Mr. Davis' service, and from Mississippi came his former slaves and their children. "He was a good, kind master," they said, "everybody that he ever owned loved him." An old negro of eighty, who could not walk alone, came because he "wanted to see him once more." One division of the funeral procession was made up of New Orleans negroes. From North Carolina came a telegram from James Jones who had learned of the death too late to reach New Orleans in time for the funeral. From South Florida, Milo Cooper came. He had heard that Mr. Davis was very ill and had started at once to New Orleans hoping to see him in life once more. Old and unused to travelling, Cooper was often delayed and reached New Orleans after the death of his master. His distress upon learning this was pitiable. Mrs. Davis received letters from Thornton Montgomery then living in North Dakota, and the negroes at Brierfield united in sending the following:

We, the old servants and tenants of our beloved master, Honorable Jefferson Davis, have cause to mingle our tears over his death, who was always so kind and thoughtful of our peace and happiness. We extend to you our humble sympathy.

Respectfully,  
Your Old Tenants and Servants.

Since all who serve Mr. Davis loved him, it will not be out of place here to quote what Betty, a white maid in the employ of the Davis family, said to a New Orleans reporter:

"You are writing a good deal about Mr. Davis but he deserved it all. He was good to me and the best friend I ever had. After my mother died and I went to live with Mr. and Mrs. Davis at Beauvoir, he treated me like one of his own family. He would not allow anyone to say anything to wound the feelings of a servant."

His servants always said of him that he was "a very fine gentleman."<sup>27</sup>

<sup>27</sup>Davis, *Memoirs*, Vol. II, pp. 923, 933, 934; Daniel, *Life and Reminiscences of Davis*, p. 76; Jones, *Memorial Volume*, pp. 467, 468, 493, 500, 501; Jacksonville *Times-Union*, Jan. 9, 1890; New Orleans newspapers, Dec., 1889; *Obsequies of Jefferson Davis*, pp. 27, 113; Bancroft, *Davis*, pp. 100, 196.





# First Declarations of Independence

Ancient Document by Joseph Hawes at Wrentham, Massachusetts,  
which Antedates Jefferson's Declaration at Old Philadelphia

TRANSCRIBED BY  
GILBERT RAY HAWES

OF THE NEW YORK BAR

**T**HERE has been much discussion among historical investigators as to the history of the so-called "Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence" in North Carolina, preceding the Philadelphia document of July 4, 1776. It is a fact not generally known, that in Wrentham, Massachusetts, on the 5th day of June, 1776, there was promulgated still another declaration of independence, which was not only a stirring appeal but an eloquent and forcible protest against British aggression. This was presented "to Mr. Benjamin Guild, Mr. Joseph Hawes, and Doct. Ebenezer Dagnett, chosen to represent the town of Wrentham in the General Assembly the ensuing year." The record of this rousing utterance, less than a month before the famous 4th of July, 1776, very modestly says: "The above report, after being several times read and distinctly considered by the town, was unanimously voted in the affirmative without even one dissentient."

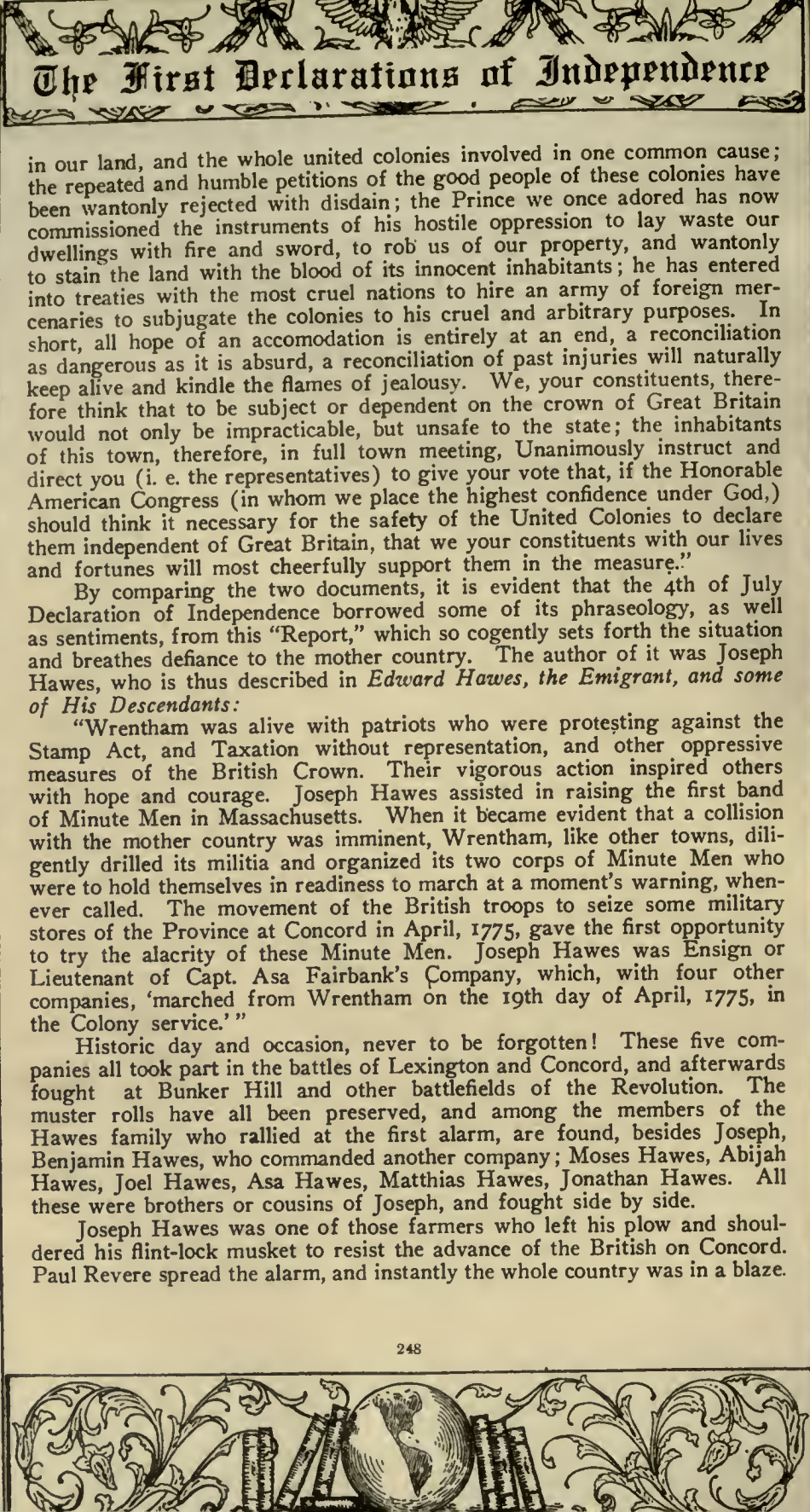

I find the original in the Massachusetts archives at Boston.

"Gentlemen, We, Your constituents, in full town meeting, June 5th, 1776, give you the following instructions:—

"Whereas, Tryanny and oppression, a little more than one century and a half ago, obliged our forefathers to quit their peaceful habitations, and seek an asylum in this distant land, amidst a howling wilderness, surrounded with savage enemies, destitute almost of every convenience of life was their unhappy situation; but such was their zeal for the common rights of mankind, that they (under the smile of Divine Providence), surmounted every difficulty, and in a little time were in the exercise of civil government under a charter of the crown of Great Britain:—but after some years had passed, and the colonies had become of some importance, new troubles began to arise. The same spirit which caused them to leave their native land still pursued them, joined by designing men among themselves—letters began to be wrote against the government, and the first charter soon after destroyed; in this situation some years passed before another charter could be obtained, and although many of the gifts and privileges of the first charter were abridged by the laste, yet in that situation the government has been tolerably quiet until about the year 1763; since which the same spirit of oppression has risen up; letters by divers ill-minded persons have been wrote against the government, (in consequence of which divers acts of the British Parliament made, mutilating and destroying the charter, and wholly subversive of the constitution); fleets and armies have been sent to enforce them, and at length a civil war has commenced, and the sword is drawn







## The First Declarations of Independence

in our land, and the whole united colonies involved in one common cause; the repeated and humble petitions of the good people of these colonies have been wantonly rejected with disdain; the Prince we once adored has now commissioned the instruments of his hostile oppression to lay waste our dwellings with fire and sword, to rob us of our property, and wantonly to stain the land with the blood of its innocent inhabitants; he has entered into treaties with the most cruel nations to hire an army of foreign mercenaries to subjugate the colonies to his cruel and arbitrary purposes. In short, all hope of an accommodation is entirely at an end, a reconciliation as dangerous as it is absurd, a reconciliation of past injuries will naturally keep alive and kindle the flames of jealousy. We, your constituents, therefore think that to be subject or dependent on the crown of Great Britain would not only be impracticable, but unsafe to the state; the inhabitants of this town, therefore, in full town meeting, Unanimously instruct and direct you (i. e. the representatives) to give your vote that, if the Honorable American Congress (in whom we place the highest confidence under God,) should think it necessary for the safety of the United Colonies to declare them independent of Great Britain, that we your constituents with our lives and fortunes will most cheerfully support them in the measure."

By comparing the two documents, it is evident that the 4th of July Declaration of Independence borrowed some of its phraseology, as well as sentiments, from this "Report," which so cogently sets forth the situation and breathes defiance to the mother country. The author of it was Joseph Hawes, who is thus described in *Edward Hawes, the Emigrant, and some of His Descendants*:

"Wrentham was alive with patriots who were protesting against the Stamp Act, and Taxation without representation, and other oppressive measures of the British Crown. Their vigorous action inspired others with hope and courage. Joseph Hawes assisted in raising the first band of Minute Men in Massachusetts. When it became evident that a collision with the mother country was imminent, Wrentham, like other towns, diligently drilled its militia and organized its two corps of Minute Men who were to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's warning, whenever called. The movement of the British troops to seize some military stores of the Province at Concord in April, 1775, gave the first opportunity to try the alacrity of these Minute Men. Joseph Hawes was Ensign or Lieutenant of Capt. Asa Fairbank's Company, which, with four other companies, 'marched from Wrentham on the 19th day of April, 1775, in the Colony service.'"

Historic day and occasion, never to be forgotten! These five companies all took part in the battles of Lexington and Concord, and afterwards fought at Bunker Hill and other battlefields of the Revolution. The muster rolls have all been preserved, and among the members of the Hawes family who rallied at the first alarm, are found, besides Joseph, Benjamin Hawes, who commanded another company; Moses Hawes, Abijah Hawes, Joel Hawes, Asa Hawes, Matthias Hawes, Jonathan Hawes. All these were brothers or cousins of Joseph, and fought side by side.

Joseph Hawes was one of those farmers who left his plow and shouldered his flint-lock musket to resist the advance of the British on Concord. Paul Revere spread the alarm, and instantly the whole country was in a blaze.





WRITER OF THE WRENTHAM DECLARATION OF INDEPEND-  
ENCE WHICH PRECEDED THE FAMOUS DECLARATION  
BY JEFFERSON AT PHILADELPHIA

249  
Joseph Hawes (1727-1818) Lieutenant in Massachusetts Militia, 1775-78  
Minute Man at 'Lexington Alarm,' Bunker Hill and Siege of Boston  
Representative to the General Court in 1778-81

---

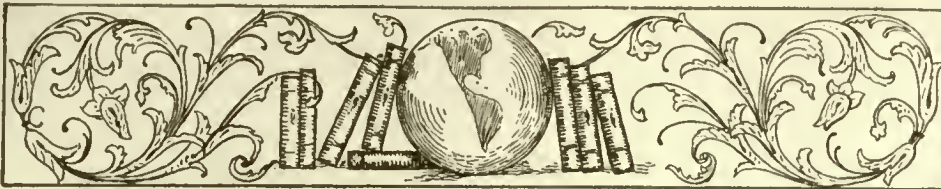
Painting by Eliab Metcalf in Possession of Gilbert Ray Hawes of New York





Original negative taken at famous Long Bridge connecting National Capital with Alexandria, Virginia, the gateway of the Confederacy, and over which all the Federal armies marched





## Historic Collections in America

Seven Thousand Original Negatives Taken under the Protection of the Secret Service During the Greatest Conflict of Men the World Has Ever Known. Preserved

BY

EDWARD BAILEY EATON

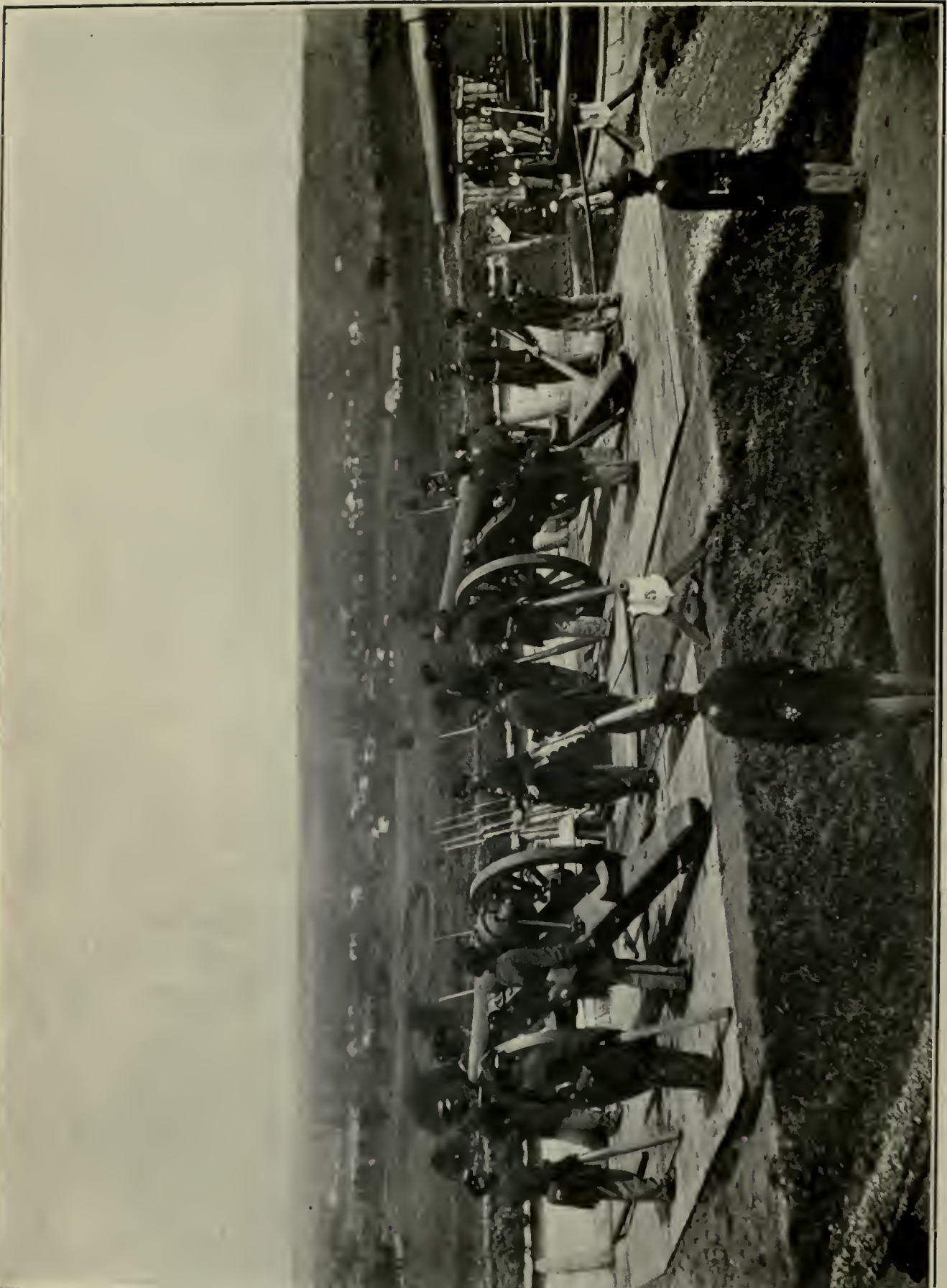
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

**T**HIS most valuable collection of historic negatives in existence is presented for historical record in *THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY*. It was valued by President Garfield in 1877 at \$150,000 and its historic significance has been such that its worth increases with the years. The collection, which includes 7000 original negatives taken on the battlefields under the protection of the secret service during the Civil War in the United States, by Mathew Brady and Alexander Gardner, the first war photographers in the world, is privately owned as recorded in the preceding issue of these pages. The presentation of the first proofs from the collection included hitherto unknown portraits of Lincoln and Davis, Grant and Lee. It is not probable that photographs have ever before created wider discussion. Letters have been received from valiant Confederates in the South, and Federal soldiers throughout the country, many of them in amazement that these remarkable negatives were in existence, and all of them expressing deep pleasure in the privilege of looking upon the scenes where they fought gallantly for the flag of *their country* whether it was in the gray of the South or the blue of the North. Clara Barton, the venerable Red Cross nurse, writes from Glen Echo, Maryland: "To me, 'much of which I saw and a part of which I was,' (if I may venture so renowned a quotation), these pictures come with a vividness no words could portray."

Honorable Gifford Pinchot, of President Taft's Cabinet, writes: "It is one of the most interesting collections of pictures I have ever seen." Dr. Edward S. Holden, librarian at the United States Military Academy at West Point, writes that "it is an original historical document of the first importance." Admiral Dewey of the United States Navy; Honorable Robert Shaw Oliver, acting secretary of War; J. W. Cheney, librarian of the War Department; Generals S. S. Burdette, John C. Black and Captain John R. King, former commanders of the Grand Army of the Republic; Brigadier-General George H. Harries, and many others, have written regarding the historical value of these original negatives. As Colonel Henry Watterson of Kentucky, the gallant Confederate, recently wrote: "I am writing from the Southern viewpoint. Its passions long ago faded from manly bosoms. It was fought to its conclusion by fearless and upright men, whichever flag they served. Let us look upon it as into a mirror, seeing not the desolation of the past, but the radiance of the present—the heroes of the New North and the New South."—EDITOR







Original negative taken behind breastworks at Fort Lincoln, in protection of the National Capital, in 1861—Now in collection of Edward Bailey Eaton at Hartford, Connecticut

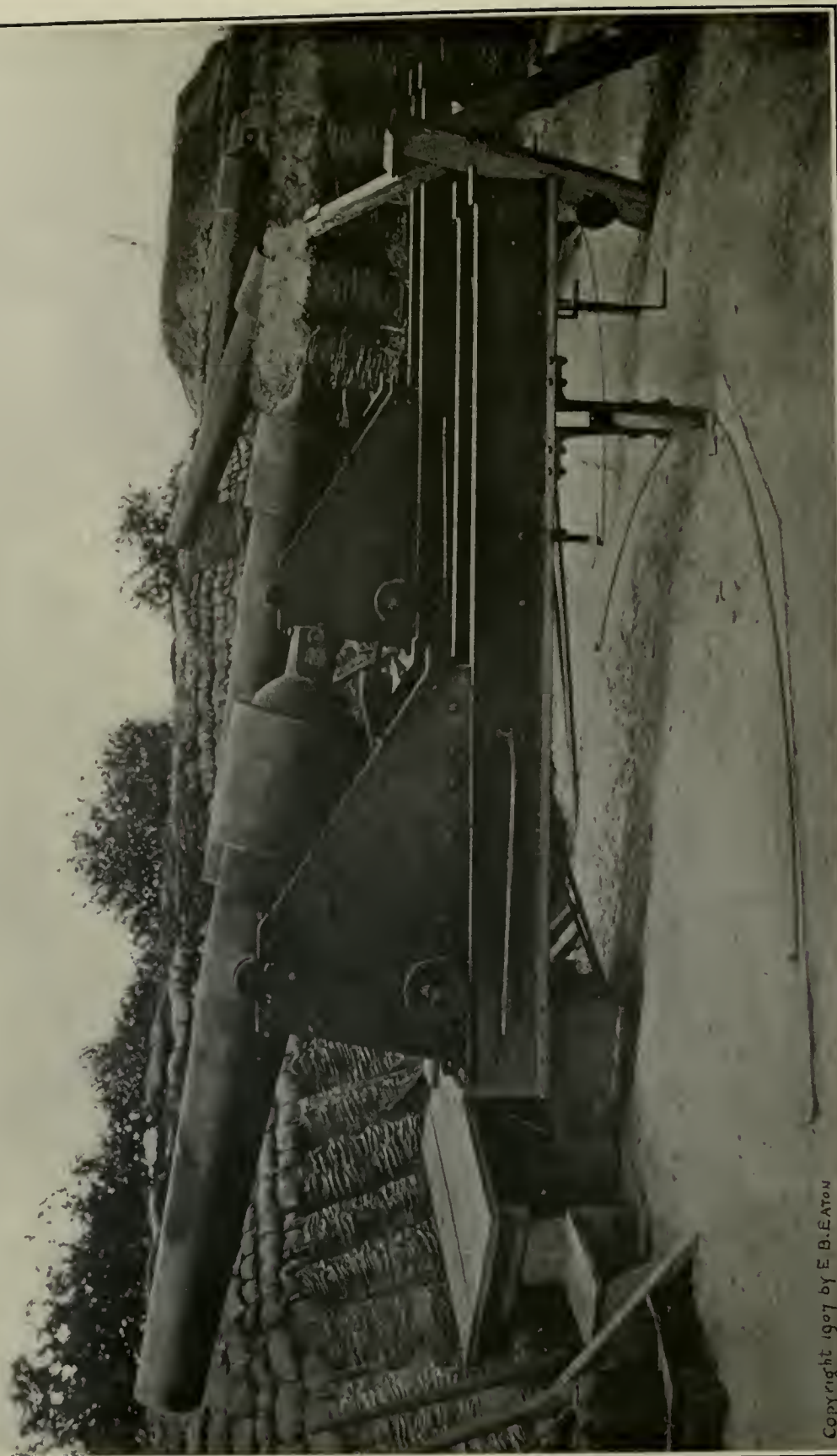




Original negative taken in 1862 while the Military Telegraph Corps were following the Federal Army

Copyrighted by W. E. S. 1862





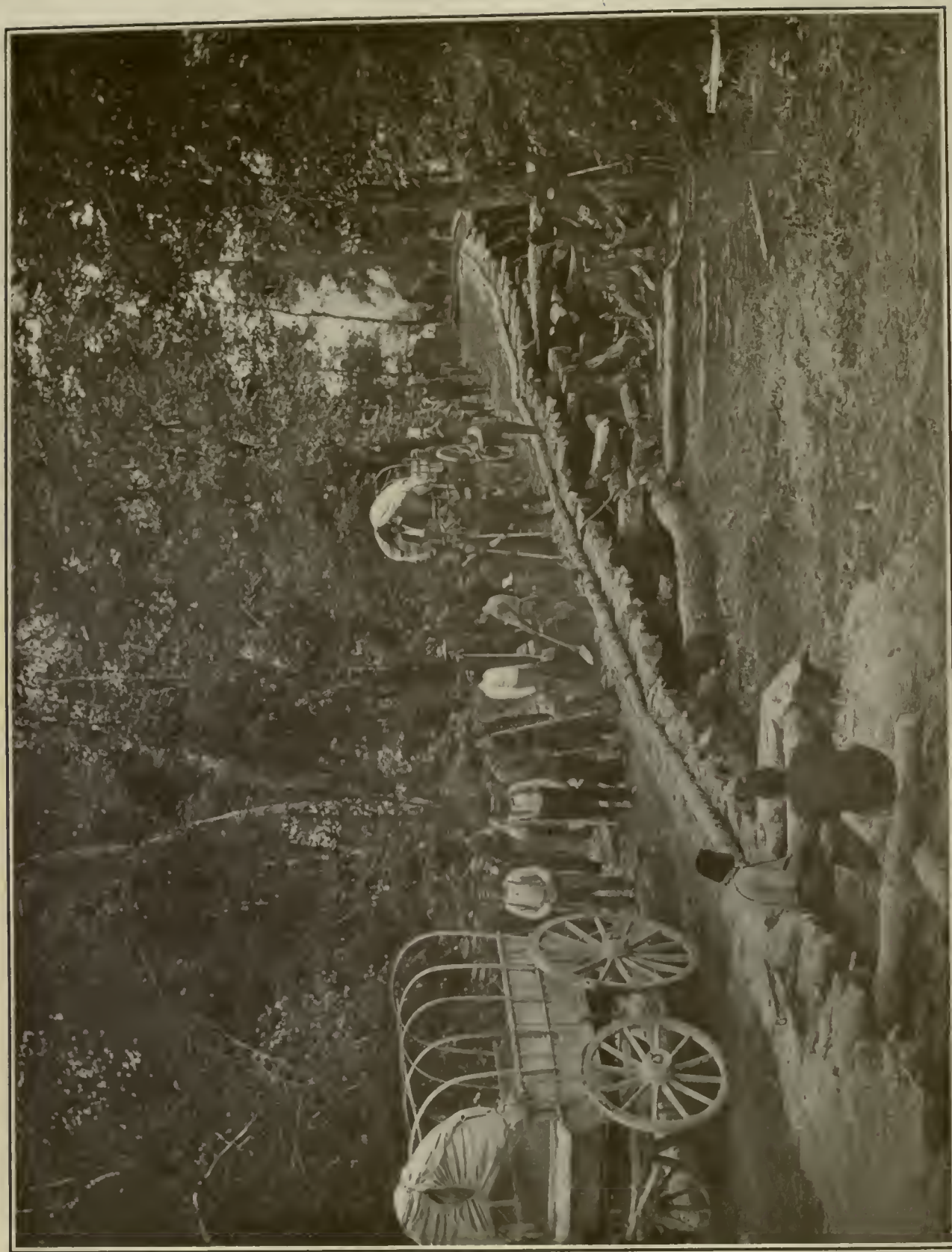
Copyright 1907 by E. B. Eaton





Original negative taken at ruins of Manassas Junction, Virginia, in 1862.—This negative was taken by Brady, the war photographer, immediately after a daring cavalry raid on the Federal depot of supplies by the gallant "Jeb" Stuart with 500 Confederate infantry





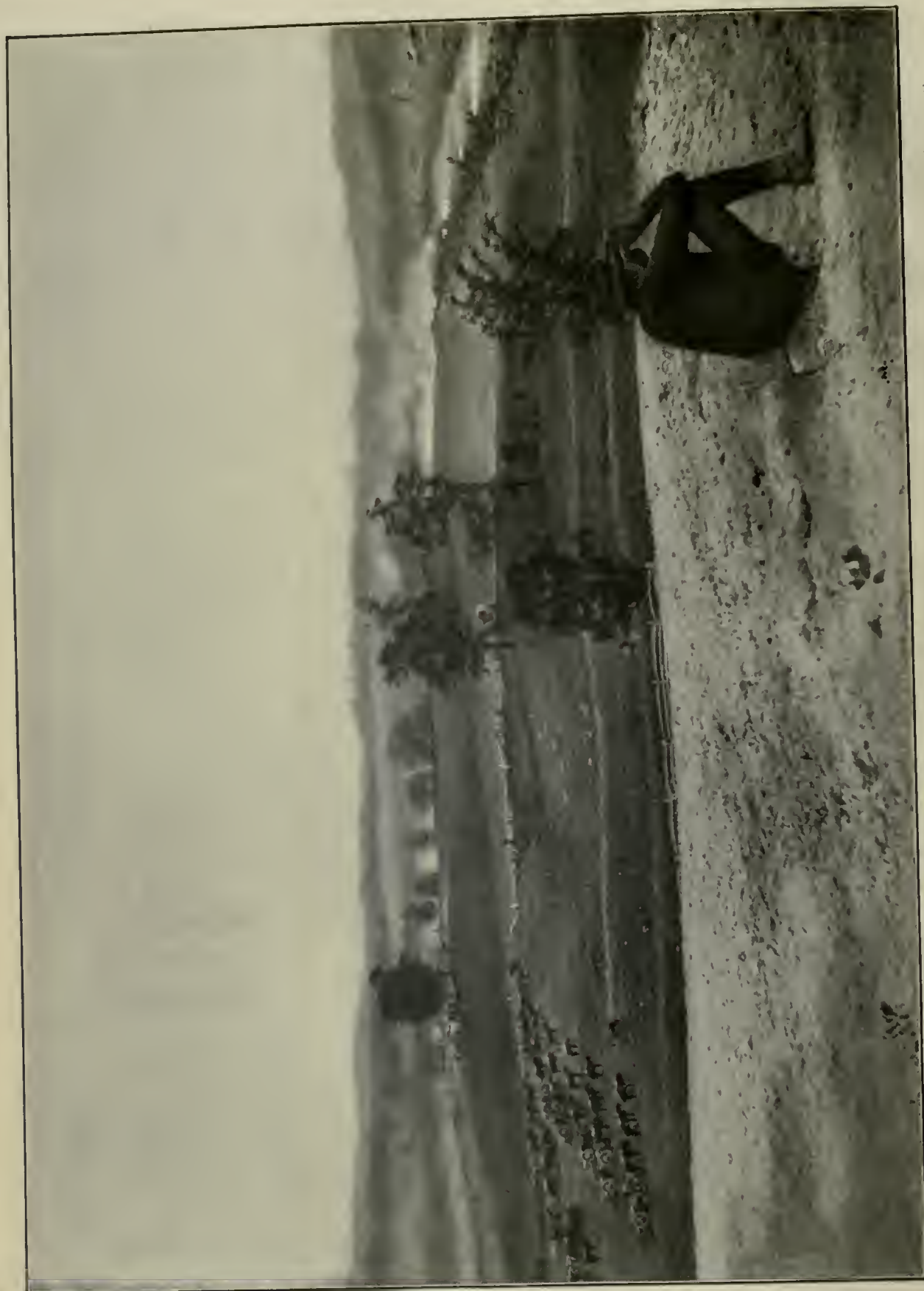
Original negative taken while McClellan was passing the Army of the Potomac over the Chickahominy in 1862.—Destruction of this bridge held the great Stonewall Jackson away from Gaines' Mill, which undoubtedly saved the Army of the Potomac from capture—Collection of Edward Bailey Eaton at Hartford, Connecticut





Copyright 1901 by J. C. L. TON





First photograph ever taken by armies in battle on the Western Continent—Original negative of the Battle of Antietam in 1862, taken by Brady, the war photographer, under protection of the Secret Service, and now in the \$150,000 collection of 7,000 original negatives owned by Edward Bailey Eaton at Hartford, Connecticut



Original negative taken at Ruins of Stone Bridge over Bull Run, in 1862, in wake of retreating Federal army, which destroyed their bridges behind them to thwart the Confederates who were following them to the gates of the National Capital at Washington





CO. 111 N. 1. B. M.

Original negative taken at Fredericksburg, Virginia, in 1862, immediately after the Confederates, in military strategy, destroyed bridge over Rappahannock River to protect city from Federal army.



Original negative taken over ruins of Knoxville, Tennessee, in 1863, from Fort Sanders





Copyright 1907 by E. B. Eaton

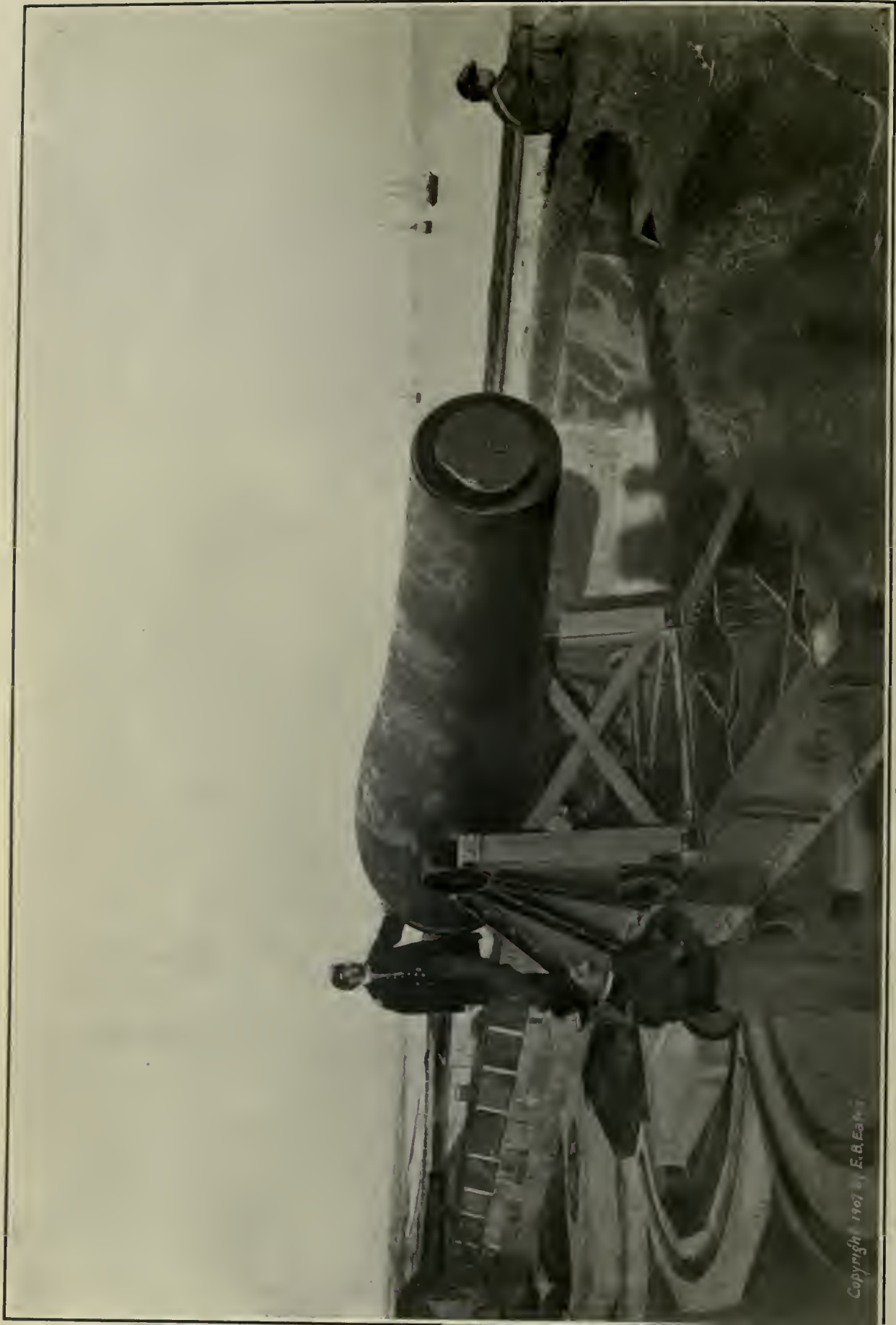
Original negative taken on Grant's Military Railroad when the 13-inch Mortar, "Petersburg Express," was throwing shells into Petersburg in 1864 --Collection of Edward Bailey Eaton



Copyright 1907 by E. B. Eaton

Original negative taken at E. B. Eaton





Copyright 1907 by E. B. Eaton

Original negative taken behind the parapets at Fortress Monroe, the base of the Government operations in 1861—Now in collection of Edward Bailey Eaton at Hartford, Connecticut



## First Book Printed in New York

Remarkable Treatise on Morals and Ethics entitled "A Letter of Advice to a Young Gentleman," Concerning His Behavior and Conversation in the World. Printed by William Bradford in 1696 and Now in the Archives of Columbia University Library

Written about 1670 by

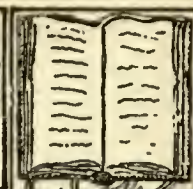
REVEREND DOCTOR RICHARD LINGARD

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY


**W**HILE America's greatest metropolis is observing its three hundredth anniversary, there is a wholesome revival of interest in the historical foundations upon which this wonderful structure of commerce and trade has been built. In this collection of Americana there is no exhibit more interesting than the volume which historical investigators declare to be the *first book printed in New York*, the original of which is treasured in the Library at Columbia University. The ancient volume was written by the Reverend Doctor Richard Lingard of Dublin, and entitled "A Letter of Advice to a Young Gentleman Leaving the University." It was first published in Dublin in 1670, with an edition in London in 1671. Mr. Frank C. Erb, an authoritative bibliographer at Columbia Library, has given this volume exhaustive investigation, which has been permanently recorded by him in a printed volume and is a valuable contribution to American historical literature. The bibliographer presents this historical claim:

Upon William Bradford, who introduced the art of printing in the Colony of New York, Doctor Lingard's work made a sufficiently strong impression to move him to reprint the book shortly after he erected his press in 1693, the first printing press in New York, and the year in which he was appointed Printer to the Colony. Undoubtedly the first issue from Bradford's press was the Laws of the Colony of New York, bearing date of 1693, in the form of sheets. While these were being printed Bradford published an Almanac, New York, 1694, edited by Daniel Leeds. In this Almanac announcement is made that a book was in the press, and later this appeared, entitled "Truth Advanced in the Correction of many Gross and Hurtful Errors," by George Keith; printed in the year 1694, a small quarto. But there is no certainty that Keith's work was actually published at that time, or in New York. It must be remembered that George Keith was a resident of Philadelphia, that before he came to New York Bradford printed several tracts for George Keith, some of which bear imprint as printed by Bradford in Philadelphia, while others are without place or name of printer. Among the latter was a tract published in 1692, without name of author or publisher, which is probably the one which led to the arrest of Keith and Bradford and caused Bradford to remove to New York City in the Spring of 1693.

Since it is clear that the Laws were published in the form of sheets or leaflets, and since there is doubt as to the place and time of publication







## The First Book Printed in New York

of Keith's book, and since the Almanac would not be considered a book, it seems altogether probable that the FIRST BOOK printed in New York was "A Letter of Advice to a Young Gentleman Leaving the University." The known history of the copy in the Library of Columbia University is brief but interesting. The most authoritative records refer to it as the only known copy of the edition printed in New York in 1696. On the fly leaf in the back of the book is an inscription in ink which shows that this copy was presented to Johannis Robinson by Domini Clap in 1701. The book passed into the possession of Mr. E. B. Corwin of New York, and at his death was sold for twelve dollars and fifty cents, in 1856. It was bought for Mr. William Menzies of New York, and sold in 1876 for two hundred and forty dollars, and came to Columbia Library with the Phoenix Collection in 1881.


Librarian Erb finds that Dr. Lingard, the author of this first book printed in New York, was probably an Englishman, born about 1598, educated at Cambridge, and for a time Archdeacon and Professor of Divinity in Dublin University. He died November 13, 1670 and was buried in the chapel of Trinity College, Dublin. The printer of this first book printed in New York, is given this biographical record:

William Bradford was born in Leicestershire, England, May 20th, 1663, and came to America in 1682, probably with William Penn and his company in the ship "Welcome" which arrived at a small place called New Castle. He was printer to this government in Philadelphia and New York for upwards of fifty years. He printed the first newspaper in New York, entitled *The New York Gazette*, in October, 1725. He served as a member of the Vestry of Trinity Church from 1703 to 1710. Mr. Bradford died May 13, 1752 and was buried in Trinity Churchyard. The "Sign of the Bible," the place where Bradford's first printing press was set up in New York, is marked by a bronze tablet on the outside of a building in Pearl Street near Hanover Square.

The moral tone and quality of this *first book printed in New York* is of sufficient worth to admit it to the distinguished "five book shelf" selected by the eminent Dr. Charles William Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard, and which he states will give any modern American who reads them a "liberal education." Librarian Erb has reproduced the text as nearly as possible in its facsimile form, and elucidated with an introductory and notes that make it an essential accessory to every public and private library in America. The original sermon of Dr. Lingard is here given historical record in THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY and all historical collectors are advised to obtain an original copy of Librarian's Erb's recent facsimile.

**T**He Gentleman concerned in this Paper being assured, That he is not the only One that needs these Instructions, and that the Benefit he reaps by them, would not be the less by their being Publick, has so far befriended the World as to Expose them to the View of all: But it being the peculiar Fate of Letters, to be at the Dispose of those to whom they are sent, This has not, perhaps, those Advantages and Accessions which would have been given it, had the Inditer been the Publisher: Yet as it





## Morals and Ethics of a Gentleman in 1696

is, all kind of Readers will be entertained, from the Usefulness of the Subject, The Variety of the Matter, the Freedom that is taken, and the Conciseness of the Suggestions, which will further oblige them to measure the Words, not by their Number, but Weight. If this be perused by Men that live up to the Advices proposed, They cannot but be Confirmed and Gratified, to find themselves so luckily Transcribed. And if This falls into the Hands of Novices, (and such are all once, if Experience must make men Wise) this little Vade Mecum shall suddenly Enrich them with a Treasure of Observations, which they may hourly imploy, and continue to do so, even while they live: Nay, all must be Gainers here, when they find the good Christian reconciled to the good Companion, and the Scholar Taught to be a Gentleman.

It hath been observed, That Elaborate studied Discourses have not been so Contributive to Wisdom, as the Memories and private Remarks of Eminent and Conversing Persons. And it is to be wished, That they would communicate their Experiences a little more, and that some would insist on this Subject so minutely, as to descend to the Particulars of Behaviour, that befits men in their several Qualities and Professions, This would be a greater Kindness to all Societies than that which is intended them from the Experiments and modern Improvements that are now the Boasts and Triumphs of some Virtuosi's.

S I R ;

**Y**OU have been infinitely advantaged by your Education in the University, which will have a perpetual good Effect upon you, and give you Lustre in the Eyes of the World; But that you may be further Useful and Acceptable to Mankind, you must pare off something you have contracted there, and add also to your own Stores from Observation and Experience, a way of Learning as far beyond that by Precept, as the Knowledge of a Traveller exceeds that which is gotten by the Map.


An Ackademick Life is an Horizon between two Worlds, for men enter upon it Children, and as such they must judge and act, though with Difference according to their own Pregnancy, the Ingenuity of their Teachers, and the manner of their being taught; and when they pass from thence, they launch into a New World, their Passions at high Water, and full of themselves, as Young Men are wont to be, and such as are dipt in unusual Learning, and if they go on so, they are lost: Besides that, there is a Husk and Shell that grows up with the Learning they acquired, which they must throw away, caused, perchance, by the Childishness of their State, or Formalities of the Place, or the Ruggedness of Retirement, the not considering of which hath made many a great Scholar unserviceable to the World.

To propound many Rules for the manage of your self, were to refer you back to the Book again, and there is even a Native Discretion that some are endowed with, which defends them from gross Absurdities in Conversation, though there be none but may be helped by some Admonitions.

I suppose you understand the nature of Habits and Passions: I suppose you likewise what I know you to be, viz, To be Advisable, Observant and of a sedate Temper; Therefore you will be sufficiently instructed with a few Intimations: For he that reflects upon himself, and considers his Passions, and accomodates himself to the World, cannot need many Directions.







## The First Book Printed in New York

I suppose you also to be *principld* with *Religion* and *Morality*, which is to be valued before any *Learning*, and is an ease and pleasure to the Mind, and always secures a firm Reputation, let the World be never so Wicked. No man ever gains a Reverence for his *Vice*, but *Virtue* commands it. *Vicious Men* indeed have been *Popular*, but never for being so, but for their *Virtues* annexed: They administer their Employments *well* and *wisely*, They are *civil* and *obliging*, They are *free* and *magnanimous*, They are *faithful* and *courageous*. It is always some *brave Thing* that recommends them to the good Opinion of the World.

The *Advices* I here lay down are rather *Negative* than *Positive*; For though I cannot direct you where you are to sail throughout your whole Course, yet I may safely shew you where you must not split your self.


And the first *Rock* I discover, on which Young Scholars shipwreck themselves, is *vaunting* of the *Persons* and *Places* concerned in their Education. I therefore advise you to be sparing in your Commendations of your University, Colledge, Tutor, or the Doctor you must there admire; for either all is taken for granted, or you only betray your Affection and Partiality, or you impose your Judgment for a Standard to others: You discover what you think, not what they are. An early kindness may make you as blind as an unjust Prejudice, and others will smile to see you confident of that which it may be, they know they can confute. This holds in all kinds of Commendations, which should be modest and moderate, Not *Unseasonable*, not *Unsuitable*, not *Hyperbolic*; for an Excess here creates Envy to the Person extoll'd, and is a virtual Detraction from others you converse with, and your own Understanding is measured by it. Nay, it is a presumption in some to commend at all; *for he that praises another, would have him valued upon his own Judgment*.

Therefore it is a disparagement to be commended by a Fool, except he concurs with the Vogue, or speaks from the Mouth of another; you must indeed, when you speak of mens Persons (which without provocation should never be) represent them candidly and fairly, and you are bound to give your Friend his due Elogy, when his Fame is concerned, or you are required to do it, or may do him a kindness in it. But remember, that when you give a Person a particular Character, it receives its estimate from your Wisdom, be Temperate therefore as well as Just.

When you come into Company, be not forward to show your *Proficiency*, nor impose your *Academical Discourses*, nor glitter affectedly in *Terms of Art*, which is a *vanity* indesent to Young Men that have Confidence, and heat of Temper. Nor on the other hand must you be *morose* or *difficult* to give an Account of your self to *Inquisitive* or *Learned Men*; let your Answers be *direct* and *concise*. It is both your *Wisdom* and your *Kindness* to come to the point at first, only in Conferences or Debates, speak not all you have to say at once, in an *entire Harangue*, but suffer your self to be broached by degrees, and keep an Argument for reserve. What you say at first may perhaps give Satisfaction, however you gain Respite for Recollection; and when all is out at last you will be thought to have more in store.

And because the *Mouth* is the Fountain of our *Weal* or *Wo*, and it is the greatest Instance of Prudence to rule that little Member, the *Tongue*, and he indeed is a *Perfect Man* that *offends not in a word*; for all our Follies and Passions are let out that way. There are many things to be observed in the managing of Discourse, I only say in general, That you





## Morals and Ethics of a Gentleman in 1696

must not speak with *Heat* and *Violence*, nor with *Reflection* upon mens *Persons*, nor with *Vanity* and *Self-praise*. No Man therefore should be his own *Historian*, that is, Talk of his own *Feats*, his *Travels*, his *Conferences* with great Men, &c nor boast of his *Descent* and *Alliance*, nor recount his *Treasure*, or the manage of his *Estate*, all which wearies out the greatest *Patience*, and *without a Provocation* expresses an intollerable *Vanity* and implies a believing that others are *affected* and *concerned* in these things as much as himself. The like weakness is in talking of ones *Trade* or *Profession* to those that neither *mind* nor *understand* it. Indeed, if the Company be all of one piece, their debating any thing that relates to all, may be *Useful*; but it is impertinent in mixt Company to betray your *Skill* or *Inclination*. In like manner, he is not to be brook't, that over a *Glass of Wine* will turn *States-man* or *Divine*, perplex good Fellows with *Intreagues of Government*, *Cases of Conscience*, or *School Controversies*, which are too *serious* and too *sacred* to be the Subjects of *Common Talk*. Let no Mans *Vice* be your *Theam*, nor your Friends, because you love him; not your Enemy's because he is so, and in you it will be expounded *Partiality* and *Revenge*; not of any other, because you are certainly unconcerned in him, and may possibly be mistaken of him.

Let not the *Lapses* or *ridiculous Accidents* or *Behaviours* of Men in *Drink*, or in *Love* be taken Notice of after, or upbraided to them in jest or earnest; for no man loves to have his *Folly* remembered, nor to have the consequence of *Wine* or *Passion* imputed to him; and he cannot but like you worse, if he finds they have left an *Impression* upon you. *Every Mans Fault should be every Mans Secret*, as he sins doubly that publishes his own shame, for he adds scandal to the sin, so does every Man increase the Scandal that is the propagator of it.

When you *carve out Discourse* for others, let your Choice be rather of *Things* than of *Persons*, of *Historical matters*, rather than the *present Age*, of things *distant & remote*, rather than at *Home*, and of your *Neighbors*; and do not, after all these Restrictions, fear want of Discourse; for there is nothing in the World but you may speak of it *Usefully* or *Pleasantly*. *Every thing* (says *Herbert*) is *big with jest*, and has *Wit* in it, if you can find it out.


As for *Behaviour*, that is certainly best, which best expresses the *Sincerity* of your heart. I think this Rule fails not, that that kind of Conversation that lets men into your Soul, to see the goodness of your Nature, and Integrity of your Mind is most acceptable; for be assured, every man loves another for his *Honesty*; To this every *Knave* pretends, and with the *show* of this he deceives; nay, the sensual love of bad men is founded upon this. Nothing loves a Body but for a Soul, nor a Soul, but for such a *Disposition* as answers to that Idea of goodness which is in the Mind.

This is that, that reconciles you to some men at the *first congress*; for usually you *read* mens Souls in their faces, if they be young & uncorrupted, and you forever decline some Countenances which seem to declare, that some *Vice* or *Passion* has the predominacy; and though sometimes you are deceived yet you persist in your pre-possession till the *behaviour* doth signally confute what the Countenance did threaten.

This makes a *starcht formal Behaviour* Odious, because it is forced, and unnatural, and assum'd as a *disguise* and suffers not the Soul to shine clearly and freely through the outward Actions.







## The First Book Printed in New York

First then, your Actions must discover you to be your *own Master*; for he is a miserable Slave that is under the Tyranny of his Passions: And that Fountain teeming pair, *Lust* and *Rage* must especially be subdued. That of *Love* (to give it the milder Name) so far as it is *vitious*, I take to be seated principally in the *Fancy*, and there you must apply your Cure; for I ascribe its *vehemence* not so much to the *Constitution* as to the *pampering* the *Body*, and mens letting loose their *Eyes*, *Tongues* and *Imaginations* upon amorous Incentives, and not keeping a sence and awe of *Religion* upon them. For if you live in an Age and Place where *Shame* and *civil Penalties* have no force, you must have recourse to *Religious means*, and the *Grace of God* for Restraint. *Lust* is more distinctly forbidden by our *Christianity*, than any other thing; therefore it ought more sacredly to be avoided.


If you grow *Troublesom* to your self, in Gods name make use of that *honourable Remedy* he has provided; and in the intrim, if you can allay your *Fancy*, and keep your inclinations *undetermined*, I think a *promiscuous* Conversation is the safest; for many that have lived in the *Shade* and Retirement, when they came abroad were ruined by *doting* on the *first Thing* they met with. And this is oft the effect of *Distance* and *Caution*.

The other spring of Mischief is *Anger*, which usually flames out from an *untamed Pride* and *want of Manners*, and many other untolerable infirmities, so that there is no living in the world without *quenching it*, for it will render you both *Troublesom* and *Ridiculous*, and you shall be avoided by all, like a *Beast of Prey*. The *Stoicks* pretend to be successful Eradicators of this *Passion*, and their Books may be usefully read for *Taming it*. But themselves have retained many ill humors behind, which are worse than a *transient Rage*, and are most abhorrent from all Society, as *Moroseness*, *Fastidious Contempt of others*, *Peevishness*, *Caption*, *Scurrility*, *Willfulness*, &c. which issue from some *Tempers* and some *Principles* which men are apt to suck in, to feed their natural Dispositions with; whereas the World is not to be entertained with Frowns and dark Looks. Be as severe *ad intra* as you will, but be wholly complaisant *ad extra*, and let not your strictness to your self make you *Censorious* and *Uneasie* to others; thus many mortified men have been very *unruly*, to the great scandal of what they professed.

Avoid therefore going to *Law* at your first setting out, for that will teach you to be *litigious* before your temper is well fixed, and will contract an *habit of wrangling* with your Neighbours, and at last delight in it, like a *Sophister*, with arguing in the Schools: You may observe many who have entered upon *entangled Estates* to become *Vexatious*, and have quite lost the *Debonari ess* of their Dispositions. Be always *mild* and *easie* to those that are about you, your *Relations & Servants*, not only for their sakes, but your own. If you are displeased at every *Piccodillo*, you will become *habitually Froward*, which you cannot put off when you appear abroad. And remember that if you be *easie to your self*, you will so to every Body else, and you will be *wellcome* everywhere.

This produces *Comity* and *Affability*, which is a great Ornament of *Behaviour*; This argues you are *well within*, and that you are a *Lover of Mankind*. It is a mixture made up of *Civilities* and *Freedom*, suited to the Condition of the Person you converse with, a Quality as to *Modes* and *Circumstances*, we fetch from beyond the Seas;





## Morals and Ethics of a Gentleman in 1696

for the meer *English-man* is supposed to be *defective* in it; as being *Rough* in *Address*, not easily acquainted, and *blunt* even when he obliges; though I think it not worth the Charge the *Gentleman* is at, that travels for it; Nay, I am sorry for the poor Returns many make, that import hither the *Air* and *Carriage*, and *Assurance* of the *French*, therewith quitting their own stable Commodities of much greater Value, *viz.* the *Sincerity* and *Generosity* of the *English Disposition*. None is more melted with a *Civility* than an *English-man*, but he loves not you should be *verbose* & *ceremonious* in it; take heed therefore of *over-acting* your *Civilities* to men *unconcerned* in you, that must conclude you *impertinent* or *designing*. *Freedom* is likewise acceptable, and a great advantage to a Converser. We commonly make it the effect of *Familiarity*, but it should be the cause of it; but *Prudence* must bound it and apply it. Be free when you *speak*, when you *give*, when you *spend*, & when you allow your *Time* and *Company* to your Friends, let nothing of *Confinement*, *Formality* or *Difficulty* be discerned. If you can do a kindness, do it at *first*, That is a double Obligation and evidences that it was in your heart before it was suggested to you. The Return of Thanks will be but cold, if the obliged finds, that *Importunity*, *Necessity* or *after Reasonings* did extort it from you.


If you would have an Interest where you live, there must be legible (in all your Actions) *Justice* in your dealings between man and man, this is the *cheapest* & the *greatest Policy*, and this alone will secure your Reputation with the *Populo*. And to this purpose I only advise *Two Things*.

*1st.* You must be an exact keeper of your Word: A *Promise* is a Debt, which you should pay more carefully than a *Bond*, because your *Honesty* and *Honour* are the *Security*. Be punctual even in small matters, as meeting a Friend, restoring a Book, returning a Paper, &c. for failing in *little things* will bring you to fail in *great*, and always render you *suspected*, and you shall never be confided in, even when you mean most heartily.

*2dly.* Have a special care of your *Debts*. I scarce know any that can always avoid *contracting* them, but he that *neglects* them is profligate, and undone, as to the World. If you would eat in quiet, never run in debt for what you *daily consume*: He that is *necessitated* to this, is the proper Object of an *Alms*. When you *borrow*, chuse rather a rich Creditor, and a great Debt, than any trifling Debts dispersed among poor People; a poor mans little Debt makes the greatest noise. Defer not therefore to pay *Mechanicks*, &c. their *utmost Dues*, for they are craving and clamorous, & consider only your *Condition* in the world, not your present *Exigence*.

*Prudence* must be discernable in your Actions, as well as *Justice*, and that will appear in nothing more than in the *Choice* of *Confidants* and *Dependents*: Your most diffusive love to Mankind cannot be extended very far, for the verge of your Knowledge is not, and need not be great: Out of *Acquaintance* you chuse *Familiaris*, & out of these you pick *Friends*, but you must not expect them to be such as are described in Books, and talked of by Philosophers, that's a *Romantick thing* only to be found in *Utopia* or the *new Atlantis*: If any such are, they must be in a *Monastry* or *Recess*, where *business* and *understanding* are in a little compass: It is sufficient for you to find the effect of one such Friend in many. You may cull one out of each of those eminent





## The First Book Printed in New York

*Professions* that you may be concerned in, and make them your *Confidants* in their several *Sphers*. You go not to a *Lawyer* for *Physick*, not to a *Merchant* to be resolved in a *case of Conscience*, though both do love you and serve you in what they may.

Make no Man your *Friend* twice, except the *Interruption* was through your own *Mistake*, and you have done *Penance* for it. Every *Well-wisher* is not *capable* of being made your *Friend*, nor every one that you think is honest and faithful; there must be a *suiting* your humor, and a mutual *serviceableness* and *ability to give Advice* and *take it*; and such a proportion of *Temper* as that he shall not, through vanity, or levity, or uncertainty *betray himself* or you. He that is not *stanch* in preserving of *Secrets* cannot be a *Friend*, such is a *Talkative* Man, that uses his *Mouth* for a *Sluce* to let out all that's in him. This argues a great weakness in the *Head*; for a shallow *Understanding* presently *judgeth*, and passes *Sentence*, and is *positive* in it.

Never tell any man you have a *Secret*, but dare not tell it; you should either go further, or not have gone so far; and press no man *vehemently* to keep concealed what you have committed to him; for that implies you *suspect* what you have done, and that you *diffide* in his *Prudence*: It discovers your value of Things, and provokes him to *Incontinence* & breach of *Trust*; for there is an *Itch* in Mankind to be greedy of those *Fruits* that are most zealously forbidden; and some *Prohibitions* do even excite desire.



*Reservedness*, by some, is accounted an *Art* and a *Virtue*, but I think it is a *fault*, and the symptom of a *sullen* or *stupid Nature*, and I know it to be *unwellcome* to all *Societies*: I like a *plain Communicative* man, he is *useful* and *acceptable* to the *World*; and be assured, that a *dark close reserved* Man shall never have *Friends*. No man will take you into his heart, that cannot *get* into yours, let your *Intentions* be never so sincere. And I know not what a *good* man need be afraid of, if no hurt be in him, no hurt will come out of him.

It is true *open heartedness* has a *Latitude*, and *discretion* must bound it, and assign its degrees, according to your *kindness* to them, or their *nearness* to you; & none should see all within you, for it may be *Infirmity*, *Vice* or *Discontent* lies at the bottom. Nor is it fit to *rush* into *Discourse* before *Superiors*, This is a greater *Rudeness* than to deny them their *Place* and *Respect*. The like *Reverence* must be had to the *Aged*, and the most *Experienced*, and such as speak out of their own *Profession*. Neither would I have a man *lie open* to the *Scrutinies* and *Pumpings* of every *Pragmatical Inquisitor*: Such *Assaults* must be managed by *Art*. You must put by the *Thrusts* by *slight*, rather than *strength*; for no force must be discerned in such cases: He that *drolls* best, evades best. But when a man *demurs* at an easie *Question*, and is shie of speaking his *Mind*, and passes into another *Shape*, when the matter enquired for is *common* to all, or *prejudicial* to none, and when he delivers any thing it must be received as a great secret, though not fit or worthy to be kept; It argues him *weak* and *formal*; and by his *Rarities* he lays up, you may guess at all his *Closet*.

From all this you may infer how far the *reporting of News* may be convenient. If you would be *Popular*, you must indulge this humor of Mankind, though the *Young* man is not so much the *Athenian* in this as the *Aged*. If you live remote from the *City*, have all *publick*







## Morals and Ethics of a Gentleman in 1696

Occurances as early as you can, you oblige your Neighbours by it, better than with the greatest Entertainment: Some are terrified from speaking what they hear, because it is the Trade of Seditious men to spread *Rumors* and *false Reports*, but I think there needs not such Caution, if what is related be some-what at *distance*, or a *common concern*, or not *evil* in it self, and *hurts* not the *fame* of others.

Tell no News to one that *pretends* to be a *States-man*, and ask none from him; not the *first*, for he will seem to know it before, or be angry his Intelligence was no quicker; not the *last*, for he thinks secrecy becomes him, and he loves not to be an Author.

You may guess mens Tempers by the *strain of their intelligence*. Converse not therefore with *mutinous Dispositions*; and be sure you represent the Actions of your Superiors *Candidly*, as *Peace*, *Charity* and *Obedience* does oblige you. Let your Errors be always on the Right Hand; for every good Child is so far from *exposing*, that without *beholding*, he endeavors to *cover* the Nakedness of his Father.

It is the method of Nature and all Common Wealths, that there be a *Dependence* of the lesser upon the greater, the weak upon the strong; therefore if you aim at *Employments*, you must *lean* upon some besides your own *Virtue*, and have *Patrons* and *Assistants* to advance you: I know no greater advantage for a *Qualified Man* that to stand in the way; for every man must let out his Affections upon some, and have his Creature, & that is chosen by *Chance* or *Fancy*. You see when Friends meet, their *Presence* does excite a Cheerfulness and Vivacity, with which they entertain one another, and this speaks their Sincerity, better than any words they can utter. This holds *proportionably* in all degrees of Conversation. Take notice therefore of your *first accosting* any Person, he will be presently inclined to like or dislike, and he cannot but give some *Indications* of it.


Observe then the *Eye*, rather than the *Tongue*, and apply not your self where you was *at first discouraged*, if the Circumstances of your Affair did not cause it: If you prove the *Favourite* of a *great Man*, desire not the *Monopoly* of his Ear, for his Misadventures will be *imputed* to you, and what is well done, will be ascribed to himself.

Allow your self some time for *Business* every day; *No man should be in the World, that has nothing to do in it*; yet never proclaim your self very *busie*, for a little hint will serve any that is not much Impertinent; and the *less busy* you seem, the *more* you are admired, when your work is dispatched.

*Recreation* is as necessary as Business, which should be rather of the *Body* than the *Mind*, because that suffers most in *sedentary Employments*. In this you must have respect to the *Place* where you live, and your *Associates* there. In some parts of this Kingdom many of the *Gentry* understand nothing *beyond* a Horse or a Dog, and can talk of nothing besides it; therefore if you be not a *Hunts-man* or a *Faulkoner* you cannot converse with them. Yet this is really better than the Effeminate Divertisements of the City,

Take heed of *playing often or deep at Dice* and *Games of Chance*, for that is more *chargeable* than the seven deadly sins; Yet you may allow your self a certain easie Sum to spend at Play, to gratifie Friends, and pass over the Winter Nights, and that will make you indifferent for the Event. If you would read a mans Disposition, see him Game, you will then learn more of him in one hour, than in seven Years Conversation, and *little Wagers*





## The First Book Printed in New York

will try him as soon as great Stakes, for then he is off his Guard. *Equanimity* at Play, which is not the effect of Use, argues a man Mannageable for any thing; He that Crows and Insults with Success, is Passionate, and is usually the same that frets and quarrels at Misfortunes.

All Society is linked together with some common thing that entertains them; thus *eating* and especially *drinking* is become the *Ligament of Conversation*. In this you are daily concerned in some degree, let this be with a visible *Chearfulness* and *Pleasantness*; for that is wholesom both for Body and Mind, as Physitians and Divines will inform you. It will make you Wellcome to all; and by this many accomplish their ends upon the World.


Be not over *Critical* about *eating*, for an Epicure is very Troublesom; though this *Luxurious Age* hath made it a piece of *Learning*, yet methinks 'tis much below a brave Man to be anxious for his Palate, and to have his Thoughts and Pleasures confined to a Dish of Meat. Judge rather for *Health* than *Pleasure*; and disquiet none with *disparaging the Food*, or *Niceness* about it; and be not much afraid of the unwholsomness of what is set before you, except it be your constant Diet; for usually you see nothing but some will commend it; and our common Tables furnish us with nothing that a temperate eater may not eat with safety.

*Confine* none when you drink to your *Measures*, and expect not that others should do as you do; 'tis both *uncivil* and *unreasonable* to *impose* on Company; nor yet must you seem to be under any Restraint by them, but be *flexible* to the Inclinations of the whole, and that with readiness. Every man should keep a *stint*, he that *palliates* it, is most pleasant; yet if you publicly declare your Resolution not to Trespass beyond your *Measures*, when you are found to command your self, you will not be solicited any further. When you have come up to your Standard, *recede* silently, and do not magisterially oblige the Company to break up with you, much less stay to be an *unconcern'd Spectator* of their Levities; but give others the same liberty your self desires to take.

I might extend such kind of Observations to many other Subjects, but I must desist, begging your Pardon for playing the *Dictator*, and being so *Dogmatical* in what I utter. I know they will not fit *all Men*, nor do they pretend to cure *all Faults*, nor are they designed to *express your Needs*; but they may *prevent Inconveniencies*, and help you to read Men, and discover where they fail, and let you see what Relishes with the World. They are obvious and easie in themselves; for *Nice* and *Subtle Things* do not guide Mankind, but *plain and common Rules*. And by *Analogy*, with these laid down, you may judge of other Matters, as they Occur. And I cannot but acquaint you, that they are the *Effect* your *Worthy Father's* Influence on me, who extending his Paternal Care to all *Circumstances* for your good, engaged me (upon your *quitting your Accademical Station*) to propound to you some *Directions* concerning *Conversation*. And I have pitcht upon such as are grounded on *Virtue*, yet tend to render you acceptable, even to the worst; and he has done me Honour in judging me capable of speaking to this Subject. If they accomplish not the *Utmost* I intended, at least, they will do no hurt, but discover my own Private Sence, and be a Testimony of that Kindness which is owing to your Relations, by

Your unfeigned Friend  
and Servant, R. L.





# General Washington's Order Book in the American Revolution

**Original Records  
in Washington's Orderly Book  
Throw New Light onto His Military  
Character and His Discipline of the Army & Proof  
of His Genius as a Military Tactician & Life of the American  
Patriots in the Ranks of the Revolutionists Revealed by Original Manuscript**

NOW IN POSSESSION OF

**MRS. ELLEN FELLOWS BOWN**

PENFIELD, NEW YORK

Great-grand-daughter of Member of Washington's Staff  
in the American Revolution

These transcripts are taken verbatim from the original order book of General Washington and form another interesting instalment to the valuable records that are being preserved in THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY from this ancient manuscript that was written on the battlefields of the American Revolution.

HEAD QUART'S, Sept. 18th, 1776.

*Parole, Jersey; Countersign, New Port.*

The Brigade Maj's are Immediately to Settle a Court Martial for the Trial of Prisoners, to meet at the white House nigh H. Quarters.

Commanding Officers of Reg'ts, and all other officers, are charged in the strictest manner to Prevent all Plundering, to sieze any Soldier Plundering, wheather belonging to the same Reg't or not, on whatever pretence it is taken, and the Gen'l positively Commands that such Plunderer be Immediately carried to the next Brigadier or Commanding Officer of the Reg't, who is instantly to have the offender whiped on the Spot. The Regimental Surgeons are to take care of their own Sick, for the Present, untill a Gen'l Hospital can be established upon a Proper footing, they are to keep as near their Reg'ts as possible, and in Case of Action to have their Sick under the care of their Mates, and be at hand to assist the wounded.

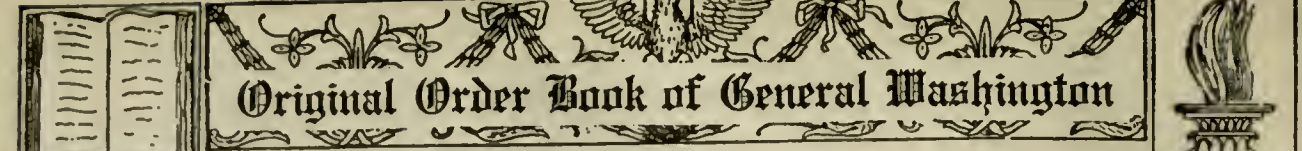
Under the Pretence of Ranging or Scouting, the greatest Irregularities and Excesses have been committed, the Gen'l therefore forbids in the most express manner any such Parties but by leave of the Brigadier Gen'ls of the Day in writing, and then always to be under the Direction of an officer, the Gen'l does not mean to discourage Patrolling and Scouting Parties, when Properly regulated, on the other hand he will be pleased with and accept the Services of any good Officers who are desirous of being thus Employed, and will distinguish them.

Gen'l Parsons, Gen'l Scott's and Sergeants Brigades are to March over Kings bridge and take Gen'l Heath's orders for Encamping. Coll. Shee's, Magaw, Haslett's, and the Reg'ts under Coll. Broadhead are to Return to Mount Washington and be under the Immediate care of Gen'l Mifflin.

Coll. Ward's Reg't from Connecticut may, for the Present, be annexed to the Brigade Commanded by Coll. Sergeant. Gen'ls Mifflin's, McDougall's, Heard's, Wadsworth's and Fellows' Brigades, and the Brigades under the Command of Colls. Silliman & Douglass, are to have each a Regiment in the Field this Evening, by Mr. Cartwright's House, back of the lines, at 5 o'clock this afternoon as a Picquet for the advanced Post, the whole to be under the Command of Brigadier Gen'l McDougall, who is to see that they are Properly Posted, from the North round to the Incampment above the Road.

Gen'l McDougall Brig'r of the Day, and appoint the Field Officers of the Picquet. All firing in the Camp is expressly forbid, but under the Direction of an Officer at Retreat beating, any offender to be Immediately Siezed and receive 10 Lashes by





# Original Order Book of General Washington

order of the nearest Brig'r or Coll. of a Reg't.

An exact return of each Reg't to be given to ye Adj't Gen'l without delay, noting the number of Men killed and wounded in the late Skirmish on the 16th. The Brigadiers and Officers Commanding Brigades are to settle with the Quarter Master Gen'l for the Waggon which may be necessary to the ordinary Duties of the Brigade, and the latter is to furnish them accordingly.

HEAD QUART'S, Sept. 19th, 1776.

*Parole, Hancock; Countersign, Warren.*

The Companies from Maryland under the Command of Maj'r Price are to Join Coll. Smallwood's Battallion, and Gen'l McDougall's Brigade, and it is expected the Commanding Officers of every Corps will, together with all the other Officers therein, exert themselves in seeing good order and discipline observed, they are to consider it is the Duty of every good Officer to see, or at least to know, that orders are executed, and not content themselves with being the mere Vehicles through which they are conveyed to the Men. We are now arrived at an Important Crisis, which calls loudly for the Zeal and Activity of the best of Officers. We see, we know the Enemy are exerting every nerve not only by the force of Arms, but the Practice of every Art, to Accomplish their Purpose, and that amongst the pieces of Policy, which is also founded on Justice, we also find them exceeding carefull to Restrain every kind of abuse of Private Property, whilst the abandoned and Profligate part of our own Army, countenanced by a few Officers who are lost to every sense of Honour & virtue, as well as their Country's good, and by rapine and Plunder spreading Ruin & Terror wherever they go, thereby making themselves Infinitely more to be dreaded than the common Enemy, they are come to oppose, at the same time exposes Men who are scattering about after Plunder to be surprised and taken, the Gen'l therefore hopes it will be unnecessary on any future occasion for him to repeat the orders of Yesterday respecting ye matter, as he is determined to show no Favour to Officer or Soldier who shall offend herein, but Punish without exception any Person who shall be found guilty of this abominable practice, which if Continued must prove the destruction of any Army on Earth.

That the Men may be acquainted with the orders relative to Plundering, as well as others the neglect of which will incur blame or Punishment, The Gen'l directs and positively orders that every Commanding Officer of a Corps take special care that the orders are regularly read to the Men, every Day. Gen'l Nixon with his Brigade is to remove over to the Jerseys, and will receive his orders from Gen'l Green, with respect to Incamping, &c. Such Men of his Brigade as are now on Duty must be Relieved.


The Picquet Guards which are to occupy the out Posts most advanced to the Enemy are to consist of 800 Men Officered with 2 Collonels, 2 Lt. Collonels, 2 Maj'rs, Capt'ns and Subs in Proportion, they are to be furnished by detachments from the Several Brigades below Kings bridge, and so every Day till further orders; the above party to Parade this afternoon at four o'clock precisely, in the Field before Cartwright's House, Gen'l Wadsworth, Brig'r of the Day, will show them the ground & Post them.

HEAD QUART'S, Sept. 20th, 1776.

*Parole, Spain; Countersign, France.*

As many of the Regiments that came last from the City of New York have lost their tents & cooking Utensils, not from any Default of their own, but for want of Teams and Vessels to bring them off in time, by which reason one part of the Army is greatly distressed, whilst the other part are comfortably supplied, the Gen'l earnestly advises and directs the Colonels and Commanding Officers of Such Corps as have not Suffered to stow their Men thicker in their Tents, and lend all together with such Pots and Pans as they possibly can spare, to their suffering fellow Soldiers, till such times as others can be procured. The Tents &c. are to be sent to Gen'l Spencer's at Mr. Cartwright's House, who will cause them to be delivered to the Reg'ts standing most in need of them, which Regiments are to be answerable for the Return of them when called for. The Gen'l hopes that Soldiers fighting in such a Cause as ours is, will not be discouraged by any Difficulties that may offer, and Informs them that the Grounds he now Possesses are now to be defended at all events, any Officer or Soldier therefore, who, (upon the approach or attack of the Enemy's forces by land or water), presumes to turn his back and flee, shall be Instantly Shot down, and all good Officers are hereby authorized and required to see this done, that the brave and gallant part of the Army may not fall a sacrifice to the base and Cowardly part, or share their disgrace in a cowardly and unmanly retreat. The Heights we are now upon may be defended, against double the force we have to Contend with, and the whole Continent expects it of us, but that we may assist the natural Strength of





## Written in Army of the American Revolution

the Ground as much as Possible, and make the Posts more Secure, the Gen'l Earnestly recommends it to the Commanding Officers of every Brigade and Reg't, to turn out every Man they have off Duty, for Fatigue, and apply to Coll. Putnam for tools and directions where and how to Work, this measure is also earnestly recommended to the Men, as it will tend greatly to their own Security and Ease, as the Guards will be lessened in Proportion as the grounds get strengthened. Gen'l Green is to appoint some carefull Officer at Burdets Ferry to examine Passengers and see that none come over but such as have proper Passes. Gen'l Mifflin is to do the same on this side, to prevent Disaffected or suspected Persons from Passing.

If Capt'n Johnson and the other Gen'tn who were Employed in this Business at New York, Incline to engage in it again, they are to have the Preference given them. The Colls. or Commanding Officers of the Malitia Reg'ts now in the Service may make out their pay Abstracts, in order to receive payment, they will be particularly attentive in doing it, as the disorderly manner in which Many of these Men have left the Service will require the Utmost care to prevent Impositions on the Publick, and the Congress have resolved that all Continental Troops, and Malitia going home from the Service shall restore all Continental Arms and other Property, and also all Ammunition remaining in their Possession at ye time of their being about to Return, or to have the Value of it deducted. The Guards will be relieved at 4 o'clock this afternoon, after which they are to be relieved constantly & regularly at 9 o'clock every Day, the Gen'l desires that the Brig'r Maj'r's may attend him precisely at 7 o'clock tomorrow morning, and Account for the Remissness in the several Departments, as he is determined to put up with no more negligence in Office, he expects the punctual attendance of the whole, Gen'l Wadsworth must look out a good Person to do the Duty of his Brigade. Commanding and other Officers of Reg'ts are to collect the Horses straying about their Incampments, and send them to the Quart'r Mast'r Gen'l, or one of his Deputies, the Use these Horses when properly Employed will be off to the Army, it is hoped will be an inducement to every Officer to exert himself.

The Officer of the Guard at Kings bridge to be carefull that no Soldiers take Horses over the Bridge, tho' such Soldiers should have a common pass, every Person riding without a Saddle is to be Immediately taken up, and the Horse sent to the Quart'r Mast'r Gen'l till released by farther orders. The scarcity of Fodder makes it necessary that no horses should come into Camp but What belong to the Army, all Visitants therefore are to leave their Horses beyond the Bridge, unless they obtain a special order from some Gen'l Officer or Commandant of a Brigade.

Gen'l Bell, Brigadeer of the Day, to meet the Guards at 4 o'clock on the Parade, and Report Immediately what Brigade Maj'r fails of bringing his Proportion of Guards at the time. Brigade Maj'r of the Day Adams; Brigadeer of the Day tomorrow, Gen'l Fellows; Maj'r of the Day tomorrow Gordon; for Picquet this Night, Coll. Holman.

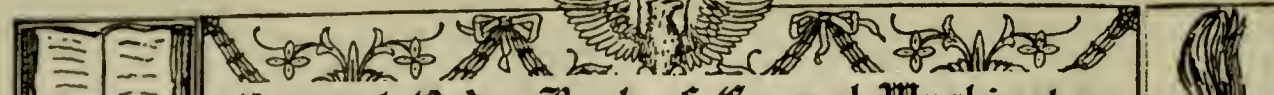
HEAD QUART'S, Sept. 21st, 1776.

*Parole, Lisbon; Countersign, Dover.*

If the Quarter Mast'r Gen'l has any Sails or other covering, he is to deliver them to Gen'l Spencer's order, who will see that the Reg't most in need of it, now under his Immediate Command, are first Supplied. The Gen'l earnestly exhorts the Commanding Officers of every Reg't and Corps to fall upon the best and most expeditious Method of procuring cloaths and Necessaries for their Men, before the Season gets too far advanced, for this Purpose they are here Authorized to send out one or more Officers, as the nature of the case shall require, and the Service will admit of, to purchase and provide them. Gen'l's Putnam and Spencer, together with the several Brigadiers on this side Kings bridge, are to look over the Grounds within our Lines, & fix upon Places to build Barracks or Huts for Quartersing the Men in, no time should be lost in making the choice, that covering may be had as soon as possible for the Ease and Comfort of the Men.

It is earnestly Recommended to all Brigadiers and Commanding Officers of Corps, to see or know that the orders relative to their respective Brigades &c. are complied with, and they, as well as Commanding Officers of Reg'ts, &c., are requested to attend particularly to the State of the Men's Health, that those that are really Sick may be supplied in the best Manner our Circumstances will Admit of, whilst such as feign themselves Sick merely to get excused from Duty, meet with no kind of Countenance or favour, as it only tends to throw the burden upon the Spirited and willing who disdain such Scandalous Practices, the Gen'l would remind all Officers of the Indispensible necessity their is of each of them exerting themselves in the Department he Acts in, and that where this is the case of the Advantages resulting from it, as an Army, let it be ever so large, then moves like Clock work, whereas





## Original Order Book of General Washington

without, it is no better than an ungovernable Machine, that serves only to perplex and distract those who attempt to Conduct it.

The Brigadeer Gen'l and the Brigade Major of the Day are both to attend the Parade at the Hour of Mounting Guard, see them brought on and Marched off, and so continue near the advanced Lines till they are relieved the next Day, in order that they may be ready in Case of an Attack, to command at the Lines, when they are to Report extraordinaries to the Commander in Chief. Brigad'r of the Day Commandant Silliman; Field Officers Coll. Cary, Coll. Smith, Lt. Coll. Longley and Arnold, Maj's Sears and Wheelock for Guard. Brig'r Maj'r for tomorrow, Barker.

HEAD QUARTERS, Sept. 22nd, 1776.

*Parole, Hampton; Countersign, Newark.*

It is with particular Pleasure that the Gen'l has it in his power to inform the Officers & Soldiers who have been wounded in their Country's cause, and all others whose lot it may be, to be disabled, that the Congress have come to the following Resolution,—(viz), That Officers and Privates loosing any Limb in any Engagement, or who shall be disabled in the Service of the United States, as to render them Incapable of getting a lively-hood, shall receive half of their Month's pay during Life, or the continuance of their disability from the time their pay ceases as Officers or Soldiers, also such Officers or Soldiers as are wounded in any Engagement and rendered Incapable of Service, tho' not totally disabled from getting a lively-hood, shall receive monthly such sums towards their subsistence as the Assembly or Representative Body of ye State they belong to or reside in, judge adequate, they producing, in the cases above mentioned, to the Committee or Officer appointed to receive the same, in the State where they reside or belong, or to the Assembly or Legislative Body of such State, a Certificate from the Commanding Officer who was in the Engagement in which they were wounded, or in Case of his Death, from some other Officer of the same Corps, and the Surgeon that attended them, of their names, Officer's Rank, Department, Regiment and Company, ye nature of their wounds, and in what Action or Engagement they were wounded. The Brig'r of ye Day, when the Guards Mount at the Lines, is to give particular charge to the Officers not to suffer any Person whatsoever to go beyond the out Centries without an order in writing from himself, all the Centries are to be Informed of this, and if any Person whatsoever presumes to disobey the orders, they are to fire upon him in the same manner as they would do on a common Enemy, any Person coming in from the Enemy's Lines are to be carried to the Brigadeer of ye Day, Immediately, for examination, who is to take their Examination in writing and send it with the Person or Persons to the Commander in Chief. The Brigadeer is to see that a chain of Centries extend from the North River to Harlem River, beyond which no Stragglers are to pass.

The Officer Commanding the Scouts is to attend at Head Quart's at 7 o'clock every morning, to know if there are any orders for these Corps. The Commanding Officers of the several Regiments are to be particularly attentive in seeing that their Men are supplied with Ammunition, and that they Account regularly for the Cartridges delivered to them, they are not to suffer any Pieces to be discharged at Retreat beating but such as will not fire in an Engagement, and can not be drawn, the great waste of Ammunition is such that, unless the Officers will exert themselves to see Justice done to the publick, a Sufficiency can not be kept upon hand to supply them.

Mr. Josiah Adams is appointed pay Master to Coll. Little's Regiment, and Mr. Elisha Humphreys to Coll. Webb's Regiment.

The Court Martial whereof Coll. Sage was President haveing found Ebenezer Leffinwell of Capt'n Cloft's Comp. and Coll. Durkee's Reg't guilty of Cowardice and misbehaviour before the Enemy on Monday last, and also of presenting his firelock at his Superior Officer, when turning his back a second time, which by the 27th Article of the Rules and Regulations of the Army is Death, he is accordingly adjudged to Suffer Death. The Gen'l approves the Sentance, and orders that he be Shot at the head of the Army on the Grand Parade near Cartwright's House tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock, the Men of the several Regiments below Kings bridge, not upon Fatigue or Guard, are to march down at that hour, the Provost Marshall to attend. Maj'r Henley, Acting Deputy Adj't Gen'l, will order 12 Men out of the Guards paraded for Duty tomorrow, to execute the Sentance.

The same Court Martial haveing found En'n McCumber of Capt'n Barnes' Com'y and Coll. Serjeant's Reg't guilty of the Infamous crime of Plundering the Inhabitants of Harlem, and ordered him to be Cashiered, The Gen'l approves the Sentance and orders him to be turned out of the Army Immediately as an Officer.

The Detachment of One Captain, 2 Subs, 3 Serg'ts & 40 Privates from Coll. Durkee's Reg't brought up by the late Coll. Knowlton, are to Return to their Reg'ts.



## Written in Army of the American Revolution

The Court Martial of which Coll. Sage was President is dissolved, the Brigade Maj'r's to form a new one Immediately, Coll. Magaw to Preside, to meet tomorrow at Head Quart's at 9 o'clock, the Brigade Maj'r's to give notice to the Officers of their respective Brigades. Their is a shameful Deficiency of Officers at Guard mounting and other Duty, the Brigade Maj'r's are to put under arrest any Officer who, being warned, does not attend, unless excused by the Brig'r Gen'l. The many complaints that are hourly made of Public and Private Property induces the Gen'l to direct that every Reg't be paraded at 5 o'clock this evening, the knapsacks and Tents of the whole to be examined, under the Inspection of the Field Officers of all Articles not the Proper Baggage and Accoutrements of a Soldier set apart and kept by the Colls. or Com'g Officers till enquiry can be made how they come Possessed of them, and Report is expected from the Commanding Officers of the Regiment to Head Quarters wheather any articles are found or not, and the Gen'l depends upon the Honour of the Officers to inspect carefully and make a faithfull Report.

### ADVERTISEMENT

Taken from the House of John Myres at Harlem, last Sunday night or early on Monday morning, out of a Mahoggany Trunk, the following Articles, (viz) one Gold laced and one Plane Hat, both almost new, one pair of new leather Breeches, several pair of White, and one black pair of Breeches, five new Shirts ruffled, Stocks and Handkerchiefs, silk and linnen, one pair of Knee Buckles, six or eight pair of sheets, some suited for a single Bed or Field Bed, one brown Coat and Vest, the Coat was Turned and Lapped, leather paper Case, several Books in Surgery and Physick, particularly Pots on wounds of the head, Munroe on the Diseases of the Army, last War in Germany, Brookfield's Surgery, 2 Volls., Hullus Physiology, &c; &c; a number of large and Flint Bottles with tin Cases and Ground Stoppers, and many other articles that can not be recollected, whoever will bring the Articles mentioned to Brig'r Gen'l McDougal's Quart's shall receive ten Dollars reward, if they will return the whole that was lost, shall receive fifteen Dollars reward. N: B: Mr. Woodruff and Mr. Curtiss Surgeons, or either of them, will know the Hats and Books.

from Malachy Treat.

Brig'r Command. Douglas, Field Officers, Coll. Cook, Coll. Talcott, Lt. Coll. Hye, Lt. Coll. Shrieck, Maj'r's Tuttle and Mense, for Court Martial tomorrow 2 Capt'ns and 1 Subaltern from Gen'l Fellows' Brigade.

HEAD QUARTERS, Sept. 23rd, 1776.

*Parole, Stamford; Countersign, Norwalk.*

Ebenezer Liffingwell being convicted of Offering violence to his Superior Officer, of Cowardice and Misbehaviour before the enemy, was ordered to Suffer Death this Day, the Gen'l, from his former good Character, and from the Influence of the Adj't Gen'l, at whome he presented his Firelock, is pleased to pardon him, but declares the next offender shall suffer without Mercy.

Serg't Maj'r Hutton is appointed Adj't to Coll. Mead's Reg't, Coll. Silliman's Brigade, Coll. Douglass's Brigade Maj'r being ordered under Arrest for neglect of Duty, in not giving the Parole and Countersign to the Guards, Coll. Douglass is to appoint another to do the Duty. Several Colls. and Commanding Officers have neglected to make Report of the Examination of their Reg'ts after Plunder, they are now reminded of it, and will be mentioned in Orders, if they neglect it.

A Report to be made to Head Quarters as soon as possible of the several Officers under Arrest, that they may be tried, Colls. & Commanding Officers of Reg'ts to attend to it.

Mr. Charles Knowles is appointed Paymaster to Coll. Knox's Reg't of Artillery. Brig'r of the Day, Gen'l Mifflin; Field Officers of the Picquet, Coll. Ritzmar & Shea, Lt. Colls. Wysenfelt and Lattimore, Maj'r's Williams and Mead.


Brigade Maj'r Taylor.

HEAD QUARTERS, Sept. 24th, 1776.

*Parole, Bristol; Countersign, Salem.*

The Quart'r Mast'r Gen'l and the chief engineer are to mark the ground tomorrow, on which the Barracks and Huts are to be built y's side Kingsbridge. They are to call on ye Gen'l previous to ye setting out upon ye Business, for Direction. When ye ground is marked out, the Quart'r Mast'r Gen'l is to cause the Materials for ye Building to be laid thereon as quick as possible. The Gen'l is informed that in Consequence of his recommendation of ye — Instant, many Reg'ts have turned out very cheerfully to work, whilst others have sent few or none on Fatigue; the first he thanks for their Conduct, whilst the others are to be Informed that their Conduct will be remarked, the Gen'l would have them recollect that it is for their own safety





## Original Order Book of General Washington

& defence these works are constructing, and the sooner they are finished, the sooner they will be able to erect warm and comfortable Barracks or Huts for themselves to lodge in.

The Malitia which came to the Assistance of this Army under the Command of Gen'l Woolcott are to hold themselves in readiness to Return home, before they go, they are to return into the public stores everything they drew from hence, such as Ammunition, Camp Kettles, &c.

Joseph Jackson is appointed Paymaster to Coll. Jackson's Reg't. Maj'r, Henley, Aid de Camp to Gen'l Heath, whose Activity and attention to Duty, Courage and every other Quality which can distinguish a brave and gallant Soldier, must indear him to every lover of his Country, having fallen in a late Skirmish on Montazures Island, bravely leading a party on, his remains will be interred this afternoon at 5 o'clock, from the Quarters of Maj'r David Henley, acting Dep'y Adj't Gen'l, below the Hill where the Redoubt is thrown up on the Road.

The Gen'l thanks the Colls. and Commanding Officers of Reg'ts for their care in examining the Tents and Knapsacks of ye Soldiers after Plunder, he directs that what has been found be sent to ye House on the Road below Head Quart's, and that a Regimental Court Martial Immediately sit to try every one who cannot prove that he came honestly by what is found in his Possession, the offenders to be punished as soon as ye Sentence is approved by the Coll. or Commanding Officer, as a little wholesome severity now may put a stop to such ruinous Practices in future. The Gen'l hopes a very strict enquiry will be made, and no favour shown. The Gen'l does not admit of any pretence for Plundering, wheather it is tory Property taken beyond the Lines or not, it is equally a breach of orders, and to be Punished in the officer who gives orders, or the Soldier who goes without.

Such Colls. or Commanding Officers of Reg'ts as have not reported will be mentioned by name in tomorrow's orders, if Reports are not made before. A working Party of 1000 Men, Properly Officered, to Parade tomorrow opposite Head Quarters at 7 o'clock, the Parade will be attended by some Gen'l Officer who will put under arrest any officers found delinquent, in bringing his Men in time.

A field officer of the Reg'ts Posted at mount Washington, is Visit the Guards there carefully, ye distance from the Lines not admitting the Gen'l Officer of the Day to go up.

Brig'r for the Day, Gen'l Wadsworth; Field Officers Coll. VanCourtland, Coll. Hall, Lt. Coll. Addison and Holden, Majors Bicker and Craddock. Brigade Maj'r Wadsworth.

HEAD QUARTERS, Sept. 25th, 1776.

*Parole, Cumberland; Countersign, Pitt.*

The same number of Men to Parade tomorrow as this Day for a Fatigue party at the same time and place. Coll. Serjeant is to send to the Provost Guard the Soldiers who were with Ensign McCrumber and charged with Plundering at Harlem.

The Brigadeers who are in want of tents for their Brigades are to meet at the Quarter Master Gen'l's at 4 o'clock this afternoon, and divide such as are on hand, amongst them, such Reg'ts of Malitia as have returned to the Quarter Master Gen'l the Articles belonging to the Public, they have received, and to their respective Brigadeers the Ammunition they have drawn, of which they are first to Produce Certificates, are discharged, and may return home as soon as they think proper.

The Gen'l hopes the Commanding Officers and all others of these Regiments, take care that no other Men Mix with them in going home, and that particular care be taken that no horses be carried away by the Men, but what are certainly and Properly Employed in that Service.

### FOUND,

A knapsack containing a Coat and Vest, two pair Breeches, two Stocks, and Sundry other Articles, the owner may have them by applying to Lt. Hughes or Lt. Tapp late of Coll. McDougall's Regiment. A Coat and gun are found among the things of the late Coll. Knowlton, the owner may have them by applying to Gen'l Putnam's Quarters.

Brigadeer for the Day, Gen'l McDougall; Field Officers Colls. Newcomb & Forman, Lt. Colls. Cadwallader and Penrose, Maj'rs Hopewell and Fenton. Brigade Maj'r Gordon.





"Warner Hall"—Established in Virginia in 1674 by Honorable Augustine Warner, Speaker of the House of Burgesses



281 "Elmington," now occupied by Thomas EARLY AMERICAN MANOR—Historic Stairway at "Elmington"—"The Ex-





Famous old "Abingdon" Church of England—Built in Virginia in 1690

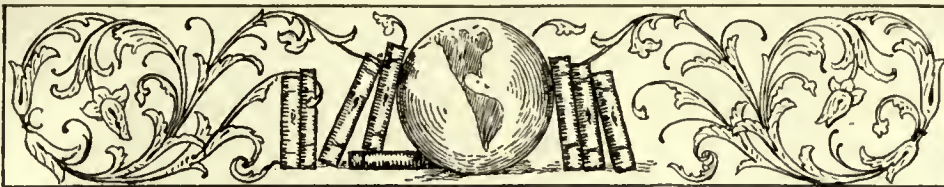


Manor-place "Churchill," established in Virginia in 1658 by William Throckmorton



Historic old "Ware" Church of England—Erected in Virginia in 1679





# First Manor-Houses in America and Estates of the First Americans

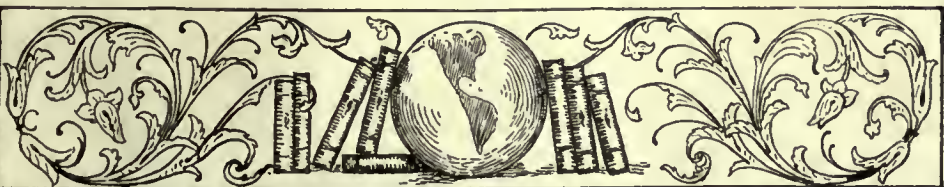
A Journey to the  
Historic Mansions along the York  
River in Old Gloucester County, Virginia &  
Old-time Southern Character and Culture Reflected in the  
Magnificent Landmarks which Still Withstand the Ravages of More  
than Two Centuries & Mute Evidence of the Ancient Tombs & Transcribed

BY


R. T. CROWDER

OF GLOUCESTER COUNTY, VIRGINIA


**W**ILL America ever become a nation of manor-houses? Can an aristocracy of family and estate be erected within a pure democracy? If men must struggle through the maelstrom of opportunities, one to arise rich and the other poor, which is the most wholesome: the riches of land or the monopoly of trade? These questions are vital to every American who is following the trend of events. We have recently observed in Virginia the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of the first permanent English settlement in America. We are this year observing the three hundredth anniversary of New York, with its Dutch foundation, and we are now preparing to observe within a few years the three hundredth anniversary of the Puritan foundations in New England. Throughout the domain in which these anniversaries occur there stand today many ancient structures that testify to the transformation of conditions and ideals in America—the decline of the family homestead and estate to make way for the concentration of industrial wealth. In the first years of American civilization the theory of “landed wealth” was enrooted into provincial character and politics. The foundations of American civilization were so laid for nearly two hundred years, and remained undisturbed by the American Revolution. Since then there has been a revolution even more powerful and more vital to American destiny, and it has come within the last generation, a revolution in which the ideals of domesticity and home have surrendered to the great industrial forces which now hold the nation in their power, the abandonment of the farm for the factory, the country for the city, the homestead for the horde. Which has produced the strongest character and the greatest men? Will Americans eventually return to the land and the manor-house? There is no democracy more reminiscent of the land regime in America than the old South. The author of this article has recently journeyed along the historic York River in Virginia where the venerable family tombs of the ancient estates still bear witness. This journey is recorded in THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY as evidence of the old days to be weighed with modern conditions.







## Ancient Manor-Houses in the Old South



**I**n the following pages, the writer tells of matters which may not seem relative to the greater narrative of our Continent—I trust that the reader will attribute the defect to my zeal in allowing my pen to run away with me in describing the events which long ago transpired around the site of my present home. I believe, though, that all that may be chronicled will be of interest to all genuine Americans, and if a part of these pages does not seem to bear directly on events nationally historical, I feel that the reader will soon realize the truly historical relations existing between the most fragmentary parts of it and the builders of Virginia and American History. The illustrations here given are of homes owned, many of them, before the Revolution by men who figured conspicuously in Colonial history; and the inscriptions on the tombs take us to the very records of men who assisted in shaping the building of "Our Nation."

I will invite you then to come with me to the old County of Gloucester, down in old Virginia. Colonel Hugh Gwinne and Francis Willis first represented it in the House of Burgesses in 1652 and thus is first recognized as a County at that date, though, according to other authorities it existed ten years prior to 1652. Whatever its ancient lineage it is one of our oldest American counties and were all the events which rendered it so famous in history, narrated, the compilation would fill a very large volume full of richly flavored interest to every student of American history. And aside from historical record we find that it has for many generations held a social status equaled by few and surpassed by no other section of our country. One has but to give a passing glimpse, even at the present time, to the large estates with their quaint Colonial names, as he rides or drives over the "plantations"—to recall historical and social events related in books of fiction by Tucker, Dabney, John Ester Cooke, and a host of other American authors.

It is here that we may visit the site of Powhatan's Capital village, Werowocomoco, at which place John Smith was rescued by the daring Pocahontas, on the York River at that time known as the Pamunkey. It is here that the first rebellion of America terminated, by the death of its general—Nathaniel Bacon, the younger—1676. Here Sir William Berkeley fled when pursued by Bacon. The Speaker of the House of Burgesses at that time—Augustine Warner of Warner Hall, whose daughter married the grandfather of General George Washington—lived here. It is said that the coronation robe of Charles the First was made of silk produced in old Gloucester. In this county was born the father of the celebrated Bishop of London—Robert Porteus. Lord Dunmore of the Revolution fled from Norfolk to "Gwynn's Island," then a part of Gloucester, from which place he was driven by General Andrew Lewis.

The celebrated Duke of Lauzun of Revolutionary fame, made himself the hero of an engagement at the conjunction of the "York and Severn Roads" in Gloucester. The granddaughter of Henry IV, the cousin of Louis the Fourteenth, married Count de Lauzun. Madam Savigne gives us the following ecstatic description of this wedding, written about the middle of the 17th Century: "I will tell you of a thing the most astonishing, of a thing the most surprising, the most wonderful, the most miraculous, the most triumphant, the most unheard of, the most singular, the most extraordinary, the most incredible, the most unexpected, the greatest,



## First Estates of Hereditary Americans




EARLIEST TYPE OF HOUSES IN FIRST ENGLISH GENERATION IN AMERICA—"Goshen," Seat of the Tompkins in Historic old Gloucester, Virginia

the smallest, the most striking, until to-day the most secret, the most brilliant, the most to be envied, a thing of which one finds only an example in past centuries, a thing hardly to be believed in Paris, a thing which makes the whole world astonished."


General Weedon, General Choisé, Mercer and Lauzun, were all encamped at the Court House of Gloucester, the headquarters of the allied forces of the Continental Army on this side of the York River, in the summer of 1781. I cannot undertake to record here all the historical personages who have moved from time to time in Gloucester, but will recall to the reader the names of a few of the old homes from which "culture and elegance have never departed" even though some of them have withstood the ravages of time and war all the way from Bacon's Rebellion in 1676, to the present time.

Of the old residences whose stately halls echoed to the footfall of men whose historical records have given Virginia its hospitable and chivalrous name; and whose descendants are Americans of worth all over these United States, we have but to name the following few of the many which are scattered throughout Gloucester: Warner Hall, Church Hill, Carter's Creek, Sarah's Creek—bearing the name of the famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, for whom it is called—Timber Neck, Elmington, Belleville, Newington, Violet Bank, Rosewell, Hesse, North End, White Marsh, White Hall, Toddsbury, Airville, Mount Pleasant, Goshen, Eagle Point, Seaford, Wareham, Isleham, Gloucester Place, Belle Farm, Wilson's Creek, Hail Western, The Rectory, Dunham Massie, Burgh Westra, Green Plains, Auburn, Newstead, Waverly, Midlothian, Lowland Cottage, High





## Ancient Manor-Houses in the Old South



Gate—the Washington homestead—and many others, which my limited pages do not permit me to name. Of some of the occupants of these early American estates let us write the following names: Colonel John Washington, Augustine Warner, Thomas Curtis, John Jones, James Whiting, Thomas Seawell, Lewis Burwell, George Reade, Richard Kemp, Francis Willis—all these previous to 1650—John Smith, Henry Singleton, William Armistead, John Page, Thomas Todd—these before 1654. Later we have the family names of Rowe, Thomas, Taliaferro, Wyatt, Haywood, Corbell, Bernard, Lewis, Graves, Chapman, Billups, Roane, Thornton, Walker, Buckner, Lightfoot, Tomkins, Peyton, Fox, Clements, Pryor, Beverley, Cooke, Tabb, Thruston, Root, Throckmorton, Nicolson, Vanbiber, Page, Byrd, Corbin, etc. Among the civil and military officers in Gloucester in 1680, we may mention Lawrence Smith, Matthew Kemp, Thomas Ramsey, John Armistead, Philip Lightfoot, Thomas Pate, John Mann, Thomas Walker, Richard Young, Lewis Burwell, Henry Whiting, John Smith, Augustine Warner, Francis Burwell, Richard Booker, Robert Peyton and Symond Bueford.

If the reader will bear with me a moment longer in this record of true-blooded Americans I will give—for the benefit of genealogists—a list of those from Gloucester who served in the Continental Army during the Revolution:

Warner Lewis, County Lieutenant—Sir John Peyton, Baronet, Colonel—Thomas Whiting, Lieutenant-Colonel—Thomas Boswell, Gent., Major. Captains: Gibson Cluverius, John Camp, Richard Mathews, George Booth, Jasper Clayton, John Herbard, John Whiting, John Billups, Benjamin Shackelford, John Willis, Robert Mathews, William Buckner, John Dixon, Richard Billups, William Smith. Lieutenants: Samuel Cary, Richard Hall, John Foster, James Baytop, Thomas Buckner, George Green, William Sears, James Bentley, Edward Mathews, John Billups, Dudley Cary, Hugh Hayes, Churchill Armistead, Philip Tabb, John Foster and Robert Gayle. Ensigns: Henry Stevens, William Davis, William Haywood, Thomas Baytop, John Fox, James Laughlin, William Bentley, Christopher Garland, Peter Bernard, John Hayes, Samuel Eddins, Thomas Tabb, Richard Davis, Josiah Foster, George Plummer and John Gale.

As we look about this birthplace of American character and seek its spiritual environment we find the "Established Church of England." Two of the ancient structures are still standing in a good state of preservation—Abingdon and Ware. "Old Petsworth Church," so long noted for its beautiful frescoes and gorgeous paintings, has long since fallen to decay; and its once beautiful walls have for decades been a pile of weather stained bricks—"Petsworth exists only on paper." Abingdon and Ware, whose grounds are enclosed within heavy brick walls, have been preserved and they now seem to bid defiance at "Old Father Time." Both of these churches, once altars of the British Government, belong to-day to the Protestant Episcopal Church and bear testimony to the historic separation of church and state in America during the American Revolution. The chancel of Ware Church has thrice been removed for repairs—1854, 1894, 1908—during the last sixty years and revealed many interesting tombs, inscriptions of which I am privileged to here record. Inscriptions of various old tombs in Gloucester have been transcribed by many distinguished antiquarians: Bishop Meade's "Old Churches and Families of



# First Estates of Hereditary Americans



TYPICAL SOUTHERN MANOR-PLACE DURING THE BRITISH REGIME IN AMERICA—"White Marsh," Estate of the Whitings, Prossers, Rootes, and Tabbs in Virginia

Virginia," "Genealogy of the Page Family in Virginia" by Dr. R. C. M. Page, and Dr. Lyon G. Tyler's "William and Mary Quarterly." In some instances, however, I believe that we are here recording inscriptions which have not hitherto been registered. The writer has pursued researches throughout old Gloucester, and frequently found the tombs so badly worn and broken that he either had to consult friends or obtain information from the above quoted authorities. For assistance in collecting the following material, I am especially indebted to Mrs. Harry Sanders of "Dunham Massie" and Mrs. Fielding Lewis Taylor of "Rosewell."

Probably every reader of THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY is familiar with the historical worth of the tombs at "Warner Hall" and if he is not already aware of the associations of these and others, the explanation we hope will be very clear when he reads these inscriptions, noting especially the dates which make them among the oldest tombs of the white race in America:

"Here lyeth ye body of Coll: Augustine Warner who was borne ye 3d of June 1642, and died ye 19th. of June 1681."

"Augustine Warner deceased ye 24th of December 1674, aged 63 years 2 mos., 26 ds."

"Here lyeth interr'd Augustine Warner, ye son of Coll: Augustine & Mildred Warner born ye 17th of January 1666/7 and deceased ye 17th of March 1686/7."

"Here lyeth interr'd ye body of Elizabeth Lewis, the daughter of Col: Augustine Warner and Mildred his wife, and late wife of John Lewis Esq. She was born at Chesoke the 24th. of Novemb' 1672. aged 47 years 2 monts and 12 days, and was a tender mother of 14 children. She departed this life the 5th. day of February 1719/20."



## Ancient Manor-Houses in the Old South

"Here lyeth interr'd the body of Collo: John Lewis, son of John and Isabella Lewis and one of his majesty's Honble: Council this Colony, who was born ye 30th. Nov;<sup>r</sup> of 1669 & departed this life on ye 14th. of Nov b. 1725."

"Mary Lewis first wife of Warner Lewis Esqr., daughter of John Chiswell Esqr., of Williamsburg and Elizabeth Randolph, daughter of William Randolph Esqr., of Turkey Island. Died the 1st, of November 1776. Aged 28 years."

"Warner Lewis eldyt., son of Warner Lewis Esqr., and Eleanor Lock, widow of William Lock Esqr., and daughter of James Bowles Esqr., of Maryland. Died the 30th of December 1791. Aged 44 years."

And now let us pass to old "High Gate," the family estate of the Washingtons. Here, under the coat-of-arms of the Whitings, we read:

"Underneath this stone lyeth interr'd the body of M<sup>rs</sup> Catherine Washington, wife of Major John Washington, and daughter of Coll: Henry Whiting by Elizabeth his wife, born May the 22d, 1694. She was in her several stations, a loving and obedient wife, a tender and an indulgent Mother, a kind and compassionate mistress, and above all an exemplary Christian. She departed this life February ye 7th 1743, aged 49 years, to the great loss of all that had ye happiness of her acquaintance."

Another ancient stone bearing the arms of the Washingtons bears this inscription:

"In a well grounded certainty of an immortal resurrection, here lyes the remains of Elizabeth, the daughter of John and Catherine Washington. She was a maiden virtuous without reservedness, wise without affectation, beautiful without knowing it. She left this life on the fifth day of Feb<sup>r</sup>., in the year MDCCXXXVI in the twentieth year of her age."

We leave historic old "High Gate" and now enter the ancient manor-place of "Toddsbury," on the North River. Just how old Toddsbury house is, it is very difficult to ascertain, but the house of brick and also the brick wall around the garden show extreme age. We have evidences that the Todds patented lands in Gloucester as early as 1652. It is supposed by many that the present Toddsbury house was built about 1658. Among the records of Baltimore County, Maryland, there is a letter written by Thomas Todd, in 1676, and filed in support of his will. He is on the ship Virginia bound for Virginia, "very Sicke," and mentions property on North River, Gloucester County, Virginia, willed to his son Thomas. The house is of English brick and beautifully panelled inside. It was for generations in possession of the Todds and Tabbs, who gave the place the reputation of being one of the most hospitable manors in all Virginia. It is now occupied by the Mott family. Among the prominent members of the Todd line, may be mentioned Thomas Todd of Kentucky, Justice of the United States Supreme Court. He was born in King and Queen County which adjoins Gloucester. Of the Tabbs also we find them occupying positions of trust all over Virginia, from the early part of the 17th century up to the present time. Augustine Tabb, during the Revolution was Captain of the State Line, (See W. & M. Quarterly vol. 111—2.)

Let us pass along the rows of old tombs at Toddsbury and harken to their story of the first homes in America:

"Here lyes the body of Capt., Christopher Todd, who was born the 2d day of April in the year of our Lord 1690, and departed this life the 26th of March 1745."

"Here lyes Interred the body of Francis Todd, who was born April 12, 1692, and departed this life November the 5th. 1703."

"Here lyes the body of Capt., Thomas Todd, Sen., who was born in the year of our Lord 1660 and Departed this life the 16th. day of January 1724/5."



# First Estates of Hereditary Americans



MANSION OF THE EARLY AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY IN THE OLD SOUTH—"Burgh Westra," Home of the Taliaferros in Virginia, which was used as a hospital during the Civil War

"Thomas Todd, son of Elizabeth Todd, born December 26th. 1728, departed this life 22d day of July 1780."

"Here lies the body of Mary<sup>e</sup> Booth, daughter of George W. and Lucy B. Booth, who departed this life on the 12th. of September, 1818, in the eighteenth year of her age."

"Here lies the body of George Wythe Booth, who departed this life Decr., 20th. 1808, in the 36th. year of his age."

"Edward Tabb, son of John Tabb and Martha his wife, born 3d. day of February, 1719, departed this life 29th. day of January 1782."

And here is "Timber Neck," bearing witness to its part in founding America:

"Here lyeth ye body of John Mann of Gloucester County in Virginia. Gent: aged 63 years, who departed this life ye 7th. day of January Anno Domini 1694"

(ARMS)

"Here lyeth interred the body of Mrs. Mary Mann of the County of Gloucester in the Collony of Virginia, Gentlewoman who departed this life the 18th. day of March 1703/4 aged 56 years."

(ARMS—On a lozenge a cross engrailed, right corner a conch shell.)

"Here lyeth ye body of Elizabeth Page daughter of Mathew Page, who departed this life ye 15th day of March, Anno Domini 1693."

Pass along with me to that magnificent old plantation of Carter's Creek, or "Fairfield" as it was formerly called. Its large "manor house" has long since been destroyed and given over to a mere pile of bricks around which have grown innumerable saplings and bushes. Its massive tombs have become unhinged and the greater part of them lie in broken bits over the entire surface of the graveyard. Only four of the tombs are decipherable and one of these is broken in halves; one half, when the writer visited the place, was lying face down. With the help of a friend and a strong lever the stone was turned into its proper place and the epitaph of the wife of Major Lewis Burwell was discovered. She was a descendant and heiress of the Honorable Nathaniel Bacon, President of Virginia;



## Ancient Manor-Houses in the Old South

died 1672. These tombs like many other old ones have been broken into by ghouls and in other ways destroyed.

Fairfield was the original seat of the Burwells, and is just two miles from "Rosewell"—the Page mansion. In speaking of these old American homes I cannot resist revealing something of their occupants. The following letter of Colonel Nathaniel Burwell to his brother, is recorded in Dr. Tyler's historical treasury, "The William and Mary College Quarterly," July, 1898:

"Brother:

"I'm very much concern'd for y<sup>e</sup> occasion of your Sending & more to See how insensible Lewis is of his own Ignorance, for he can nither read as he ought to do nor give one letter a true Shape when he writes nor spell one line of English & is altogether ignorant of Arithmetick, so that he'l be noways capable of y<sup>e</sup> management of his own affairs & unfit for any Gentleman's conversation, & therefore a Scandalous person & a Shame to his Relations, not having one single qualification to recommend him; if he would but apply himself heartily one year, to write well, learn y<sup>e</sup> Mathematics & Consequently arithmetick of M<sup>r</sup> Jones, & to Translate Latin into English of M<sup>r</sup> Ingles to learn him to spell well. I would then take him home & employ him 'till he comes of age in my Office & Plantation Affairs that he might the better be capable to manage his own, & to my knowledge this will be no disservice to him, & a greater than any other method he'l fall into through his own inclination; for my part, tis no advantage to me whether he be a Blockhead or a man of parts, were he not my Brother, but when I have to do with him, to schoole he shall go, & if he don't go till I can go over, he then Shall be forced to go whether he will or not & be made an example off (while I stand by) before y<sup>e</sup> face of y<sup>e</sup> whole College; as for y<sup>e</sup> pretence of Living in y<sup>e</sup> College, y<sup>e</sup> last meeting has taken such care as will effectually provide better eating for y<sup>e</sup> Boys, so that need not Scare him, & therefore he had better go by fare means than fowl, for go he shall, & Send him forthwith, I am,

"Abingdon, June 13. 1718.

"Yo<sup>r</sup> Affectio: Broth<sup>r</sup>

"Show him this letter.

N. BURWELL."

And now before leaving Carter's Creek let us glance at its mute witness to the centuries:

"To the lasting memory of Major Lewis Burwell, of the County of Gloucester, in Virginia, gentleman, who descended from the ancient family of the Burwells, of the Counties of Bedford and Northampton, in England, who, nothing more worthy in his birth than virtuous in his life, exchanged this life for a better, on the 19th. day of November, in the 33 years of his age, A. D. 1658."

"The daughter of Robert Higginson. She died November 26th. 1675. . . . She was the wife of Major Lewis Burwell."

"Here lyeth the body of Lewis, son of Lewis Burwell and Abigail his wife, on the left hand of his brother Bacon and Sister Jane. He departed this life y<sup>e</sup> sixteenth day of September, 1676, in the 15th. year of his age."

"Here lyeth the body of Mary, the daughter of Lewis and Martha his wife. She departed this life in the first year of her age, on the 20th. of July."

"To the sacred memory of Abigail the loving and beloved wife of Major Lewis Burwell, of the County of Gloucester, gent., who was descended of the illustrious family of the Bacons, and heiress of the Hon. Nathaniel Bacon Esq., President of Virginia, who not being more honourable in her birth than virtuous in her life, departed this world the 12th. day of November, 1672, aged 36 years, having blessed her husband with four sons and six daughters."

(ARMS)

"Beneath this tomb lyeth the body of Major Nathaniel Burwell, eldest son of Major Lewis Burwell, who, by well regulated conduct and firm integrity, justly established a good reputation. He died in the 41st. year of his age, leaving behind him three sons and one daughter,\* by Elizabeth, eldct daughter of Robert Carter Esq., in the year of our Lord Christ 1721."

\*One of these, the daughter, Elizabeth Burwell, married President William Nelson, and was the mother of General Thomas Nelson.—Meade Old Churches, etc. Vol. 1—353.

(ARMS)

"Here lyeth the body of the Hon. Lewis Burwell son of Major Lewis Burwell and Lucy his wife, of the County of Gloucester, who first married Abigail Smith,



## First Estates of Hereditary Americans



ESTATE OF THE OLD CAVALIER DAYS IN THE SOUTH—"White Hall," original seat of the Willis blood in America, later the Corbins and the Byrds of Southern aristocracy

of the family of the Bacons, by whom he had four sons and six daughters; and after her death, Martha, widow of the Hon. William Cole, by whom he had two sons and eight daughters, and departed this life 19th. day of Dec., 1710, leaving behind him three sons and six daughters."

(ARMS)

"Sacred to the memory of the dearly beloved . . . Martha, daughter of . . . of Nansemond County, in Virginia, married to Col. William Cole, by whom she had no sons and no daughters. Afterwards married Major Lewis Burwell, by whom she had six sons and three daughters; resigned this mortal life the 4th day of Aug. 1704."

While passing by the old church at Ware, let us rest a moment at its sacred shrine and here we read:

"Underneath this stone lyeth interred the body of Amy Richards, the most dearly-beloved wife of John Richards, minister of this parish, who departed this life 21st. of November 1725, aged 40 years.

"Near her dear Mistress lies the body of Mary Ades, her faithful and beloved servant, who departed this life the 23d of November 1725, aged 28 years."

(ARMS)

"Here lyeth the body of Mrs. Ann Willis, the wife of Col. Francis Willis, who departed this life the 10th. of June 1727 in the 32d. year of her age. Also the body of A., daughter of the aforesaid, aged 7 days."

(ARMS)

"Underneath this stone lyeth the body of Mr. John Richards, late rector of Nettlestead, and vicar of Leston, in the County of Kent, in the Kingdom of England, and minister of Ware, in the County of Gloucester and Colony of Virginia, who, after a troublesome passage through the various changes and chances of this mortal life, at last reposed in this silent grave in expectation of a joyful resurrection to eternal life. He died the 12th. day of November, in the year of our Lord MDCCXXXV., aged XLVI years."

(ARMS)

"Here lyeth the body of Isabel, daughter of Mr. Thomas Booth, wife of Rev.



## Ancient Manor-Houses in the Old South

John Fox, minister of this parish; who with exemplary patience having borne various afflictions, and with equal piety discharged her several duties on earth, cheerfully yielded to mortality, exchanging the miseries of this life for the Joys of a glorious eternity, on the 13th. day of June, in the year of our Lord MDCCXLII., of her age XXXVIII."

"Here also lie the bodies of Mary and Susannah daughters of the above-mentioned John and Isabel. The one departed this life on the 5th. day of September, 1742 in the 4th. year of her age; the other on the 8th. of October, in the 3d. year of her age, MDCCXLIII."

"Here lyeth the body of James Clack, son of William and Mary Clack, who was borne in the parish of Marden . . . miles from Devizes, in the County of Wilts. He came out of England in August 1678. Arrived in Virginia upon New Years day following, came into the parish of Ware on Easter, where he continued Minister near forty five years 'till he dyed. He departed this life on the 20th. day of December in the year of our Lord 1723, in hopes of a joyful Resurrection to Eternal Life which God grant him for his blessed Redeemer's sake—Amen."

This is familiar to you. Whether or not you have been here before, you have heard of old "Rosewell" and the days when America's first families gathered in it. It stands on the placid shores of the grand old York, not far from Yorktown and not far from Williamsburg, and for historic interest and natural grandeur is seldom equaled by any of the old Colonial homes now standing. It is "Rosewell"—like a beacon of by-gone days it lifts its proud head high above the clear waters of the York in dignified splendor, and recalling to mind the fragrant social and political echoes of Colonial Virginia.

Its heavy walls and casements three feet thick; its large reception hall in which forty couples may dance; its long, winding stair, leading from hall to second floor, wide enough for eight people abreast to ascend, all suggest to the visitor the luxuriance of other days. The large hall, at one time panelled in richly carved mahogany from floor to ceiling, and the solid mahogany balustrade running from first to second floor, both deeply hand carved in figures representing beautiful flowers and baskets of luscious fruit—send many thoughts through our mind of the old plantation owners and their associates. This hall, long since worn slick by the waltz-glide of dainty Virginia maidens, has often resounded with names of some of the best blood in the colony, and often echoed the footsteps of Thomas Jefferson.

On the second floor we pass through a hall very similar to the first, but not quite so large—at one end of this hall, to the right of the stair, there is a room called the Jefferson room. It contains a high tester bed with other quaint old furniture, and often held the form of Jefferson on his visits to "Rosewell". In this room the mind of the celebrated statesman wrestled with our "Declaration of Independence," and in this room, or in the eupola on the fourth floor, we are told that the original draft was made. Jefferson was an intimate friend of Governor John Page, whom he frequently visited, and from one of these visits went to Philadelphia with his "Declaration."

Ascending two more flights of stairs we reach the roof, where we may get a beautiful view of the York River and surrounding country. Here we see the exact location of "Rosewell," and find it to be situated on the left bank of the York River, and the right bank of Carter's Creek, which separates it from "Shelly," the present family seat of the Pages in Gloucester. But for the intervention of Carter's Creek, which at low tide well nigh goes dry, the two estates—"Rosewell" and "Shelly"—adjoin; and they were originally the Page estate, consisting of five thousand acres.



## First Estates of Hereditary Americans



HOMESTEAD OF AMERICAN REVOLUTIONISTS IN THE OLD SOUTH—  
"Timber Neck," abode of the Catletts, of ancient lineage in old Gloucester County, Virginia

"Shelly," formerly called Werowocomico, is supposed by many historians to be the seat of the famous Chief Powatan, and scene of the John Smith rescue by Pocahontas. From the numerous deposits of oyster shells, giving it the name Shelly and its former name Werowocomico—this supposition seems correct, and the present writer inclines toward it; but when we bear in mind the fact that there are similar shell deposits at "Rosewell," and that there is a tradition current that the Rosewell house was built in commemoration of the event—it is difficult to arrive at a very definite conclusion. The harbor at both of these places is excellent for an Indian canoe landing, which fact makes in favor of either idea advanced. Timber Neck Bay, not far distant, claims also to be the site of Powatan, since it possessed the ruins of an old chimney—called "Powatan's Chimney."

Noble old "Rosewell" has suffered many depredations. The lead which covered the roof was stripped off and sold for Revolutionary bullets; the mahogany wainscoting was also torn off and sold; and even the tombs present the appearance of vandalism, although the present owner of the estate is doing much to preserve it. The main building contains two large halls, nine passages, fourteen large rooms, nine small rooms, basement, an attic and a cupola; and was three stories and basement. It had two wings, each containing six rooms, and forming the court. The front of main building and wings was two hundred and thirty-two feet. The wings have been pulled down and bricks sold, as also the garden wall.

As we pass along the tombs at "Rosewell" there is one which attracts particular notice,—that of the Honorable Mann Page. It is an oblong octagon with allegorical figures on sides; the first: a cherub weeping, forget-





## Ancient Manor-Houses in the Old South

me-not at his feet, with his fist to his eye and in other hand holding a toreh reversed. The second side is a pall looped with scallop shells. The third side represents immortality: the cherub has his left foot on a skull, in his left hand he holds a cherry branch, his right hand points to a flaming lamp, his right foot on a thigh bone, a forget-me-not at his feet. The fourth side, the head of the tomb, bears a cherub's head between two wings expanded, underneath a wreath. The fifth side represents eternity: a cherub with hand raised holding a serpent with its tail in its mouth, a forget-me-not at his feet. The sixth side: the pall as the second. The seventh represents resignation: a cherub with hands folded on breast and forget-me-not at feet. And the eighth side, the foot of the tomb: *the Crown of the saints*, underneath arc the archangels' trumpets crossed, surrounded by a wreath of cherry branches.

Let us read:

(ARMS)

"Here lieth interred ye body of ye Honourable Collonell Mathew Page Esqr. one of her Maj<sup>ties</sup> most Honourable Councill of the Parish of Abingdon in the County of Gloucester in the Collony of Virginia, son of the Honourable Collonell John & Alice Page of the Parish of Bruton in the County of Yorke in ye aforesaid Collony, who departed this life in the 9th. day of January Ann<sup>o</sup> Dom. 1703 in ye 45th. year of his age"

(ARMS)

"Here lyeth Interr'd the body of Mary Page wife of the Hon<sup>ble</sup> Mathew Page Esq., one of Her Majesties council of this Collony of Virginia and daughter of John and Mary Mann, of this Collony, who departed this life ye 24th. day of March in ye year of our Lord 1707 in ye thirty six<sup>th</sup> year of her age"

"Near this place lye interred the body of Mathew Page, son of ye Honourable Collon<sup>ell</sup> Mathew Page Esq<sup>r</sup> and Mary his wife who departed this life ye 31st. day of December ann. Dom. 1702 in ye 5th. month of his age. Also the body of Mary Page daughter to Collon<sup>ell</sup> Mathew Page Esq<sup>r</sup> & Mary his wife who departed this life ye 14th. day of Jan. Ann. Dom. 1702/3 in the 7th. yeare of her age."

(ARMS)

"Here lie the remains of the Honourable Mann Page Esq., one of his Majesties Council of this Collony of Virginia, who departed this life the 24th. day of January 1730 in the 40th year of his age. He was the only son of the Honourable Mathew Page Esq<sup>r</sup> who was likewise a member of his Majesties Council. His first wife was Judith, daughter of Ralph Wormley Esq., secretary of Virginia, by whom he had two sons and a daughter. He afterwards married Judith daughter of the Hon<sup>ble</sup> Robert Carter Esq<sup>r</sup>. President of Virginia, with whom he lived in the most tender reciprocal affection for twelve years, leaving by her five sons and a daughter. His publick trust he faithfully discharged with candour and discretion, truth and justice; nor was he less eminent in his private behavior, for he was a tender husband and indulgent father, a gentle master and a faithful friend, being to all courteous and benevolent, kind and affable. This monument was piously erected to his memory by his mournfully surviving lady."

"Here lies the body of Mrs Alice Page, wife of Mann Page Esq. She departed this life on the 11th. day of January 1746, in child bed of her second son in the 23rd. year of her age, leaving two sons and one daughter. She was the third daughter of the Honourable John Grimes Esq. of Middlesex County, one of his Majesty's Council in this Colony of Virginia. Her personal beauty and the uncommon sweetness of her temper, her affable deportment and exemplary behavior, made her respected by all who knew the spotless innocency of her life; and her singular piety, her constancy & resignation at the hour of death, sufficiently testified her firm & certain hopes of a joyful resurrection. To her sacred memory—this monument is piously erected."

"Here lieth interr'd the body of Tayloe Page, third son of Mann and Ann Corbin Page, who departed this life the 29th. day of November 1760, in the 5th. year of his age."

The Latin inscription on the tomb of Judith Wormeley.

"Sacrae et Piae Memoriae Hoc Monumentum positum doloris, ab Honorato Mann Page armigero Charissimae suae conjugis Judithae. In ipso aetatis flore decussae, Ornatissimi Ralphi Wormeley de Agro Middlesexiae Armigeri Nec non Virginiani Secretarii quondam Meritissimi Filiae dignissimae Lectissimae delectissimae foeminea Quae vixit in sanctissimo matrimonio quatuor annos totidemque



# First Estates of Hereditary Americans



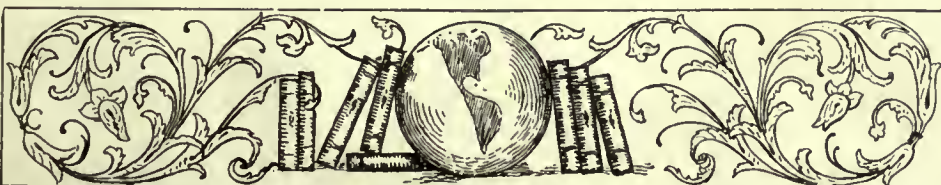
MANSION WHERE JEFFERSON WROTE FIRST DRAFT OF DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE—Ancient "Rosewell," established by the Pages in Virginia in 1725, and scene of brilliant assemblages

menses. Utriusque Sexus unum Superstitem reliquit Ralphum et Mariam vera Patris simul et matris ectypa. Habuitque tertium Marmore matre sua inclusum Post cujus partum tertio die mortalitatem pro immortalitate commutavit Proh dolor! Inter uxores amantissima Inter matres fuit optima candida Domina Cui summa comitas cum venustissima suavitate morum et sermonam Conjuncta Obiit duodecimo die Decembris Anno Millesimo Septingessimo decimo Sexto Aetatis Suae vicessimo Secundo."

A translation of the foregoing from "The Page Book" is as follows:

"To the sacred and Pious Memory of his most beloved wife, Judith, cut down in the very flower of her age, this Monument of grief was erected by the Honourable Mann Page, Esquire. She was a most worthy daughter of the very illustrious Ralph Wormeley of County Middlesex, Esquire, formerly also a most deserving Secretary of Virginia. She was a most excellent and choice lady who lived in the state of most holy matrimony for four years and as many months. She left one survivor of each sex, Ralph and Maria, true likenesses together of Father and Mother. She also had a third named Mann, who, scarcely five days surviving, under this silent marble was inclosed with his mother. On the third day after his birth she exchanged mortality for immortality. Alas, grief! She was a most affectionate wife, the best of mothers, and an upright mistress of her family, in whom the utmost gentleness was united with the most graceful suavity of manners and conversation. She died on the 12th. day of December in the year One Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixteenth year and the twenty second of her age."

And so we might spend many days in visiting the ancient manor-houses of the first American families, and many months and years in perusing the quaint records which they left behind them. It is my privilege, however, merely to call your attention to them, and to point them out in passing so that you may have a truer understanding of the quality, the character and the culture of that first social regime in America, and the blood that laid the foundation of upon which one of the most powerful nations of the world is being built.







1658—"Belleville," Original seat of the Booths in Virginia—1909



"Hockley" of the Taliaferros in Virginia—"Lowland Cottage," built in 1700

ANCIENT AMERICAN MANOR-PLACES

"Glen Roy" in Old Gloucester County, Virginia—"Hockley" and its vast domain





# Adventures of a "Minute Man" in the American Revolution

Experiences of Captain  
Samuel Allen who Ventured  
His Fortune and His Life in the Struggle to  
Found a Republic on the Western Continent & Thrilling  
Episodes in the Protection of New York from the British on Land  
and Sea & Narrative of a True Patriot in the Conflict for Independence


BY  
COLONEL ETHAN ALLEN

Former Deputy United States District Attorney in New York—Grandson of Captain  
Samuel Allen of the American Revolution—Recruiting Colonel for the  
Army during the Civil War—President of the Cuban  
League during the Spanish-American War



**I**T is most commendable that each generation of this Republic should be zealous to do something to keep alive the memory and glorious achievements of a renowned ancestry. In this year of the historical anniversaries a patriotic impulse seizes upon all to recount, as far as possible, the events of those days that "tried men's souls," which gave to us as a people liberty and independence, and to the whole world a new political system which, it is to be hoped, is yet but upon the threshold. The individual contribution to a great nation, either in blood, in money, or personal suffering, must necessarily be summed up in the sentence which reports the final result. The General only is honored by name upon the page of history; yet of the fifty thousand nameless ones, for him lying dead upon the field, who may say how many, by virtue of nobler daring, more exalted motives, and greater sacrifices, are worthy of a higher niche in God's temple, where every one, the humblest and grandest, is judged according to his merits? The struggle of our fathers to establish independence under the lead of Washington was more emphatically a struggle of individual effort than any recorded in history, unless it be perhaps the defence of the early Greeks against the Persians, or the religious persecutions of the Middle Ages. The sparse population, the extended territory, the impoverished state, the unrecognized authority of the revolt, except as each for himself chose to submit to it, all served to impress the man with the importance of his personality, and his services were worth so much the more when, after due deliberation, he freely offered them to his country. The Hessian fights because he is paid for it, and the conscript because he is forced to do so; but the freemen of 1776 fought because each man felt he was defending his own fireside.








## Adventures of a "Minute Man" in Revolution



Captain Samuel Allen, the subject of this record, was one of those who, in an humble position, did his whole duty, and who is eminently deserving, at this time, of being remembered with his compeers. No monuments tower to his memory, and yet but few men of the American Revolution passed through more daring and thrilling adventures in behalf of the great cause. Allen was born in 1757, in Monmouth County, New Jersey, and was only eighteen years old when the "shot heard round the world" was fired at Lexington, and re-echoed at Bunker's Hill. He was one of an old and honored family who had crossed the seas and made a home in New England at a period almost as remote as when the Pilgrim Fathers landed, and a descendant of which family, David by name, went over into New Jersey and settled on Manna-Squan, or Squan River, Monmouth County, about the year 1740, and here, in a then wild and unsettled territory, obtained possession of vast tracts of land. David Allen, the emigrant referred to, was a brother of Joseph Allen, who was the father of General Ethan Allen, of Vermont. One son of David, named Adam, long before the Revolution, left New Jersey and located in Virginia, on the James River, and a large family of Allens in the Old Dominion is left to represent him. Another son, Samuel Allen, a Quaker by religious profession, and lame from his birth, father of Captain Samuel Allen, of whom I write, inherited from his father David, on the north shore of Squan River, a tract of land miles in extent, which, being by this time extensively under cultivation, placed the owner among the richest landed proprietors of the country. When the Revolution became rampant, it found Captain Samuel Allen a youth of eighteen and feudal lord among his people because of his vast estate in land—burning with all the fire of adventure which had brought his remote ancestors from England to the weird coast of Massachusetts, and those less remote from New England to New Jersey. The home of our hero was greatly favored by nature in the picturesque beauty which surrounded it, and was situated on the banks of Squan River, about three miles inland from the ocean, and about ten miles south of what is now Long Branch. Monmouth County was then, as now, one of the gardens surrounding the great city of New York which drew from it many of the luxuries for its tables. In those early days, before time and space had been annihilated by the telegraph and the steam-car, those acres which lay near at hand were mostly depended upon by the metropolitan city to furnish whatever the palate might crave. This county at this time was more thickly populated because of its proximity to New York, and the ready demand for all the produce of the soil, than most counties in the nation that did not include incorporated cities or large towns. Even at that early day, bordering and around Captain Allen's land and homestead, were extensive and rich farms, and these followed by others, and each fringed with smaller settlements—all extending back nearly across the state, giving support and employment to what was then regarded as a thickly populated district.

The Flemings and Osborns were, with the Allens, the leading families of the county, and were all related to each other by descent or intermarriage. Captain Allen, of whom I write, in 1776 married Elizabeth Fleming, of a family of ancient Scotch renown. His brothers-in-law, Stephen Fleming and Jacob Fleming, were captains of United States troops, and served with distinction through the entire war. After peace was declared Stephen Fleming settled in Kentucky, a compatriot






## Experiences of Captain Allen in 1776

of Daniel Boone, and a large and flourishing county of that state now bears his name. While the first wave of excitement was rolling over the land in 1775, Captain Allen was too young to act other than as a private soldier, and rather than do this he believed he could be of more service at home. His uncles, his cousins, his relatives of maturer years, in numbers were enlisting for the fight, and since home could not in that day be left unprotected, Allen was condemned to take the part of "home guard" in behalf of those called away. As the sequel proved, this was a duty of no less danger than to serve with the regular army. The American Revolution was emphatically a civil war; that is, in a divided sentiment often at your own fireside, your next door neighbor became your enemy. The foe who assails you from without may be guarded against, but the terrible trials of the American conflict arose from those enemies within, who, in the secrecy and intimacy of social life, planned for your destruction—accepted your hospitality only to watch for opportunity—who broke your bread with one hand and struck for your heart's blood with the other. Such is war! consequently the Tories of 1776, are often charged with conspiracy for remaining loyal to the British Crown. Being born upon the soil, they knew how most effectively to injure those who rebelled against its authority. A large number of this class swarmed through the coast district of Monmouth County. They were in part the overflow of the rapidly growing city of New York, added to the native working class of the county, and corrupting many with the idea of plunder from the homes of the absent patriots. Besides this, the British army, while in possession of New York, was constantly sending out foraging parties, and these predatory bands, prowling by night and day, piloted by Tories and neighbors against the homes of the wealthy and the absent, spread consternation everywhere. It was the mission of Captain Samuel Allen to stand as guard against this invasion.


It was early in the history of the war, that the state of things of which we have just spoken, made it necessary to organize what was known as the "Minute Men." On the 3d day of June, 1775, an act providing "a plan for regulating the militia of the colony," was passed in the Provincial Congress of New Jersey, then in session at Trenton, and this act was amended August 16th, 1775, which recited that "Minute Men having been raised in the counties of Morris, Sussex and Somerset, in obedience to the recommendation of the Continental Congress, the several counties of the State" "are ordered to furnish them in proper proportions." Monmouth County was required to supply six companies. According to an "Official History of the Officers and Men of New Jersey in the Revolutionary War," on pages 332 and 333, published for the state by William S. Stryker, Adjutant-General, these "Minute Men were held in constant readiness, on the shortest notice, to march to any place where assistance might be required for the defence of this or any neighboring colony." In case of alarm, "the Minute Men were directed to repair immediately to their captain's residence, and he was to march his company instantly to oppose the enemy." "Company of light horse was ordered to be raised among the militia." The requirements of the regular army soon became such that these "Minute Men" were absorbed, and we learn from the authority quoted above, on page 334. that "many of the Minute Men as such having entered the Continental Army, the battalions thereof became so reduced







## Adventures of a "Minute Man" in Revolution




that on the 29th day of February, 1776, they were ordered to be dissolved and incorporated in the Militia of the districts where they resided." Thus the "Minute Men" called into existence for local defence at the beginning of the war, were turned into State troops, under arms, and liable at any moment to be ordered into distant states. Local protection, however, was just as much needed as before, and then it was, that self-organized, volunteer "Minute Men" took the place of those disbanded or claimed for other service. Captain Samuel Allen was one of these volunteers—the leader of a band of young men gathered by his own energy, commanded by him as captain, and whose self-imposed duty it was to guard the Jersey shore from Sandy Hook to Cape May. A bold, dashing dare-devil, a boy not yet of age at the opening of the war, of commanding influence because of his wealth and his overbearing will, he was, while the conflict lasted, the General-in-Chief in all Military movements pertaining to his district, and the sole judge of all prisoners brought before him. He was a sturdy and uncompromising patriot. His fortune as well as his life were ventured in the cause of his country. His name became a terror to his foes, and very early his deeds had spread such consternation among the Tories throughout the county and the coast district (who gave up hope when once they fell in Samuel Allen's hands), that urgent appeals were forwarded to the British lines to send parties of soldiers to secure his capture and his death. These appeals were answered, and many were the efforts made to secure the audacious young rebel of Monmouth. Driven from his home again and again by Tory assailants—seeking shelter in the woods for days and weeks from his pursuers—in British hands and his home burned to ashes before his eyes three different times—bound and marched between files of "Redcoats" a prisoner, yet escaping from the very muzzles of their muskets—capturing and hanging his enemies by his own decree—approaching at night with muffled oars and capturing a British merchantman lying off Tom's River Inlet, but which when assailed was supposed to be an English man-of-war—all these make up some of the incidents in the life of this "bold rider" of the Jersey shore.

One of the bravest and best planned schemes to thwart the enemy, and one of the first to bring young Allen into prominence, was carried into effect in the summer of 1776, while Washington was in possession of New York and Long Island. After the battle of Bunker Hill and the evacuation of Boston, New York was placed in a state of defence, as next exposed to attack. Lord Howe and his brother Sir William Howe, with a fleet to reduce New York, arrived off Sandy Hook, in June, 1776, and the battle of Long Island was fought August 27th, the same year. During the summer, however, and before the battle of Long Island and the surrender of New York, the farmers of New Jersey were accustomed to ship produce of all kinds to the latter city. A safe and facile means was to shoot a small boat (of which there was a little fleet of from twenty to fifty tons each), out of Mannasquan or Barnagat Inlets, and before a good breeze the little coaster would quickly land her cargo at the New York wharves. When at length British cruisers appeared off the coast (and for a greater part of this summer one or more could always be seen on guard), a double motive in capturing these little produce boats was—first, that their contents were relished on board a man-of-war—and second, that the rebels were deprived of them. But the heavy, lazy, armed leviathans were no match in celerity of movement to the swift flying








## Experiences of Captain Allen in 1776

"smacks" of the farmers, and neither could they venture near enough to the shore to stop the voyages of the latter. Hence a small cutter, named the *Eagle*, a swift sailer, mounting one pivot gun and carrying an armed crew, was brought into the English service to pick up the unarmed produce boats as they ventured on their dangerous paths.

This worked well for a time. Terror seized upon all who were engaged in the traffic. At length, Allen devised means to circumvent the enemy. A small vessel was fitted out upon her deck with all that could attract the eye of hungry Britishers. Chicken coops, fattened calves, bleating sheep, etc., were placed around in abundance. In the hold were stowed away a band of armed men, who were to rush upon the deck at a given signal—which was, the stamp of the captain's foot and the call of the name of Washington. All things being arranged and the wind fair out of Squan Inlet, with Allen at the helm, came this machine of war, prepared in emulation of the far-famed steed of Troy. Her prow was pointed for New York, and all sail was crowded as if beginning a race for life. She is soon observed, and the famous *Eagle* starts for her prize. A shot from the pivot gun across the bow brings the "smack" to, and the English cutter runs alongside. The easy indifference of the captors is closely observed as they draw up to what is supposed to be a helpless and easy prize. At the proper moment, Allen stamps upon the deck and sounds the given signal. Off fly the hatches, out pour the men, and before the British can recover from their consternation, a volley of musketry is poured into them, and not a single man is left alive on the deck of the ill-fated cutter. She is easily taken into port by the patriots, and never from that day forth did British man-of-war give any trouble to the small champions of commerce along the coast.

The Tory residents of the state, who during the seven years of strife were really engaged in a civil war, would not have dared to push their ventures to such extremities as they often did, were they not sustained by foraging parties of British soldiers from the City of New York. A certain Captain Thompson, a regular officer in the British service, was so often detailed at the head of these scouting parties through Monmouth (and who always went forth with orders to bring in Samuel Allen dead or alive), that he at last became as well known all the country through as any of those born upon the soil. These red-coats on such occasions usually spared nothing. All things portable were borne along with them, farms were swept clean of stock, what could not be taken was destroyed, and homes were left in ashes. It was in the second year of the war that Captain Allen was unfortunately surprised and captured at his own home by Captain Thompson and his soldiers, assisted by Clayton Tilton, who was a prominent man and leader among the Tories. It was known that Allen had money, and he was ordered to give it up or reveal its hiding place on pain of instant death, but a firm refusal was given to this demand. His wife Elizabeth, terrified at the danger of her husband, on bended knees begged him to tell her where the money was that she might surrender it; but her appeal was of no avail. Allen was taken to the foot of a tall poplar that stood in front of his home, and with ropes he was lashed to the body of the tree, and seven British soldiers confronted him with cocked muskets presented at his breast. Captain Thompson repeated the command, "Give up the hiding place of your money this instant, or I'll give the order to fire." It was a tragic moment.






## Adventures of a "Minute Man" in Revolution

The prisoner knew the character of his assailants and their hatred of him. Looking into the very muzzles of those muskets, his eye glancing along those gun barrels, returning the deadly gaze of those who aimed them, with undaunted fortitude Allen gave back the answer, "Fire and be damned." This very audacity of the prisoner saved his life. Thompson was a man who, while he faithfully served the Crown as a soldier, was too good to murder the defenceless. Allen was released from the ropes but held a prisoner, while the torch was applied to his home. His mother and younger brother and sisters (Allen was the oldest of his family, though at this time only twenty years of age), were driven out of doors, and when at length he was ordered to move off between a file of soldiers, a smoking ruin marked the place where he had lived. The money, however, which was concealed behind a brick withdrawn and replaced in an old oven not far distant, was saved. Captain Thompson immediately proceeded with his prisoner to Colonel Abraham Osborn, who lived about a mile distant, also known to be a wealthy man, and who was a brother-in-law of Samuel Allen, having married his sister Elizabeth. Abraham Osborn was an older man than Allen, and was an officer serving in the field with the State troops, but now home on furlough. The same demand, to reveal the hiding place of his money, was made upon him. Unfortunately he had given the secret of its concealment to his wife, and when the moment of danger came, she revealed it to the enemy, who secured it. By this time the alarm that had been sounded throughout the county brought a rescue, and Allen and Osborn both escaped the intended Sugar House imprisonment in New York.

It was not many months subsequent to this incident that the Tory leader, Captain Clate Tilton, was arrested by Allen who thereby became sole arbiter of his life. The tables were turned. But a little while before Allen was the prisoner of Thompson and Tilton; now the latter was pleading to Allen for mercy. This mercy was granted, and Tilton was treated with no other hardship than held as a prisoner of war, in consideration of having treated Allen in the same way when the relative conditions of the parties were reversed. Tilton was turned over by Allen to General Forman, then in command of a military station at Monmouth Court House, Freehold, for safe keeping. In the meantime the fortunes of war had been against some of Allen's connections in the Regular Army, and Stephen Fleming, his wife's brother, a captain in the Continental service, had been taken in battle and was a prisoner in the terrible New York Sugar House. To secure his exchange was now the one controlling desire. In some way Allen learned through Captain Thompson, of the British army, that Fleming would be exchanged for Tilton, but the latter was to be produced at some certain point at a fixed time and discharged, whereupon Fleming would be released and sent over to New Jersey. Allen resolved that this should be done so far as Tilton was concerned. He at once called upon General Forman, stated the case, and asked for the restoration of Tilton to him. General Forman was one of those fussy men sometimes met with, brave and faithful enough as a soldier, but half tyrant and half pomposity, who regarded it as of the highest impertinence that a young man of no military rank—who was only a free lance—fighting for his country according to his own will, should demand the surrender of a notorious prisoner from a general in command of the State troops engaged in the national service. General Forman said Tilton should








## Experiences of Captain Allen in 1776

not be surrendered. But, said Allen, astonished, "my brother-in-law is a prisoner in New York. He will be exchanged for this man. He is a good and faithful soldier, and was captured in battle. He will die if detained as a prisoner." "Then let him die," said Forman. "Clate Tilton shall be hanged." Flashing with rage, and rising to the full height of his tall commanding figure, at the same time drawing his sword, Allen thundered, "Tilton is my prisoner; give him to me, or I'll make daylight shine through you this very moment." The General knew whom he was dealing with, and also knew the threat would be executed. The prisoner Tilton was surrendered and the exchange was effected.


The capture of the *Eagle* was not the only nautical adventure that Allen was engaged in while the war lasted. Late in the fall of 1779, while he was at Tom's River, in the southern part of what was then Monmouth county, word was brought that a British brig was anchored a few rods from shore, and was signalling for communication with the land. This was regarded by everyone as a trick of the British, and designed in some way to avenge the loss of the cutter *Eagle* in the year 1776. But whatever the motive, there lay the vessel, her outline from the shore easily traced against the darkening horizon. She looked forbidding. It seemed to be a strange place for a vessel of the kind to come to a stop. Allen at once took charge of the case. It might be an armed vessel, but yet he would test it. A watch was stationed to give the alarm if any landing was attempted. During the night two boats were manned, of which Allen took control. Under cover of the darkness, approaching the brig from opposite directions, at a signal every man was over her sides and the captain and the crew were prisoners. The craft proved to be a British brig, short of provisions, and stopping for a supply. Moreover, she was loaded with two hundred puncheons of Jamaica rum. The captain and crew were well treated and released. At daylight the vessel was turned into Tom's River through what was then known as Cranberry inlet (now closed), and the rum unloaded in the store of Squire Abial Aitkens. This store was partly built on spiles over the water and was never by its architect designed for such a burden as was now imposed upon it. It fell in ruins and of its contents many puncheons, broken and emptied, were tumbled into the river. The waters flowed "good rum punch" for a long time, which might be had without the trouble of mixing and without price. Though this capture proved to be unexpectedly easy, yet when undertaken it was with uncertainty whether the object assailed might not prove to be a fully armed cruiser of his Britannic Majesty.

It was not long after the capture of the British brig with the Jamaica rum that Captain Thompson and party again made a venture from New York, with the avowed intention of bringing Allen back with them from Monmouth. Since his capture in 1776, when his house was burned and he was rescued from his captors, he had rebuilt his dwelling, which, however, had three times since been visited and plundered by Tory bands, but had so far escaped the torch. On one of these occasions, being shot and falling on his own door stoop, he was supposed to be dead; and his clothes taking fire from the gun-wadding, he stealthily quenched it with his own blood by catching it in his hands as it flowed from the wound. As a parting token one fellow placed his musket at his head, saying, "I'll make sure of him, any way;" but at the exact moment before the explosion another kicked the gun-barrel, exclaiming, "don't shoot a dead





## Adventures of a "Minute Man" in Revolution




man," and the bullet intended to go through the brain, a few inches beyond it passed harmlessly into the door step. His ability to act like a dead man enabled him to continue a live one. Usually warned of the intended "surprise parties" by faithful scouts, he generally managed to be from home, unless "prepared to receive," and it was no uncommon thing for him to live for weeks secreted in the woods or in the camps of the guarded military posts. Upon this occasion, however, in the fall of 1779, his house was surrounded at night before he knew it, and he was again in Thompson's power. Once more he was forced to see his relatives driven from their doors, and for the second time the flames swept over the spot that he called his home, leaving nothing but smoking embers. He was then placed in charge of a portion of the capturing force while the rest were engaged in a distant enterprise; but, bribing his guards, he was enabled again to escape before the return of the chief of the party.

The Tories found at a very early day that they could make no effectual resistance except by organization, and this they did by selecting a notorious Captain Tigh as their leader. Allen and his men during these many years of weary strife had their places of rendezvous, and their secret councils, and so had Tigh and those who followed him. Between these two desperate men it was for a long time a drawn battle, each striving to get possession of the other. Wherever Tigh went, the torch and the knife did their work upon the defenceless families, whose guardians were in the camp with Washington. It was difficult to overtake the leader, for his work was done in a twinkling, and he and his band being intimately acquainted with the country, easily placed themselves beyond pursuit. The trap was, however, finally laid in 1782, and the game was captured. A report being circulated according to arrangement, that was intended to lead Tigh and his men on a certain trail, worked successfully, and one morning, just as day was breaking, Tigh and six of his men were in the grasp of Allen and his command. The chief of the Tories demanded that he should be treated as a prisoner and exchanged. He was told he should have justice. There were special charges against this man, and his release was not to be tolerated. Allen sat as judge and trial was ordered forthwith, and was held in the open air just as the sun was rising, in the beautiful lane that leads to Squan River bridge, on the north side, and the facts being clear against all, the sentence was announced, "You have been taken as enemies, robbers and murderers, condemned as such and shall be hung as such." "When?" asked Tigh. "Now," was the answer, and forthwith the neck of each man was in the halter and Capt. Tigh and six of his companions were dangling each from a separate limb. When life was extinct it was ordered that the bodies remain suspended for the space of two days, as a warning to others. The execution being over, the patriots dispersed each to his home for his morning meal. The place is pointed out to this day, along that beautiful lane, where "Captain Sam. Allen hung Tigh and his men in the Revolutionary War." While it is impossible to fix the exact date of this occurrence, it is nevertheless known to have been near the close of the war, or after the spring of 1782, as the following incidents will show, in which both Allen and Tigh were prominent actors.

In the fall of the year 1780, Captain Allen was greatly afflicted by an attack of intermittent fever, resulting from the years of exposure through which he had passed, and was on a visit to, and was a guest at the house






## Experiences of Captain Allen in 1776

of Colonel Barnes Smock, a veteran officer in command of the State troops, then stationed at Middletown, not far from what is now known as Long Branch. Allen was tracked to this retreat by Tigh, his relentless foe, who with his gang was enabled to approach in an unguarded moment close to the house where Allen was staying. The alarm was suddenly rung out, "Tigh is coming!" Night had just fallen and Colonel Smock and Allen were both within, sitting before a large log fire. Seizing his musket, Smock then opened the front door, and observing the dusky forms of the assailants skulking a short distance off, he raised his gun, marked his man, but the old flint-lock failed to explode. The open door, however, and the light of the glowing fire within exposed him to a fair shot, and quickly back came a crash of musketry that riddled the front of the residence. Fortunately Colonel Smock was not hit. With a yell, a rush was made for the house. Allen, sick as he was, comprehended at once that death was in the wind, and seizing his gun he rushed out of the back door and struck for a clump of woods. The enemy having expended their fire, two of their swiftest runners pursued the fugitive patriot, who was now literally running a race with death. Having drawn them a sufficient distance from their supports (and in the darkness of the night, both being between him and the light of the house from which they were fleeing, Allen had the advantage of his foes), suddenly turning on his pursuers and taking deliberate aim, the foremost of the two sunk in death. In a moment more Allen was hidden in the friendly thicket, and the enemy, knowing that a marksman confronted them, did not dare to venture too near his ambush. Hastily withdrawing, leaving one man dead upon the field, they carried away Colonel Smock as a prisoner of war, and without harm he was treated as such till his release by exchange. The old Smock mansion, if yet standing in Middletown, Monmouth County, will furnish confirmatory evidence of this incident in its sheltered lintels and door posts, and, perhaps to this day, certainly a few years ago, the visitor to this ancient landmark could bury his fingers in these "Tory bullet-holes of the Revolution."


Another incident which preceded and hastened the fate of Captain Tigh was an act that at the time, excited the sympathy and sorrow of every patriot throughout the land. Captain Joshua Huddy was one of those men who, at the opening of the Revolution, was well-stricken in years, and while the infirmities of age admonished him to avoid active service, yet the patriotic fire of his nature would not be subdued by inaction. He determined at an early day to do what he could. A devoted friendship existed between him and young Allen, the January and May of the cause, and both were equally energetic to visit with a stern hand any estrangement from the path which led to the political freedom of the Colonies. At an early day, it was foreseen that the coast was exposed to attack from British cruisers, and also afforded facility for landing troops to operate against New York City, unless watched with flying artillery, that could, like the "Minute Men," dart from point to point with the rapidity of the gale. Accordingly an act was passed on the 24th day of September, 1777, in the New Jersey Legislature, to raise a company of artillery, which was to be used as the case might demand, against either a Tory camp or a British man-of-war. An excellent battery, for that day, was soon raised and the command was given to the venerable Joshua Huddy, who was commissioned by the state as captain. Its territorial service was fixed in Monmouth county, and for five years this battery and its








## Adventures of a "Minute Man" in Revolution



commander were a terror to the evil-doers of that time. Captain Huddy was hated by the Tories almost as warmly as was Captain Allen, and vengeance was threatened if the fortunes of war should make either their captive. Huddy was so much beloved by the whole county, for his probity of character, for his generous nature, and for his unselfish heroic service, that he was sometimes led to trust his safety too much to his fancy of an unwillingness on the part of his neighbors to do him harm, rather than to the muskets of his men. But in war a man can be the hypocrite as well as traitor, and so it proved in this case. Huddy was accustomed at times freely to furlough his men from duty, and at other times to venture himself unprotected beyond their care. In the spring of 1782, Captain Huddy was at Tom's River, in the southern part of the county, with his battery, and so great was the desire of the men in the opening of the year to visit their various homes on short leave, to prepare the field or the garden for the coming summer, and so impossible was it for the noble-hearted patriarch to say "No" to those who, with the fidelity of children, had attended him through the privations of many years of war, that the station was depleted by the releases granted; and the Tories saw now their opportunity to wreak their long-delayed vengeance. On the night of the 2d of April, 1782, a party of masked men stealthily approached the camp of Captain Huddy, and, overpowering the guard, reduced to only a handful of men, the venerable hero was soon a prisoner. He was immediately hurried to the thicket and the hiding-places of the marauders, and when the morning dawned the terrible story was told, that the beloved captain was in the hands of the enemy, and where, God only knew. The courier sped here and there. The whole county was aroused. Allen and his men were speedily in the saddle in search for the trail. It was days before the "case could be worked up," to use the phrase of the modern detective, but at the end of a week it was known that the captors had started for Sandy Hook, evidently trying to reach New York with their prize. The battery was safe—only the chief was missing. Troops of volunteer horsemen were tearing through the country in all directions, in the vain desire to cross swords with the band who had dared to lay impious hands upon him whom all revered. "On to Middletown!" at length became the cry, when it was finally clear that the track of the foe was revealed. "On to Middletown!" went many a foaming steed, each rider impelled by the fear that he might be too late. Allen rode with the pursuers. Through Colt's Neck, around Shrewsbury River, on to the shores of the Raritan Bay, on to the Heights of the Neversink—forward, onward, everywhere—since now all knew that the enemy were being enclosed before them. At last the end—the pursuit is over—the lost is found. On the Heights, overlooking the bay and the ocean, poor Huddy was discovered on the 10th of April, 1782, hanging by the neck and dead. His captors, knowing that the hand of rescue was about to be extended, and that escape was hopeless, unless each took care of himself, in which case no one could afford to be burdened with the prisoner, it was determined to yield him back lifeless to his friends and to his country. No event of the war created so much sorrow through the country as this. Over his grave many an oath was taken to follow his murderers, and it became well understood in time that the notorious Tigh was among those connected with the base deed. When he and six of his men, as already stated, fell into the hands of Samuel Allen, this complicity in the death of






## Experiences of Captain Allen in 1776

Huddy was one of many charges against him; but of itself, this was enough. When Tigh and his men were passed on to eternity, as related, it was felt throughout the country that Huddy was in part avenged.


These statements herein made in regard to Huddy, are given upon the authority of tradition as the story has been handed down from generation to generation for more than a hundred years in Monmouth County. The writer obtained the facts as here narrated from his father, Samuel Fleming Allen, who in turn heard them from the lips of his father, Captain "Sam" Allen, and also from friends and neighbors who could verify them from personal knowledge, and also from actual participation in the conflicts. Samuel Fleming Allen was forty years old when the hero of this sketch died. But tradition, always liable to mistakes, must give way to actual recorded history, and hence the writer makes reference to other evidence in regard to the capture and murder of the venerable Captain Joshua Huddy. General William S. Stryker, Adjutant General of the State of New Jersey, in a learned and able paper read by him at Tom's River, on the 30th of May, 1883, on the capture of the "Block House at Tom's River, New Jersey, on March 24th, 1782," in substance says: One of the military posts for guarding the maritime frontier was this "Block House" at Tom's River, and this was defended in March, 1782, by Captain Huddy and twenty-five men besides himself. An armed expedition by water from the City of New York, under British and Tory command, landed on the coast near the scene of action on the night of the 23rd of March, 1782. At daylight the next morning the Block House was assailed. After a desperate fight, Captain Huddy and sixteen of his men were taken prisoners, and among them was Jacob (or Stephen) Fleming, the brother-in-law of Samuel Allen. The prisoners were hurried off to New York by water on the brigantine *Arrogant*, the same vessel which had brought the enemy hither, and upon their arrival in the city, Captain Huddy and his fellow captives were at once confined in the "Old Sugar House" as prisoners of war. Then came an act of villainy, which, as General Stryker well remarks, was afterwards "discussed in the Councils of three nations." Captain Huddy was handed over by General Clinton, the British Commandant at New York, to Captain Richard Lippincott, a Tory of Monmouth County, and by him he was quickly conveyed back to Monmouth County and then landed and hanged on the "Navesink" about a mile beyond the old Highland light-house, on the 12th day of April, 1782. General Stryker then continues his paper, reciting the fact that Washington resolved to retaliate for this wanton murder, and among the prisoners then in American hands, Captain Asgill was selected by lot to expiate upon the gallows the death of Huddy. He was the only son of a powerful and wealthy family, a noble of Great Britain, and his mother's efforts probably saved his life. Washington proposed and demanded the surrender of the Tory Lippincott, and Asgill would be spared; otherwise he must die. So matters stood, when the mother of Asgill called upon her King, George III, and obtained his order "that the author of the crime, which dishonored the English nation, should be given up for punishment." Through the intrigues of Courts this order was not complied with, if ever sent, and Lady Asgill in her despair, applied to Charles Gravier, the Count de Vergennes, Minister of Louis XVI of France, who used his best influence with Washington to avert the pending execution. Meanwhile the firm stand of the Commander-in-Chief of the American Armies had







## Adventures of a "Minute Man" in Revolution




secured the most humble pledges and protestations from General Sir Henry Clinton, and afterwards from General Sir Guy Carleton, the British Generals, that no such violation of the rules of war should occur again. This affair engaged the pens of the illustrious Benjamin Franklin, the patriotic Tom Paine and other American Statesmen. Washington finally referred the whole matter to Congress, together with the letters to him from the Count de Vergennes, and that body on November 7, 1782, "Resolved that the Commander-in-Chief be, and is hereby directed to set Captain Asgill at liberty." Captain Asgill in the following year, in October, 1783, with his mother, went to Paris personally to thank Louis XVI and Queen Marie Antoinette for their efforts, which he evidently regarded as the influence which saved his life.

Thus we see in foregoing historical records as to Huddy, that the story of tradition and that of history differ some in details, but not materially. Both recount the fact that Huddy was captured as a prisoner at Tom's River and that he was hanged at the "Navesink," upon the Jersey coast. It may at this time reasonably be contended that in those days when the telegraph was unknown and even postal communication had no rules, when the news spread from man to man, that Huddy had been suddenly carried off, the mistake should have been made of supposing, and supposition at once settled into conviction, that he was borne away by the route which the marauders usually took who invaded the county from New York: that is, a retreat by the coast line road to Sandy Hook, and thence across the bay to the protection of British guns.

The tax gatherer was as essential during the War of Independence as he has ever been since. One Wainwright, a quiet, Quaker gentleman, was the official for this district. It was in the year 1781, that Wainwright came to Allen's house on the north side of Squan River, and said he would stay all night with him, and go over on the south side the next day to collect unpaid taxes, through what is now known as Point Pleasant. This section was filled with Tories, and Captain Allen warned him not to go. Wainwright said, "No one would harm him, as he was a non-combatant by his religion," and he made his journey. He never returned. Days of anxiety passed, and at length an armed band led by Allen, and accompanied by the venerable father of the lost collector, went over the river and began a search. During this work a man named Price, obtaining a boat, fled to a British man-of-war off the coast, but before going left a note avowing the murder of Wainwright, and saying that his remains would be found in a neighboring ditch. It was related by him that a Mrs. Borden had detained the unsuspecting visitor at tea, and in the meantime had sent for the murderers, who intercepted him homeward bound as night was falling, and took his life to secure the money he had collected. The remains were found as stated by Price, and as they were lifted from the ditch, in the presence of hundreds of the inhabitants standing about, the venerable father, giving way to his feelings, and shaking his fist in their faces, said: "You accursed pack of Philistines! you have murdered my son!" For years afterwards the inhabitants of this section of the state were called the "Philistines." A heavy penalty was paid for this iniquity. Allen undertook to discover the guilty parties, and being satisfied that he had fastened the crime where it belonged, upon his own orders and responsibility, three of the leaders in it were hanged.






## Experiences of Captain Allen in 1776

The last of the adventures to be recorded was one of the most thrilling. Late in the summer of 1782 and shortly after Captain Tigh had been disposed of, Captain Thompson with a guard of sixteen armed men made another visit into the county, and again succeeded in capturing Allen, whose home was now, for the third time, licked up from the ground by the flames of Tory and of English vengeance. Colonel Abraham Osborn, Allen's brother-in-law, on a visit to his people from the Continental Army, was also surprised and captured; and after the party had loaded themselves with sufficient plunder, the two prisoners with their hands tied behind them, and lashed together with ropes, armed soldiers in front and behind them, were started on their march on foot for Sandy Hook, the end being confinement in the Prison Ships of the Wallabout, or the Sugar House in New York. The day was warm and the march began about dark. On plodded the party—the conquerors, to their applause, and the victims, to a lingering imprisonment. When, at a somewhat late hour of the night, all had reached a place now and then known as Shark River, Allen had already resolved that he would march no further unless unbound. He had whispered his resolve in Osborn's ear, and had said to him that they might as well die there by the bullet as in New York by starvation. The night was not dark, but a heavy sea fog had swept in from the ocean, limiting the vision to a few feet only, and on either side of the narrow road was a thick undergrowth of laurel bushes which extended for miles along. Allen decided that this was the time to strike for freedom. Calling Captain Thompson, he swore that neither would march another step unless untied. The British officer was obdurate and ordered them on. "No, they would not move on." It was threatened to shoot both on the spot. "Very well," they said, "they were ready to die, but walk another step, tied as they were, they would not." There was no alternative but to release the prisoners from the ropes, which was done, Thompson saying, "Allen, you have escaped me twice before; I do not intend you shall do so now." Orders were then given to the soldiers, in the presence of the prisoners, to watch them closely, and on the first motion to escape to shoot them down. The march was renewed. Allen had managed to inform Osborn that when he nudged him with his elbow, they were both to dash, each on opposite sides of the road. The moment of trial came. The thick fog—the rich foliage—the friendly bushes—the narrow road—all aided the effort. It was a touch of the arm, a jump, and the escape was begun. The hunter who has had a bevy of quail start suddenly at his feet, here and there, right and left, front and rear, and confused by the quickness and variety of shots presented, decides on none in time and loses the game. has been in the situation of these soldiers, who first turned to one side and then to the other, and before the volley was delivered escape had become possible. A shower of bullets whistled by Allen's ears as he dashed on through the bushes, but he was safe. It was a dangerous thing to follow him on ground he knew so well; and it was not attempted. The released suddenly became the pursuer. He flew like a deer to the nearest homestead, and reaching there about midnight, without waiting to arouse the inmates or owners he seized and mounted the swiftest horse and rode to the nearest military post for a detail of troops. This was at Colt's Neck, about fifteen miles away, but fortunately it was just in the direction the enemy was taking. Captain Bigelow, of the Continental service was in command.







## Adventures of a "Minute Man" in Revolution

Allen's object was to obtain an escort and secure Thompson and his force before they crossed Shrewsbury River. That fifteen miles of intervening space, in the anxieties of the hour, seemed the width of a continent, but it was passed at last, when unfortunately it was found that because of some freedom in the discipline of the camp, an hour was lost before a cavalcade of twenty men were under way. At last, however, this force was dashing for Shrewsbury River, and reaching it just as the morning broke, Thompson and his men were seen leaving their boats on the opposite bank, but beyond range of the old flint-lock of that day. Thompson had too many friends on the other side to make it safe to pursue. Dismounting, however, each man levelled his piece and gave a parting shot; and Thompson and his party, with genuine English impudence, leisurely gave a volley in reply, the balls coming skipping harmlessly over the water and at last sinking in its depths. The game was lost to Allen, and Thompson safe again in New York City, made this his last and parting visit; for soon thereafter he returned with the army to which he was attached homeward to his King, leaving this nation free and independent. When Allen returned from his chase it was found that Osborn, as well as himself, had escaped the bullet on that desperate midnight leap.

Peace having again resumed her sway, these incidents of these years of danger passed into tradition and now pass into history. Captain Allen returned to the management of his estate, and for half a century lived to see the nation which he had helped to defend advance to be one of the great powers of the world. Allen had a peculiar prejudice against burial in the usual country cemetery, and when his wife died in the year 1800, she was placed to rest in a special plot, under a favorite tree upon his own farm; and when his own time came in 1830, he was laid beside her, and thus secluded both await the final awakening. A century and a quarter has swept by and the loyal and disloyal, the Tory and the patriot are wrapped in the same sleep. The fruits of these labors of the just and heroic are enjoyed by their posterity, and their sacred memories will guide the future.

### Inauguration of Department of Genealogical Research

The Department of Genealogical Research, which is being inaugurated under the auspices of THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY, in affiliation with The Searchlight Library at 341 Fifth avenue, New York, which is the largest information and general research institution in the world, organizing not only genealogical investigations but conducting researches for the leading American encyclopedias and biographical works, is being perfected along practical lines that will establish genealogy on a sound historical basis for the purposes of sociologic as well as social deductions. Announcement will be made in these pages as soon as the preliminaries are completed. In the meantime queries sent to the Genealogical Editor will be properly filed for record and investigation simultaneously by the most eminent genealogists of America and Great Britain.





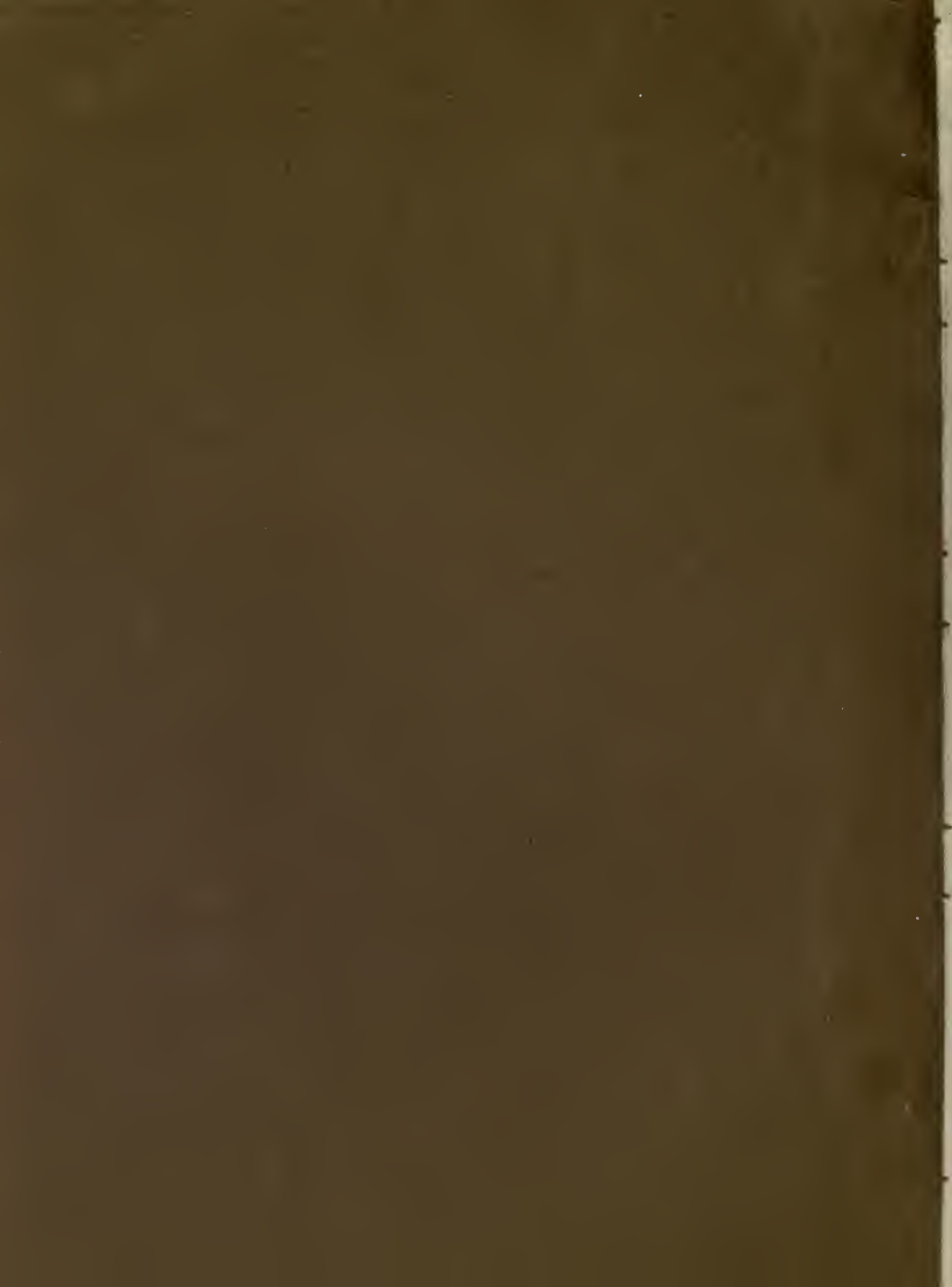














III. 3

312<sup>a</sup>









# The Journal of American History

Relating Life Stories of Men  
and Events that have entered  
into the Building of the  
Western Continent & Original  
Researches into Authoritative  
Sources & American, British  
and European Archives &  
Private Journals, Diaries and  
Hitherto Unpublished Docu-  
ments & Fugitive Papers &  
Reminiscences and Memoirs  
& Folklore and Traditions &  
Reproductions from Rare  
Prints and Works of Art &

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

FRANCIS TREVELYAN MILLER

Member of the American Academy of Political and  
Social Science  
American Historical Association  
National Geographic Society  
American Statistical Association  
Fellow of the American Geographical Society









# Syllabus of the American Exploration Number

THIRD NUMBER

THIRD VOLUME

This book marks third quarter of third year of institution of a Periodical of Patriotism in America, inculcating principles of American Citizenship, and narrating Deeds of Honor and Achievement that are so true to American Character—This Fall Number is Dedicated to American Perseverance

HISTORIC MURAL ART IN AMERICA—Painting by John White Alexander in the Library of Congress at Washington, District of Columbia, symbolizing the First Records of the American Race—Reproduced in original colors from Art Collection of Foster and Reynolds of New York.....	Cover
ILLUMINATED TITLE PAGE—Reproduced in gold and colors from original design for THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY by Howard Marshall of New Haven	
HERALDIC ART IN AMERICA—Illuminated Coat-of-arms of the Pells in America—In series of emblazoned armorial bearings of the First American Families—Reproduced from the Collection of the Americana Society of New York	
DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH POLE—TRIUMPH OF THE AMERICAN FLAG—Culmination of Four Centuries of Conquest in which the Stars and Stripes are Planted on the Apex of the Earth—American Explorers Realize the Dream of the Ages and Solve the Mystery of the Far North.....	313
COOK EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH POLE—Official Narrative for Historical Record in THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY, under Authority and Copyright, 1909, by New York Herald Company—Registered in Canada in Accordance with Copyright Act—Copyright in Mexico under Laws of Republic of Mexico—All Rights Reserved—By Dr. Frederick A. Cook.....	315
PEARY EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH POLE—Official Narrative for Historical Record in THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY, under Authority and Copyright, 1909, by New York Times Company—Copyright in Great Britain by the London Times—All Rights Reserved—By Commander Robert E. Peary, U. S. N....	345
COLLECTION OF RARE ENGRAVINGS ON THE CONQUEST OF THE ARCTIC	
Engraving of American Expedition Entering Lancaster Sound—Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N.—By Sartain in 1854.....	317
Engraving of the Ice Capped Barriers at the Gate of the North Pole—Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N.—By Sartain in 1854.....	318
Engraving of the Rescue of an American Expedition in Melville Bay—Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N.—By Sartain in 1854.....	319
Engraving of American Expedition in the Icebergs at Kosoak—Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N.—By J. Hamilton and J. McGoffin in 1854.....	320
Engraving of American Expedition in the Land of the Midnight Sun—Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N.—By J. Hamilton and G. Ulman in 1854.....	321
Engraving of an American Ship Parting Hawser off Godsend Ledge—Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N.—By J. Hamilton and G. Ulman in 1854.....	322
Engraving of American Sledges on the Ice at Cape George Russell—Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N.—By J. Hamilton and R. Hinshlewood in 1854.....	323
Engraving of American Explorers at the Great Glacier of Humboldt—Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N.—By J. Hamilton and R. Hinshlewood in 1854.....	324

Address all Business Communications to the Subscription Offices at 165 Broadway, New York  
 Make all Checks payable to the TREASURER of "The Journal of American History"  
 Subscription throughout the United States THREE DOLLARS annually  
 Subscription to Foreign Countries Four Dollars annually  
 Single Copies SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS in United States

Entered at the Post Office at Meriden, Connecticut, as mail matter of the second class

Published Quarterly and Copyrighted (1909) by THE ASSOCIATED PUBLISHERS OF AMERICAN RECORDS at the Printing House, 163-169 Pratt Street Meriden, Connecticut



# Context with Engravings and Authors

THIRD QUARTER

NINETEEN NINE

Chronicles of Those Who Have Done a Good Day's Work—  
Rich in Information upon Which May Be Based Accurate  
Economic and Sociologic Studies and of Eminent Value to  
Private and Public Libraries—Beautified by Reproductions of  
Ancient Subjects through the Modern Processes of American Art

## CONTINUATION OF INDEX

Engraving of an American Expedition Ice Bound off Cape Cornelius Grinnell—Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N.—By J. Hamilton and A. W. Graham in 1854.....	329
Engraving of American Explorers on a Bear Hunt in the Far North—Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N.—By G. White and J. C. McRae in 1854.....	330
Engraving of a Walrus Hunt off the Ice Capes of Pikantlic—Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N.—By G. White and J. C. McRae in 1854.....	331
Engraving of Eskimo Life in the Igloos at Etah—Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N.—By C. Scheussele and J. C. McRae in 1854.....	332
HISTORIC SCULPTURE IN AMERICA—Statue of Alexander Hamilton—Father of American Banking.....	341
Statue of Brigadier-General Joseph Hooker—By Daniel Chester French.....	342
Statue of Major-General Charles Bevens—By Daniel Chester French.....	342
Statue to American Valor in the South.....	343
HISTORIC COLLECTIONS IN AMERICA—Seven Thousand Original Negatives Taken under the Protection of the Secret Service During the Greatest Conflict of Men the World Has Ever Known—Valued at \$150,000—Preserved by Edward Bailey Eaton, Hartford, Connecticut.....	359
ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN BEHIND THE ENTRENCHMENTS AT BATTERY SHERMAN BEFORE VICKSBURG, in 1863.....	361
ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN WHILE THE ARMY WAS ENCAMPED AT VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI, in 1863.....	361
ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN IN FORT NEGLEY AT NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, Showing Ironclad Casements in 1864.....	362
ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN AS AMMUNITION TRAIN WAS MOVING TO THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, in 1861.....	363
ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN WHILE THE ARMY WAS ENCAMPED BELOW LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN in 1863, the day before the ' Battle of the Clouds'.....	364
ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN IN THE CONFEDERATE LINES, SOUTHEAST OF ATLANTA, GEORGIA, shortly before July 22, 1864, where the Outposts were entrenched.....	365
ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN AFTER DESTRUCTION OF ORDNANCE BARGES AT WHARVES AT CITY POINT, VIRGINIA, in 1864.....	366
ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN ON THE LINES BEFORE ATLANTA, GEORGIA, in 1864, as General William Tecumseh Sherman, Leaning on the Cannon, was in Counsel with His Military Staff.....	367
ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN BEHIND BATTERY REYNOLDS FIRING AGAINST FORT SUMTER, in 1863.....	368
ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN IN THE CONFEDERATE DEFENSES AT CHATTAHOOCHEE RIVER BRIDGE, GEORGIA, in 1864.....	368
ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN IN ATLANTA, GEORGIA, in 1864.....	369
ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN IN BOMB-PROOF CAMP IN FRONT OF VICKSBURG, in 1863.....	369
ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN AT FORT SUMTER, showing damage by bombardment in 1861.....	370
ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN AFTER THE ARTILLERY LEFT THE BATTLEFIELD AT GETTYSBURG, near Trostle's House, in 1863.....	371

INDEX CONTINUED (OVER)



# Transcripts From Ancient Documents

JULY

AUGUST

SEPTEMBER

Collecting the Various Phases of History, Art, Literature, Science, Industry, and Such as Pertains to the Moral, Intellectual and Political Uplift of the American Nation—Inspiring Nobility of Home and State—Testimonial of the Marked Individuality and Strong Character of the Builders of the American Republic

## CONTINUATION OF INDEX

- ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN WHILE THE ARTILLERY WAS GOING INTO ACTION ON THE RAP-PAHANNOCK, in 1863.....372
- ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN ALONG THE LINES OF PRISONERS AFTER CHANCELLORSVILLE in 1863.....373
- ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN AT HARPER'S FERRY, VIRGINIA, in 1861.....374
- ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN; AT THE McLEAN HOUSE AT APPOMATTOX, VIRGINIA, on April 9, 1865, where Grant and Lee pledged themselves to Peace.....375
- ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN AS THE STEAMER "SULTANA" SAILED TO HER DESTRUCTION ON MISSISSIPPI RIVER, in 1865.....376
- ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN WHILE CONFEDERATE RAM "TENNESSEE" MOVED AGAINST FARRAGUT ON MOBILE BAY, in 1864.....376
- ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN ON THE BATTLEGROUND AT KENESAW MOUNTAIN, GEORGIA, in 1864.....344
- ORIGINAL NEGATIVE TAKEN IN ENTRENCHMENTS BEFORE ATLANTA, GEORGIA, in 1864.....344
- DIARY OF CAPTAIN BENJAMIN WARREN AT MASSACRE OF CHERRY VALLEY IN 1778—Remarkable Narrative of the Fearful Massacre Led by the Tories and Indians in American Revolution—Written on the Battlefield—Transcribed from the Jared Sparks Collection of Manuscripts Deposited in the Library of Harvard University—By David E. Alexander, Cambridge, Massachusetts.....377
- EXPERIENCES OF AN EARLY AMERICAN LAWYER IN THE "NORTHWEST"—Appeal of the Wonderful Western Country to the Young American in the First Days of the New Nation—Travelling Thirty Miles a Day in an "Ohio" Wagon into the Unknown Dominion—Home Life on the American Frontier—Political Agitation—Adventures of Samuel Huntington—By Lucy Mathews Blackmon, Painsville, Ohio....385
- FIRST OVERLAND ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC—Journey of Colonel Anza across the Colorado Desert to found the City of San Francisco and open the Golden Gates to the Riches of the Great Orient—By Honorable Zoeth S. Eldredge, San Francisco, California.....395
- HISTORIC PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN THE COLORADO DESERT—Photograph taken along the Route of the First Overland Journey through the American Southwest.....393
- Photograph taken in the Colorado Desert, showing the Hot Mud Volcanoes of the Early Ages before the White Man was known in America.....394
- Photograph taken on the Colorado Desert, showing the remains of the Bygone Ages in America.....394
- Photograph taken in the Colorado Desert at the Oasis along the western border.....395
- Photograph taken in the Colorado Desert, showing water-line of the Lost Lake, which in pre-historic time was probably an arm of the Gulf of California.....399
- Old Print of an Indian Village in California at time of the First White Man's Invasion.....401
- Old Print of the First Immigration Trains of the Great West.....403
- ANCESTRAL HOMESTEADS IN AMERICA—American Landmarks—Old Houses—Colonial Homes of the Founders of the Republic—Preserved for Historical Record from Photographs in the Possession of their Descendants—By Laura A. Brown, Still River, Massachusetts.....405
- American Landmark built in 1687—Henry Willard house
- School-house during the American Revolution—John Bigelow house, built about 1690
- American Architecture of Revolutionary Epoch—Thaddeus Pollard house
- American Homestead built about 1692—James Houghton house
- American Inn during the Revolution—Joshua Atherton house, built about 1700



# Original Research in World's Archives

The Publishers of "The Journal of American History" announce that the issues of the first year are now being held by Book Collectors at a premium, the market price is now Four Dollars and will increase as the numbers become rare—Subscriptions for 1909, however, will be received for Three Dollars until the early editions of the year are exhausted

## CONCLUSION OF INDEX

ANCESTRAL HOMESTEADS IN AMERICA—House where Guests at First Ordination at Harvard were Entertained in 1733—Joseph Willard.....	408
First American Homesteads—Luther Willard—Meeting place for patriots during American Revolution.....	408
FIRST NATIVE MARTYRS IN AMERICA—First Outbreak of the Spirit of the American Independence in 1676—Revolt 100 Years before the American Revolution in which American Character First Asserted Itself—Native Americans Aroused by the Message of Liberty Heralded through Bacon's Rebellion—Investigations by R. T. Crowder, Gloucester County, Virginia .....	409
ABORIGINAL AMERICAN WHO FOUGHT WITH THE BRITISH ARMY—Strange Story of Thayendenegea the Mohawk, who after Passing through the Process of American Civilization, Graduated from Dartmouth College, and Led His Tribes against the Americans in the Conflict for Independence—By Earl William Gage, Jamestown, New York.....	429
HERO OF THE EARLY AMERICAN NAVY—Adventures of Commodore Samuel Tucker on an American Fighting Ship During the American Revolution—Thrilling Experiences of a Naval Officer whose Valiant Deeds are Seldom Recorded and whose Lone Grave has been Neglected—By Alice Frost Lord.....	435
LETTERS OF AN AMERICAN WOMAN SAILING FOR ENGLAND IN 1784—Quaint Message from Love Lawrence, Daughter of an American Clergyman, who left Her Country to Marry a Loyalist whose Political Principles were Opposed to the New Republic—An Interesting Glimpse of Life—By Edith Wiliss Linn, Glenora, New York.....	441
DIARY OF A JOURNEY A CENTURY AGO—Travelling on Horseback from New York to Virginia in 1805 and its Hardships and Experiences—American Village Life and the Customs of the People Before the Days of Transportation by Steam—Diary of Isaac Burr—Transcribed by Daniel Swift Burr, Birdhamton, New York.....	447
PROGENY OF A BARONET IN AMERICA—Scotch-Irish Blood in American Revolution—Recent Investigations into Caldwells, whose Progenitors were Mediterranean Seamen in Fourteenth Century—First Entered Ireland with Oliver Cromwell—Researches by Elsie Chapline Pheby Cross, Los Angeles, California.....	453
HISTORIC TRAIL THROUGH THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST—Marking the Old Santa Fe Trail—Memorials Erected along the Route of the Most Famous Highway in the World—Illustrated with Photographs—By ex-Senator George P. Morehouse of Kansas.....	461
EDITORIAL INTRODUCTORIES and all unsigned articles are by the Editor-in-chief, Francis Trevelyan Miller	
MARGINAL DECORATIONS are by Howard Marshall	
LETTER PRESS of this book is by the Curtiss-Way printery at Meriden, Connecticut	









**First Families in America—Arms of the Pells who Early Settled in the New World at New York and have for Many Generations been Affiliated with the Development of the Great Metropolis of the Western Hemisphere**



312<sup>1</sup>









# The Journal of American History

VOLUME III  
NINETEEN NINE

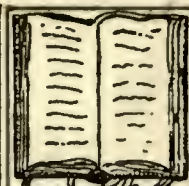


NUMBER III  
THIRD QUARTER


## The Discovery of the North Pole Triumph of the American Flag

*Culmination of Four Centuries of Conquest in which the Stars and Stripes are Planted on "the Top of the Earth" & American Explorers Realize the Dream of the Ages and Solve the Mystery of the Far North*

**T**HE power of American civilization has never been more forcibly shown than in the last great conquest of man—the discovery of the North Pole. After four centuries of heroic struggle, which began even before America was known, this young republic of the Western Continent has realized the dream of the ages that has deluded and repulsed the powers of the ancient civilization throughout the generations. It has been the goal of the spirit of adventure since the legends of the Vikings and the source of romance and speculation in every country on the globe. This strange secret beyond the Northern seas, locked from the knowledge of mankind by the unconquerable gates of ice, has defied the courage, hardihood, intelligence and persistence of the human race. The Old World powers, brave in their wars and conquests, have charged the impenetrable Arctic only to be cast down in defeat. Such has been the mystery of the "sealed dominion" that in many countries legends have grown about it proclaiming that the North Pole is the lost Garden of Eden, or that it is the mouth of a great tidal tunnel leading through the center of the earth with its openings at the poles. More than four hundred expeditions in four hundred years have been cast into the Arctic only to be lured to dismay or death. It has remained for American civilization, with its indomitable will and its mighty material resources to solve the world's most elusive problem and to bring the last great mystery of the earth into the knowledge of mankind. The Stars and Stripes float today on the uppermost point of the earth and the mystic quest of the ages is ended.







# The Triumph of American Civilization

**T**HIS is an occasion for exultation throughout America. A people who have wrested from the infinite mysteries of the universe one of its most profound secrets may be righteously proud. Within the last decade American civilization has literally swept the globe. Ten years ago, this "experimental theory" of self-government on the Western Continent, met and conquered the sacred traditions of the Old World, planting the flag of liberty on the islands of the Southern seas, breaking the dawn of a new age on the islands of the Orient, and standing before the nations of the earth as a great world power—the saviour of the oppressed and the precursor of civilization.

With the old civilization of Europe in a terrific clash of arms against the ancient Asiatic civilization, the struggle of the Mongolian and Caucasian races for the mastery of the Orient—the young America stood as the arbiter, and, on the shores of the Western Continent, brought the two mighty forces of war into peace and friendship. The battle fleet of the new American republic, the first great fighting force to circumnavigate the globe, carried the message of good will and human fellowship through the oceans from continent to continent, encircling the earth.

Now, as the first decade of the Twentieth Century is closing, the world is thrilled with the news that the great conquest of the centuries is ended; that the goal of man's ambition has been reached; that the North Pole has been discovered and that the giant strength of the young America is again the conqueror. It was on the first day of September, in 1909, that the message came to civilization from the deck of a steamer returning from Greenland, as it touched the Shetland Islands, that Dr. Frederick A. Cook, an American, had reached the North Pole. Six days later, on the sixth of September, the world was again startled by the message that vibrated from the wireless coast of Labrador that Commander Robert E. Peary, an American, had reached the North Pole. It is one of the most remarkable coincidences in the annals of mankind that the conquest of four centuries should end with a double victory of the American flag in which it should be twice carried to the apex of the world by rival explorers, each without the knowledge of the other's achievement, and both heralding the tidings to civilization within a few days of one another.

It is the privilege of THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY, as the recognized repository for historical documents pertaining to American achievement, to record in these pages the official statements of both American explorers as a matter of historical evidence.

The home-coming of these explorers, by different routes, and their arrivals in the United States within a few days of one another, at the moment when the greatest concourse of people that had ever gathered on the Western Continent was celebrating the anniversary of the metropolis of the New World by launching airships into the clouds and encircling the Statue of Liberty, was one of the most inspiring scenes in history.

The rival claims of the two great American explorers, as to which first achieved the goal of man's ambition, is of minor consequence. It is the greater and larger truth that inspires the American populace—that it is an American who first reached the apex of the earth and that it is the American flag that conquered the Far North. Long live the Republic!







# Cook Expedition to the North Pole

Official Narrative for Historical Record under Authority and Copyright, 1909, by New York Herald Company & Registered in Canada in Accordance with Copyright Act & Copyright in Mexico under Laws of Republic of Mexico & All Rights Reserved

BY


DR. FREDERICK A. COOK

Member of the Arctic Club of America—Explorer's Club—Order of Leopold of Belgium—Honorary Member of the Geographical Society of Brussels—Honorary Degree from University of Copenhagen, Denmark, 1909

**T**HIS is the official narrative of the Cook Expedition to the North Pole. It is recorded in these pages as a matter of historical evidence. It is the authoritative and graphic record of the expedition from its secret start from Gloucester, Massachusetts, on the third of July, in 1907, to the historic day of the twenty-first of April, in 1908, when, as the explorer records, "I planted the Stars and Stripes at the apex of the world, and my heart grew warm when I saw it wave to the wind." This thrilling narrative of the conquest of the pole was written while the explorer was held captive in the ice-locked wilderness of the Arctic Zone. In it he describes the organization of the secret expedition, its equipment and its adventures in the Northern seas. This record also reveals the experiences of the long night in the interminable land of ice as the explorer prepared for his great final dash to the top of the earth. It was many months later that the explorer, with this priceless record for the annals of American achievement, reached the first point of civilization and cabled his first message, that stirred the pulse of the world, from the Shetland Islands: "I have found the North Pole." More than a year had passed since the explorer had passed beyond a point of communication with civilization when this message came out from the silence of the Arctic. The news of the discovery of the North Pole was first heralded across the Western Continent by the great American journal, the *New York Herald*, which in its triumph of modern journalism, gave to the world this most wonderful narrative of the generation. When, four days later, the American explorer arrived at Copenhagen, a brilliant scene greeted him as the fur-encased man from the Arctic stepped into civilization and received the homage of a great European nation such as was never before accorded an American. The homage of the world fell at his feet and his arrival in America on the eve of the Hudson-Fulton celebration in New York was one of the most notable incidents in American history. Dr. Cook was born June 10, 1865 in Allicoon, Sullivan County, New York. He was therefore forty-two years and ten months of age when he discovered the North Pole; he passed his forty-third birthday while struggling back to habitation, his forty-fourth in an Eskimo settlement in Greenland while awaiting strength to return to civilization. This official narrative is historically recorded in these pages under the authority of the New York Herald Company.—EDITOR







## Official Record by Dr. Frederick Cook

**T**HE expedition was equipped at Gloucester, Massachusetts. All was ready on the evening of July 3, 1907. Ashore, boys were testing their fireworks for the morrow of celebration, but aboard, as our vessel, the "John R. Bradley," withdrew from the pier, all was quiet. There were no visiting crowds of curiosity seekers; no tooting whistles signalized our departure. An Arctic expedition had been born without the usual public bombast. There was, indeed, no excuse for clamor. Neither the help of the government nor the contributions of private individuals had been sought. The project was quietly given life and its expenses were paid by John R. Bradley. Its destiny was shaped by the writer.

Mr. Bradley was interested in game animals of the North. I was interested in the game of the polar quest. For the time being the business concerned us only. If the venture proved successful, there would be time enough to raise the banner of victory. If it failed, none had the privilege of heaping upon us the unmerited abuse which usually comes to the returning polar traveller.

As we headed for the boreal wilds and ploughed, with satisfying force, the chilled northern waters, there was time to re-examine the equipment and review prospective contingencies of the campaign.

In a brief month all had been prepared for the peculiar mission. We had purchased a strong Gloucester fishing schooner, fitted with a motor, covered for ice, and loaded down with suitable supplies for a prolonged period.

One morning the bold cliffs of Cape York were dimly outlined in the gray mist which screened the land. A storm had carried so much ice against the coast that a near approach was impossible, and continued winds kept up a sea which made it equally a difficulty to land on the ice.

Though anxious to meet the natives at Cape York, we were forced to turn and set a course for the next village, at North Star Bay. At noon the sooty clouds separated, and in the north, through the narrow breaks, we saw the steep slopes and warm color of crimson cliffs resting on the rising water.

Darting through the air were countless guillemots, gulls, little auks and eider duck. We were in the ice free north waters, where creatures of the sea find a marine oasis in the midst of a polar desert.

The coast was about two thousand feet high, evidently the remains of an old tableland which extends a considerable distance northward.

Here and there were short glaciers, which had cut down the cliffs in their effort to push to the sea level.

Beyond the long, straight line of red cliffs, a conical rock, the navigator's sign post, rose from the deep. Soon the long ice wall of Petowik Glacier rose, and beyond, to the eastward, we perceived the waving white of the overland sea of ice which submerges the interior of all Greenland.

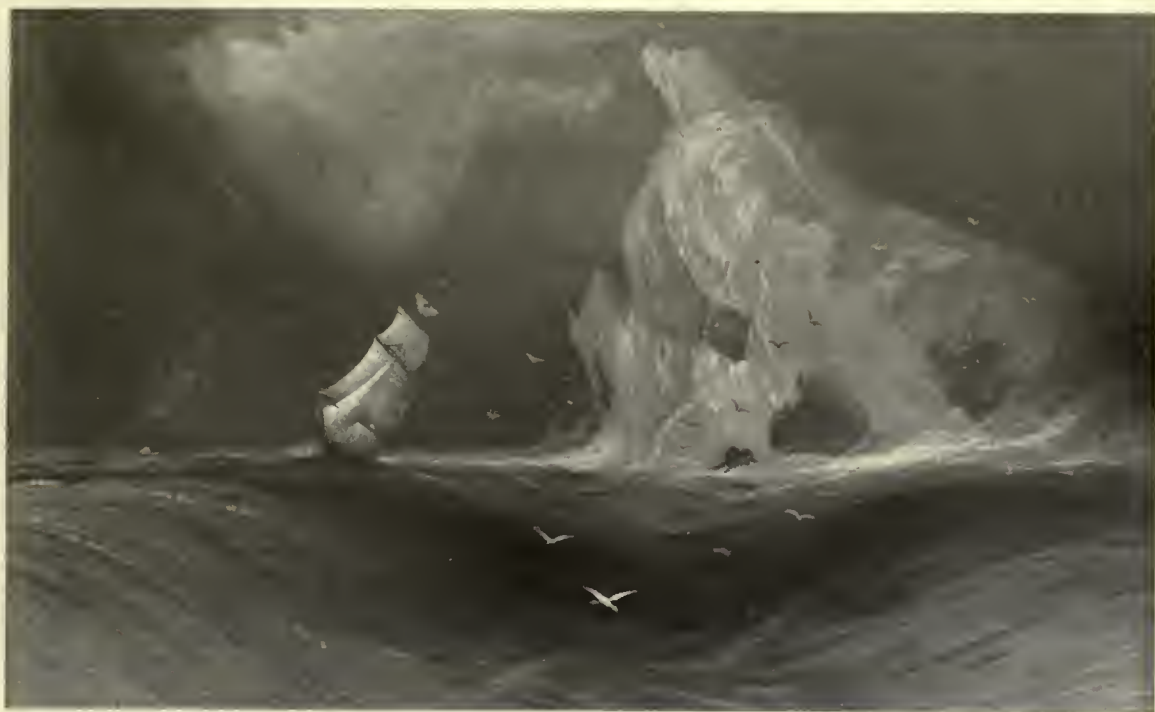
This kind of coast extends poleward to the land's end. It is the abundant sea life which makes human habitation just possible here, though land animals are also important.

The people of the farthest north are crowded into a natural reservation by the Arctic ice wall of Melville Bay in the south and the stupendous line of cliffs of Humboldt Glacier in the north.

This coast extends over but three degrees of latitude, but with its many bays and the great fords of Wolstenholme Sound and Inglefield Gulf, the sea line is drawn out to about four thousand miles.







CONQUEST OF THE ARCTIC

Rare Engraving of American Expedition Entering Lancaster Sound  
Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N.  
Engraving by Sartain in 1854





CONQUEST OF THE ARCTIC

Rare Engraving of the Ice Capped Barriers at the Gate of the North Pole  
Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N.  
Engraving by J. Sartain in 1854





#### CONQUEST OF THE ARCTIC

Rare Engraving of the Rescue of an American Expedition in Melville Bay  
Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N.  
Engraving by J. Sartain in 1854





#### CONQUEST OF THE ARCTIC

Rare Engraving of American Expedition in the Icebergs at Kosoak  
Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N.  
Engraving by J. Hamilton and J. McGoffin in 1854





### CONQUEST OF THE ARCTIC

Rare Engraving of American Expedition in the Land of the Midnight Sun  
Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N.  
Engraving by J. Hamilton and G. Ulman in 1854





### CONQUEST OF THE ARCTIC

Rare Engraving of an American Ship Parting Hawsters off Godsend Ledge  
Original Drawing by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N.  
Engraving by J. Hamilton and G. Ulman in 1854





CONQUEST OF THE ARCTIC


Rare Engraving of American Sledges on the Ice at Cape George Russell  
Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N.  
Engraving by J. Hamilton and R. Hinshlewood in 1854



### CONQUEST OF THE ARCTIC

Rare Engraving of American Explorers at the Great Glacier of Humboldt  
Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N.  
Engraving by J. Hamilton and R. Hinshlewood in 1854





## America's Discovery of the North Pole

Widely scattered in small villages, the northernmost Eskimo finds here a good living. A narrow band of rocky land between the land ice and the sea offers grasses, upon which feed ptarmigan, hare and caribou.

Numerous cliffs and islands afford a resting place, in summer, for myriads of marine birds that seek the small life of the icy waters. Blue, and white fox wander everywhere. Seal, walrus, narwhal and white whale sport in the summer sun; while the bear, king of the polar wilds, roams over the sea at all times.

Seeking abundant game, this little tribe of most primitive man does not feel his hopeless isolation.

The yacht dodged the icebergs and dangerous rocks in the fog about Cape Athol, then turned eastward to cross Wolstenholme Sound.

As we neared Table Mountain, which guards North Star Bay, many natives came out in kayaks to meet us. Some were recognized as old friends. There was Myah, he of many wives; Oobloiah who had executed Angodgibsah, styled the villain by Gibson, at Red-Cliff House, and Pincoota, husband of the queen, in whose family are to be found the only hybrid children of the tribe.

Later Knud Rasmussen, a Danish writer, living as a native among the people, came aboard. With him we got better acquainted during the winter.

Our engines were disabled by a loose universal joint, so we lowered a launch and two dories to tow the yacht to a safe anchorage. At high tide the vessel was grounded, a propeller, which had been bent was straightened, and the universal joint put to rights.

In the meantime the launch was kept rushing to and fro, with Mr. Bradley and the writer as passengers. On shore, the harpoon gun was tried, and around the bay waters we bagged a number of eider duck.

Late at night a visit was made to the town of Oomanooi. There were seven triangular sealskin tents, conveniently placed on picturesque rocks. Gathered about these, in large numbers, were men, women and children, shivering in the midnight chill.

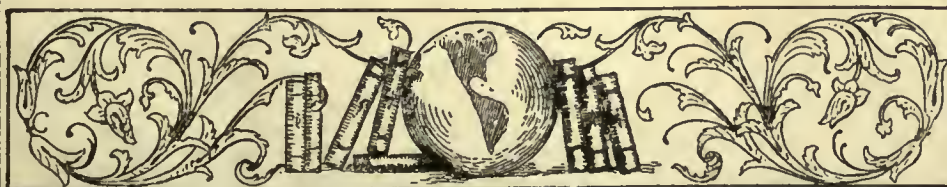
They were odd looking specimens of humanity. In height, the men averaged but five feet two inches, and the women four feet ten inches. All had broad, fat faces, heavy trunks and well rounded limbs. Their skin was slightly bronzed. Men and women had coal black hair and brown eyes. The nose was short, and the hands and feet were short but thick.

A genial woman was found at every tent opening, ready to receive the visitors in due form. We entered and had a short chat with each family.


There was not much news to exchange. After we had gone over the list of marriages and deaths, the luck of the chase became the topic of conversation.

It was a period of monogamy. Myah had exchanged a plurality of wives for a larger team of dogs, and there was but one other man in the tribe with two wives.

Women were rather scarce. Several marriageable men were forced to forego the advantages of married life because there were not enough wives for all. By mutual agreement several men had exchanged wives; in other cases women had chosen other partners, and the changes were made seemingly to the advantage of all, for no regrets were expressed.







## Official Record by Dr. Frederick Cook

With no law, no literature, and no fixed custom to fasten the matrimonial bond, these simple but intelligent people control their destinies with remarkable success.

There was an average of three fat, clever children for each family, the youngest, as a rule, resting in a pocket on the mother's back.

The tent had a raised platform, upon which all slept. The edge of this made a seat, and on each side were placed stone lamps, in which blubber was burned, with moss as a wick. Over this was a drying rack, and there was other furniture.

The dress of furs gave the Eskimos a look of savage fierceness which their kindly faces and easy temperament did not warrant.

On board the yacht there had been busy days of barter. Furs and ivory had been gathered in heaps in exchange for guns, knives and needles. Every seaman, from cabin boy to captain, had suddenly got rich in the gamble of trade for prized blue fox skins and narwhal tusks.

The Eskimos were equally elated with their end of the bargain. For a beautiful fox skin, of less use to a native than a dog pelt, he has secured a pocket knife that would serve him half a lifetime.

A woman had exchanged her fur pants, worth a hundred dollars, for a red pocket handkerchief, with which she would decorate her head and igloo for years to come.

Another had given her bearskin mits for needles, and conveyed the idea that she had the long end of the trade. A fat youth, with only a smile displayed, exchanged furs for two tin cups, one for himself and one for his prospective bride. All of this glitter had been received in exchange for an ordinary ivory horn worth about ninety dollars.

The midnight tide lifted the yacht on an even keel from her make-shift drydock on the beach, and she was pulled out into the bay and anchored for a few hours. Oomanoi was but one of six villages in which the tribe had divided its two hundred and fifty people for the current season.

To study the people, to further encourage the game of barter, and to enjoy the rare sport of yachting and hunting in man's northernmost haunts, we prepared to visit as many villages as possible.

In the morning the anchor was raised and the yacht set sail to a light wind, headed for more northern villages. It was a gray day, with a quiet sea. The speed of the yacht was not fast enough to be exciting, so Mr. Bradley suggested lowering the launch for a crack at ducks, or a chase of walrus, or a drive at anything that happened to cut the waters.


The harpoon gun was taken, as it was hoped that a whale might come our way, but the gun proved unsatisfactory and did not contribute much to our sport. We were able to run all round the yacht as she slowly sailed over Wolstenholme Sound.

Ducks were secured in abundance. Seals were given chase, but they were able to escape our craft. Nearing Saunders Island a herd of walrus was seen on a pan of drift ice far ahead of the yacht. The magneto was pushed, the carburetor opened, and out we rushed after the shouting beasts.

Two with splendid tusks were obtained, and two tons of meat blubber were turned over to our Eskimo allies.

The days of hunting proved quite strenuous, and in the evening we were glad to seek the comfort of our cosy cabins, when roast eider duck had filled a large gap.





## America's Discovery of the North Pole

Among the Eskimo passengers pacing the deck was a widow, who, in tears, told us the story of her life, a story which offered a peep into the comedy and tragedy of Eskimo existence. She had arranged a den under a shelter of sealskins among the anchor chains. We had offered her a large bed, with straw in it, and a place between decks as a better nest for her brood of youngsters, but she refused, saying she preferred the open air on deck.

To my question as to how the world had used her, she buried her face in her hands and began to mutter to her two boys, the youngest just in pants. I knew her early history, so could understand her story without hearing all her words between sobs.

She had come from American shores and, as a foreign belle, her hand was sought early. At thirteen, Ikwa introduced her to a wedded life not strewn with blubber. He was cruel and not always truthful, a sin for which his brother, the angikok, or doctor, was, without his consent, put out of harm's way.

Two girls graced their home. One was now married. When the youngest was out of her hood, Ikwa took the children and invited her to leave, saying that he had taken to wife Ahtah, a plump maid and a good seamstress.

Manee had neither advantage, but she knew something of human nature, and soon found another husband, a good deal older, but better than the first. Their life was a hard one, for Nordingwah was not a good hunter, but their home was peaceable, quiet and happy. Two children enlivened it. Both were at her side on the yacht, a boy of eight, the only deaf and dumb Eskimo in all the land, and a thin, pale weakling of three.

Both had been condemned by the Eskimo law of the survival of the fittest, the first because of insufficient senses and the second because it was under three and still on its mother's back when the father passed away. They were not to participate in the strife of life. But an unusual mother loved them.

A few days before the previous winter the old father, anxious to provide warm bearskins for the prolonged night, had ventured alone far up into the mountains. His gun went off accidentally and he never returned.

The executor of the brother of Manee's former husband was kind to her for the long night and kept famine from the door. In the summer day she had been able to keep herself, but who could provide for her for the night to come? Her only resource was to seek the chilled heart of her former husband, and we were performing the unpleasant mission of taking her to him as wife number two.


When we later saw Ikwa he did not thank us for the trouble we had taken, but we had expected no reward.

The speed of the yacht increased as the night advanced. A snow squall frosted the decks, and to escape the icy air we sought our warm berths early. At four o'clock in the morning the gray gloom separated and the warm sun poured forth a suitable wealth of August rays. In a few moments the winter frost was changed to summer glories.

At this time we passed the ice battered and storm swept cliff of Cape Parry. Beyond was Whale Sound. On a sea of gold, strewn with ice islands of ultramarine and alabaster, whales spouted and walrus shouted. The grampus was out early for a fight. Large flocks of little auks rushed over on hurried missions.







## Official Record by Dr. Frederick Cook

The wind was light, but the engines pulled us along at a pace just fast enough to allow us to enjoy the superb surroundings. In the afternoon we were well into Inglefield Gulf, and near Ittiblu there was a strong head wind and enough ice about to engage the eye of the lookout.

We aimed here to secure Eskimo guides and with them seek caribou in Olrick's Bay. While the yacht was tacking for a favorable berth in the drift off Kanga the launch was lowered and we sought to interview the Eskimos of Ittiblu. The ride was a wet one and Mr. Bradley had the first important use for his raincoat, as a short choppy sea poured icy spray over us and tumbled us about with vigorous thumps.

There were only one woman, a few children and about a score of dogs at the place. The woman talked quickly and explained at some length that her husband and others were away on a caribou hunt, and she told us without a leading question the news of the tribe for a year.

After gasping for breath like a smothered seal, she began with news of previous years and a history of the forgotten ages. We started back for the launch and she invited herself to the pleasure of our company to the beach.

We had only gone a few steps before it occurred to her that she was in need of something. Would we not give her a few boxes of matches in exchange for a narwhal tusk? We would be delighted, said Mr. Bradley, and a handful of sweets that went with the bargain. Her boy brought down two ivory tusks, each eight feet in length. The two were worth one hundred and fifty dollars.

Had we a knife to spare? Yes, and a tin spoon was also given just to show that we were liberal.

The yacht was headed northward, across Inglefield Gulf. This made fair wind, and we cut tumbling seas of ebony with a racing dash. Though the wind was strong the air was remarkably clear.

The great chiselled cliffs of Cape Ackland rose in terraced grandeur under the midnight sun.

It is necessary for deep sea craft to give Karnah a wide berth. There were bergs enough about to hold the water down, though an occasional sea rose with a sickening thump.

The launch towed the dory, of which Manee and her children were the only occupants. We preferred to give her the luxury and privacy of a separate conveyance for several reasons, the most important being the necessity of affording room for her dogs and her household furniture, consisting of three bundles of skins and sticks.

Karnah was to be her future home, and as we neared the shore we tried to locate Ikwa, but there was not a man in town. Five women, fifteen children and forty-five dogs came out to meet us. The men were on a hunting campaign and their location was not exactly known.

Attahtungwah, Manee's rival, a fat, unsociable creature, stood on a useful stone where we wished to land, but did not accommodate us with footing on the same platform. She had not seen Manee for seven years, but she scented the game and gave us the cold shoulder for the part we had innocently played in it. Ikwa was not there, so no open breach of etiquette could be possible.

There were five sealskin tents pitched among the boulders of a glacial stream. An immense quantity of narwhal meat was placed on the rocks





CONQUEST OF THE ARCTIC

Rare Engraving of an American Expedition Ice Bound off Cape Cornelius Grinnell

Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N.

Engraving by J. Hamilton and A. W. Graham in 1854



### CONQUEST OF THE ARCTIC

Rare Engraving of American Explorers on a Bear Hunt in the Far North  
Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N.  
Engraving by G. White and J. C. McRae in 1854





### CONQUEST OF THE ARCTIC


Rare Engraving of a Walrus Hunt off the Ice Capes of Pikantlik  
Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N.  
Engraving by G. White and J. C. McRae in 1854



### CONQUEST OF THE ARCTIC

Rare Engraving of Eskimo Life in the Igloos at Etah  
Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N.  
Engraving by C. Scheussele and J. C. McRae in 1854





## America's Discovery of the North Pole

and stones to dry. Skins were stretched on the grass and a general air of thrift was shown about the place.

Bundles of sealskins, packages of pelts and much ivory were brought out to trade and establish friendly intercourse. We gave them sugar, tobacco and ammunition in quantities to suit their own estimate of value.

The fat woman entered her tent and we saw no more of her during our stay, for she did not venture to trade as did the others. Manee was kindly treated by the other village folk, and a pot steaming with oily meat was soon served in her honor. We were cordially invited to partake of the feast, but had a convenient excuse, just having finished a meal.

Would we not place ourselves at ease and stay for a day or two, as their husbands would soon return? We were forced to decline their hospitality, for without the harbor there was too much wind to keep the yacht waiting.

Eskimos have no system of salutation except a greeting smile or a parting look of regret. We got both at the same time as we stepped into the launch and shouted goodbye.

Aboard, the captain was told to proceed to Cape Robertson. The wind eased, a fog came over from the inland ice and blotted out the landscape down to about a thousand feet, but under this the air was clear.

We awoke off Cape Robertson and went ashore before breakfast. The coast here rises suddenly to an altitude of two thousand feet and is crowned with an ice cap. It is picturesque enough. Large bays, blue glacial walls and prominent headlands offer a pleasing variety, but it is much like the coast of all Greenland.

It had, however, the tremendous advantages of a southern exposure, and rocks providing a resting place for the little auk in millions. These little birds darted from the cliff to the sea. Rather rich, grassy verdure also offered an oasis for the Arctic hare, while the blue fox found life easy here, for he could fill his winter den with fat feathered creatures.

The Eskimo profits by the combination and pitches his camp at the foot of the cliffs, for the chase on sea is nearly as good here as in other places, while land creatures literally tumble into his larder.

As we approached the shore, ten men, nine women, thirty-one children and one hundred and six dogs came out to meet us. I count the children and dogs, for they are equally important in Eskimo economy. The latter are by far the most important to the average Caucasian in the Arctic.

Only small game had fallen to the Eskimos' lot, but they were eager to venture out with us after big game. At last Mr. Bradley had found a suitable retinue of native guides, and we were not long in arranging a compact.


Free passage, the good graces of the cook, and a knife each were to be their pay. A caribou hunt was not sufficiently novel to merit a return to Olrick's Bay, where intelligent effort is always rewarded, but it was hoped we might get a hunt at Kookaan, near the head of Robertson Bay.

This venture, however, failed, though it gave us an interesting chase about dangerous waters in a violent gale. We returned to the igloo to do homing, paid off our guides, made presents to their women and children, and set sail for Etah.

Clearing weather after the storm afforded delightful yachting weather. A fairly strong off-shore wind filled the big wings of canvas. The cool







## Official Record by Dr. Frederick Cook

air was bracing, while the bright sun threw glittering smiles from slant to slant. The seamen forward sang of the delights of fisher folk.

A phonograph sent music, classical and otherwise, into the Arctic air from the cabins. At table there was a kind of continuous performance, with a steady hand and receptive stomach.

During two days of stormy discomfort several important meals had been willingly missed. But in the Arctic, food accounts must be squared as quickly as possible. Here were the joys of civilization, health and recreation in a new wilderness, all combined in the composite adventures of cruising in Arctic seas.

On the following morning we passed Cape Alexander and entered Smith Sound. Half a gale came from the sea as we entered Foulke Fjord. The town of Etah was composed of four tents, which for this season had been pitched beside a small stream just inside of the first projecting point on the north shores.

Inside this point there was sheltered water to land the Eskimos' kayaks.

It also made a good harbor for the yacht. It is possible, in favorable seasons, to push through Smith Sound, over Kane Basin, into Kennedy Channel, but the experiment is always at the risk of the vessel.

There was no special reason for us to hazard life, therefore the yacht was here prepared for the return voyage. This was to consume several days, and we sought to occupy the time in exploration and sport.

The vicinity of Etah is notable as the stamping ground of Dr. Kane and Dr. Hayes in the middle of the last century. There were no unexplored spots in the neighborhood, but there was a good deal of game near. Before we landed we watched the Eskimos harpoon a white whale. The little auk kept us busy for a day, while hares, tumbling like snowballs over dark rocks, gave another day of gun recreation.

Far beyond, along the inland ice, were caribou, but we preferred to confine our exploration to the seashore. The bay waters were alive with eider ducks and guillemots, while just outside, walrus dared us to venture in an open contest on the wind swept seas.

After ambitions for the chase and local explorations were satisfied, we were told that the people of Annootok, twenty-five miles to the north, would be glad to see us. Here was the chance to arrange a jaunt in the motor-boat. The tanks were filled, suitable food and camp equipment were loaded, and off we started on the morning of August 21 for man's ultima thule.

It was a beautiful day, with a light air from the sea. Passing inside of Littleton Island, we searched for relics along Lifeboat Cove. The desolate cliffs of Cape Hatherton were a blaze of color and light, but the sea was refreshingly cool, with fleets of blue towering bergs to dispel the fire of Arctic midsummer.


As we rushed in comfort past the ice polished and wind swept headlands the sea was alive with birds, seal and walrus, but little shooting was done, for we were bent on enjoying the quiet sport of motor-boating.

As we passed the sharp rocks of Cairn Point we located nine tents in a small bay under Cape Ingfield.

"Look, there is Annootok!" said Tungan, our native guide.

Looking up Smith Sound we noted that the entire channel beyond was blocked with a jam of hard, blue ice. The northernmost limit of





## America's Discovery of the North Pole

motor-boating had been reached. A perpendicular cliff served as a pier to which to fasten the boat. Here it could rise and fall with the tide, and the drifting ice did not give much trouble.

A diligent exploration of the town disclosed the fact that we had reached not only the northernmost town, but the most prosperous settlement of the Greenland shore. The best hunters had gathered here for the winter bear hunt.

Their game catch had been very lucky. Immense catches of meat were strewn along the shore. More than a hundred dogs voiced the hunting force, with which Eskimo prosperity is measured, and twelve long-haired wild men came out to meet us as friends.

The wealth in food and furs of this place fixed my determination on this spot as a base for the polar dash. We were standing at a point within seven hundred miles of the pole. The strongest force of men, the best teams of dogs and an unlimited supply of food, combined with the equipment on board the yacht, formed an ideal plant from which to work out the campaign. The seeming hopelessness of the task had a kind of weird fascination for me. Many years of schooling in both polar zones and in mountaineering would serve a useful purpose.

Here was my chance. Here was everything necessary, conveniently placed within the polar gateway. The problem was discussed with my colleague. Mr. Bradley generously volunteered to land from the yacht, the food, fuel and other supplies we had provided for local use. There was abundant trading material to serve as money.

My own equipment aboard, for sledge travelling, could be made to serve every purpose in the enterprise. The possible combination left absolutely nothing to be desired to insure success.

Only good health, endurable weather and workable ice were necessary. The expenditure of a million dollars could not have placed an expedition at a better advantage. The opportunity was too good to be lost. We therefore returned to Etah to prepare for the quest.

Strong efforts had been made to reach the pole from every available quarter. Only the angle between Alaska and Greenland had been left untried. In our prospective venture we aimed to pierce this area of the globe.

If we failed in our main effort, we would at least make a track over a blank spot. With the resources for transportation which the Eskimos offered, I hoped to carry ample supplies over Ellesmere Land and along the west coast of the game land.


There was reason to suppose that we would avoid the troublesome pack agitated by the Greenland currents. The Eskimos were willing to trust to the game resources of this region to feed and fire the expedition en route to the land's end.

If their faith proved correct, it offered me a series of advantages denied to every other leader of polar expeditions, for the movement would not only be supplied at the expense of the land which it explored, but men and dogs would be taken to the battleground in superb training, with their vigorous bodies nourished by wholesome fresh meat, not the nauseating laboratory stuff which is usually crowded into the unwilling stomach.

Furthermore, it afforded me a chance to test every article of equipment in actual field work, and above all, after a hard campaign of this kind, I could select with some chance of success the most likely winners for the final race over the circumpolar sea.







## Official Record by Dr. Frederick Cook

air was bracing, while the bright sun threw glittering smiles from slant to slant. The seamen forward sang of the delights of fisher folk.

A phonograph sent music, classical and otherwise, into the Arctic air from the cabins. At table there was a kind of continuous performance, with a steady hand and receptive stomach.

During two days of stormy discomfort several important meals had been willingly missed. But in the Arctic, food accounts must be squared as quickly as possible. Here were the joys of civilization, health and recreation in a new wilderness, all combined in the composite adventures of cruising in Arctic seas.

On the following morning we passed Cape Alexander and entered Smith Sound. Half a gale came from the sea as we entered Foulke Fjord. The town of Etah was composed of four tents, which for this season had been pitched beside a small stream just inside of the first projecting point on the north shores.

Inside this point there was sheltered water to land the Eskimos' kayaks.

It also made a good harbor for the yacht. It is possible, in favorable seasons, to push through Smith Sound, over Kane Basin, into Kennedy Channel, but the experiment is always at the risk of the vessel.

There was no special reason for us to hazard life, therefore the yacht was here prepared for the return voyage. This was to consume several days, and we sought to occupy the time in exploration and sport.

The vicinity of Etah is notable as the stamping ground of Dr. Kane and Dr. Hayes in the middle of the last century. There were no unexplored spots in the neighborhood, but there was a good deal of game near. Before we landed we watched the Eskimos harpoon a white whale. The little auk kept us busy for a day, while hares, tumbling like snowballs over dark rocks, gave another day of gun recreation.

Far beyond, along the inland ice, were caribou, but we preferred to confine our exploration to the seashore. The bay waters were alive with eider ducks and guillemots, while just outside, walrus dared us to venture in an open contest on the wind swept seas.

After ambitions for the chase and local explorations were satisfied, we were told that the people of Annootok, twenty-five miles to the north, would be glad to see us. Here was the chance to arrange a jaunt in the motor-boat. The tanks were filled, suitable food and camp equipment were loaded, and off we started on the morning of August 21 for man's ultima thule.

It was a beautiful day, with a light air from the sea. Passing inside of Littleton Island, we searched for relics along Lifeboat Cove. The desolate cliffs of Cape Hatherton were a blaze of color and light, but the sea was refreshingly cool, with fleets of blue towering bergs to dispel the fire of Arctic midsummer.


As we rushed in comfort past the ice polished and wind swept headlands the sea was alive with birds, seal and walrus, but little shooting was done, for we were bent on enjoying the quiet sport of motor-boating.

As we passed the sharp rocks of Cairn Point we located nine tents in a small bay under Cape Inglefield.

"Look, there is Annootok!" said Tungan, our native guide.

Looking up Smith Sound we noted that the entire channel beyond was blocked with a jam of hard, blue ice. The northernmost limit of





## America's Discovery of the North Pole

motor-boating had been reached. A perpendicular cliff served as a pier to which to fasten the boat. Here it could rise and fall with the tide, and the drifting ice did not give much trouble.

A diligent exploration of the town disclosed the fact that we had reached not only the northernmost town, but the most prosperous settlement of the Greenland shore. The best hunters had gathered here for the winter bear hunt.

Their game catch had been very lucky. Immense catches of meat were strewn along the shore. More than a hundred dogs voiced the hunting force, with which Eskimo prosperity is measured, and twelve long-haired wild men came out to meet us as friends.

The wealth in food and furs of this place fixed my determination on this spot as a base for the polar dash. We were standing at a point within seven hundred miles of the pole. The strongest force of men, the best teams of dogs and an unlimited supply of food, combined with the equipment on board the yacht, formed an ideal plant from which to work out the campaign. The seeming hopelessness of the task had a kind of weird fascination for me. Many years of schooling in both polar zones and in mountaineering would serve a useful purpose.

Here was my chance. Here was everything necessary, conveniently placed within the polar gateway. The problem was discussed with my colleague. Mr. Bradley generously volunteered to land from the yacht, the food, fuel and other supplies we had provided for local use. There was abundant trading material to serve as money.

My own equipment aboard, for sledge travelling, could be made to serve every purpose in the enterprise. The possible combination left absolutely nothing to be desired to insure success.

Only good health, endurable weather and workable ice were necessary. The expenditure of a million dollars could not have placed an expedition at a better advantage. The opportunity was too good to be lost. We therefore returned to Etah to prepare for the quest.

Strong efforts had been made to reach the pole from every available quarter. Only the angle between Alaska and Greenland had been left untried. In our prospective venture we aimed to pierce this area of the globe.

If we failed in our main effort, we would at least make a track over a blank spot. With the resources for transportation which the Eskimos offered, I hoped to carry ample supplies over Ellesmere Land and along the west coast of the game land.


There was reason to suppose that we would avoid the troublesome pack agitated by the Greenland currents. The Eskimos were willing to trust to the game resources of this region to feed and fire the expedition en route to the land's end.

If their faith proved correct, it offered me a series of advantages denied to every other leader of polar expeditions, for the movement would not only be supplied at the expense of the land which it explored, but men and dogs would be taken to the battleground in superb training, with their vigorous bodies nourished by wholesome fresh meat, not the nauseating laboratory stuff which is usually crowded into the unwilling stomach.

Furthermore, it afforded me a chance to test every article of equipment in actual field work, and above all, after a hard campaign of this kind, I could select with some chance of success the most likely winners for the final race over the circumpolar sea.







## Official Record by Dr. Frederick Cook

A compact was made with the little men of the farthest north to push the venture into the boreal center. When it was noised about at Etah that preparations were in progress to try for the pole, most of the men on board the yacht volunteered to serve.

Captain Bartlett, skipper of the "John R. Bradley," said that he also would like to stay, but if compelled to return, he required at least a cook and an engineer to take the yacht back to Newfoundland.

The situation was eased when the Captain was told that but one man was wanted. No group of white men could possibly match the Eskimo in his own element. The willing hands of a tribe of two hundred and fifty people were at my disposal. More help was not required.

But a companion and a general overseer was in demand for this post. Rudolph Francke was selected. Annootok was to be the base of operations.

But there is no harbor near this village to facilitate a rapid landing of supplies, and to hasten the departure of the yacht on her homeward run, everything for the polar campaign was brought on deck while the vessel was still at anchor in Etah, and below, all was prepared for the expected storms of the return voyage.

Late in the evening of September 1, the entire village of Etah was taken aboard, the anchor was tripped, and soon the "Bradley's" bow put out on the waters of Smith Sound for Annootok. The night was cold and clear, brightened by the charm of color. The sun had just begun to dip under the northern horizon, which marks the end of the summer double days of splendor and begins the period of storms leading into the long night. Early in the morning we were off Annootok.

The weather was now changed. A strong wind came from the sea. With shallow water, unknown rocks and much ice drifting about, no comfortable berth could be found for the yacht. If the overloaded decks were to be cleared at all it must be done quickly.

The launch and all the dories were lowered and filled. Eskimo boats were pressed into service and loaded. The boats were towed ashore. Only a few reached Annootok itself, for the wind increased and a troublesome sea made haste a matter of great importance. Things were pitched ashore anywhere on the rocks where a landing could be found for the boats.

The splendid efficiency of the launch proved equal to the emergency, and in the course of about three hours all was safely put on shore in spite of threatening winds and forbidding seas.


With a hasty farewell to Mr. Bradley and the officers, and encouraged with a cheer from all on board, we left the motherly yacht for our new home and mission. The yacht stood off to avoid drifting ice and await the return of the motor-boat.

When we were set ashore we sat down and watched with saddened eyes the departure of our friends and the severing of the bond which had held us to the known world of life and happiness.

The village of Annootok is placed in a small bay just inside of Cape Inglefield. Its population changes much from year to year, according to the known luck of the chase or the ambition of men to obtain new bearskin trousers.

Scattered about it were twelve sealskin tents, which served as a summer shelter for an equal number of vigorous families. In other places





## America's Discovery of the North Pole

near the sea were seven stone igloos. Upon these the work of reconstruction for winter shelter had already begun.

In the immediate vicinity there were some turf and moss, but everywhere else within a few hundred feet of the sea the land rose abruptly in steep slopes of barren rock.

To the westward across Smith Sound, in blue haze, was seen Cape Sabine, Bache Peninsula and some of the land beyond which we hoped to cross in our prospective venture.

The construction of a winter house and workshop called for immediate attention after the wind subsided. Men, women and children offered strong hands to gather the stones strewn along the shore.

When the cargo is packed in this manner the things can be quickly tossed on deck and transported to floating ice or land. Later it is possible, with packing boxes of uniform size as building material, to erect efficient shelter wherein the calamities of Arctic disaster can be avoided.

This precaution against ultimate mishap now served a very useful purpose. Enclosing a space thirteen by sixteen feet, the cases were quickly piled in. The walls were held together by strips of wood or the joints sealed with pasted paper with the addition of a few long boards.

A really good roof was made by using the covers of the boxes as shingles. A blanket of turf over this confined the heat, and permitted at the same time, healthful circulation of air.

We slept under our own roof at the end of the first day, and our new house had the very great advantage of containing within its walls all our possessions, within easy reach at all times.

As the winter advanced with its stormy ferocity and frightful darkness, it was not necessary to venture out and dig up supplies from great depths of snow drift. Meat and blubber were stored in large quantities about the camp.

But our expedition was in need of skins and furs. Furthermore, as men engaged for the northern venture would be away during the spring months, the best hunting season of the year, it was necessary to make provision for house needs later. There was, therefore, much work before us, for we had not only to prepare our equipment, but to provide for the families of the workers.

In the polar cycle of the seasons there are peculiar conditions which apply to circumstances and movements. As the word seasons is ordinarily understood, there are but two, a winter season and a summer season—a winter season of nine months and a summer of three months.


But for more convenient division of the yearly periods, it is best to retain the usual cycle of four seasons. Eskimos call the winter ookiah, which also means year, and the summer onsah. Days are "sleeps." The months are moons and the periods are named in accord with the movements of various creatures of the chase.

In early September at Annootok the sun dips considerably under the northern horizon. There is no night. At sunset and at sunrise storm clouds hide the bursts of color which are the glory of twilight, and the electric afterglow is generally lost in the dull gray which bespeaks the torment of the storms of the setting sun.

The gloom of the coming winter night now thickens. The splendor of the summer day has gone. A day of six months and a night of six







## Official Record by Dr. Frederick Cook

months is often ascribed to the polar regions as a whole, but this is only true of a very small area about the pole.

As we come south the sun slips under the horizon for an ever increasing part of each twenty-four hours. Preceding and following the night, as we come from the pole, there is a period of day and night which lengthens with the descent of latitude.

It is this period which enables us to retain the names of the usual seasons—summer for the double days, fall for the period of the setting sun. This season begins when the sun first dips under the ice at midnight for a few moments.

These moments increase rapidly, yet one hardly appreciates that the sun is departing until day and night are of equal length, for the night remains light, though not cheerful. Then the day rapidly shortens, and darkness and the sun sinks until at least there is but a mere glimmer of the glory of day.

Winter is limited to the long night, and spring applies to the days of the rising sun, a period corresponding to the autumn days of the setting sun.

At Annotok the midnight sun is first seen over the sea horizon, on April 23. It dips in the sea on August 19. It thus encircles the horizon, giving summer and continuous day for 118 days. It sets at midday on October 24 and is absent a period of prolonged night corresponding to the day, and rises on February 20.

Then follow the eye opening days of spring. In the fall, when the harmonizing influence of the sun is withdrawn, there begins a battle of the elements which continues its smoky agitation until stilled by the hopeless frost of early night.

At this time, though field work was painful, the needs of our venture forced us to persistent action in the chase of walrus, seal, narwhal and white whale. We harvested food and fuel.

Before winter ice spread over the hunting grounds, ptarmigan, hare and reindeer were sought to supply the table during the long night with delicacies, while bear and fox pleased the palates of the Eskimos, and their pelts clothed all.


Many long journeys were made to secure an important supply of grass to pad boots and mittens and also to secure moss, which serves as wick for the Eskimo lamp. The months of September and October were indeed important periods of anxious seeking for reserve supplies.

There was a complex activity suddenly stimulated along the Greenland coast which did not require general supervision. The Eskimos knew what was required without a word from us, and knew better than we did where to find the things worth while. An outline of the polar campaign was sent from village to village, with a few general instructions.

Each local group of natives was to fill an important duty and bring together the tremendous amount of material required for our house and sled equipment. Each Eskimo village has, as a rule, certain game advantages.

In some places foxes and hares were abundant. Their skins were in great demand for coats and stockings, and Eskimos must not only gather the greatest number possible, but must prepare the skins and make them into properly fitting garments.





## America's Discovery of the North Pole

In other places reindeer were abundant. This skin was very much in demand for sleeping bags, while the sinew was required for thread. In still other places seal was the luck of the chase and its skin was one of our most important needs. Of it, boots were ordered and an immense amount of line and lashings was prepared.

Thus in one way or another every man, woman and most of the children of this tribe of two hundred and fifty people were kept busy in the service of the expedition. The work was well done and with much better knowledge of the fitness of things than could be done by any possible gathering of white men.

The quest of the walrus and the narwhal came in our own immediate plan of adventure. The unicorn, or narwhal, does not often come under the eye of the white man, though one of the first animals to leave our shores.

It gave for a brief spell good results in sport and useful material. The blubber is the pride of every housekeeper, for it gives a long, hot flame to the lamp, with no smoke to spot the igloo finery. The skin is regarded as quite a delicacy. Cut into squares, it looks and tastes like scallops, with only a slight aroma of train oil.

The meat dries easily and is thus prized as an appetizer, or as a lunch to be eaten en route in sled or kayak. In this shape it was an extremely useful thing for us, for it took the place of pemmican for our less urgent journeys.

The narwhal, which, apart from its usefulness, is most interesting to denizens of the Arctic deep, played in schools far off shore, usually along the edge of large ice. Its long ivory tusks rose under spouts of breath and spray.

When this glad sight was noted every kayak about camp was manned and the flitter of skin canoes went like birds over the water. Some of the Eskimos rose to the ice fields and delivered harpoons from a secure footing. Others hid behind floating fragments of heavy ice and made a sudden rush as the animals passed.

Still others came up in the rear, for the narwhal cannot easily see backward and does not often turn to watch its enemies, its speed being so fast that it can easily keep ahead of other troublesome creatures.


The harpoon is always delivered at close range. When the dragging float marked the end of the line in tow of the frightened creature the line of skin canoes followed. The narwhal is timid by nature. Fearing to rise for breath, he plunged along until nearly strangulated. When it did come up there were several Eskimos near with drawn lances which inflicted deep gashes.

Again the narwhal plunged deep down with but one breath, and hurried along as best it could. But its speed slackened and a line of crimson marked its hidden path. Loss of blood and want of air did not give it a chance to fight. Again it came up with a spout. Again the lances were hurled.

The battle continued for several hours, with many exciting adventures, but in the end the narwhal always succumbed, offering a prize of several thousands of pounds of meat and blubber. Victory as a rule was not gained until the hunters were far from home, also far from the shore line. But the Eskimo is a courageous hunter and an intelligent seaman.







## Official Record by Dr. Frederick Cook

To the huge carcass frail kayaks were hitched in a long line. Towing is slow, wind and sea combining to make the task difficult and dangerous. One sees nothing of the narwhal and very little of the kayak, for dashing seas wash over the little craft, but the double bladed paddles see-saw with the regularity of a pendulum.

Homecoming takes many hours and engenders a prodigious amount of hard work, but there is energy to spare, for a wealth of meat and fat is the culmination of all Eskimo ambition.

Seven of these ponderous animals were brought in during five days, making a heap of more than forty thousand pounds of food and fuel. Then the narwhal suddenly disappeared and we saw no more of them.

Three white whales were also obtained in a similar way at Etah at about the same time.

The northward journey and the observations of the expedition will be recorded as the manuscript is prepared and presented through its official channels, the *New York Herald*.

---

The moving Finger writes, and having writ  
Moves on; nor all your Piety or Wit  
Shall lure it back, nor cancel half a line,  
Nor all your Tears wash out a word of it.

—OMAR KHAYYAM.

Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do or die.

—TENNYSON.

I hold it true with him who sings  
To one clear note in divers tones,  
That men may rise on stepping stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things.

—TENNYSON.

Heaven doth divide  
The state of man in divers functions,  
Setting endeavor in continual motion;  
To which is fixed, as aim or butt,  
Obedience.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Happiness is a perfume you cannot pour on others without getting a few drops yourself.—ANONYMOUS.

Kindness—a language the dumb can speak and the deaf can understand.

—JAPANESE SAYING.





341

STATUE TO ALEXANDER HAMILTON—Father of American Banking



STATUE TO BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER  
By Daniel Chester French of New York



STATUE TO MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES BEVENS  
By Daniel Chester French of New York





343

# AMERICAN VALOR IN THE SOUTH

Statue recently erected by the Southerners in Memory  
of the Loved Ones whom they offered on the altar of Civilization



Original Negative taken on the Battleground at Kenesaw Mountain, Georgia, in 1864—Now in Collection of 7000 Original Negatives taken on the Battlefields of the Civil War—Owned by Edward Bailey Eaton of Hartford, Connecticut—See page 359



Original Negative taken in Entrenchments before Atlanta, Georgia, in 1864





# Peary Expedition to the North Pole

Official Narrative for Historical Record under Authority and  
Copyright, 1909, by New York Times Company & Copyright  
in Great Britain by the London Times & All Rights Reserved

BY


COMMANDER ROBERT E. PEARY, U. S. N.

Member of the Peary Arctic Club—Arctic Club of America—Explorer's Club—  
American Geographical Society—National Geographic Society  
and Honorary Member of Leading Geographical  
Societies throughout the World


**T**HIS is the official narrative of the Peary Expedition to the North Pole. It is recorded in these pages as a matter of historical evidence bearing upon one of the greatest co-incidences in the history of the world—the simultaneous discovery of the North Pole by two American expeditions. This remarkable narrative literally came on the winds of the Arctic night. Remarkable as is this epoch-making narrative, the manner in which it swept the civilized globe is equally as marvelous. It is the first use of the modern science of wireless telegraphy in bringing to the world the complete narrative of a great exploration direct from the explorer in the wilds of the explored country. It was on the sixth of September, in 1909, that this message flashed through the clouds from Labrador: "Stars and Stripes nailed to the North Pole—Peary." In an instant the voice from the Arctic was being echoed around the globe and into every community of the civilized world. The weird genius of the wireless science had come like a voice from the dead. Commander Robert E. Peary, of the United States Navy, in the ship "Roosevelt," had sailed from New York to the Arctic regions on the sixth of July, 1908. Three months later the last message had come back from the expedition as it penetrated the ice mountains of Greenland in an heroic effort to reach the apex of the earth. The narrative recorded in these pages tells the rest of the story. On the sixth of April, in 1909, Commander Peary, the most famous of Arctic explorers, unfurled the American flag at the North Pole. The great American commander also unfurled to the Arctic winds the glorious American Peace flag, the ensign of the brotherhood of the nations and "peace on earth good will unto men" on the uppermost point of the globe. The first historical record of this Peace flag was made in *THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY* in the fourth number of the second volume. Commander Peary was born in Cressen, Pennsylvania, on May 6, 1856. He was therefore forty-three years of age when he unfurled the flag of his country at the earth's axis. Seven times he had dared the dangers of the Arctic to reach the North Pole and in his eighth and last effort attained the ambition of the ages. His career is typically American. The official narrative of the Peary Expedition, now recorded, was transmitted by wireless telegraphy, under tremendous difficulties, from the coast of Labrador to the New York Times, one of America's greatest news journals, and then disseminated throughout the civilized world.—EDITOR







## Official Record by Commander Robert Peary



**B**ATTLE HARBOR, Labrador, (via Marconi Wireless, Cape Ray, N. F.), September 9, 1909.—The steamer "Roosevelt," bearing the North Polar expedition of the Peary Arctic Club, parted company with the "Erik" and steamed out of Etah Ford late in the afternoon of August 18, 1908, setting the usual course for Cape Sabine. The weather was dirty, with fresh southerly winds. We had on board twenty-two Eskimo men, seventeen women and ten children, two hundred and twenty-six dogs, and some forty-odd walrus.

We encountered ice a short distance from the mouth of the harbor, but it was not closely packed and was negotiated by the "Roosevelt" without serious difficulty. As we neared Cape Sabine the weather cleared somewhat, and we passed close by Three Voort Island and Cape Sabine, easily making out with the naked eye the house at Hayes Harbor occupied by me in the winter of 1901-02.

From Cape Sabine north there was so much water that we thought of setting the lug sail before the southerly wind; but the later appearance of ice to the northward stopped this. There was clean open water to Cape Albert, and from there scattered ice to a point about abreast of Victoria Head, thick weather and dense ice bringing us some ten or fifteen miles away.

From here we drifted south somewhat, and then got a slant to the northward, out of the current. We worked a little further north, and stopped again for some hours. Then we again worked westward and northward till we reached a series of lakes, coming to a stop a few miles south of the "Windward's" winter quarters at Cape Durville. From here, after some delay, we slowly worked a way northeastward through fog and broken ice of medium thickness, through one night and the forenoon of the next day, only emerging into open water and clear weather off Cape Fraser.

From this point we had a clear run through the middle of Robeson Channel, uninterrupted by either ice or fog, to Lady Franklin Bay. Here we encountered both ice and fog, and while working along in search of a practicable opening were forced across to the Greenland coast at Thank God Harbor.

The fog lifted there, and enabled us to make out our whereabouts. We steamed north through a series of leads past Cape Lupton, and thence southward toward Cape Union. A few miles off that cape we were stopped by impracticable ice, and we drifted back south to Cape Union, where we stopped again.



### TWICE FORCED AGROUND

We lay for some time in a lake of water, and then, to prevent being drifted south again, took refuge under the north shore of Lincoln Bay, in nearly the identical place where we had our unpleasant experiences three years before. Here we remained for several days during a period of constant, and at times, violent northeasterly winds.

Twice we were forced aground by the heavy ice; we had our port quarter rail broken and a hole stove in the bulwarks. Twice we pushed out in an attempt to get north, but we were forced back each time to our precarious shelter.

Finally, on September 2, we squeezed around Cape Union and made fast in a shallow niche in the ice; but after some hours we made another short run to Black Cape, and hung on to a grounded bit of ice. At last, a little





## America's Discovery of the North Pole

after midnight of September 5, we passed through extremely heavy running ice into a stream of open water, rounded Cape Rawson, and passed Cape Sheridan.

Within a quarter of an hour of the same time we arrived three years before—7 A. M., September 5—we reached the open water extending beyond Cape Sheridan. We steamed up to the end of it, and it appeared practicable at first to reach Porter Bay, near Cape Joseph Henley, which I had for my winter quarters. But the outlook being unsatisfactory, I went back and put the "Roosevelt" into the only opening in the floe, being barred close to the mouth of the Sheridan River, a little north of our position three years prior.

The season was further advanced than in 1905; there was more snow on the ground, and the new ice inside the floe bergs was much thicker. The work of discharging the ship was commenced at once and rushed to completion. The supplies and equipment we sledged across ice and sea and deposited on shore. A house and workshop were built of boards, covered with sails and fitted with stoves, and the ship was snug for winter, in shoal water, where she touched bottom at low tide. This settlement on the stormy shores of the Arctic Ocean was christened Hubbardville.

Hunting parties were sent out on September 10, and a bear was brought in on the 12th, and some deer a day or two later.

### MOVING THE SUPPLIES


On September 15, the full work of transporting supplies to Cape Columbia was inaugurated, Marvin, with Dr. Goodsell and Borup and the Eskimos, took sixteen sledge loads of supplies to Cape Belknap, and on the 27th the same party started with loads to Porter Bay. The work of hunting and transporting supplies was prosecuted continuously by the members of the party and the Eskimos until November 5, when the supplies for the spring sledge trip had been removed from winter quarters and deposited at various places from Cape Colan to Cape Columbia.

In the latter part of September the movement of the ice subjected the ship to a pressure which listed her to port some 8 or 10 degrees, and she did not recover till the following spring. On October 1, I went on a hunt with two Eskimos, across the field and Parr Bay and the peninsula, made the circuit of Clemants Markham Inlet, and returned to the ship in seven days with fifteen musk oxen, a bear and a deer. Later in October, I repeated the trip, obtaining five musk oxen, and hunting parties secured some forty deer.

Professor McMillan went to Columbia in November and obtained a month of tidal observations, returning in December. In the December moon Borup moved the Hecla depot to Cape Colan; Bartlett made a hunting trip overland to Lake Hazen, and Hansen went to Clemants Markham Inlet. In the January moon Marvin crossed Robeson Channel and went to Cape Bryant for tidal and meteorological observations; Bartlett crossed the channel and made the circuit of Newman Bay, and explored the peninsula. After he returned, Goodsell went to Markham Inlet, and Borup toward Lake Hazen, in the interior, on hunting trips.

In the February moon Bartlett went to Cape Hecla, Goodsell moved some more supplies from Hecla to Cape Colan, and Borup went to Markham Inlet on a hunting trip. On February 15 Bartlett left the "Roosevelt" with his division for Cape Columbia and Parr Bay. Goodsell, Borup, McMillan and Hansen followed on successive days with their provisions.





## Official Record by Commander Robert Peary

Marvin returned from Bryants on February 17 and left for Cape Columbia February 21. I brought up the rear February 22.

The total of all divisions leaving the "Roosevelt" were seven members of the party, 59 Eskimos, 140 dogs, and 23 sledges. By February 27 such of the Cape Colan depot as was needed had been brought up to Cape Columbia, the dogs were rested, double rationed and harnessed, and the sledges and other gear overhauled.

### HEWING THROUGH ICE

Four months of northerly winds during the fall and winter instead of southerly ones, as during the previous season, led me to expect less open water than before, but a great deal of rough ice, and I was prepared to hew a road through the jagged ice for the first hundred miles or so, and then cross the big lead.

On the last day of February, Bartlett, with his pioneer division, accomplished this, and his division got away due north over the ice on March 1. The remainder of the party got away on Bartlett's trail, and I followed an hour later.

The party now comprised seven members of the expedition, 17 Eskimos, 133 dogs, and 19 sledges. One Eskimo and seven dogs had gone to pieces.

A strong easterly wind, drifting snow, and temperature in the minus marked our departure from the camp at Cape Columbia, which I had christened Crane City. Rough ice in the first march damaged several sledges and smashed two beyond repair, the teams going back to Columbia for other sledges in reserve there.

We camped ten miles from Crane City. The easterly wind and low temperature continued. In the second march we passed the British record made by Markham in May, 1876—82.20—and were stopped by open water, which had been formed by the wind after Bartlett passed. In this march we negotiated the lead and reached Bartlett's third camp. Borup had gone back from here, but missed his way, owing to the faulting of the trail by the movement of the ice.

Marvin came back also for more fuel and alcohol. The wind continued forming open water all about us. At the end of the fourth march we came upon Bartlett, who had been stopped by a wide lake of open water. We remained here from March 4 to March 11.



At noon of March 5 the sun, red and shaped like a football by excessed reflection, just raised itself above the horizon for a few minutes, and then disappeared again. It was the first time I had seen it since October 1.

I now began to feel a good deal of anxiety because there were no signs of Marvin and Borup, who should have been there for two days. Besides, they had the alcohol and oil, which were indispensable to us. We concluded that they had either lost the trail or were imprisoned on an island by open water, probably the latter.

### ACROSS 84TH PARALLEL

Fortunately, on March 11 the lead was practicable, and leaving a note for Marvin and Borup to push on after us by forced marches, we proceeded northward. The sounding of the lead gave 110 fathoms. During this march, we crossed the 84th parallel and traversed a succession of just-frozen leads from a few hundred yards to a mile in width. This march was really simple.





## America's Discovery of the North Pole

On the 14th we got free of the leads and came on decent going. While we were making camp a courier from Marvin came and informed me he was on the march in the rear. The temperature was 59 below.

The following morning, March 14, I sent Hansen, with his division, north to pioneer a trail for five marches, and Dr. Goodsell, according to the programme, started back to Cape Columbia. At night, Marvin and Borup came spinning in, with their men and dogs steaming in the bitter air like a squadron of battleships. Their arrival relieved me of all anxiety as to our oil supply.

In the morning I discovered that McMillan's foot was badly frost-bitten. The mishap had occurred two or three days before; but McMillan had said nothing about it in the hope that it would come out all right. A glance at the injury showed me that the only thing was to send him back to Cape Columbia at once. The arrival of Marvin and Borup enabled me to spare sufficient men and dogs to go back with him.

This early loss of McMillan was seriously disappointing to me. He had a sledge all the way from Cape Columbia, and with his enthusiasm and the powers and physique of the trained athlete, I had confidence in him for at least the 86th parallel; but there was no alternative.

The best sledges and dogs were selected, and the sledge loads brought up to the standard. The sounding gave a depth of 325 fathoms. We were over the continental shelf, and, as I had surmised, the successive leads crossed in the fifth and sixth marches composed the big lead and marked the continental shelf.

### ICE BEGINS TO MOVE

On leaving this camp the expedition comprised 16 men, 12 sledges, and 100 dogs. The next march was satisfactory as regards distance and character of going. In the latter part there were pronounced movements in the ice, both visible and audible. Some leads were crossed, in one of which Borup and his team took a bath, and we were finally stopped by an impracticable lead opening in front of us.

We camped in a temperature of 50 below. At the end of two short marches we came upon Hansen and his party in camp, mending their sledges. We devoted the remainder of the day to overhauling and mending sledges, and breaking up our damaged ones for material.


The next morning I put Marvin in the lead to pioneer the trail, with instructions to make two forced marches to bring up our average, which had been cut down by the last two short ones. Marvin carried out his instructions implicitly. A considerable amount of young ice assisted in this.

At the end of the tenth march, latitude 85.23, Borup turned back in command of the second supporting party, having traveled a distance equivalent to Nansen's distance from this far to his farthest north. I was sorry to lose this young Yale runner, with his enthusiasm and pluck. He had led his heavy sledge over the floes in a way that commanded everyone's admiration, and would have made his father's eyes glisten.

From this point the expedition comprised 13 men, 10 sledges, and 70 dogs. It was necessary for Marvin to take a sledge from here, and I put Bartlett and his division in advance to pioneer the trail.

The continual daylight enabled me to make a moderation here that brought my advance and main parties closer together, and reduced the likelihood of their being separated by open leads.





## Official Record by Commander Robert Heary

After Bartlett left camp with Henderson and their division, Marvin and I remained with our divisions twenty hours longer, and then followed. When we reached Bartlett's camp he broke out and went on and we turned in. By this arrangement the advance party was traveling while the main party was asleep, and vice versa, and I was in touch with my advance party every twenty-four hours.

I had no reason to complain of the going for the next two marches, though for a less experienced party, less adaptable sledges, or less perfect equipment it would have been an impossibility.

### LAST WORDS TO MARVIN

At our position at the end of the second march Marvin obtained a satisfactory sight for latitude in clear weather, which placed us at 85.48. This result agreed very satisfactorily with the dead reckoning of Marvin, Bartlett and myself. Up to this time the slight altitude of the sun had made it not worth while to waste time in observations.

On the next two marches the going improved, and we covered good distances. In one of these marches a lead delayed us a few hours. We finally ferried across on the ice cakes.

The next day Bartlett let himself out, evidently for a record, and reeled off plump twenty miles. Here Marvin obtained another satisfactory sight on latitude, which gave the position as 86.38, or beyond the farthest north of Nansen and Abruzzi, and showed that we had covered fifty minutes of latitude in three marches. In these three marches we had passed the Norwegian record of 86.14 by Nansen, and the Italian record of 86.34 by Cagni.

From this point Marvin turned back, in command of the third supporting party. My last words to him were, "Be careful of the leads, my boy."

The party from this point comprised nine men, seven sledges and sixty dogs. The conditions at this camp, and the apparently broken expanse of fairly level ice in every direction, reminded me of Cagni's description of his farthest north, but I was not deceived by the apparently favorable outlook, for available conditions never continue for any distance or any length of time in the arctic regions.

The north march was over good going, but for the first time since leaving land we experienced that condition, frequent over these ice fields, of a hazy atmosphere in which the light is equal everywhere. All relief is destroyed, and it is impossible to see for any distance.



We were obliged in this march to make a detour around an open lead. In the next march we encountered the heaviest and deepest snow of the journey, through a thick, smothering mantle lying in the depressions of heavy rubble ice. I came upon Bartlett and his party, fagged out and temporarily discouraged by the heart-racking work of making a road.

I knew what was the matter with them. They were simply spoiled by the good going on the previous marches. I rallied them a bit, lightened their sledges, and sent them on encouraged again.


### A NARROW ESCAPE

During the next march we traveled through a thick, low-lying, smoky haze drifting over the ice, before a biting air from the northeast. At the end of the march we came upon the Captain camped beside a wide





## America's Discovery of the North Pole



open lead with a dense black water sky northwest, north and northeast. We built our igloos and turned in, but before I had fallen asleep I was roused out by a movement of the ice and found a startling condition of affairs—a rapidly widening road of black water ran but a few feet from our igloos. One of my teams of dogs had escaped by only a few feet from being dragged by the movement of the ice into the water.

Another team had an equally narrow escape from being crushed by the ice blocks piled over them. The ice on the north side of the lead was moving around eastward. The small floor on which were the Captain's igloos was drifting eastward in the open water, and the side of our igloos threatened to follow suit.

Kicking out the door of the igloos, I called to the Captain's men to pack their sledges and be ready for a quick dash when a favorable chance arrived.

We hurried our things on our sledges, hitched the dogs, and moved on to a large floe west of us. Then, leaving one man to look out for the dogs and sledges, we hurried over to assist the Captain's party to join us.

A corner of their raft impinged on the ice on our side. For the rest of the night and during the next day the ice suffered the torments of the damned, surging together, opening out, groaning and grinding, while the open water belched black smoke like a prairie fire. Then the motion ceased; the open water closed; the atmosphere to the north was cleared, and we rushed across before the ice should open again.

A succession of laterally open leads were crossed, and after them some heavy old ice, and then we came to a layer of young ice, some of which buckled under our sledges, and this gave us a straight way of six miles to the north. Then came more heavy old floes covered with hard snow. This was a good long march.

The next march was also a long one. It was Bartlett's last hit. He let himself out over a series of large old floes steadily increasing in diameter and covered with hard snow.


During the last few miles I walked beside him or in advance. He was very solemn and anxious to go further, but the programme was for him to go back from here in command of the fourth supporting party, and there were no supplies for an increase in the main party.

In this march we encountered a high wind for the first time since the three days after we left Cape Columbia. It was dead on our faces, bitter and insistent, but I had no reason to complain; it was better than an easterly or southerly wind, either of which would have set us adrift in open water, while this was closing up every lead behind. This furnished another advantage to my supporting parties. True, by so doing it was pressing to the south the ice over which we traveled, and so robbing us of a hundred miles of advantage.

### BARTLETT'S FAR NORTH

We concluded we were on or near the 88th parallel, unless the north wind had lost us several miles. The wind blew all night and all the following day. At this camp, in the morning, Bartlett started to walk five or six miles to the north to make sure of reaching the 88th parallel. While he was gone I selected the forty boat dogs in the outfit and had them doubled, and I picked out five of the best sledges and assigned them expressly to the Captain's party. I broke up the seventh for material with which to repair the others, and set Eskimos at the work.





## Official Record by Commander Robert Peary

Bartlett returned in time to take a satisfactory observation for latitude in clear weather, and obtained for our position 87.48, and that showed that the continued north wind had robbed us of a number of miles of hard-earned distance.

Bartlett took the observation here, as had Marvin five camps back, partly to save my eyes, but largely to give an independent record and determination of our advance. The observations completed and two copies made, one for him and one other for me, Bartlett started on the back trail in command of my fourth supporting party, with two Eskimos, one sledge and 18 dogs.

When he left I felt for a moment pangs of regret as he disappeared in the distance, but it was only momentary. My work was still ahead, not in the rear. Bartlett had done good work and had been a great help to me. Circumstances had thrust the brunt of the pioneering upon him instead of dividing it among several, as I had planned.

He had reason to take pride in the fact that he had bettered the Italian record by a degree and a quarter, and had covered a distance equal to the entire distance of the Italian expedition from Franz Josef Land to Cagni's farthest north. I had given Bartlett this position and post of honor in command of my fourth and last supporting party, for two reasons—first, because of his magnificent handling of the "Roosevelt"; second, because he had cheerfully stood between me and many trifling annoyances on the expedition.

Then there was a third reason. It seemed to me appropriate, in view of the magnificent British record of arctic work, covering three centuries, that it should be a British subject who could boast that, next to an American, he had been nearest to the pole.

### THE LUCKY FIVE


With the disappearance of Bartlett I turned to the problem before me. This was that for which I had worked for thirty-two years; for which I had lived the simple life; for which I had conserved all my energy on the upward trip; for which I had trained myself as for a race, crushing down every worry about success.

For success now, in spite of my years, I felt in trim—fit for the demands of the coming days and eager to be on the trail. As for my party, my equipment, and my supplies, I was in shape beyond my most sanguine dreams of earliest years. My party might be regarded as an ideal which had now come to realization—as loyal and responsive to my will as the fingers of my right hand.

Four of them carried the technique of dogs, sledges, ice and cold as their heritage. Two of them, Hansen and Ootah, were my two companions to the farthest point three years before. Two others, Egingwah and Sigloo, were in Clark's division, which had such a narrow escape at that time, and now were willing to go anywhere with my immediate party, and willing to risk themselves again in any supporting party.

The fifth was a young man who had never served before in any expedition, but who was, if possible, even more willing and eager than the others for the princely gifts—a boat, a rifle, a shotgun, ammunition, knives, etc.—which I had promised to each of them who reached the pole with me; for he knew that these riches would enable him to wrest from a stubborn father, the girl whose image filled his hot young heart.





## America's Discovery of the North Pole

All had blind confidence so long as I was with them, and gave no thought for the morrow, sure that whatever happened I should somehow get them back to land. But I dealt with the party equally. I recognized that all its impetus centered in me, and that whatever pace I set it would make good. If any one was played out I would stop for a short time.

### HE PLANS FIVE MARCHES

I had no fault to find with the conditions. My dogs were the very best, the pick of 133 with which we left Columbia. Almost all were powerful males, hard as nails, in good flesh, but without a superfluous ounce, without a suspicion of fat anywhere, and what was better yet, they were all in good spirits.

My sledges, now that the repairs were completed, were in good condition. My supplies were ample for forty days, and with the reserve represented by the dogs themselves, could be made to last fifty.

Pacing back and forth in the lee of the pressure ridge where our igloos were built, while my men got their loads ready for the next marches, I settled on my programme. I decided that I should strain every nerve to make five marches of fifteen miles each, crowding these marches in such a way as to bring us to the end of the fifth long enough before noon to permit the immediate taking of an observation for latitude.

Weather and leads permitting, I believed I could do this. If my proposed distances were cut down by any chance, I had two means in reserve for making up the deficit:

First—To make the last march a forced one, stopping to make tea and rest the dogs, but not to sleep.

Second—At the end of the fifth march to make a forced march with a light sledge, a double team of dogs, and one or two of the party, leaving the rest in camp.

Underlying all these calculations was a recognition of the ever-present neighborhood of open leads and impassable water, and the knowledge that a twenty-four hours' gale would knock all my plans into a cocked hat, and even put us in imminent peril.

### NOTCHES IN HIS BELT


At a little after midnight of April 1, after a few hours of sound sleep. I hit the trail, leaving the others to break up camp and follow. As I climbed the pressure ridge back of our igloos I set another hole in my belt, the third since I started. Every man and dog of us was lean and flat-bellied as a board, and as hard.

It was a fine morning. The wind of the last two days had subsided, and the going was the best and most equable of any I had had yet. The floes were large and old, hard and clear, and were surrounded by pressure ridges, some of which were almost stupendous. The biggest of them, however, were easily negotiated either through some crevice or up some huge brink.

I set a good pace for about ten hours. Twenty-five miles took me well beyond the eighty-eighth parallel. While I was building my igloos a long lead formed by the wind east and southeast of us at a distance of a few miles.

A few hours' sleep and we were on the trail again. As the going was now practically horizontal, we were unhampered, and could travel as long





## Official Record by Commander Robert Peary

as we pleased and sleep as little as we wished. The weather was fine, and the going like that of the previous day, except at the beginning, when pickaxes were required. This and a brief stop at another lead cut down our distance. But we had made twenty miles in ten hours and were half way to the eighty-ninth parallel.

The ice was grinding audibly in every direction, but no motion was visible. Evidently it was settling back into equilibrium and probably sagging due northward with its release from the wind pressure.

Again there was a few hours' stop and we hit the trail before midnight. The weather and going were even better. The surface, except as interrupted by infrequent ridges, was as level as the glacial fringe from Hecla to Columbia, and harder.

We marched something over ten hours, the dogs being often on the trot, and made twenty miles. Near the end of the march we rushed across a lead 100 yards wide, which buckled under our sledges and finally broke as the last sledge left it.

We stopped in sight of the eighty-ninth parallel in a temperature of 40 degrees below. Again a scant sleep and we were on our way once more and across the eighty-ninth parallel.

This march duplicated the previous one as to weather and going. The last few hours it was on young ice, and occasionally the dogs were galloping.

We made twenty-five miles or more, the air, the sky, and the bitter wind burning the face till it crackled. It was like the great interior ice cap of Greenland. Even the natives complained of the bitter air. It was as keen as frozen steel.

A little longer sleep than the previous ones had to be taken here, as we were all in need of it. Then on again.

Up to this time, with each successive march, our fear of an impassable lead had increased. At every inequality of the ice I found myself hurrying breathlessly forward, fearing that it marked a lead, and when I arrived at the summit would catch my breath with relief—only to find myself hurrying on in the same way at the next one.

But on this march by some strange shift of feeling, this fear fell from me completely. The weather was thick, but it gave me no uneasiness.

Before I turned in, I took an observation which indicated our position as 89.25. A dense, lifeless pall hung overhead. The horizon was black, and the ice beneath was a ghastly, chalky white with no relief—a striking contrast to the glimmering sunlit fields of it over which we had been traveling for the previous four days.

The going was even better, and there was scarcely any snow on the hard, granular, last summer's surface of the old floes, dotted with the sapphire ice of the previous summer's lakes.

A rise in temperature to 15 below reduced the friction of the sledges, and gave the dogs the appearance of having caught the spirits of the party. The more sprightly ones, as they went along with tightly curled tails, frequently tossed their heads with short, sharp barks and yelps.


In twelve hours we made 40 miles. There was no sign of a lead in the march.

### THE POLE AT LAST!

I had now made my five marches and was in time for a hasty noon observation through a temporary break in the clouds, which indicated







## America's Discovery of the North Pole

our position as 89.57. I quote an entry from my journey, some hours later: "The Pole at last! The prize of three centuries, my dream and goal for twenty years, mine at last! I cannot bring myself to realize it.

"It all seems so simple and commonplace. As Bartlett said when turning back, when speaking of his being in these exclusive regions which no mortal had ever penetrated before:

"'It is just like every day!'"

Of course I had many sensations that made sleep impossible for hours, despite my utter fatigue—the sensations of a lifetime; but I have no room for them here.

The first thirty hours at the pole were spent in taking observations; in going some ten miles beyond our camp and some eight miles to the right of it; in taking photographs, planting my flags, depositing my records, studying the horizon with my telescope for possible land, and searching for a practicable place to make a sounding.

Ten hours after our arrival the clouds cleared before a light breeze from our left, and from that time until our departure in the afternoon of April 7, the weather was cloudless and flawless. The minimum temperature during the thirty hours was 33 below, the maximum 12.

### THE RETURN JOURNEY

We had reached the goal, but the return was still before us. It was essential that we reach the land before the next spring tide, and we must strain every nerve to do this.

I had a brief talk with my men. From now on it was to be a big travel, little sleep, and a hustle every minute. We would try, I told them, to double march on the return—that is, to start and cover one of our northward marches, make tea and eat our lunch in the igloos, then cover another march, eat and sleep a few hours, and repeat this daily.

As a matter of fact, we nearly did this, covering regularly on our homeward journey five outward marches in three return marches. Just as long as we could hold the trail we could double our speed, and we need waste no time in building new igloos.

Every day that we gained on the return lessened the chances of a gale destroying the track. Just above the eighty-seventh parallel was a region some fifty miles wide which caused me considerable uneasiness. Twelve hours of strong easterly, westerly, or northerly wind would make this region an open sea.


In the afternoon of the 7th we started on our return, having double fed the dogs, repaired the sledges for the last time, and discarded all our spare clothing to lighten the loads.

Five miles from the Pole a narrow crack filled with recent ice, through which we were able to work a hole with a pickaxe, enabled me to make a sounding. All my wire, 1,500 fathoms, was sent down, but there was no bottom. In pulling up, the wire parted a few fathoms from the surface, and lead and wire went to the bottom. Off went reel and handle, lightening the sledges still further. We had no more use for them now.

Three marches brought us back to the igloos where the Captain turned back. The last march was in the wild sweep of a northerly gale, with drifting snow, and the ice rocking under us as we dashed over it.







## Official Record by Commander Robert Heary

### TRACES OF MARVIN

South of where Marvin had turned back we came to where his party had built several igloos while delayed by open leads. Still further south we found where the Captain had been held up by an open lead and obliged to camp. Fortunately the movement of these leads was simply open and shut, and it took considerable water motion to fault the trail seriously.

While the Captain, Marvin, and as I found out later, Borup, had been delayed by open leads, we seemed to bear a potent charm, and at no single lead were we delayed more than a couple of hours. Sometimes the ice was fast and firm enough to carry us across, sometimes a short detour, sometimes a brief halt for the lead to close, sometimes an improvised ferry on an ice cake, kept the trail without difficulty down to the tenth outward march.

Igloos there had disappeared completely and the entire region was unrecognizable. Where on the outward journey had been narrow cracks there were now broad leads, one of them over five miles in width, caught over with young ice.

Here again fortune favored us, and no pronounced movement of the ice having taken place since the Captain passed, we had his trail to follow. We picked up the old trail again north of the seventh igloos, followed it beyond the fifth, and at the big lead lost it finally.

From here we followed the Captain's trail, and on April 23 our sledges passed up the vertical edge of the glacier fringe a little west of Cape Columbia. When the last sledge came up I thought my Eskimos had gone crazy. They yelled, and called, and danced themselves helpless. As Ootah sat down on his sledge he remarked in Eskimo:

### THE DEVIL ASLEEP

"The devil is asleep or having trouble with his wife, or we never should have come back so easily."



A few hours later we arrived at Crane City, under the bluffs of Cape Columbia, and after putting four pounds of pemmican into each of the faithful dogs to keep them quiet, we had at last our chance to sleep.

Never shall I forget that sleep at Cape Columbia. It was sleep, sleep, then turn over and sleep again. We slept gloriously, with never a thought of the morrow or of having to walk, and, too, with no thought that there was to be never a night more of blinding headache. Cold water to a parched throat is nothing compared with sleep to a numbed, fatigued brain and body.

Two days we spent here in sleeping and drying our clothes. Then for the ship. Our dogs, like ourselves, had not been hungry when we arrived, but simply lifeless with fatigue. They were different animals now, and the better ones among them stepped on with tightly curled tails and uplifted heads, and their hind legs treading the snow with pistonlike regularity.

We reached Hecla in one march and the "Roosevelt" in another. When we got to the "Roosevelt" I was staggered by the news of the fatal mishap to Marvin. He had been either less cautious or less fortunate than the rest of us, and his death emphasized the risk to which we had all been subjected, for there was not one of us but had been in the sledge at some time during the journey.





## America's Discovery of the North Pole

The big lead, cheated of its prey three years before, had at last gained its human victim.

The rest can be quickly told. McMillan and Borup had started for the Greenland coast to deposit caches for me. Before I arrived a flying Eskimo courier from me overtook them with instructions that the caches were no longer needed, and that they were to concentrate their energies on tidal observations, etc., at Cape Morris K. Jesup and north from there.

### THE "ROOSEVELT'S" CRUISE

These instructions were carried out, and after their return in the latter part of May, McMillan made some further tidal observations at other points. The supplies remaining at the various caches were brought in, and on July 18 the "Roosevelt" left her winter quarters and was driven out into the channel pack of Cape Union.

She fought her way south, in the center of the channel and passed Cape Sabine on August 8, or thirty-nine days earlier than in 1908 and thirty-two days earlier than the British expedition in 1876.

We picked up Whitney and his party and the stores at Etah. We killed seventy-odd walrus for my Eskimos, whom I landed at their homes. We met the "Jeanie" off Saunders Island and took over her coal, and cleared from Cape York on August 26, one month earlier than in 1906.

On September 5 we arrived at Indian Harbor, whence the message, "Stars and Stripes nailed to North Pole," was sent vibrating southward through the crisp Labrador air.

The culmination of long experience, a thorough knowledge of the conditions of the problem gained in the last expedition—these, together with a new type of sledge which reduced the work of both dogs and driver, and a new type of camp cooler which added to the comfort and increased the hours of sleep of the members of the party, combined to make the present expedition an agreeable improvement upon the last in respect to the rapidity and effectiveness of its work, and the lessened discomfort and strain upon the members of the party.

### PRAISE FOR HIS MEN

As to the personnel, I have again been particularly fortunate. Captain Bartlett is just Bartlett—tireless, sleepless, enthusiastic, whether on the bridge or in the crow's-nest or at the head of a sledge division in the field.


Dr. Goodsell, the surgeon of the expedition, not only looked after its health and his own specialty of microscopes, but took his full share of the field work of the expedition as well, and was always ready for any work.

Professors Marvin and McMillan have secured a mass of scientific data, having made all the tidal and most of the field work, and their services were invaluable in every way.

Borup not only made the record as to the distance traveled during the journey, but to his assistance and his expert knowledge of photography is due what I believe to be the unequalled series of photographs taken by the expedition.

Hansen in the field and Percy as steward were the same as ever, invaluable in their respective lines. Chief Engineer Wardwell, also of the last expedition, aided by his assistant, Scott, kept the machinery up to a high state of efficiency and gave the "Roosevelt" the force and power which enabled her to negotiate apparently impracticable ice.





## Official Record by Commander Robert Peary

Mr. Gushue, the mate, who was in charge of the "Roosevelt" during the absence of Captain Bartlett and myself, and Bos'n Murphy, who was put in charge of the station at Etah for the relief of Cook, were both trustworthy and reliable men, and I count myself fortunate in having had them in my service.

The members of the crew and the firemen were a distinct improvement over those of the last expedition. Every one of them was willing and anxious to be of service in every possible way, Connors, who was promoted to be bos'n in the absence of Murphy, proved to be particularly effective. Barnes, seaman, and Wiseman and Joyce, firemen, not only assisted Marvin and McMillan in their tidal and meteorological observations on the "Roosevelt," but Wiseman and Barnes went into the field with them on their trips to Cape Columbia, and Condon and Cody covered 1,000 miles hunting and sledging supplies.

As for my faithful Eskimos, I have left them with ample supplies of dark, rich walrus meat and blubber for their winter, with currants, sugar, biscuits, guns, rifles, ammunition, knives, hatchets, traps, etc., and for the splendid four who stood beside me at the pole, a boat and tent each, to requite them for their energy and hardship and toil they underwent to help their friend Peary to the North Pole.

But all of this—the dearly bought years of experience, the magnificent strength of the "Roosevelt," the splendid energy and enthusiasm of my party, the loyal faithfulness of my Eskimos—could have gone for naught but for the faithful necessities of war furnished so loyally by the members and friends of the Peary Arctic Club. And it is no detraction from the living to say that to no single individual has the fine result been more signally due than to my friend the late Morris K. Jesup, the first president of the club.

Their assistance has enabled me to tell the last of the great earth stories, the story the world has been waiting to hear for three hundred years—the story of the discovery of the North Pole.

---

Climb on! Do not despond,  
Though from each summit gained  
There stretch forth heights beyond—  
Ideals not attained!

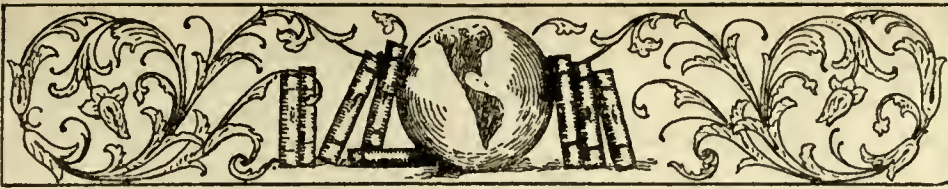
Life's task is but to climb,  
Unheeding toil and tire.  
Our failure is not crime,  
If we but still aspire.

—JAMES T. WHITE.

He who will not answer to the rudder, must answer to the rocks.—HERVE.

In common things the law of sacrifice takes the form of positive duty.—FROUDE.





## Historic Collections in America

Seven Thousand Original Negatives Taken under the  
Protection of the Secret Service During the Greatest  
Conflict of Men the World Has Ever Known & Preserved

BY

EDWARD BAILEY EATON

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT


**I**N presenting these proofs from the collection of seven thousand original negatives taken under the protection of the Secret Service on the battlefields and in the armies during the Civil War in the United States, the desire has been to reveal to the public the actual conditions that existed during the greatest struggle ever known to mankind when the brave heroes of both flags offered their lives to that which they considered *right*, whether they fought under the Stars and Stripes or the flag of the Confederacy. The world has never seen nobler warriors. These negatives are living witnesses of their valor.

The reproduction of this most valuable collection of historic photographs in America, and probably in the world, in *THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY*, has gained the commendation of historians and military authorities on both continents. A collection of prints was recently sent to the British Museum at the request of the British Government and the proofs from the original negatives were recently exhibited at the United States Military Academy at West Point by request of the commander. Army officials from many nations have viewed these remarkable proofs, which have been valued at more than \$150,000. Ex-President Roosevelt, Commissioner Loeb, and many government officials have become interested in the collection, and such notable collectors as J. Pierpont Morgan, who owns the most valuable private collection of masterpieces in the world, have pronounced these negatives as a treasure-house in American history.

The prints that have been presented in these pages give but an intimation of the actual revelation of these old negatives, which would require more than forty large volumes to record the entire collection. The tremendous demand for proofs from the collection has been refused by the owner and the few prints herein recorded are for historical purposes under his exclusive permission and copyright, with all rights reserved. Some of these prints are valued at more than five thousand dollars a negative.

To preserve the entire collection for all generations the owner is considering drawing fifty prints from each negative, making fifty complete sets of seven thousand photographic prints each, to be deposited with a selected list of the fifty leading private collectors and public museums





## Historic Collections in America

in the fifty leading nations of the world. If this great service to the world's history is accomplished, no further prints will ever be drawn from the original negatives, which will probably be held as a priceless treasure in one of the leading historical repositories in America.

It has therefore been a great privilege to present these prints in *THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY* and to thus be of notable service to American historical records. The expressions from the venerable warriors throughout the North and South, from the Daughters of the Confederacy and the Relief Corps of the North, have alone attested the interest which these prints have created. To the distinguished president of one of the chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy, who expresses appreciation that "we at last have in America an historical journal that is broad enough in intellect and heart to understand the true spirit of the South," it is a privilege to repeat what has been so frequently reiterated in these pages: that *THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY* was inaugurated as the first national historical journal in America, respecting and recording the traditions that are dear to the American people—North, South, East and West—and blending their noble qualities into a great whole—the embodiment of American character.

This is the purpose of these pages and these prints—to mould the American sectional traditions into a great brotherhood of reverence and affection, that together they may carry the flag of its civilization to the heights of moral and civic greatness. As these lines are being written, this message is received from Mathew Page Andrews, a loyal Virginian who has recently preserved for American history the noble poems of James Ryder Randall, the Poet of the Confederacy: "I cannot forbear writing a line of further congratulations. Undoubtedly it is the first really national historical publication that America has ever had." Beside this letter is another; written from Chicago, by Bishop Samuel Fallows, chaplain of the Grand Army of the Republic, in which, after viewing the proofs from these historic negatives, he says: "If I possessed the means, every soldier would have a copy of these soul-stirring prints." While still another from President Luther, of Trinity College, states: "It is a great historical service, and to one who remembers most of the details of that great struggle this collection of prints has a pathetic significance which no other memorials could suggest." These prints, then, are memorials to the valor of every man who offered his life to uphold the principle which was dear to him, whether he fought under the great Grant or the heroic Lee—both noble Americans.

It is not, however, the commendation of the public which is the incentive of these pages, for the recent prints of Jefferson Davis from this collection of historic negatives brought condemnation from unthinking Americans as did the remarkable prints of the negatives of Abraham Lincoln. The duty of these pages is above either condemnation or commendation. It is a duty to the generation and the nation—the building of an Americanism that is higher and nobler than malice or pride; that is great enough to respect every man's conscientious conviction and to reverence all that is dear to the hearts and memories of its fellowmen. This is the only spirit that is worthy the name of *American*.







Original negative taken behind the entrenchment at Battery Sherman before Vicksburg in 1863



Original negative taken while army was encamped at Vicksburg, Mississippi, in 1863





Original negative taken in Fort Negley at Nashville, Tennessee, showing iron clad casements in 1864—Now in the Collection of Edward Bailey Eaton at Hartford, Connecticut





Copyright 1927 by E.B. Eaton.

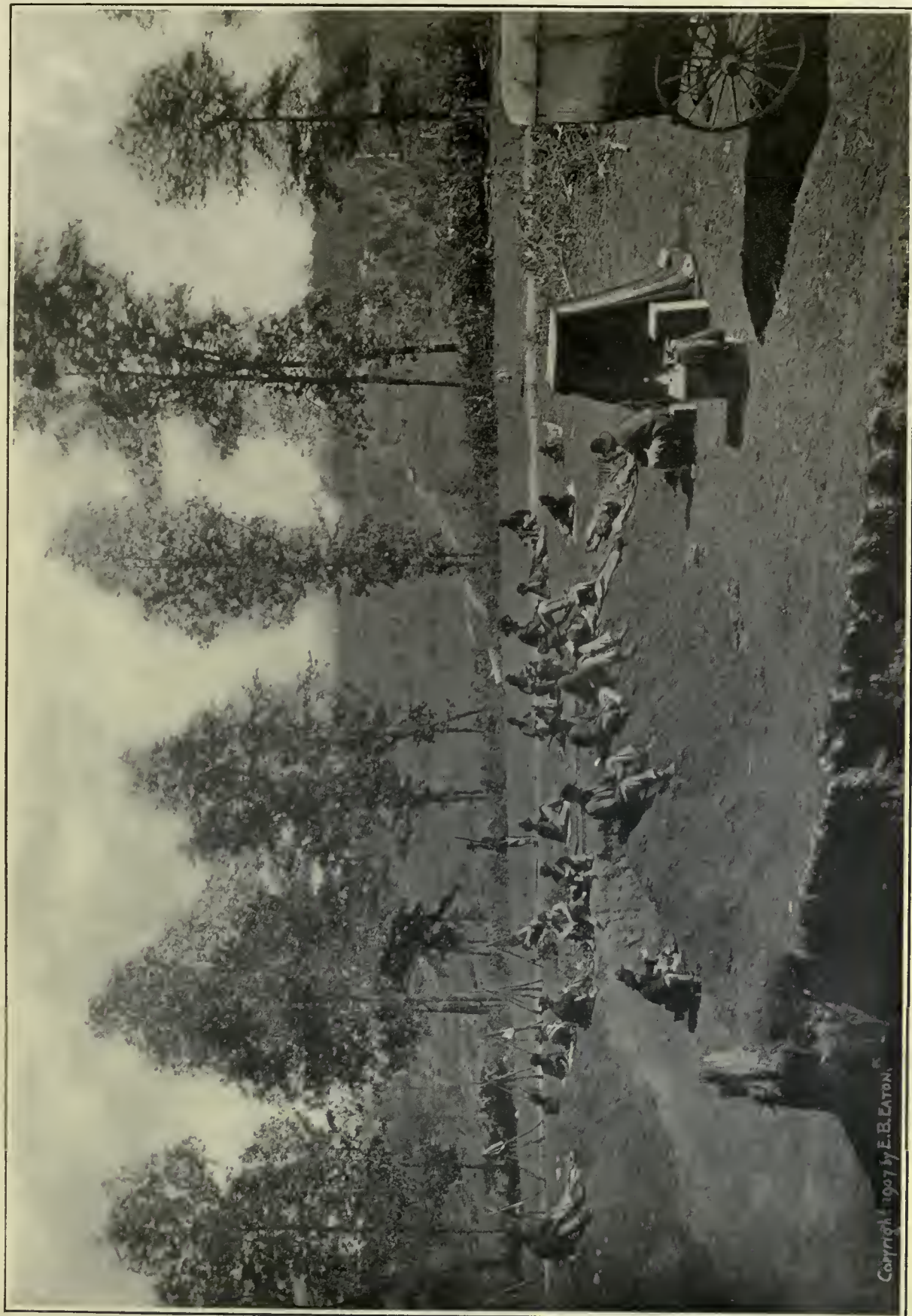




PT. G. 107 by E.E.E. 10

Original negative taken while the Army was Encamped below Lookout Mountain in 1863, the day before the "Battle of the Clouds"





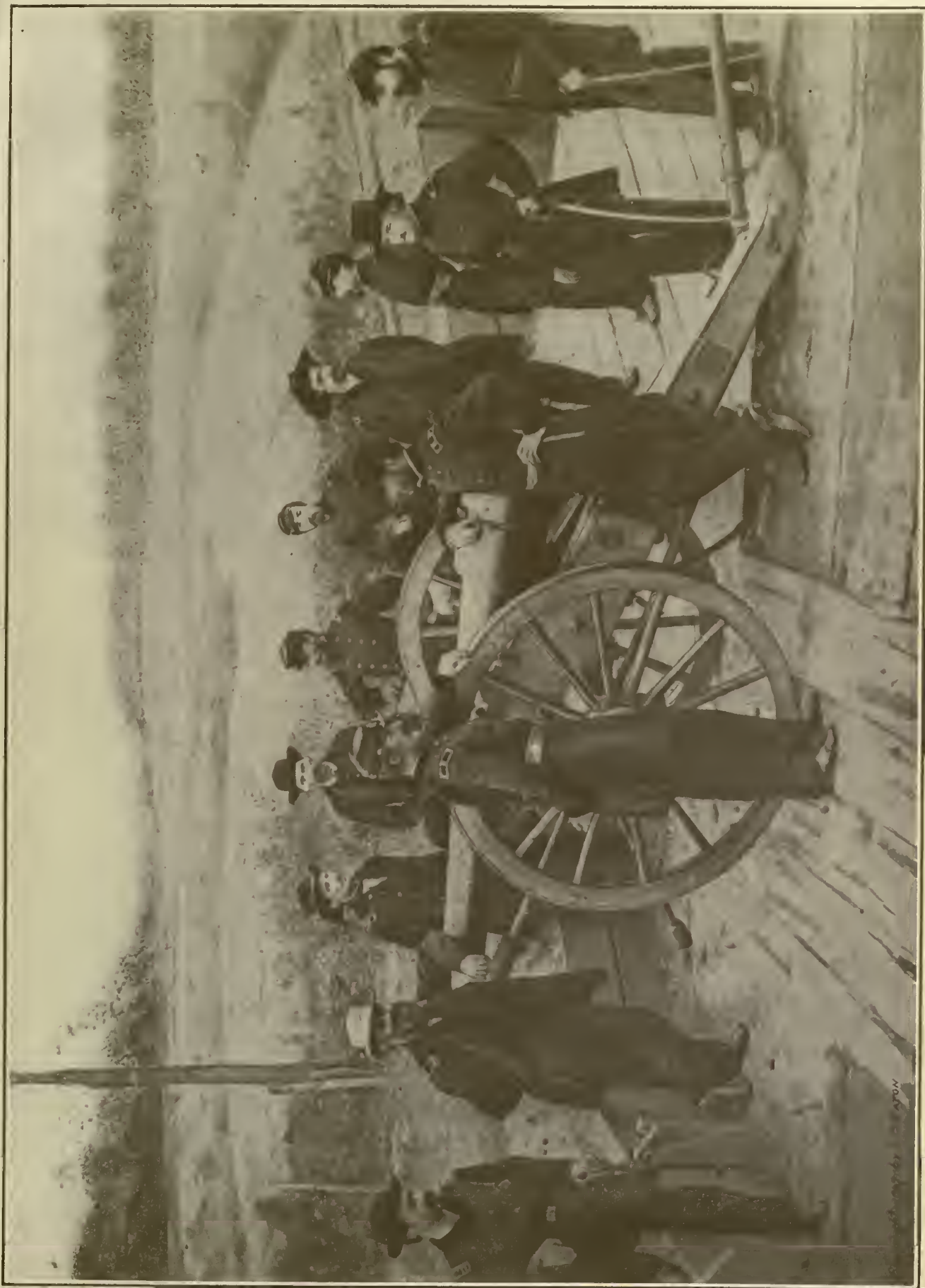
Copyright 1907 by E. B. Eaton.

Original negative taken in the Confederate lines, southeast of Atlanta, Georgia, shortly before July 22, 1864, where the outposts were entrenched—  
Now in the collection of Edward Bailey Eaton of Hartford, Connecticut.





Original negative taken after Destruction of Ordnance Barges at wharves at City Point, Virginia, in 1864



Original negative taken on the lines before Atlanta, Georgia, in 1864, as General William Tecumseh Sherman was leaning on the cannon





Original negative taken behind Battery Reynolds firing against Fort Sumter, in, 1863



Original negative taken in the Confederate Defenses at Chattahoochee River Bridge, Georgia, in 1864

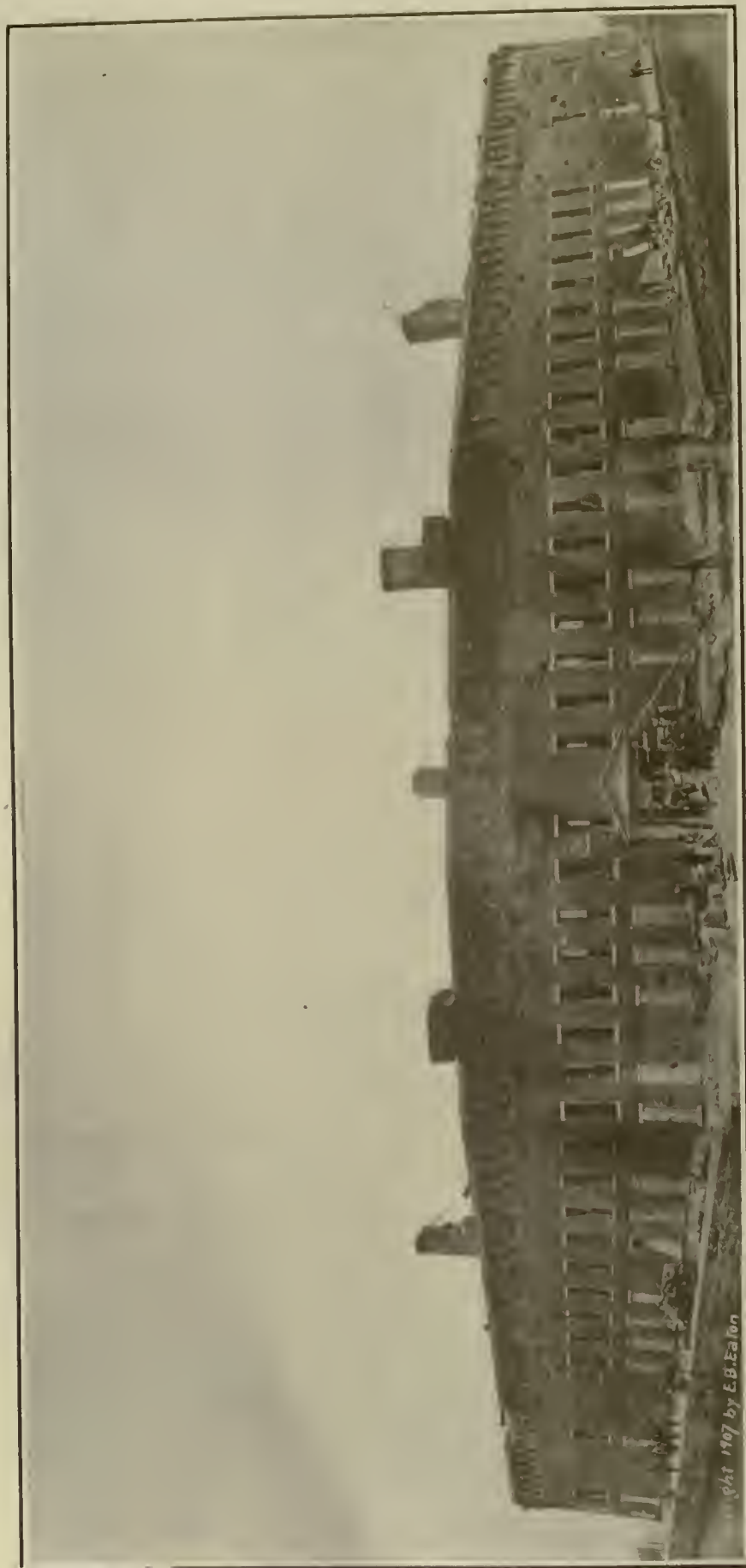


Original negative taken in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1864



Original negative taken in the bomb-proof camp in front of Vickburg in 1863





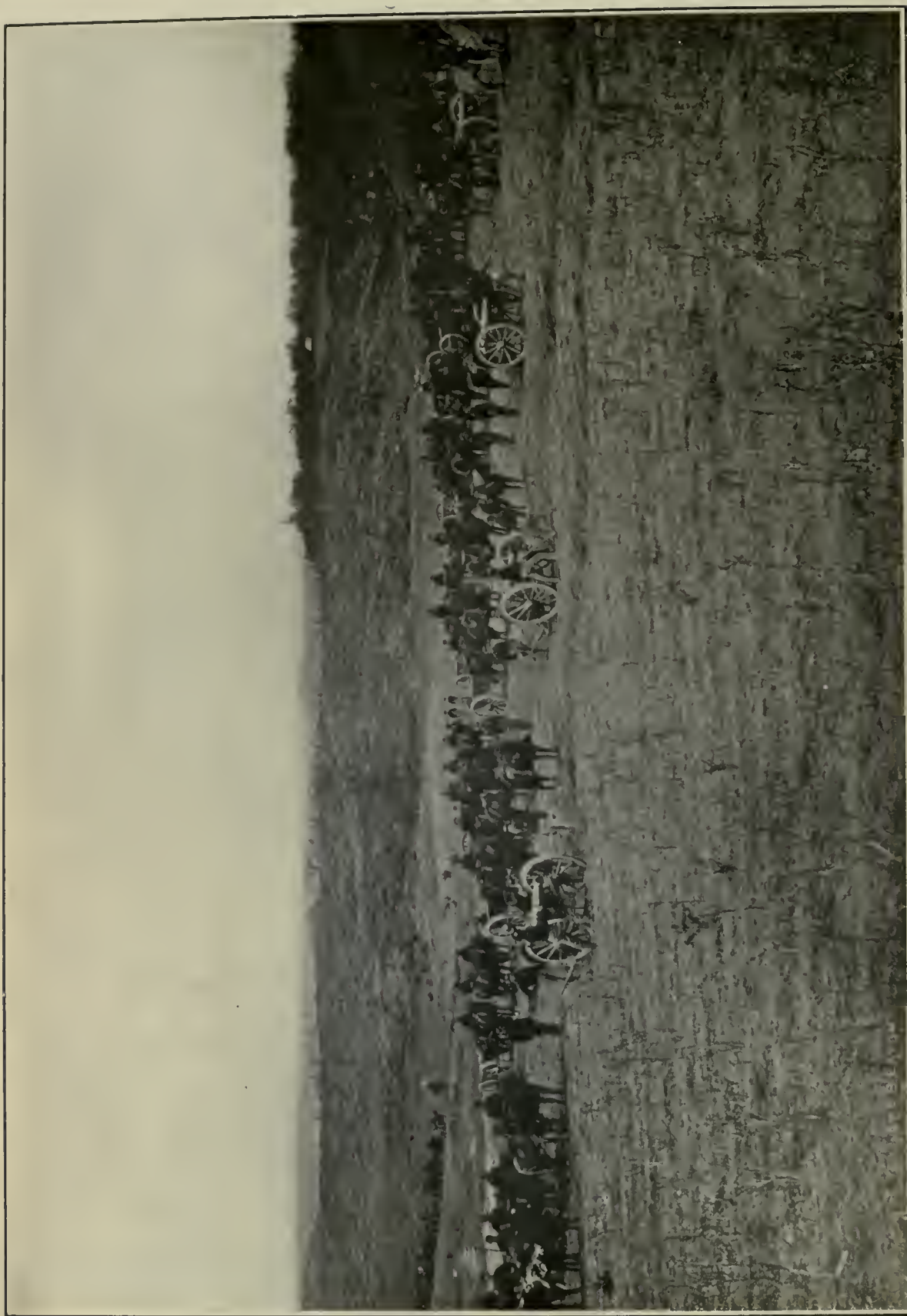
Light 1907 by E.B. Eaton

Original negative taken at Fort Sumter, showing damage by bombardment, in 1861—Now in the Edward B. Eaton Collection at Hartford, Connecticut



Original negative taken after the Artillery left the Battlefield at Gettysburg, near Trostle's House, in 1863—Now in the Collection of 7,000 original negatives taken under protection of the Secret Service during the Civil War—Owned by Edward Bailey Eaton at Hartford, Connecticut





Original negative taken while the Artillery was going into Action on the Rappahannock in 1863—Now in the Edward Bailey Eaton Collection at Hartford, Connecticut



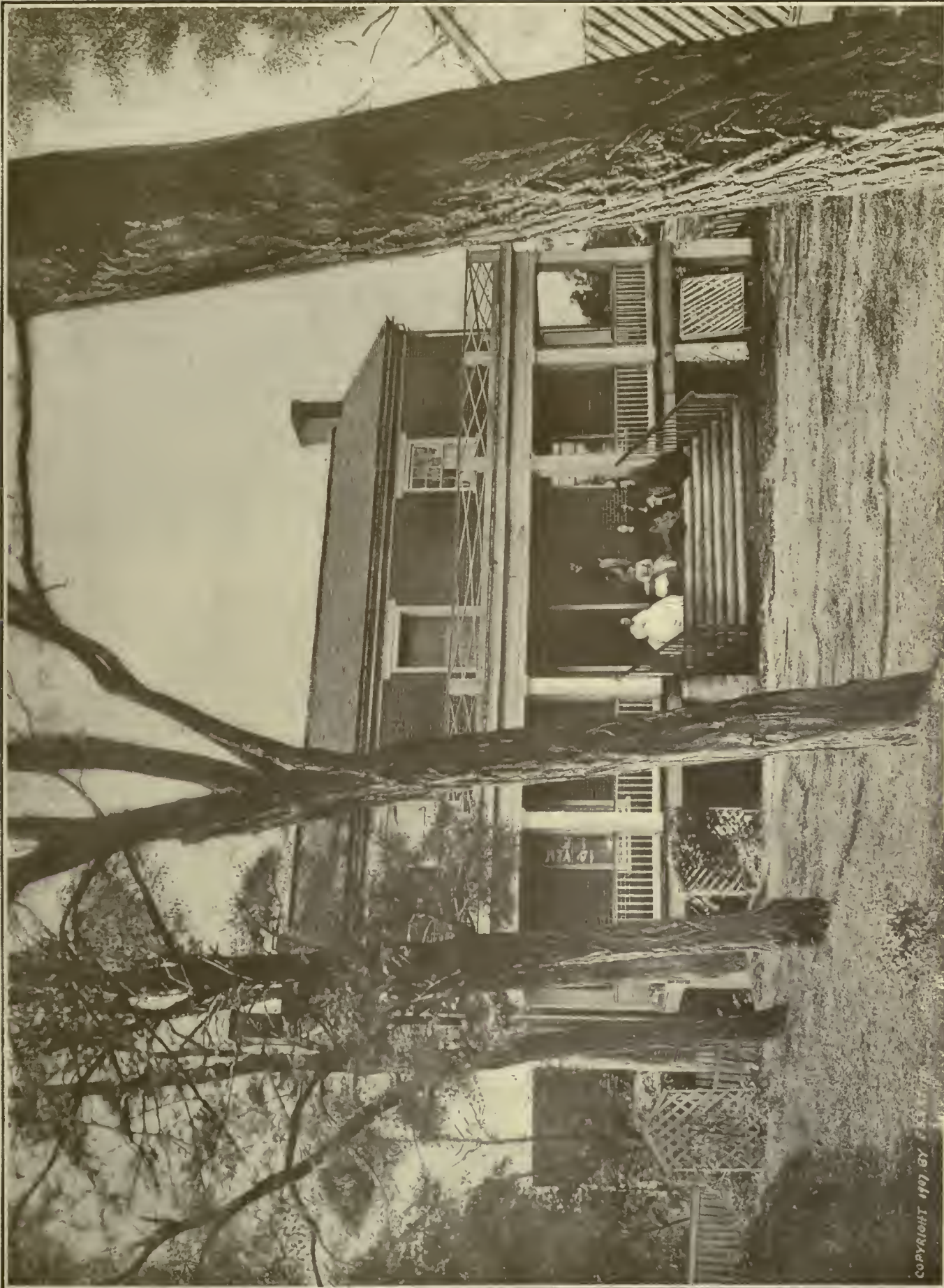
COPIED BY E.B. EATON

Original negative taken along the lines of Prisoners after Chancellorsville in 1863





Original negative taken at Harper's Ferry, Virginia, in 1861—Now in the Edward B. Eaton Collection at Hartford, Connecticut



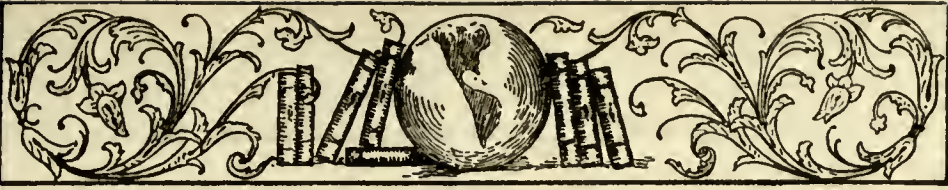




Original negative taken as steamer 'Sultana' sailed to her Destruction on Mississippi River in 1865



Original negative taken while Confederate Ram "Tennessee" moved against Farragut on Mobile Bay in 1864




# Diary of Captain Benjamin Warren at Massacre of Cherry Valley

Remarkable  
Narrative of the Fearful  
Massacre Led by the Tories and Indians in  
American Revolution & Written by a Captain on the  
Battlefield in 1778 & Transcribed from the Jared Sparks  
Collection of Manuscripts Deposited in the Library at Harvard University


BY  
DAVID E. ALEXANDER  
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

**T**HIS is the remarkable narrative of a soldier's experience at the massacre of Cherry Valley, in the American Revolution, in 1778. It was recently revealed while searching through the manuscripts of the priceless Jared Sparks collection, in the library at Harvard University, and by permission of the curator is accurately transcribed and recorded in these pages.

This is undoubtedly one of the most valuable contributions to American history, bringing, as it does, new evidence to bear upon one of the most terrible massacres in American warfare. Moreover, the witness is one of the great Americans of the Revolution—Captain Benjamin Warren, who, it is said, refused a generalship to fight in the ranks. His experiences on the battlefield of Saratoga, one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world, were recorded from his own manuscript in the preceding issue of *THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY*, with a brief biography of Captain Warren. His experiences at the massacre of Cherry Valley add a new chapter to his brave career. It was on the tenth of December, in 1778, that the village of Cherry Valley, in central New York, was attacked and destroyed by seven hundred Tories and Indians. About fifty inhabitants were murdered without regard to age or sex. Many persons of refinement were among the victims, and it was such an atrocity as this, with that of the Wyoming massacre, that thoroughly aroused the patriots against the Tories. The testimony of this eye witness brings new and overwhelming evidence against the methods of warfare that have been the subject of discussion among historians ever since the American Revolution. The ancient manuscript is transcribed with the orthography of the times.







## Diary of Captain Benjamin Warren

*July—Friday 24th, 1778.* This morning drew provision, cooked and took waggons on the south side river; loaded our baggage and marched for Cherry Valley,<sup>59</sup> soon after we began our march, came on a heavy rain; about four o'clock arrived at the garrison, which was a meeting house picketed in with a large number of distressed inhabitants crowded in men, women and children; drew some rum for the men and placed them in their several quarters; the inhabitants received us with the greatest tokens of joy and respect and it was like a general goal delivery; they began to take the fresh air and move into the nearest houses, from their six weeks confinement in that place.

*Saturday 25th.* This morning shifted my linen and went out, having a very good nights rest after our fatigue, having marched now one hundred and eighty miles, with stopping but two days during the whole march: paraded our men: called the roll; took breakfast and went down to the garrison; consulted with the officers the best method of fortifying and covering our men, they being distributed in barns.

*Sunday 26th.* This morning after roll call, went down to the garrison and from thence to the Col's quarters; about eleven o'clock returned to the garrison, where we had a sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Johnson<sup>60</sup> from these words; "Be of good courage and play the man for our people and to the cities of our God, and the Lord will do what seemeth him good."

*Monday 27th.* I was officer of the day to inspect the guards and relieved Capt. Coburn.<sup>61</sup>

*Tuesday 28th.* This morning it rained; did not go on the parade; about 12 o'clock, Ensign Charles,<sup>62</sup> went with a party to guard the waggons down to the river after provision. Nothing material or worthy of notice until August 10th; in the interim Col. Alden arrived.

*August 10th.* On this day received intelligence of Brant<sup>63</sup> and his

<sup>59</sup>Cherry Valley, a village in Otsego County, New York, about sixty-eight miles west of Albany. The present County of Otsego, is a portion of the Tryon County of the revolution.

<sup>60</sup>The Reverend William Johnston, was the first settler of Sidney, New York. In 1778, he with four other "rebel" families, were warned by Brant to leave the settlement within forty-eight hours, which they did, removing to Unadilla. On the arrival of Colonel Alden's regiment at Cherry Valley, he was made chaplain. He died sometime during 1783. (Halsey, Old N. Y. Frontier, p. 58: Stone, Life of Brant, vol. 1, p. 180, et seq.)

<sup>61</sup>Asa Coburn, 1st Lieutenant of Danielson's Massachusetts Regiment, May to December, 1775; 1st Lieutenant, 5th Continental Infantry, 1st January to 31st December, 1776; Captain 7th Massachusetts, 1st January, 1777, and served to June, 1783. (Heitman, Officers Continental Army, p. 129.)

<sup>62</sup>Joseph Charles, Ensign 7th Massachusetts, 19th November, 1777; resigned 30th September, 1778. (Ibid, p. 121.)

<sup>63</sup>Joseph Brant was a Mohawk of pure blood. His parents made their home at the Canajoharie Castle, in the Mohawk Valley; but he was born while his parents were on a hunting expedition, in 1742, on the banks of the Ohio. Brant was well educated, having attended the school of Doctor Wheelock, in Lebanon, Connecticut. From 1762 to 1765, he was a missionary interpreter, and did much for the religious instruction of his tribe. At the outbreak of the Revolution, Brant was head war-chief of the Six Nations, and he espoused the British cause. Toward the close of 1775, he went to Canada, and then to London, England, where he was received with great courtesy by the nobility; due in a great measure to his intimacy with Sir William Johnson. After a sojourn of several months there, he returned to America. During the revolutionary war, he was mostly engaged in border warfare in New York and Pennsylvania, with the Johnsons and the notorious Walter Butler. He held a colonel's commission from the King, but was generally known as Captain Brant.



## At the Massacre of Cherry Valley in 1778

party's design of attacking this garrison by an express from Gen. Stark;<sup>64</sup> in consequence of which Capt. Ballard<sup>65</sup> with a party of 60 men was sent out to make discovery, who went to the butternuts.<sup>66</sup> Took 14 Tories of Brant's party, collecting cattle, and about 100 head of cattle and horses, 40 sheep; all the troops on the ground were employed fortifying.

*August 16th.* A small scout of six men went out near Tunaelifs;<sup>67</sup> fell in with a small party of the Indians; killed one, but the rest escaped.

*" 19th.* On receiving intelligence by one of our scouts, that Brant and his party was to be at Tunaeliss, a party of 150 men, commanded by Col. Stacy, marched by the way of Lake Osago,<sup>68</sup> came to houses about 17 miles, and lodged there.

*" 21st.* This morning about daybreak, paraded; marched through low and swampy ground; about ten o'clock crossed two creeks and twelve o'clock arrived on a mountain, looking down on Tunaeliss house; made no discovery of the enemy; sent a party each way to the right and left to surround the house; we then rushed down, found none of them, though a sumptuous dinner prepared for the enemy, who, on our arrival at the house, fired a gun in the woods near us and some was seen to run off; the women would give us no information but a lad, being threatened, informed that some Indians had been there that morning; we made good use of the victuals and proceeded to the foot of Scuyler's lake; forded the creek and marched down to Scuyler's house about nine miles made no discovery of the enemy: lodged there.

After the conclusion of the war, he again visited England, and upon his return devoted himself to the social and religious improvement of the Mohawks, who were then settled in Upper Canada. He died at his residence, at the head of Lake Ontario, November 24, 1807. (Stone, *Life of Joseph Brant*: Lossing, *Field Book*, vol. 1, p. 256 note.)

<sup>64</sup>John Stark was born in Londonderry, New Hampshire, August 28, 1728. While on a hunting expedition in 1752, he was taken prisoner by a party of St. Francis Indians, and was ransomed by a friend for the sum of one hundred and three dollars. During the French and Indian war, Stark was a first lieutenant in Roger's corps of rangers, which was raised in New Hampshire. After the disastrous battle at Fort Ticonderoga, in 1758, in which he participated, he returned to his home, and saw but little active service again during the war. He hastened to Cambridge on hearing of the battle of Lexington, in April, 1775, and was appointed colonel of one of the regiments organized soon after. He fought with great bravery at the battle of Bunker Hill. In 1776, he was with Washington in the battles of Trenton and Princeton, and in March, 1777, he resigned his commission. Later in the same year, he was selected to command the New Hampshire militia, ranking as a brigadier-general; and in August of that year, he decisively defeated the British and Hessians at Bennington. For this victory Congress appointed him brigadier-general in the Continental army. He commanded the Northern department in 1781, with headquarters at Saratoga. He was made major-general, by brevet in 1783. General Stark died May 8, 1822. (Headley, *Washington and his Generals*, vol. 2, p. 200; et seq: State of New Hampshire, *Memoir of General John Stark*.)


<sup>65</sup>William Hudson Ballard, Captain Frye's Massachusetts Regiment, May to December, 1775; Captain 6th Continental Infantry, 1st January to 31st December, 1776; Captain 7th Massachusetts, 1st January, 1777; Major 15th Massachusetts, 1st July, 1779; resigned 1st January, 1781. (Died — December, 1814.) (Heitman, *Officers Continental Army*, p. 73.)

<sup>66</sup>The Butternuts, a creek so named from the great number of butternut trees growing along its banks.

<sup>67</sup>The house of John Tunaeliffe stood in what is now a part of Richfield, New York. He was one of the early settlers of that village.

<sup>68</sup>Lake Otsego.





## Diary of Captain Benjamin Warren

*August 22nd.* About six o'clock this morning, paraded and marched down by Young's lake, through Springfield<sup>69</sup> that was burnt, to Cherry Valley about 60 miles lower; received intelligence that the French fleet was gone to Rhode Island to cover the landing of their troops, and to lay siege to that place. On the British General receiving intelligence thereof the English fleet pursued them; on which an engagement ensued, in which the English fleet came off with loss and returned to York.

" *28th.* This day was informed by a letter from Albany that the French fleet had returned to Rhode Island and had brought in 25 sail of vessels, prizes; viz; one sixty-four two frigates a number of tenders and transports to make up that number. By an English paper in the House of Lords in June it appeared that in 1777, the King of Britain had in the sea and land service in America 60 odd thousand and that by the returns it appeared that his army by being killed, wounded, and taken, deserted and sickness had diminished in America 28 thousand.

*September 1778.* We sent a scout down to Tunadilla,<sup>70</sup> who took three prisoners out of their beds and came off discovered; who gave information, on examination, Brant was to muster and arm his men the next day, and march for this place or the flats; that his party was about four or five hundred strong. The Col. on getting this intelligence, sent dispatches to the Gen. at Albany, to Germon Flats and to Seoharry;<sup>71</sup> which intelligence proved true: for about a week after the enemy came and attacked the flats in the night of the 17<sup>th</sup> burnt most of the houses and barns with grain, and drove off most of their cattle; killed or wounded but few of the inhabitants, they fled to the fort; and notwithstanding the timely notice, through the negligence of Capt. Clark, they had few men in the fort and his still greater negligence in not giving us timely notice, when they did come, the enemy escaped with part of their plunder. Immediately on our receiving intelligence, which was 24 hours after it was done, though but 12 miles distant, Major Whiting went out with 180 men; who pursued them as far as the butternuts, but could not overtake them; he took three of their party, Tories and brought them in, with some stock they left in their hurry; meanwhile the enemy were at Germon flats, a party of our Oneida Indians went down from fort Stanwix: fell on Tunadilla, burnt and took the spoil and brought off a number of prisoners; some continentals they retook that were prisoners there. Brant's party fearing the country would be upon their backs, made what haste they could; a division of them arrived first at Tunadilla and found the place had been beset with our people, and put off immediately: the other coming in, found part of their party gone off: left all and followed them to Niagra, Col. Butler<sup>72</sup> of Seoharry sent down a scout and found they had fled: he marched with his regi-

<sup>69</sup>Springfield, a small town situated at the head of Otsego Lake, ten miles west of Cherry Valley.

<sup>70</sup>Tunadilla was the Indian name of the present town of Unadilla, New York. It is situated on the Susquehanna River, about forty-three miles north-east of Binghamton

<sup>71</sup>Schoharie, the county seat of Schoharie County, situated about thirty-eight miles west of Albany.

<sup>72</sup>"Soon after the battle of Monmouth, Lieutenant-Colonel William Butler, with one of the Pennsylvania regiments and a detachment of Morgan's riflemen, was ordered north, and stationed at Schoharie. Butler was a brave and experienced officer, especially qualified for the service upon which he was appointed." (Stone, Life of Joseph Brant, vol. 1, pp. 355-56.)



## At the Massacre of Cherry Valley in 1778

ment and riflemen and Indians to the number of 500 men immediately for Susquehanna.

October 1st. Col. Alden received orders to arrange his regiment agreeable to the new establishment, which will take place from 1<sup>st</sup> inst. Oct. in the following order:

- 1st Cap: Ballard, Lieut. Lunt, Ensign Parker.
- 2nd Infantry Coburn, Lieut. Bufington, Lieut. Givens.
- 3rd Cap: Day, Adjutant and Lieut. White, Lieut. Day.
- 4th Cap: Warren, Lieut. Maynard, Ens<sup>n</sup> Bragnall.
- 5th Cap: Reed, Lieut. Holden, Ensign and Paymaster Tucker.
- 6th Cap: Lane, Lieut. Peabody, Ens<sup>n</sup> and Q. Master Kindry.
- 7th C: Cap: Lieut. Parker, Lieut. Trowbridge.
- 8th L: C., Lieut. Curtis, Lieut. Carter.
- 9th M: Lieut. Thorpe, Ensign Garrett.

Lieut. Billings<sup>78</sup> requested a discharge and Ensign Charles was dropt. Mr. Hickler<sup>74</sup> was chosen paymaster and had an appointment in the lines, but declined; on which Ensign Tucker<sup>75</sup> was chosen.

By intelligence from Albany we learn that the Brest fleet had arrived on our coast. By a young man belonging to the river, who was retaken at Tunadilla, we learn that Lieut. Maynard<sup>76</sup> was very ill treated by the Indians, Ensign arrived from Albany, who brings us information that our regiment was talked of to take Gansworts<sup>77</sup> place at Fort Stanwix, but he thought that Vansoits<sup>78</sup> would and we should march down in about three weeks. Mr. Smith, the Commissary of Massachusetts stores arrived, which was a welcome visitor. At the sale of the tory effects, I bought a horse for 85 dollars. Gave Lieut. Billings an order on Tobez Elwell to take my mare and dispose of her for me, if said Elwell had not

<sup>78</sup>Benjamin Billings, Lieutenant 7th Massachusetts, 1st January, 1777; discharged 30th September, 1778. (Heitman, Officers Continental Army, p. 86.)

<sup>74</sup>William Hickling, Paymaster 7th Massachusetts, 1st January, 1777; resigned 30th September, 1778. (Ibid, p. 219.)


<sup>75</sup>Joseph Tucker, Ensign 7th Massachusetts, 1st January, 1777; Lieutenant, 9th February, 1780; Paymaster of regiment, 1st January, 1777 to June 1783. (Ibid, p. 405.)

<sup>76</sup>Jonathan Maynard, Lieutenant of Nixon's Massachusetts Regiment, May to December, 1775; 1st Lieutenant 7th Massachusetts, 1st January, 1777; taken prisoner at Young's House, 3d February, 1780; exchanged 22d December, 1780; Captain 25th January, 1781; retired 1st January, 1783. (Died 17th July, 1835.) (Ibid, p. 289.)

<sup>77</sup>Peter Gansevoort, was a native of Albany, where he was born, July 17, 1749. In June, 1775, he was commissioned major of the Second New York, and later in that year accompanied Montgomery in the campaign against Canada. On November 21, 1776, he was promoted to the rank of colonel, and for his successful defense of Fort Schuyler, against St. Leger's force in August 1777, he received the thanks of Congress. In March, 1781, Gansevoort was appointed brigadier-general of the New York militia, which he held until the close of the war. After the war, he was for many years military agent of the Northern department. On February, 1809, he was commissioned brigadier-general in the United States Army. He died July 2, 1812, aged sixty-two years.

<sup>78</sup>Goose Van Schaiek, Colonel 2d New York, 28th June, 1775; Colonel 1st New York, 8th March, 1776; By the act of 10th May, 1779; it was "Resolved, that the thanks of Congress be presented to Colonel Van Schaiek, and the officers and soldiers under his command, for their activity and good conduct in the late expedition against the Onondagas." Brevet Brigadier-General, 10th October, 1783; served to November, 1783. (Died 4th July, 1787.) (Heitman, Officers Continental Army, p. 409.)





## Diary of Captain Benjamin Warren

sold her; if he had, Billings was to receive the pay for me and keep it till called for, or pay it to my wife at Plymouth.<sup>79</sup>

*October 10th.* It began raining and lasted until the twelfth and snowed so that considerable was left on the ground.

*October 12th.* Cleared up cold and froze hard—13<sup>th</sup> it continued cold and blustering; yesterday Serjeant Bartlett joined the company from West Point; informed that the regiment was likely to be removed from here soon: Mr. Hicklen left the regiment to go down after money for the regiment, by which means the Artillery company was put under my charge.

About the first of November Gen. Hand,<sup>80</sup> who was ordered to the command of the Northern Department came to direct us to determine on the expediency of quartering the troops here the winter. He called for a return of what ordinance stores, amunition, &c, I had in the garrison; meanwhile an express arrived from Fort Stanwix, informing that one of the Oneidas was at a Council of war of the enemy's, in which it was determined to visit Cherry Valley. The General had the regiment turned out and reviewed them; he payed us a high compliment in orders and in consequence of the express, he went down and ordered Col. Klock<sup>81</sup> to send immediately 200 men to reinforce us, which the Gen. wrote was to have been here the 9th of November and ordered up a large quantity of provision and amunition stores, which however did not come to hand nor any reinforcement of men and on Wednesday, the 11th, about 12 o'clock, the enemy to the number of 650, rushed upon us, surrounded headquarters and the fort immediately and pushed vigorously for the fort, but our soldiers behaved with great spirit and alertness; defended the fort and repulsed them, after three hours and half smart engagement. Col. Alden in endeavouring to reach the fort was killed; Col. Stacy made prisoner together with Lieut. Holden,<sup>82</sup> Ensign Garrett,<sup>83</sup> the surgeon's mate, and a serjeant, about 12 or 14 of the regiment: twelve of the regiment besides the Col. killed and two wounded.

*November 12th.* No reinforcements till about 9 or 10 o'clock. The Indians came on again and gave a shout for rushing on, but our cannon

<sup>79</sup>Plymouth, Massachusetts.


<sup>80</sup>Edward Hand was a native of Kings County, Ireland. In 1774, he came to this country with his regiment (the Eighteenth Royal Irish), then serving as a surgeons-mate. He resigned his commission shortly after, refusing to fight against an oppressed people. Upon leaving the regiment, he proceeded to Pennsylvania, where he practiced medicine for a short time. At the commencement of hostilities, he offered his services to this country, and was appointed lieutenant-colonel of Thompson's Pennsylvania rifle battalion. He was promoted to be brigadier-general in the Continental Army April 1, 1777, and early in 1781, to be adjutant-general. After the war he held several civil offices of trust, and his name is attached to the Pennsylvania Constitution of 1790. In 1798, his name appears as major-general in the United States Army, he was honorably discharged July 15, 1800. General Hand died on September 3, 1802.

<sup>81</sup>Jacob Klock, Colonel of Tryon County militia.

<sup>82</sup>Aaron Holden, 2d Lieutenant 6th Continental Infantry, 1st January to 31st December, 1776; 1st Lieutenant 7th Massachusetts, 1st January, 1777; taken prisoner at Cherry Valley, 11th November, 1778; Captain, 1780; was a prisoner when retired, 1st January, 1781. (Died —, 1810.) (Heitman, Officers Continental Army, p. 224.)

<sup>83</sup>Andrew Garrett, Ensign 7th Massachusetts, 1st October, 1778; taken prisoner at Cherry Valley, 11th November, 1778; Lieutenant 25th October, 1778; transferred to 6th Massachusetts, 1st January, 1783, and served to 3d June, 1783. (Ibid, p. 187.)





## At the Massacre of Cherry Valley in 1778

played brisk; they soon gave away: they then went round the settlement burnt all the buildings mostly the first day and collected all the stock and drove the most of it off; killed and captivated all the inhabitants, a few that hid in the woods excepted, who have since got into the fort.

*November 13th.* In the afternoon and morning of the 13th we sent out parties after the enemy withdrew; brought in the dead; such a shocking sight my eyes never beheld before of savage and brutal barbarity; to see the husband mourning over his dead wife with four dead children lying by her side, mangled, scalpt, and some their heads, some their legs and arms cut off, some torn the flesh off their bones by their dogs—12 of one family killed and four of them burnt in his house.

*Saturday 14th.* The enemy seemed to be gone; we sent out to collect what was left of cattle or anything; found some more dead and buried them.

*Sunday 15th.* This day some provision arrived being the first supply after the first attack when we had not a pound for man in garrison, for four or five days, but a trifle of meat. In the afternoon a scout we thought had been taken by them, a serjeant and eight men arrived in safe. By some they took prisoners they let go again; informed they had a number wounded and we saw a number of them fall, so that we have reason to think we killed more of them than they killed of our regiment, though they butchered about 40 women and children that has been found. It came on to storm before the engagement began: first with rain, but for this day past, it has been a thick snow storm.

*Monday 16th.* The snow continued falling & is almost knee deep on a level.—The Col. was buried the 13th with — — — under arms with all the honors of war.—Though there was 300 men, between this and the river,<sup>84</sup> most of them together before we were attacked, yet they came within four miles and laid there until they were assured the enemy was gone off. Col. Butler, though near 40 miles off, marched and got near and, would have been the first to our assistance, had we not sent him word they were gone off: we are here in a shocking situation, scarcely an officer that has anything left, but what they have on their back.

*Tuesday 17th.* The weather continued stormy; scouts were sent off, but no discovery made of the enemy near.

*Wednesday 18th.* Nothing material; still stormy.

*Thursday 19th.* A party of our men out discovered tracks on the mountains, not far off.



*Friday 20th.* Some stores and amunition arrived from the river.

*Saturday 21st.* This day a scout from Col. Butler's came in from the river; informed that Eight houses were burnt south west from fort Plank<sup>85</sup> & 3 men made prisoners by the enemy: still stormy: Major Whiting got him a new house built and moved in this day: Having cartridge paper come employed the Artillery men making cannon cart-ridges; received intelligence of Capt. Coburn's arrival at Albany with


<sup>84</sup>The Mohawk.

<sup>85</sup>Fort Plank was established in 1776, and was situated two and a half miles west of Fort Plain. The fort was in reality the house of Frederick Plank, which was palisaded by a square inclosure, with a block-house on each corner. Troops were constantly stationed here during the Revolution, and it was considered a post of importance. (Simms, *Frontiersmen of New York*, pp. 573-74.)





## Diary of Captain Benjamin Warren



clothing for the regiment. I wrote by Major Desine to bring them forward immediately unless the Gen. should order us from this place, in consequence of our request for that favor.

*Sunday 22nd.* This day by request of the Major, I took charge of a party to fix the guard house with chimney &c; wrote to the Gen. by request of the Major for a relief of the regiment and to have us join our Brigade.

*Monday 23d.* From this to the end of the month, fatigue parties making — — — round the fort.

The above copied from Captain Warren's Original Diary lent to me by Mr. Daggetts, of New York. J. S.

Four things a man must learn to do  
If he would keep his record true;  
To think without confusion clearly;  
To love his fellow men sincerely;  
To act from honest motives purely;  
To trust in God and Heaven securely.  
—HENRY VAN DYKE.

I live for those who love me,  
For those who know me true,  
For the Heaven that smiles above me,  
And waits my spirit too;  
For the cause that lacks assistance,  
For the wrongs that need resistance;  
For the future in the distance,  
And the good that I can do  
—GEORGE LINNAEUS BANKS.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch, as a sunbeam.  
—MILTON.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,  
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.  
—TENNYSON.

"What I kept I lost,  
What I spent I had,  
What I gave I have."  
—PERSIAN PROVERB.

Everywhere in life the true question is, not what we have gained, but what we do.—CARLYLE.

Give a good deed the credit of a good motive; and give an evil deed the benefit of the doubt.—BRANDER MATTHEWS.

What we like, distinguishes what we are, and is the sign of what we are, and to teach taste is inevitably to teach character.—RUSKIN.

There is only one real failure possible: and that is, not to be true to the best one knows.—F. W. FARRAR.





# Experiences of an Early American Lawyer in the "Northwest"

Appeal of the  
Wonderful Western Country to  
the Young American in the First Days of  
the New Nation & Travelling Thirty Miles a Day in an  
"Ohio" Wagon into the Unknown Dominion & Home Life on the  
American Frontier & Political Agitation & Adventures of Samuel Huntington

BY  
LUCY MATHEWS BLACKMON

PAINSVILLE, OHIO

Great-Grand Daughter of Samuel Huntington, an Early Governor of  
the "Great Northwest Territory"

**T**HE men who laid the foundations in the Middle West, and opened to civilization that vast country that borders on the Great Lakes, were indeed builders of the nation. This rich country today is the mother of the President of the Republic and has given to American statesmanship some of its ablest and most loyal men. In the development of the Great Northwest Territory, which is one of the most fascinating chapters in American national life, the narrative of Samuel Huntington, one of its earliest governors, vibrates with deed and character.


Investigations of a somewhat genealogical nature, as well as historical, have been pursued by his descendants for many years and it is my pleasure to relate in these pages some phases of these researches that relate more directly to American history.

The family of Huntington, now legion in the United States, in 1633 numbered but four: Christopher, Simon, Thomas and Connecticut. In the two and a half centuries since then, the family has become established in nearly every state of the union and has often shown the well-known characteristics which have marked it for generations. Like other families, its sons have followed the usual occupations of life, for its farmers, mechanics, merchants, doctors, lawyers, ministers and teachers have been many, and have usually borne a fair part in life. The energy, thrift and wisdom of the Huntington daughters, as well as their beauty of character and (sometimes) of countenance, has been appreciated by their own loyal fathers and brothers. The brothers of other families have appreciated also, for many Huntington descendants belong in the Tracy, Backus, Adgate, Coit, Morse, Phelps, Brewster, Brown, Griffin, Greer, Leffingwell, Walworth, Trumbull, Bill and a score of other families.

In each generation throughout its history there have been those distinctly marked by high and noble qualities. Many have sacrificed







## Early American Lawyer in the Northwest

for family or cause or country. It would be a pleasure to speak of those who now are greatly loved in large fields of usefulness; and of others, bearing their burdens in retired and humble places. But instead of the present let us turn back for over a century to the Samuel Huntington in whom we are immediately interested. He was born in Norwich, Connecticut in 1765. He came of Puritan stock, the son of the Reverend Joseph Huntington. In childhood he and his sister Frances were adopted by their father's brother, Samuel Huntington, governor of Connecticut. Their presence in the uncle's house was particularly pleasing to their adoptive parents who, without children, greatly loved their nephew and niece, whose mother, Hannah (Devotion) Huntington, was sister of Martha, wife of the governor.

That governor was himself an interesting character; a delegate to the Continental Congress; signer of the Declaration of Independence; president of the Continental Congress in 1779 and 1780; chief justice and later lieutenant-governor of the state; he was in 1786 elected governor of Connecticut, to which his fellow citizens continued to re-elect him annually until his death in 1796.

Samuel Huntington, the nephew, graduated from Yale in 1785 and in 1788 received from the college a Master's degree. The parchment bearing witness to this, yellow with age, shows the signatures of Ezra Stiles, S. T. D., LL. D., then President; and Enoch Huntington, Josiah Whitney, David Ely, Nathan Williams, E. Williams, Nathaniel Taylor, Moses Mather, Samuel Lockwood and Timothy Pitkin, all names which mean much to Connecticut in the East and in the West.



About this time, rare opportunity presenting, young Huntington visited France, learning much of that country at an interesting period of its history, and meeting, through special letters, men of note whose friendliness was valuable. Returning to America, he studied law, was admitted to the bar and practiced successfully in his home town. There, too, he married Hannah Huntington, a granddaughter of General Jabez Huntington, remotely related to his own family.

About the time the young man had become established in his profession important events in the west were attracting great attention. These had followed that remarkable act by which Connecticut ceded (in 1786) to the United States Government, all her western lands, save that especially designated as her Western Reserve. The Northwest Territory had been organized in 1787, and in 1788, Washington County, which at first included all the Northwest Territory. In that year settlements had been made near Fremont and at the mouth of the Muskingum River, but at that time there was not a permanent white settler within the limits of the Western Reserve.

In 1792, Connecticut gave certain of her citizens who had suffered losses from fire and otherwise during the Revolutionary War, five hundred thousand acres of land lying in the western part of the Western Reserve, and since designated as the Fire Lands. In 1795 a committee of eight was appointed to receive any proposals for the purchase of lands belonging to the State, lying west of the west line of the State of Pennsylvania. The Connecticut Land Company, comprising forty-eight individuals, for \$1,200,000, purchased the lands placed on sale by the State. A year later Moses Cleveland and his company of surveyors had arrived at the Cuyahoga River and laid out the city of Cleveland. That winter three







## Political Experiences of Samuel Huntington

persons, Mr. Stiles and his wife, and General Edward Paine, later known as the founder of Painesville, comprised the white population of the place. By 1800, many settlers having come from the East, Trumbull County was organized, and was made to comprise the Western Reserve. These events, and the news which came by word of mouth or an occasional letter from the wonderful western country, made such strong appeal to Samuel Huntington, that, in 1797, there was recorded in New Haven, Connecticut, a deed by which one Pierpont Edwards of New Haven County assigned and transferred to Samuel Huntington for \$9,000, the trust and benefit of a portion of the Connecticut Western Reserve. This deed was recorded in Trumbull County, Ohio, in 1801.

In the meantime a strong determination came to Huntington to see the new country for himself. Alone, and braving perils of forest, mountain and stream, he came, in 1800, on a prospecting trip to southern Ohio, visiting Youngstown and later, Marietta. At the latter place he was met by St. Clair, governor of the Northwest Territory, who warmly welcomed the young citizen of Connecticut, whose opinion as to the new country may be learned from a letter written at Marietta, April 9, 1800.

"As to your doubts about my opinion of this country, and the doubts of your friends respecting our moving into it, you may take no pains to convince them of it as next year at this time their doubts will be all cleared up, for I assure you that if I had had no thoughts of residing in this country when I left home, what I have seen and known would have been sufficient to give me such resolution."

He returned to Connecticut and the next spring went with his family in an "Ohio Wagon," traveling the southern route over the mountains. It was indeed slow traveling, thirty miles a day being remarkable. They finally reached Cleveland. The entire "City Directory" of that day has been humorously quoted by a Cleveland newspaper in an issue one hundred years later as follows:


"Major Lorenzo Carter, Carter's Hotel; Elisha Norton, Store Keeper, Carter's Hotel; Samuel Huntington, Attorney-at-law, and family, Bluff south of Superior Street; Major Amos Spafford, Carpenter and builder, log house on the flats; Indians, in the Woods!"

And yet this wild country so interested Samuel Huntington that he bought property, (recorded in Hartford, Connecticut, March 18, 1802), the Connecticut Land Company conveying to him in "the city and township of Cleveland, County of Trumbull, Northwest Territory, 116 acres and 60 rods, beginning at the lake, and extending to the middle road leading from Huron Street, also 72 acres and 53 rods lying on the Cuyahoga River, Huron Street, Ontario Street, the great Square and Superior Street."


To one familiar with the present Cleveland these locations are clearly defined. The streets mentioned outline city blocks not now counted as acres of forest with clearings, but as real estate of immense value, intersected by the most busy streets of a modern city.

About this time the call had gone out that the new territory had right to become a state. Accordingly, obedient to a proclamation by the Sheriff of Trumbull County, the electors met at their two voting places and chose as delegates to represent the county in the Constitutional Convention appointed to meet in Chillicothe, David Abbott and Samuel Huntington. In November, these two from Trumbull County set out for the little town in the south central part of the territory, where they met





## Early American Lawyer in the Northwest



their fellow delegates (among them men of note) in the Chillicothe Court House. After interesting debate and due deliberation, the first constitution of the State of Ohio was signed and Edward Tiffin was nominated for governor. Trumbull County elected Samuel Huntington as her senator in the first Assembly, of which he was also the presiding officer of the Senate. By the legislature he was elected to the Supreme Court where he served first as Justice, then as Chief Justice until 1808. Meanwhile he had removed his home to the higher ground called the "Ridge," a little farther from the lake, following Judge Kingsbury, who had preceded him in that part which later became known as Newburg. The unhealthy conditions of the beginning of the century are well known, the swamps and woods causing great suffering from malaria and ague. Howe in his "Historical Collections of Ohio" states that in the latter part of the summer and in the fall (1798) every person in the town was sick either with the bilious fever or with the fever and ague," and narrates many instances of suffering which awaken not only sympathy and pity, but admiration for the fortitude of these pioneers. Judge Huntington realized the dangers to health, and feared to hazard his family.


His land in Newburg comprised that on both sides of Mill Creek and included the great mill which Wheeler W. Williams, also of Norwich County, and Mayor Wyatt had erected in 1799. That first mill on the Western Reserve marked a stage in the country's progress. The hand-mills had given way to a power-mill, corn was sent over uncertain roads from points far distant. The community had acquired a permanence. Samuel Huntington, with the acquisition of this mill, already a lawyer and a statesman, now became a manufacturer.

In a letter to which we have already referred (Marietta, October 29, 1800), occurs a paragraph which has a direct bearing upon Mr. Huntington's next home site. "If we do not trade, I shall go back to the Reserve and contract for a log house and lot of land cleared on some land which I have engaged in case I wanted it, near the lake where Grand R. joins it. It is a place free from any danger of Indians, in a good neighborhood, and is as delightful a situation as any place that is covered with woods can be."

In 1808, with his family, he moved to Painesville township; there he built a warehouse near the mouth of Grand River, a building afterwards used for holding of the first regular court in Geauga County. Later, with Abraham Skinner, Eleazer Paine, Simon Perkins and Calvin and Seymour Austin he helped to lay out the town of Grandon, now Fairport. Near the east bank of Grand River, and a half mile from Lake Erie, he decided to build a permanent and comfortable home. The timber was selected, cut, hewn and seasoned. A fair-sized clearing had been made and young fruit trees—apple, peach, pear and plum, carefully nurtured from seedlings or from scions brought from the East, were set out. That the house might command a fine view, an avenue was cut through the forest to the lake. In this wide opening, deer, bear and other wild animals were often seen, and in spring and fall, files of Indians traveling along the lake shore by one of the oldest "Red Men's Roads," were silhouetted against the sky. In due time the house was built, grand indeed for the times, and well equipped, but smaller than preparation allowed, for a part of the carefully hewn timbers, obtained by no small labor, were burned while being kiln-dried. To pioneers such loss meant more than the actual money value. Judge Huntington and his wife craved for their children the school







## Political Experiences of Samuel Huntington

advantages which would have been theirs in Connecticut. Accordingly, the story goes, arrangements were made with a kinswoman in Connecticut, known to be a good teacher, to come as governess. The next summer a trusty man was sent horseback all the way back East and leading "a gentle riding mare" upon which the teacher should journey to the new state.

Later, in 1808, the one little daughter of the family was placed in Miss Spencer's school, "Harmony Hall," Pittsburg. Many are the letters addressed to "Honored Mama" telling of the affairs of the day as seen in Pittsburg from a girls' school.

Difficulties arose in 1807 between the Ohio Legislature and the Supreme Court over a law which had been passed by the legislature giving certain rights to justices of the peace. This the Supreme Court held to be unconstitutional. The legislature, offended by this decision, began impeachment proceedings against three members of the Supreme Court. One may see Judge Huntington's attitude toward the talk of the time in his comments written from New Market, Highland County, October 14, 1808.


"I have continued to enjoy health, have had a very pleasant circuit thus far and shall be at Chillicothe the first of November, and if I hear particularly from our County by the middle of the month shall be at home by the first of December, unless, perhaps, one or two events shall happen. If the nomination to another office (the executive office) shall prevail—but I feel very easy as to the result, as success would be misfortune, by keeping me entirely away from home, and by enhancing my expenses greater than I can bear; the other event alluded to is the threatened impeachment, which would be still a greater kindness, as it would release me altogether from public business and leave me to my favorite domestic retirement."

In this philosophic opinion did this man seek to relieve his wife's mind from undue worry concerning him. It is interesting to note, in this connection, that though the impeachment proceeding against the two associates upon the bench were continued, they failed to secure the two thirds' vote necessary for conviction. Thus the legislature admitted itself in error; the decision then rendered by the Supreme Court has not been changed. Now, one hundred years later, the present generation declares the wisdom of that early decision. The talk about the impeachment proceedings soon subsided, and the nomination, so modestly referred to in the letter quoted, was made in the Federalist State Convention. At the next election Samuel Huntington was chosen Chief Executive. Abraham Tappan, in a letter written at an advanced age, in 1854, thus describes his appearance in 1808. "In stature, Governor Huntington was under the common size, and rather slight in appearance. He was fond of social and lively company, and relished a good joke. He was gentle in his manners, affectionate in his family, and bland in his general intercourse with his fellow citizens."

Nothing of special importance to the state occurred during the time he served as Chief Executive. What he had to do he did well, and with credit to himself and the people. In 1810, he returned to his pleasant home, and honored by his fellow men, settled down to the tranquility of private life. Two years later the people again demanded that he enter public service. His reply was, "Allow me, I beg of you, to remain where I am. There is nothing further I can do to benefit the state, and I am







## Early American Lawyer in the Northwest

perfectly happy in my present position." They insisted, and he became a member of the House of Representatives.

The second war with Great Britain was now upon the country. England, controlling Canada, was trying to equip the Indians with arms that they might desolate the frontier. Detroit was surrendered by Hull. These events are sometimes lightly considered by the present generation, but to the little settlements they were "days of wars and rumors of war."

From Painesville, June 3rd, 1812, Judge Huntington wrote: "It seems to be the general opinion that war is inevitable, but I think it will be a continuance of the paper war and that more ink than blood will be shed in it. The blustering system has so long been in use that we do not regard a little more of it as a sure indication of hostilities."

The optimism of this man and the desires of those upon whom the burden of savage warfare must fall did not prevail. Late summer of 1812 saw him upon his way to Washington. The following is from a letter, which on August 26th, he wrote his wife from Ravenna:


"It was found necessary for some person to go direct to Washington City to procure Arms &c & the Council of War appointed me for that purpose . . . & I consider it my duty in this emergency to go . . . despatch was necessary and I could not go home without losing a day. I accordingly set out yesterday noon with what preparation I could make in 2 hours. I must be in Washington in a week and shall not probably stay there more than two days . . . it will take me a week more to return and I shall return by the way of Cleveland . . . If Frank (his son) is called for he must go . . . I hope, with George and the little boys you will suffer but little inconvenience . . . The Indians have all gone down to attack Fort Wayne and from there they will proceed to Fort Vincennes on the Wabash so that for five or six weeks they will find enough to do in that quarter and before that time the troops will arrive from the south and until then it will be practical to keep our militia ready for them between Cleveland and Miami. There is no cause of apprehension this side of Huron River and none there but from a few stragglers who may steal the cattle that are left, when they find the people have gone off . . . I hope the people at Grand River will not be scaring one another. One waggon going off starts fifty more . . . Col. Cass is going on with me and we are in great haste."

The trip to Washington was successful. Government aid for prosecution of the war was secured. Judge Huntington was made paymaster of the Northwest Army with rank of colonel. Thenceforth he spent much time in the field. Conditions were bad.

From an army camp at lower Sandusky, July 12, 1813, he wrote home: "The troops are very sickly . . . great numbers die daily; if they remain at Fort Meigs or this place until the last of September there will not be one man to help another . . . The Indians are constantly about us watching an opportunity to cut off small parties. They killed seven persons within plain sight of the garrison."

In a letter addressed to his son-in-law, Dr. J. H. Mathews, of Painesville, and dated January 3, 1814, he writes: "From what information we can obtain the enemy is marching to attack us either here or at Sandwich & Madden. Colonel Butler the Commanding Officer appears to be very active and vigilant in preparing to receive them, . . . Should they come, I have no doubt they will have a warm reception. The certainty of in-





## Political Experiences of Samuel Huntington

human treatment from British and Indians, the retaliatory system adopted; and the exasperated state of mind in both parties on the frontier at this time, all combine to make both desperate, and to inspire a resolution in our troops never to surrender. The folly of withdrawing our forces from this district and sending them beyond the reach of intelligence in any possible time for our relief, will soon appear—Conquering Canada by proclamation and holding it by retreating out of it are parts of the same system of warfare. When will this infatuation end?"

Obtaining supplies for the army was difficult. All necessities were high-priced, and some could not be had at any price. Financing the army was not a small task. From Chillicothe he wrote, November 8, 1814:


"We arrived here on the 6th. after traveling almost constantly in the rain. I can obtain no money for the pay of the army. The Bankers do no business and the silver is banished from the country. I shall remain here until I can hear from Washington. From the news received since I left home it appears we are to have a long and bloody war; that the taxes are to be doubled and the Militia are to be called in some shape or other—how we are to get money, nobody can tell. In this gloomy state of things *we must be prepared to make great sacrifices and we must make them or give up all our rights* and perhaps, the property on which we subsist. If the country is united, we shall do well at last."

As the nation emerged from the war, he sought, again, the retirement of home. His letters to his wife, and his wife's letters to him, are filled with allusions to the children and their studies, to the prospects for the opening of schools, to the arrival of shipments of books sent in boxes across the mountain from the old home in Norwich, and ordered as rare treasures. In another letter he writes, "I hope the children will be kept pretty steady to their books and writing." He loved, too, the development of his farm, garden and orchards, and well knew how necessary, in the new country, was their careful cultivation. Most of all, he loved his family, his home. He writes, while governor, "But I ought to keep home out of my head. It must enter my mind only at times, and never when on business."

It must not be supposed that life was all seriousness and duty in those days. While traveling to meet judicial appointments he enjoyed an active life, traveling by stage or through forests on horseback, and open country where in season all nature was beautiful; frequently on these trips he did kindnesses for lonely settlers. Duty was somewhat broken by social recreations. Mr. Tappan's comment as to Judge Huntington's sociability is attested by his popularity in all those towns to which the holding of court took him. He made many warm friends and in their homes was frequently entertained. In those days there was strange contrast between a social life, where upon grand occasions gentlemen wore silk stockings, knee breeches, buckles, velvet coats with white ruffles, and those conditions which everywhere surrounded in the far extending woods. The records of the Assembly show that many a day was occupied by the consideration of bills for the ridding of the country of wolves and panthers. Among the dangers of traveling was that of wild animals. One day, while Judge Huntington was journeying alone on horseback from his home in Painesville to Cleveland, he was attacked by a pack of wolves at a bend in the road about two miles from the Public Square and near where Wilson







## Early American Lawyer in the Northwest

Avenue now crosses Euclid Avenue. He was surrounded by these animals, and owed his escape to his swift horse and to the sturdy cotton umbrella ribbed with whalebone, with which he beat them off.

It was while enjoying retirement at home that he met with an accident which kept him within doors some time. Always spry and active, the confinement so told upon his health that serious illness resulted, and his death occurred in 1817.

George U. Marvin, in an article written from Columbus to the Cleveland Leader a decade ago, said: "The visitor to Ohio's capitol may see in rotunda, corridor and the Governor's room, portraits of the State's Chief Executives. That of Samuel Huntington shows at a single glance the character of the man. In profile, the face is full of intellectuality and courage. The forehead is high, the nose straight and prominent; the mouth is firm, well-formed and pleasant; the chin tells of strict regard for duty and the will to carry out purposes formed. The hair is brushed straight back as was the custom in his day, and is black and heavy. Governor Huntington was a man of modesty. He made no effort to attract the attention of the people, and the people learned of him only because of his ability and fitness for public office."

"Such a man was Samuel Huntington, a gentleman by birth and breeding, a scholar, a lawyer of ability, a pioneer of courage and resourcefulness, a patriot unflinching and a statesman efficient."

He had a large part in the development of the Western Reserve of Connecticut, and in the earlier organizing and the later establishing of the State of Ohio. In him were combined the qualities of heart and mind which together made the ideal husband, father and citizen.

Not in the clamor of the crowded street,  
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,  
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.

—LONGFELLOW.

Content with poverty, my soul I arm;  
And Virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

—DRYDEN

He who reigns within himself, and rules passions, desires and fears, is more than King.—MILTON

Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win,  
By fearing to attempt.

—SHAKESPEARE.

When all our hopes are gone  
'Tis well our hands must still keep toiling on  
For others' sake.  
For strength to bear is found in duty done,  
And he is blest indeed who learns to make  
The joy of others cure his own heart-ache.

—M. V. DRAKE.



#### NATURE'S BARRIERS IN THE COLORADO DESERT

Photograph taken along the route of the First Overland Journey through the American Southwest to the Golden Gate of the Pacific and the Founding of the City of San Francisco

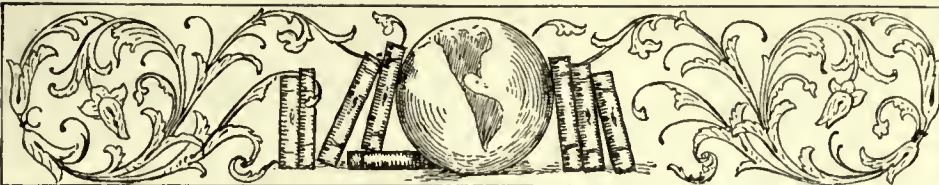




EARLY AGES BEFORE THE WHITE MAN WAS KNOWN IN AMERICA—  
 Photograph taken in the Colorado Desert on the route of the First Overland Journey  
 to the Golden Gate of the Pacific, showing the hot mud volcanoes from which still  
 rise sulphurous vapors emitting brilliant yellow crystals and golden dust



REMAINS OF THE BYGONE AGES IN AMERICA—Photograph taken along  
 the "bad lands" of the Colorado Desert showing some past phenomena of nature  
 in which great stretches of sand dunes have been thrown into glittering mounds  
 along the historic path through the American Southwest



# First Overland Route to the Pacific

Journey of Colonel Anza Across the Colorado Desert  
to Found the City of San Francisco and Open the  
Golden Gate to the Riches of the Great Orient

BY

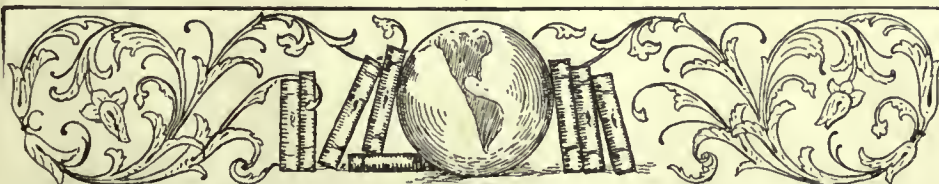
HONORABLE ZOETH S. ELDREDGE

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA


Member of the American Historical Association  
President of the National Bank of the Pacific

This remarkable record of the exact route of the explorers who made the first overland journey of white men through the American Southwest, across the Colorado Desert to the Golden Gate, where they founded the city of San Francisco, is now for the first time revealed by the translation from the original diary of Colonel Anza. The several stages of the historic journey, which was more daring for the times, even, than that of Stanley in Africa, or Peary or Cook at the North Pole, have been recorded in these pages. In the preceding installment, Colonel Anza and his expedition were left at the San Joaquin River. The expedition is now resumed from that point and carried in triumph to the foundation of the new metropolis of Pacific America.


**R**ESUMING his march to the east northeast for about one league, Anza climbed a high hill to observe the country. From this vantage point he saw a confusion of water, tulares, forest, and level plain of an extension unmeasurable. To the east, beyond the plain, and at a distance of some thirty leagues, he saw a great sierra nevada, white from the summit down, which appeared to run from southeast to northwest, while northward, as far as the horizon, extended the great plain, encroached upon by the sea of fresh water and tulares. The doubt that the Rio de San Francisco was a river at all becoming more fixed in his mind, he descended to the water and camped for the night in a grove of oaks near an abandoned rancharia to which he gave the name of San Ricardo. This was at, or near, the site of the present town of Antioch. It was here that Fages, in 1772, gave up the attempt to get around the body of water, and turned back to Monterey. Anza again tested the water and found it crystalline, cool, fresh and good. Seeing that the breeze caused some gentle waves to wash the beach, he took a good sized pole and threw it into the water with all his might, but instead of being carried down the stream it was washed ashore by the little waves. He resolved to go further







## First Overland Journey to the Golden Gate



up the river or laguna, and see if he could ascertain what it was. Noting the rise and fall of the tide, he posted Lieutenant Moraga to watch throughout the night and measure the height of it. They found that the difference between high and low water was eight feet three inches. All of this convinced Font that the Rio de San Francisco was no river at all, but a fresh water sea, and he named it Puerto Dulce. This name was frequently used by the Spaniards in speaking of Suisun Bay and the San Joaquin River. One who has been through the waste of waters of the San Joaquin delta can understand what it must have been one hundred and thirty years ago in the spring of the year. Anza still retained his doubt and from this day used the term Rio ó Laguna de San Francisco in alluding to it. Until two o'clock the following afternoon, April 4th, Anza struggled on foot and on horseback to overcome the obstacles that prevented him from reaching the plains on the northeast, but the further he went, the further he was diverted from his true direction, and the more his course was obstructed by water running into the river or laguna. He was now informed by two soldiers of his escort, who were from the Monterey garrison, that the water came from the tulares that reached as far south as the mission of San Luis Obispo, that they were thirty leagues in breadth and unfordable even in the dry season. Realizing that what he attempted could only be accomplished by a detour of three or four hundred miles, and that a survey could be better made by starting from San Luis Obispo, Anza turned and rode straight to the southwest in the direction of Monterey, and traveling four and a half leagues, camped for the night in the foot hills of the Monte Diablo range. Being without a guide, he had crossed the entrance to Livermore Pass, missed a very easy road through Livermore Valley to the route of his upward journey, and plunged into about as rough a mountain country as could be found in America. For the next two days he struggled with the difficulties of the mountain passage, frequently turning back to escape from impassable cañons and on the sixth emerged from the cordillera into the Santa Clara Valley by the cañon of Coyote Creek. Their route from the camp in the Livermore Hills was by the cañon of the Arroyo de Bueno Ayres to the summit of the mountains, from whose heights they looked down upon the great San Joaquin Valley, thence descending into the Arroyo Mocho they traveled some five miles, passing to the west of the Cerro Colorado which they noted, and camped in San Antonio Valley. The second day's route was over the divide to the cañon of the east fork of the Coyote Creek, down which they traveled, climbing into and out of the rough and dangerous cañon, and camped at night near the site of Gilroy Hot Springs. It was a difficult journey. Anza says that the hardships of the march were very great. "If we traveled by the cañons we were impeded by the rocks, and when we attempted the heights we nearly fell over the precipices. The sierra, whose width and dangerous heights no one would have believed we could surmount, was named by those who came before, "La Sierra del Charco."

The rest of the journey was easy and rapid. They reached the presidio of Monterey at 10.30 in the morning of April 8th, and Anza went to the mission of the Carmelo to cure his leg, from which he was still suffering. On April 13th he sent five soldiers to the presidio of San Diego to request Rivera, the commandante of California, to meet him at the mission of San





## Route of Colonel Anza from His Own Diary




JOURNEY ACROSS THE COLORADO DESERT THROUGH THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST—Photograph taken at Oasis along the western border where seventeen palm springs quench the thirst of travellers through this strange land of nature's wonders

Gabriel on the 25th or 26th of April, there to come to some agreement regarding the duty with which they were both charged, viz.: the establishment of the presidio and mission of San Francisco. Then, with a very slight improvement in his malady, he went to the presidio of Monterey to deliver to Lieutenant Moraga the command of the expedition and return to his presidio of Tubac.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of April 14, (1776) Anza began his return march to Mexico. With the commander was his chaplain, Pedro Font, Vidal, the purveyor, his escort of ten soldiers, and twelve vaqueros, arrieros and servants. He was also accompanied by two priests of San Luis Obispo, visiting at Monterey, who availed themselves of this opportunity for returning. "This day," he writes, "has been the saddest that said presidio (of Monterey) has experienced since it was founded. As I mounted my horse in its plaza, the greater part of the people I had brought from their country, and particularly the women, remembering the treatment, good or bad, they have experienced from me while under my command, came, dissolved in tears, which they shed publicly, not so much because of their banishment as because of my departure, and with embraces and wishes for my happiness bade me farewell, giving me praises I do not deserve. I was deeply moved by their gratitude and affection, which I reciprocate, and I testify that from the beginning up to today I have not seen any sign of desertion in any of these whom I have brought from their country to remain in this distant place; and in praise of their fidelity I shall be permitted to make this memorial of a people, who in the course of



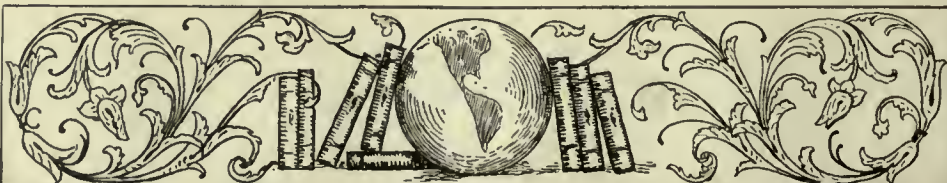


## First Overland Journey to the Golden Gate

time, will come to be very useful to the monarchy in whose service they have voluntarily left parents and country, which is everything one can abandon."

Returning by the road he had come, Anza met, on the morning of the second day, the sergeant whom he had sent, with dispatches, to Rivera. Delivering to Anza two letters from Rivera, the soldier privately communicated to Anza that Rivera, who was following close behind him, had been excommunicated at San Diego for having violated the sanctuary of the Church in taking therefrom an Indian criminal; that in his opinion the commandante was mad, that he had treated him with indignity and had reduced him from the rank of sergeant; that the commandante had first refused to receive Anza's letters, and on the following day had demanded them, and without opening them had given him letters for Anza and bade him begone. Anza opened Rivera's letter and found it contained a refusal to join him in the establishment of the presidio at San Francisco. Directing the sergeant to continue his way to Monterey, Anza resumed his march, and a league further on met Rivera. Anza saluted him courteously with inquiry for his health, but Rivera had no desire for the parley Anza had asked for, and without halting, answered his inquiry and spurred his horse on with a short "good bye." This so enraged Anza that he called on the priests with him to witness Rivera's discourteous treatment of him.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>The genesis of California contains no more notable figure than that of Don Fernando Javier Rivera y Moncada. Quarrelsome, jealous, self-willed and impatient of control or advice as he was, yet his abilities were recognized by the government which found constant employment for them, though his limitations were ascertained by one trial of independent command in California. He was captain of the presidio of Loreto in Baja California when Galves organized the first expedition and was by him placed second in command to Portola. He was given command of the first land division of that expedition and was thus the first explorer to enter California by land. On the march to Monterey, Rivera commanded the rear guard. When Fages was recalled in September, 1773, Rivera was appointed to succeed him and assumed command of the California establishments, May 24, 1774. He had been a captain of presidial troops for seventeen years; he had resented the preference shown Fages by Portola, both officers of the regular army, and in relieving Fages of his command his manner was arrogant and his demands peremptory. The padres, who had found Fages difficult, now found Rivera impossible. He was aggressive, overbearing and hard to get along with. He would neither listen to advice nor permit any suggestions whatever regarding the affairs of the province, and he opposed the padres in everything. The viceroy, Bucaréli, requested Rivera to keep on terms with the priests, as friction between the military and religious organizations retarded the conversion of the natives. Bucaréli's suggestions were unheeded and on July 20, 1776, the viceroy ordered Felipe de Neve, governor of the Californias to take up his residence at Monterey. Rivera was ordered to Loreto and given the position of lieutenant-governor of Baja California. In 1781, Rivera was detailed to enlist recruits for the military service of California, and settlers for the proposed pueblo at Porciúncula (Los Angeles). This was his last service. He recruited his men in Sonora and in June, 1781, arrived at the Colorado with forty-two *soldados de cuero* for the California presidios. These, with their families, he sent across the desert to San Gabriel, under a guard of veteran soldiers. With a personal escort of ten or twelve men, he himself remained in camp on the left bank of the Colorado opposite the mission of Purissima Concepcion, to await the return of the guard sent with the recruits. On July 17th, the Yumas rose, and under the leadership of Palma destroyed the missions of Purissima Concepcion and San Pedro y San Pablo de Bicuñer and then crossed the river, attacked Rivera's camp and killed the commander and all his men. Thus perished a brave and gallant officer, an indefatigable explorer, and one of the most prominent of the founders of California.





## Route of Colonel Anza from His Own Diary




LOST LAKE IN THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST—Photograph taken on Colorado Desert, showing water line of a lost lake, which in pre-historic time was probably an arm of the Gulf of California—The site of this evaporated lake is now the hottest and driest as well as one of the lowest points in the United States

At San Luis Obispo, Anza was overtaken by a messenger from Junipero Serra, requesting his good offices in the matter of the Indians concerned in the late rebellion at San Diego, who had offered their submission. The messenger also brought a letter from Rivera apologizing for his discourtesy, and both priest and soldier asked Anza to await their arrival from Monterey. Anza waited, but the conference resulted in nothing. The two officers did not meet, but conducted their negotiations by letter. Rivera, from his camp, a short distance from San Luis, requested a conference at San Gabriel. Anza, who had lost four days in waiting, pushed on for San Gabriel, where he waited three days more for Rivera to appear, and then resumed his march, first sending to Rivera a plan of the Port of San Francisco with the places selected for the fort and mission. At the Santa Ana River he was again overtaken by a messenger from Rivera, who wrote that he had been so busy over the papers in the affair at San Diego that he had had no time to write to his excellency the viceroy. He begged Anza to make his excuses to the viceroy for him and at the same time enclosed him a letter to the Father Guardian of the College of San Fernando in Mexico. Anza refused to receive the letter for the Father Guardian as he considered it disrespectful to the viceroy,<sup>2</sup> to whom Rivera

<sup>2</sup>El Balio Frey Don Antonio Maria Bucaréli y Ursúa, Lieutenant General of the Royal Armies, a nobleman of the highest rank, a soldier of distinction, and the forty-sixth viceroy of New Spain, was not only a very great but a very good man. The term of his rule was the happiest that New Spain experienced. Peace and prosperity reigned and the country took long strides in advance. He took the oath of office September 3, 1771, and his untimely death, April 9, 1779, spread sorrow throughout the land, for he had won the title of *Virey amado por la pax de su gobierno*—Viceroy beloved for the peace of his government.





## First Overland Journey to the Golden Gate

had not written, and he sent it back to the commandante. Crossing the mountains by the same route he had come, he reached the Ciénega de San Sebastian on the evening of May 7th. Wishing to cross the desert in one *jornada*, if possible, Anza made what he calls a *tardeada*—an afternoon march—and starting at 12.45 o'clock in the afternoon of May 8th reached the Laguna de Santa Olalla at midnight of the 9th, having traveled twenty-five leagues with two rests of five and a half hours each. Joyfully received by the Indians of Santa Olalla, who brought the travelers an abundance of maize, beans and other eatables, Anza rested his weary men and caballerías until three o'clock of the next day and then resumed his march for the junction of the rivers, where he arrived at 11 a. m. of May 11th.

At the Puerto de la Concepcion he found Padre Esaire, one of the two priests that had accompanied him from Horcasitas to the Colorado River; the other, Garcés had gone up the river whence he had crossed the Mojave Desert into California and was at that moment on the Kern River, on his way back from San Sabriel. Anza dispatched a letter by an Indian messenger to the place where Garcés was supposed to be, saying that he would wait three days for him and then resume his journey. He then began collecting logs for a raft, for the river was running full.

The next day came Palma, chief of the Yumas, to remind Anza of his agreement to take him to the City of Mexico. Anza represented to the chief that Mexico was a great distance off and that if Palma went there he would be a long time away from his people. Palma asked how many years he would be delayed in returning, and the commandante told him not more than one at most. Palma said it was well, that he had provided for the government of his nation during his absence, and presented to Anza two under chiefs to whom he had committed the administration of affairs. Anza required him also to select three of his people to accompany him that there might be witnesses to the Yumas of whatever might happen to their chief, and then, after consultation with the priests, granted Palma's petition.<sup>3</sup>

They now prepared to cross the river, selecting a place where it was compressed to about one hundred varas in width. It had a very rapid current, but the banks were approachable. One raft was launched on the morning of the 13th, loaded with some of Anza's people and baggage, and directed by twenty-three Yumas, swimming. It made the journey safely and returned, but five and a half hours had been consumed on the trip. At four o'clock another raft was sent over and made the opposite shore, but far down the stream. This was so badly damaged that the Yumas did not attempt to return it that night.

At daybreak the next morning, the river was much higher, and the great force of the waters made the passage of the train very difficult. The provisions and such of the freight as could be divided into small portions were sent over in *coritas* and *cajetes grandes*<sup>4</sup>—which the women,

<sup>3</sup>Anza took with him to the City of Mexico, Palma, his brother, Pablo, a son of Pablo, and a Cajuenche Indian. They were handsomely entertained and lived with Colonel Anza in a house on the Calle de la Merced. They were baptized, and the viceroy presented Palma with a captain's baton.

<sup>4</sup>Corita—a large, shallow, water tight basket. Cajete—a flat earthen bowl or jar.






## Route of Colonel Anza from His Own Diary



INDIAN VILLAGE IN CALIFORNIA ON FIRST WHITE MAN'S INVASION  
—Old Print from the Bartlett Narratives

swimming, pushed before them like little boats. Owing to the swiftness of the current, a woman would have to swim more than fifteen hundred varas—four-fifths of a mile—in going and coming, and they had to bring back the empty vessels, there not being enough in camp. Anza says that some of the women made twelve trips. All they asked for the service was a few beads, which Anza gave them in abundance. A raft was sent over at midday with some of the people, and late in the afternoon two rafts were completed, on which the rest of the command embarked. On the larger of the two rafts were the commandante, the two priests, the purveyor, and some soldiers—thirteen persons in all. It was managed by forty Yumas in the water, but as it was leaving the bank it began to sink. Instantly more than two hundred Yumas—among them many women—plunged into the river, and with much noise and shouting the raft was passed over to the other shore, traveling some eight hundred varas, its passengers safe, but a little wet. Anza says, "I have, before this, made the statement which I now most emphatically confirm, that the fact of our having the people of this river for friends, enables us to cross it with





## First Overland Journey to the Golden Gate

the fewest difficulties, and that were the contrary the case, it would be almost impossible to make the passage."<sup>5</sup>

On May 15th, Anza, having got all his people and baggage safely over the river, resumed his march, passing up the Gila some thirty-one and a half miles to the Laguna Salada; then leaving the river he struck across the Papaguera direct to the southeast. He reached Carrizal, the sink of the Sonoita, on the 19th, a little before noon, having lost six caballerías on the passage. From here on, until he reached the mission of Caborca, on the Rio del Altar, he followed the route of his upward passage of 1774.

Starting from Caborca on the 25th, he continued his route to the southeast. At the Real de la Cieneguila, a rich gold mining camp, he took under his protection a pack train that was waiting for an escort, this portion of the country being infested with Apaches, and reached San Miguel de Horcasitas and the end of his journey, June 1, 1776. Here ends the diary. His mission was accomplished. He had taken his people through in safety to Monterey, meeting with skill and courage the perils of the way—the cold, the deserts, the mountains, and the rivers—and he testifies that of all those entrusted to his care, not one had been lost but the woman who died in childbirth the first night out from Tubac. He had left them in a strange and far country, and they had parted from him with tears, not because they had left home and friends, but because they should see his face no more.

Anza's character may be read in the pages of his diary. He was by nature simple and kindly, responsive to the call of duty, and true to the "chivalrous traditions of heroic Spain." It is not easy to estimate the value of the services rendered by this gallant soldier, and the monument erected in San Francisco to the pioneers of California is incomplete without his name.

On the 17th of June, Lieutenant Moraga with Sergeant Grijalva and sixteen *soldados de cuero*,<sup>6</sup> two priests, seven colonists, besides, servants, arrieros and vaqueros, left Monterey and took the road followed by Anza to the peninsula of San Francisco. They traveled slowly, for the men had their families with them. On the 27th they reached the spot selected by Anza as the site for the mission, and camped on the bank of the Laguna de Manantial, which they called Laguna de los Dolores, taking the name from the arroyo. The *paquebot* "San Carlos" was to sail from Monterey with freight and the remainder of the expedition. While waiting for the arrival of the vessel, Moraga employed the men in cutting timber for the buildings of the presidio and mission. After waiting a month for the vessel, Lieutenant Moraga moved the greater part of his command to the site selected for the presidio, leaving six soldiers to guard the camp on the Laguna de los Dolores. On August 18th the *paquebot* arrived, having been driven by adverse winds as far south as San Diego. The captain of the San Carlos sent his sailors, and they, with the soldiers, began the construction of the buildings at the presidio and mission. At the former were made a chapel, a storehouse, and quarters for the troops, all of wood and thatched

<sup>5</sup>After the destruction of the missions of the Colorado, in 1781, as told in the note on Rivera, the overland route from Sonora, so laboriously opened by Anza, was closed until some time after the beginning of the Nineteenth Century.

<sup>6</sup>So called from a sleeveless jacket worn by the men, made of six or seven thicknesses of dressed deer skins impervious to the Indian arrows except at very short range.





## Route of Colonel Anza from His Own Diary



FIRST IMMIGRATION TRAINS OF THE GREAT WEST—Great freighters of the plains before the railroads penetrated Western America—Prairie schooners drawn by eight yoke of oxen often strung along the trail for many miles

with rushes. Before the arrival of the San Carlos on the 10th day of August, 1776, was born the first white child in San Francisco, Francisco Jose de los Dolores Soto, son of Ignacio Soto, a soldier of the mission guard. He was hurriedly baptized *ab instantem mortem* by one of the women. He did not die, however, but lived to become a great Indian fighter and *sargento distinguido* of the San Francisco company.

On the 17th of September, "The anniversary of the impression of the wounds of our Father Saint Francis, patron of the presidio and fort," as Father Palou says, they took formal possession of the presidio. Father Palou said mass, blessed the site, and after the elevation and adoration of the Holy Cross, concluded the religious services with the Te Deum. Then Moraga and his officers took formal possession in the name of the sovereign, and with discharges of cannon by the San Carlos and the shore batteries, and volleys of musketry from the troops, the city of San Francisco was born.

Could Anza stand today on the summit of the presidio hills, what a strange sight would meet his eyes. He would see spread before him to the east and south a great and beautiful city, under the shelter of the hills he would see a large military camp and floating above it a strange flag; the flag of a nation he knew not of; a nation which, at the time of his journey, was in the throes of parturition; beyond, he would see upon the bosom of the bay, a multitude of great ships flying the flags of all nations, and on the *contra costa* he would see other cities lining the shores for many miles to the north and south. A mighty change has taken place. Plumed cavalier and barefooted friar are alike gone. The power of Spain has departed and the youngest of the great nations of the earth possesses the land.



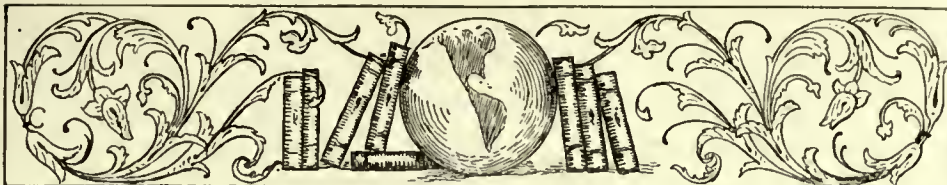




AMERICAN LANDMARK BUILT IN 1687—Homestead known as the Henry Willard house at Still River, Massachusetts, now occupied by the fifth generation in direct descent from the original deed



SCHOOL-HOUSE DURING THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION—Built about 1690 and known as the John Bigelow house at Still River, Massachusetts—The estate, including "Negro Neptune," was deeded away from the direct hereditary line many generations ago



# Ancestral Homesteads in America

American Landmarks & Old Houses & Colonial Homes of  
the Founders of the Republic & Preserved for Historical  
Record from Photographs in Possession of their Descendants

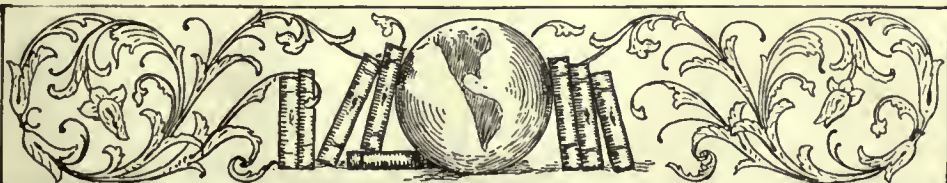
BY

LAURA A. BROWN

STILL RIVER, MASSACHUSETTS

**I**T gives me pleasure to preserve in America's repository for historical records, this collection of photographs of the homes of the founders of the nation, which have been in my possession for some years. These homesteads stood along the ancient highway leading from old Still River, Massachusetts. In 1658, this public thoroughfare, following the well-worn trail and hunter's path, was laid out between Lancaster and Groton, along the Nashaway. In 1673, a part of this road was relocated farther away from the overflowing river. It was beside this new road that the five hundred acre Still River farm of Major Simon Willard, of Concord, was located. A photograph of this house is recorded in these pages. In 1714, Dorcas Willard Bellows deeded to her son, Samuel Willard, "fourteen acres on the south side of the fenced field, called ye Still River farme on ye west side of the highway, where his late Honored ffather Henry Willard sometime lived, also all the Dwelling house that was his ffather's." Later, Samuel Willard bought of his brothers their shares in "ye great Fenced Field," and so came into possession of one hundred and sixty acres and the first garrison house, here reproduced. Later, the place was purchased by his cousin, Henry Haskell. This was Harvard's first garrison house. It was built in 1687. The place is now owned by William B. Haskell, the fifth in direct line to hold the original deed. In the will of Henry Haskell, in 1739, which deeds this house, I find this quaint record regarding the estate: "One cow to be kept winter and summer . . . also four sheep and a horse . . . eight cords of wood to be brought to the Door yearly . . . what apples she shall have occasion for out of the orchard . . . 180 lbs. of pork and one hundred pounds of beef yearly during her life. Twelve bushels of Indian Corn, one bushel of wheat and two of rye, 2 barrels of Cyder and one bushel of pease, half a bushell of beans, ten pounds of flax . . . 2 bushells of malt, twenty pounds of tobacco yearly during her life, ten pounds of money . . . 2 pairs of shoes yearly and two bushels of Turnips during her life."

In presenting the photograph herewith of the James Houghton garrison house I find that it has been handed down from father to son through five generations, with only such changes as comfort and preservation demanded. The western end, seen in the picture, is the original garrison house built between 1692 and 1709. The huge stone foundations of the





# Ancestral Homesteads in America



AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE OF REVOLUTIONARY EPOCH—Captain Thaddeus Pollard House at Still River, Massachusetts



AMERICAN HOMESTEAD BUILT ABOUT 1692—James Houghton Garrison house at Still River, Massachusetts

first chimney still fill half the cellar. The house walls are packed in solidly with brick and stone so far as to be completely bullet proof. The little windows are at a greater height from the floor than suits the modern taste. The panelled wainscoting is fastened with wooden pins all of faultless workmanship. The iron used in the construction of this house was the wrought work of the blacksmith. The heavy door has a beautiful brass latch. The house has a fine setting, with an inviting garden at the east.

In the Joseph Willard house, here reproduced, I find that the guests at the first ordination in Harvard, in 1733, were entertained. The hospitality extended to the official guests is thus recorded: "Joseph Willard's Bill for expenses at the Ordination Oct. 10th 1733. the night before the Ordination 2 supped eleven of Mr. Seecomb's friends. 1£—18s—6; The next morning 2; Breakfasted nine 1£—11s—6; The same Day dined; Eleven at 316 1£ 18s—6; The same Day Breakfasted 24 Ministers and Messengers 4£ 4s; The same Day Dined; 38 Ministers and Messengers—6£—13s; The Keeping Mr. Seecomb's relations' 9 horses 2 nights 18s; To Lodging 9 Persons; 2 nights and 4 P nights 6s; To six Gallons and 2 quarts of wine at 10/6 p Gallons 4£ 6s—3; To pipes and Tobaceo 41 Loaf Sugar and Nutmegs 5/-—9; To my journey and bringing up Liquor—10; To keeping 38 horses Ordination Day at 6—19; For 27 Persons some scholars (Students from Harvard University) and others one day at 6 . . . 4; (Total)—£28—12s—3." Included with this is "Simon Stone's Bill for expenses at the Ordination, October 10, 1733; For Wine 26/6 White Bread and flower 8/2 Sugar 8/4—2£—3; For spice



# Homes of Founders of the Republic



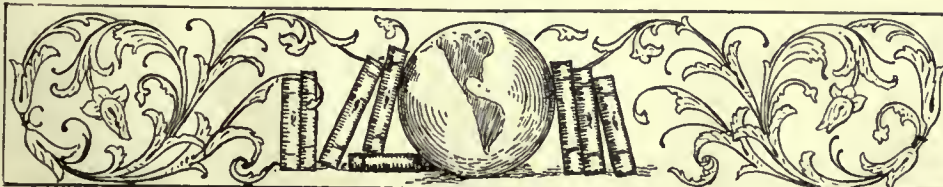
AN AMERICAN INN DURING THE REVOLUTION—Joshua Atherton house, built about 1700, at Still River, Massachusetts—Two paroled British officers were quarantined in this house for many months during the American Revolution

4/8, Plums 8/2, fresh meat 29,—4—1—10—(Total) 4—4—10.” The southwest room of this house was the “Dower Room” fitted for the dowager, with a special stairway to the cellar, oven and other housekeeping conveniences. In this house the outer walls are lined with brick laid in clay, and the beams have memoranda dated 1730. The sloping lawn and the old-time gardens are very attractive.

The Thaddeus Pollard house, recorded in these pages, is now owned by Isaac H. Marshall. It is a specimen of Revolutionary architecture, and contains eleven fireplaces. The big sycamore before it is called the largest in New England. Its trunk is fifteen feet, four inches in circumference, four and a half feet from the ground. At the south slope there is a beautiful garden, rich in roses and old-time flowers.

The Joshua Atherton house, here reproduced, was built by one of the earliest proprietors of the Nashaway Plantation. In 1720, his son Joseph took the homestead of 127 acres, and this house. In Revolutionary days this was a well known inn, and here two paroled British officers were for some time quarantined. The house commands a fine view of the river, the intervale and Mount Wachusett.

The John Bigelow house, of which I present a photograph, was bought, in 1700, by Joseph Hutchins of a son of Major Simon Willard. On his death the whole estate, including the “Negro Neptune,” was willed to a kinsman.







HOUSE WHERE GUESTS AT FIRST ORDINATION AT HARVARD WERE ENTERTAINED IN 1733—Joseph Willard house in Still River, Massachusetts—Built during first century of the white race on the Western Continent



FIRST AMERICAN HOMESTEADS—Luther Willard house at Still River, Massachusetts—Built many years before America was a nation, and meeting place for the patriots during the American Revolution





# First Native Martyrs in America

**First Outbreak  
of the Spirit of American  
Independence in 1676 & Revolt 100 Years  
Before the American Revolution in which American  
Character First Asserted Itself & Native Americans Aroused by  
the Message of Liberty Heralded through Bacon's Rebellion & Investigation**

BY

**R. T. CROWDER**

GLOUCESTER COUNTY, VIRGINIA

Author of "First American Manor-places" in Preceding Number of  
THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY

**T**HE first revolt in America against the political system was aroused by the tariff problem—an economic enigma which today still hangs heavy on the American people. The problem which is still making and unmaking statesmen and presidents was the real cause of the first positive assertion of American character, and kindled the flame of American Independence.

One hundred years before the American Revolution, which was also largely based on the tariff problem, the American people were remonstrating against restraints on trade, which they declared created a dangerous system of special privilege which was unjust in its principles and dangerous in its results. These arguments have been, and still are, directed against the institution which was intended primarily to protect home trade and create the revenue for conducting the government. It is not the purpose of these pages to enter into this greatest of economic discussions, but merely to grant historical record to it. Investigations have recently been pursued in Virginia into the causes of the first American revolt, known as Bacon's Rebellion, in 1676. There has been much discussion regarding this uprising. The investigator here produces evidence that the underlying cause was the English navigation law which refused free trade between America and foreign nations. Proof is also presented in denial of the claim that Bacon's Rebellion was based wholly upon disagreement over the Indian policy, which has been frequently charged against the first revolutionists. The investigator claims that Bacon's Rebellion was the forerunner of the Declaration of Independence and the American Revolution and that its loss in life constituted the first martyrdom to the political principle of liberty and independence in America. The investigator further believes that he has found the hitherto unknown burial-place of this first American Revolutionist.—EDITOR





# First Martyrs to American Independence

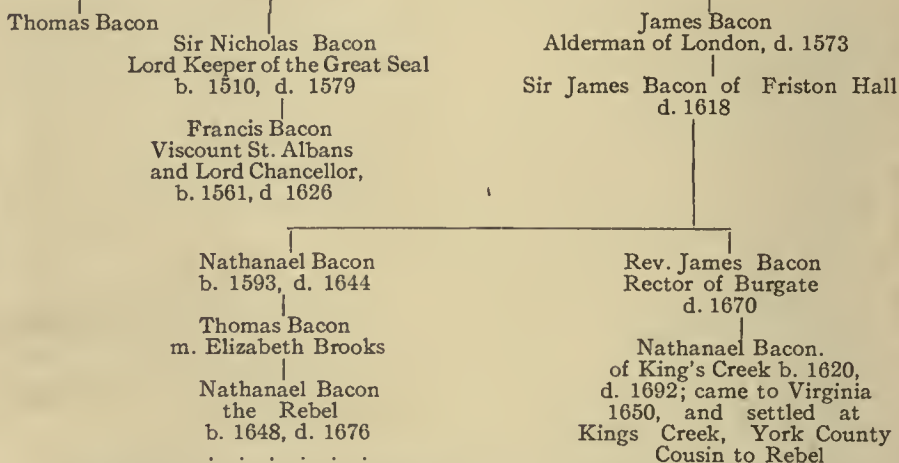
## TO THE MEMORY OF BACON

"In Memoriam, Nathanael Bacon, the younger, General and member of the Governor's Council. Born in Suffolk, England—1630-40—died in this County in 1676. Originator of his so-called Rebellion, whose influence in the foundation of the Spirit of Americanism is immasurrable—the Washington of his day, popular and patriotic, whose magnanimity strongly contrasted with Berkeley's malignity. A soldier, a statesman, a saint—Gloucester, who honors the noble dead, and cherishes the memory of kingly men, and in whose soil the body of Bacon is said to sleep, erects this monument to the great patriot, by the authority of the Circuit Court, through the generosity of friends."

This tribute to the memory of Nathanael Bacon, the younger, will be found, word for word, engraved on a plain marble slab in the Gloucester Court House, Virginia. Let us try to study his Rebellion in a few of its principal phases and see how nearly the above reaches the truth; but first let us see who this Nathanael Bacon, Junior was, prior to his Rebellion.


In a letter from Lord Chatham to his nephew, the Earl of Camelford, he advises him to read "Nathanael Bacon's Historical and Political Observations, which is, without exception, the best and most instructive book we have on matters of that kind." This formerly much read book was published first in 1647, undergoing three editions. For the last one, 1682, the publisher was outlawed, since the book was written with a bias to the principles of the parliamentary party, to which Bacon belonged. The author was very probably related to Lord Bacon and also the rebel—could the reference be to the rebel's father? Both are spoken of as being of Gray's Inn—Nathanael, Junior studied law there. His mother was daughter of Sir Robert Brook, and he married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir Edward Duke. For paternal ancestry the following table—from the "Virginia Magazine," 11.125—and published in Fiske's "Old Virginia and Her Neighbors," 11.64—will show his connection with the celebrated Lord Bacon:

Robert Bacon, of Drinkstone, Suffolk



The arms given in Virginia Magazine, Vol. 11-126, is evidently a mistake, since it puts color on color, and thus violates one of the canons of heraldry. Burke gives us: "Gu., on a chief Arg., two mullets pierced Sa.





## First Message of Liberty by Bacon in 1676

Crest—a Boor,”—which we believe to be correct. Nathanael Bacon of King’s Creek in the Colony of Virginia, a man of great wealth and influence, had intended making his namesake—the rebel—his heir; but owing to the premature death of the young man, his estate was bequeathed to his niece, Abigail Burwell, who lies buried at Carter’s Creek, Gloucester.

Nathanael Bacon, Junior, received yearly one hundred and fifty pounds for lands owned in England, but after his marriage he sold his lands to Sir Robert Jason for twelve hundred pounds sterling, and removed with his wife to Virginia. He landed in Virginia about 1672-3 and in 1676 was about “eight and twenty”. Of his appearance, the “Winder Papers,” Virginia State Library, give us the following description: “He was a person whose erratique fortune had carryed and shewne him many Forraigne Parts, and of no obscure Family. Upon his first coming into Virginia he was made one of the Council, the reason of that advancement (all on a sudden) being best known to the Governour, which honor made him the more considerable in the eye of the Vulgar, and gave some advantage to his pernicious designs. He was . . . indifferent tall but slender, blackhair’d and of an omniuous, pensive, melancholy aspect, of a pestilent & prevalent Logical discourse tending to atheisme in most companyes, not given to much talke, or to make suddain replies, of a most imperious and dangerous hidden Pride of heart, despising the wisest of his neighbours for their Ignorance, and very ambitious and arrogant. But all these things lay hidd in him till after hee was a councillor, and untill he became powerfull & popular.”

At this time, it is very difficult indeed to state the exact causes of Bacon’s Rebellion. But we believe that there were a great many circumstances and action of those in power which tended to foment the people and stir them up for rank rebellion. Of the many causes for rebellion, we believe the most of them may come under the following four heads:

1. The English Navigation Acts.
2. The tendency toward a proprietary government.
3. The Indian disturbances.
4. The disaffection with Berkeley’s measures against the Indians.


### THE FIRST NAVIGATION ACT

The first Navigation Act was passed by the Rump Parliament in 1661, and provided that no merchandise of Asia, Africa or American plantations should be imported into England in any but English built ships belonging to English or English Plantation subjects, navigated by an English commander, with three-fourths of the crew Englishmen.

When Virginia surrendered to the Commissioners of Cromwell it was stated that the Colony should have “free trade as the people of England do enjoy to all places, and with all nations according to the laws of that Commonwealth.” The Virginians insisted on this clause and by act of Assembly, required that the master of every vessel reaching Virginia should give bond six days after arrival that he would not disturb any ship in the jurisdiction of the Colony. In 1653 when Governor Stuyvesant, of New Amsterdam, proposed a commercial alliance with Virginia, he was told that the Colonists must first consult the English Council of State before entering into his alliance. This seems to indicate that Virginia did not, at first at least, enjoy free trade.







## First Martyrs to American Independence

Whatever the privileges at this time were, when the second Navigation Act was passed at the beginning of Charles the Second's administration, it placed the Colonists of Virginia upon the footing of all other English Subjects. The first clause of the second act prescribed that . . . "no goods nor commodities whatsoever should be imported into or exported from any of the King's lands, islands, plantations or territories in Asia, Africa or America, in any other than English, Irish or plantation built ships, and whereof the master and at least three-fourths of the mariners shall be Englishmen, under forfeiture of ships and goods." The second act further provided that, "no sugar, tobacco, cotton, wool, indigo, ginger, fustic and other dyeing woods of the growth or manufacture of our Asian, African, or American Colonies, should be shipped from the said Colonies to any place but to England, Ireland, or to some other of his Majesty's said plantations, there to be landed under forfeiture of goods and ships."

### BLAND'S REMONSTRANCE

John Bland, a London merchant, who expended large sums of money in the Colony, amounting to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in American money yearly, and who acted as merchant for planters in Virginia and Maryland—was thoroughly familiar with the interests of the planters—he presented an able defense of the planters to the authorities in England, "on behalf of the inhabitants and planters in Virginia and Maryland." It began in the following way:

"To the King's most Excellent Majesty.

"The *humble Remonstrance* of John Bland of London, Merchant, on behalf of the Inhabitants and Planters in Virginia and Maryland.

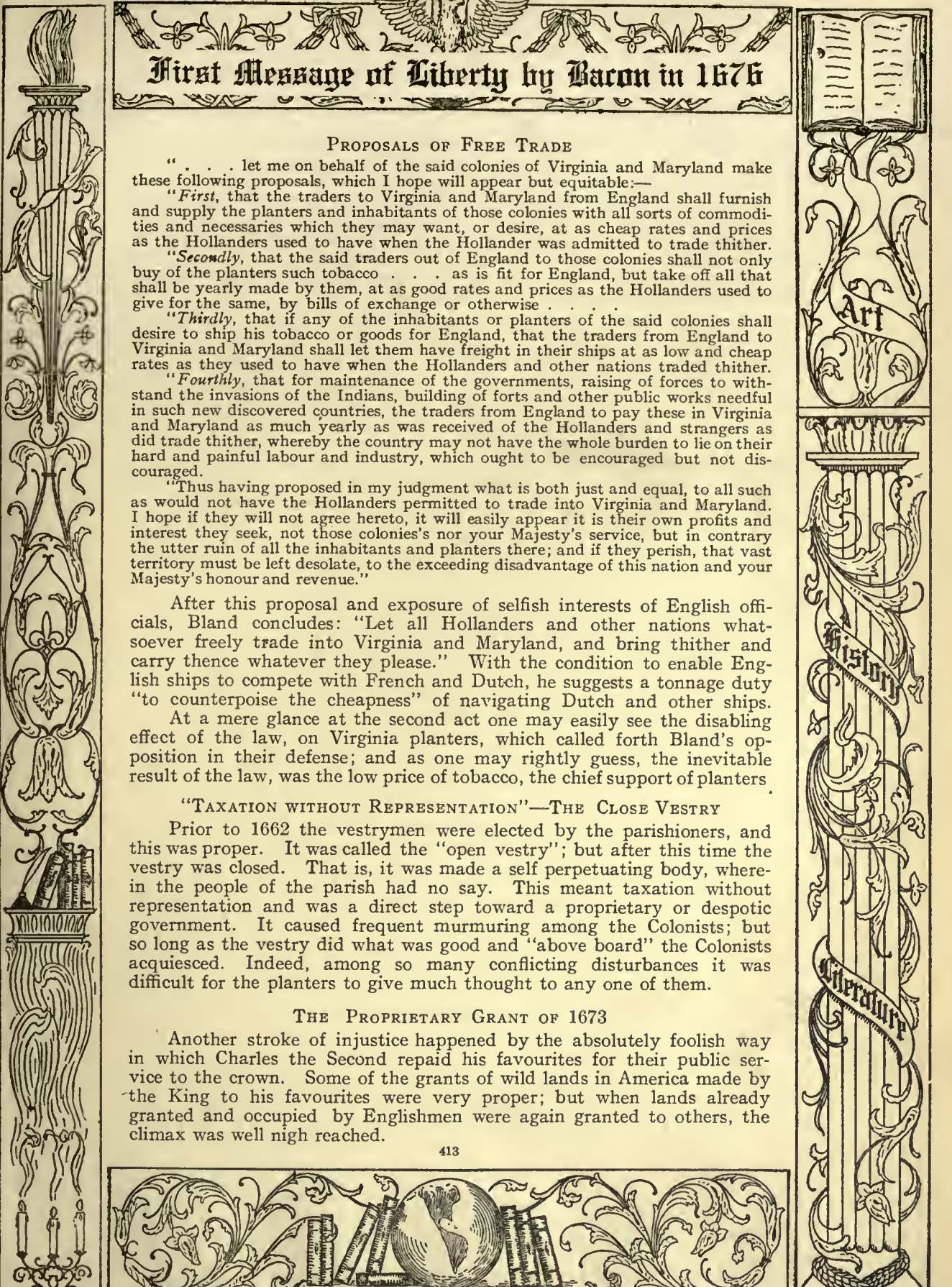
"Most Humbly representing unto your Majesty the inevitable destruction of those Colonies, if so be that the late act for encrease of Trade and shipping be not as to them dispensed with; for it will not only ruin the inhabitants and Planters, but make desolate the largest fertilest and most glorious Plantation under your Majesties Dominion; the which if otherwise suspended, will produce the greatest advantage to this Nation's Commerce and considerablest Income to your Majesties Revenue, that any part of the world doth to which we trade."

He states ". . . again, if the Hollanders must not trade to Virginia, how shall the planters dispose of their tobacco? The English will not buy it (all) for what the Hollander carried thence was a sort of tobacco *not* . . . used by us in England but merely to transport for Holland. Will it not then perish on the planter's hands? Which undoubtedly is not only an apparent loss of so much stock and commodity to the plantations who suffer thereby, but for want of its employment an infinite prejudice to the Commerce in general."

"I demand then, in the next place, which way shall the charge of governments be maintained, if the Hollanders be debarred trade in Virginia and Maryland, or anything raised to defray the constant and yearly levies for the securing the inhabitants from invasions of the Indians? How shall the forts and public places be built and repaired, with many other incident charges daily arising, which must be taken care for, else all will come to destruction?—for when the Hollander traded thither, they paid upon every anchor of brandy (which is about 25 gallons) 5 shillings import brought in by them, and upon every hoghead of tobacco carried thence 10 shillings; and since they were debarred trade, our English, as they did not, whilst the Hollander traded there, pay anything, neither would they when they traded not . . . ; so that all these charges being taxed on the poor planters, it hath so impoverished them that they scarce can recover wherewith to cover their nakedness. As foreign trade makes rich and prosperous any country that hath within it any staple commodities to invite them thither, so it makes men industrious, striving with others to gather together into societies, and building of towns and nothing doth it sooner than the concourse of shipping, as we may see before our eyes, Dover and Deal what they are grown into, the one by the Flanders trade, the other by ships riding in the Downs."







## First Message of Liberty by Bacon in 1676

### PROPOSALS OF FREE TRADE

"... let me on behalf of the said colonies of Virginia and Maryland make these following proposals, which I hope will appear but equitable:—

"*First*, that the traders to Virginia and Maryland from England shall furnish and supply the planters and inhabitants of those colonies with all sorts of commodities and necessities which they may want, or desire, at as cheap rates and prices as the Hollanders used to have when the Hollander was admitted to trade thither.

"*Secondly*, that the said traders out of England to those colonies shall not only buy of the planters such tobacco . . . as is fit for England, but take off all that shall be yearly made by them, at as good rates and prices as the Hollanders used to give for the same, by bills of exchange or otherwise . . .

"*Thirdly*, that if any of the inhabitants or planters of the said colonies shall desire to ship his tobacco or goods for England, that the traders from England to Virginia and Maryland shall let them have freight in their ships at as low and cheap rates as they used to have when the Hollanders and other nations traded thither.

"*Fourthly*, that for maintenance of the governments, raising of forces to withstand the invasions of the Indians, building of forts and other public works needful in such new discovered countries, the traders from England to pay these in Virginia and Maryland as much yearly as was received of the Hollanders and strangers as did trade thither, whereby the country may not have the whole burden to lie on their hard and painful labour and industry, which ought to be encouraged but not discouraged.

"Thus having proposed in my judgment what is both just and equal, to all such as would not have the Hollanders permitted to trade into Virginia and Maryland. I hope if they will not agree hereto, it will easily appear it is their own profits and interest they seek, not those colonies's nor your Majesty's service, but in contrary the utter ruin of all the inhabitants and planters there; and if they perish, that vast territory must be left desolate, to the exceeding disadvantage of this nation and your Majesty's honour and revenue."

After this proposal and exposure of selfish interests of English officials, Bland concludes: "Let all Hollanders and other nations whatsoever freely trade into Virginia and Maryland, and bring thither and carry thence whatever they please." With the condition to enable English ships to compete with French and Dutch, he suggests a tonnage duty "to counterpoise the cheapness" of navigating Dutch and other ships.

At a mere glance at the second act one may easily see the disabling effect of the law, on Virginia planters, which called forth Bland's opposition in their defense; and as one may rightly guess, the inevitable result of the law, was the low price of tobacco, the chief support of planters.


### "TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION"—THE CLOSE VESTRY

Prior to 1662 the vestrymen were elected by the parishioners, and this was proper. It was called the "open vestry"; but after this time the vestry was closed. That is, it was made a self perpetuating body, wherein the people of the parish had no say. This meant taxation without representation and was a direct step toward a proprietary or despotic government. It caused frequent murmuring among the Colonists; but so long as the vestry did what was good and "above board" the Colonists acquiesced. Indeed, among so many conflicting disturbances it was difficult for the planters to give much thought to any one of them.

### THE PROPRIETARY GRANT OF 1673

Another stroke of injustice happened by the absolutely foolish way in which Charles the Second repaid his favourites for their public service to the crown. Some of the grants of wild lands in America made by the King to his favourites were very proper; but when lands already granted and occupied by Englishmen were again granted to others, the climax was well nigh reached.





## First Martyrs to American Independence

In 1673, Charles granted to the Earl of Arlington and Lord Culpeper all the territory of Virginia, including wild lands, and long settled and improved plantations. The grant was made for the term of thirty-one years, at the rent of forty shillings per annum. These patents entitled the grantees to all rents, escheats, etc., with power to convey vacant lands, nominate sheriffs, etc. In short, turned all the territory of Virginia into a proprietary government, for "although the grants to these noblemen were limited to a term of years, yet they were preposterously and illegally authorized to make conveyances in fee simple."

### RENEWED INDIAN INCURSIONS

In 1675 the plantation of Greenspring, near Jamestown, was settled on Sir William Berkeley, for "the great pains he hath taken and hazards he has run, even of his life, in the government and preservation of the country from many attempts of the Indians." For some time prior to this date the Indians had made frequent inroads on the frontier. They now renewed their attacks with greater force. The people petitioned Sir William for protection, and upon the meeting of the assembly, war was declared against the Indians in March 1676. The forts were garrisoned and the five hundred enlisted men were put under command of Sir Henry Chicheley, and he was ordered to disarm the neighboring Indians. Things now seemed to be in better shape for the people; but they were instructed to carry arms with them to church, fasting days were appointed, and provision was made for employing the Indians. The people were better satisfied. Sir Henry Chicheley was beginning his march against the common enemy the Indians, when, to the surprise of every one, Sir William Berkeley ordered him to disband his forces. At this point the Indians continued their incursions, causing the people great alarm. Tortured by fearful apprehension they went to their fields knowing not what time they would be struck down by the lurking foe. Added to these troubles were the common superstitions current at that date.

### "T. M.'s" ACCOUNT

An old chronicler of Bacon's Rebellion, "T. M.," believed to be Thomas Mathews, son of Colonel Samuel Mathews, at one time Governor—gives us a very interesting account. "About the year 1675," says "T. M." "appeared three prodiges in this country, which from th' attending disasters were look'd upon as ominous presages.

"The one was a large comet every evening for a week or more at southwest; thirty five degrees high streaming like a horse tail westwards, untill it reached (almost) the horizon, and setting towards the Northwest.


"Another was, flights of pigeons in breadth nigh a quarter of the midhemisphere, and of their length was no visible end; whose weights brake down the limbs of large trees whereon these rested at nights, of which fowlers shot abundance and eat 'em; this sight put the old planters under the most portentous apprehension, because the like was seen (as they said) in the year 1640 when the Indians committed the last massacre, but not after, untill that present year 1675.

"The third strange appearance was swarms of flies about an inch long, and big as the top of a man's little finger, rising out of spigot holes in the earth, which eat the new sprouted leaves from the tops of the trees without other harm, and in a month left us."

"T. M.'s" account, written probably thirty years after the Rebellion, we find very interesting as we follow the trend of the Rebellion. It was first printed in the "Richmond (Virginia) Enquirer" in 1804 from an exact







## First Message of Liberty by Bacon in 1676

copy of original manuscript made by Mr. Jefferson, then President of the United States. The spelling and orthography show their age.

### THE MURDER OF ROBERT HEN

In the summer of 1675, on a Sunday Morning, Robert Hen, a herdsman, with an Indian was slain. Hen was found, mortally wounded, at his cabin door in Stafford County, by people on their way to Church. He told them in a dying breath that the outrage had been committed by some Algonquins of the hostile Doeg tribe. Colonel Mason and Captain Brent, with a small party of militia, pursued the criminals about twenty miles, killing the red men whenever occasion presented. Unfortunately he came across a party of Susquehannocks, a friendly tribe, and killed many of them. A chief ran up and told Colonel Mason of the mistake, and the firing was instantly stopped. He told Mason also, that the herdsman was killed neither by Algonquins nor Susquehannocks, but by Senecas, a tribe of the Five Nations. The affair had gone far enough to have unfortunate consequences. The Susquehannocks now took refuge in an old fort of the Piscataways, a friendly tribe, on the North Bank of the Piscataway river near the present site of the City of Washington. More murders occurred among the inhabitants of Maryland, and the Maryland government sent out Major Thomas Truman, in command of some militia, to dislodge the Susquehannocks. The Marylanders asked that Virginia should send a co-operative party to assist in this work.


The Virginia leader was Colonel John Washington, who immigrated to Virginia in 1657, from Yorkshire, England. The two Commanders set out to dislodge the Indians, but through the proposition of Major Truman, five of the chiefs were sent out as envoys from the fort and were found guarded by Truman when Washington arrived across the Potomock. The envoys were accused of many of the recent outrages, all of which they denied. Washington asked, why was it that a party of Susquehannocks just captured wore the clothes of some murdered whites? Nine of their tribe lay unburied at Hurston's plantation, killed by the whites in self defense. The envoys denied these to be any of their party, whereupon it was suggested that Truman take the envoys over to Hurston's place that they might be confronted with their own dead. Truman set about to perform this office, but in a short while had the envoys put to death—"Knocked on the head." Truman was impeached for this piece of savage cruelty, but escaped without other punishment.

It is very probable, though, that the Susquehannocks lied, and deserved some sort of punishment as example; however, it was base to disregard the rules of civilized warfare by putting them to death. They were hardly guilty of the murder of Hen, but did commit the more recent depravities; lying to bring down vengeance on their enemies the Senecas. Of the murder of Robert Hen, "T. M." says: "From this Englishman's blood did (by degrees) arise Bacon's Rebellion with the following mischiefs which overspread all Virginia and twice endangered Maryland . . ."

Colonel Washington's force was too small to hold in check the infuriated Susquehannocks, who had escaped from the fort and stirred up other tribes at the heads of the rivers to wreak vengeance on the whites. The woods became alive with war-painted red men, lurking under cover of the forests, ready to commit any outrage that might present itself. "On a single day in January, 1676, within a circle of ten miles' radius,







## First Martyrs to American Independence

thirty-six people were murdered; and when the governor was notified, he coolly answered that nothing could be done until the assembly's regular meeting in March." As noted before in this paper, when the assembly did meet in March and got together forces for defense, the militia was immediately disbanded by the perverse Berkeley.

Various counties showed their grievances. Surry County: "That great quantities of tobacco has been Raised for the building of fforts & yett no place of defense in ye Country sufficient to secure his Majesties poore subjects from the fury of floraine Invaders."

Isle of Wight County: "Also wee desire that ther be a continuall warr with the Indians that we may have oncc have done with them." Many other counties likewise filed their grievances; but to them all, Berkeley paid little attention.

### MURDER OF BACON'S OVERSEER

Nathanael Bacon lived at Curles, in Henrico County, on the James River; but beside this estate he owned one farther up the river in the suburbs of Richmond called "Bacon Quarter Branch." It is said that the young man had said: "If the redskins meddle with me, damn my blood but I'll hurry them, commission or no commission." He very soon had good occasion to carry out this threat, for in May, 1676, word was brought to him at "Curles" that "Quarter Branch" had been attacked and his overseer and a servant slain. The people, armed and prepared for a march, gathered around him, asking him to lead them against the Indians.


The fiery Bacon—one of the most gifted and popular men in all Virginia—made an eloquent speech and accepted the command; but first sent a courier to the governor again asking a commission. Berkeley returned an evasive reply, which Bacon took as permission to march, and sent a very polite letter of thanks to the Governor for the promised commission. Bacon, now having mustered about five hundred men, marched to the falls of the James. No sooner had he done this than Sir William issued a proclamation declaring all who did not return home within a certain time rebels. At this, all of Bacon's force deserted him, with the exception of about sixty men; he paid no attention to this, however, and with scarce provisions, made his way farther up the river. After some searching in the wilderness of the upper James, Bacon came across a party of Indians lodged in an old fort. They were soon routed, and Bacon and his men soon returned to their homes; very shortly after this Bacon was elected one of the Burgesses from Henrico County.

Meanwhile Berkeley, becoming infuriated at Bacon's action, took the field with a party of horse, to surpress and arrest this young man. Berkeley, hearing that the whole peninsula of York was uprising, and fearing civil war, returned home and much to his distaste had to dissolve the "long parliament" which had continued its meetings since 1660.

Among the members of this legislature, may be mentioned: Captain William Berkeley, Colonel William Clayton, Adjutant-General Jennings, Captain Daniel Parke, Colonel John Washington, and Colonel Edward Scarburgh. Robert Wynne was speaker for the house until 1676 when he was succeeded by Augustine Warner of Gloucester. James Minge of Charles City was clerk.







## First Message of Liberty by Bacon in 1676

### THE ARREST OF BACON

After his election, while going down James River with a party of friends, Bacon was met by a war vessel and ordered on board, where he was arrested by the High Sheriff of James City, Major Howe. Berkeley addressed him, "Mr. Bacon, you have forgot to be a gentleman." "No, may it please your honor," replied Bacon. "Then," said the governor, "I'll take your parole." This he did, giving him his liberty; but a number of his companions he kept in irons. The members of the new assembly on June the 9th, were sent for by the governor. He addressed them for a while on the Indian disturbances, in an abrupt speech. Then said: "If there be joy in the presence of the angels over one sinner that repenteth, there is joy now, for we have a penitent sinner come before us. Call Mr. Bacon." Bacon came in and was compelled to confess his offense to the house, bending on one knee, and ask pardon of God, the king, and the governor. He did this in the following words, recorded in Henning's Statutes, 11.543:

### BACON'S APOLOGY

"I, Nathanael Bacon Bacon Jr., Esq., of Henrico County, in Virginia, do hereby most readily, freely, and most humbly acknowledge that I am, and have been guilty of divers late unlawful, mutinous, and rebellious practices, contrary to my duty to his most sacred majesty's governor, and this country, by beating up of drums; raising of men in arms, marching with them into several parts of his most sacred majesty's colony, not only without order and commission, but contrary to the express orders and commands of the Right Honorable Sir William Berkeley, Kn't, his majesty's most worthy governor and captain-general of Virginia. And I do further acknowledge that the said honorable governor hath been very favorable to me, by his several reiterated gracious offers of pardon, thereby to reclaim me from the persecution of those my unjust proceedings, (whose noble and generous mercy and clemency I can never sufficiently acknowledge), and for the re-settlement of this whole country in peace and quietness. And I do hereby, upon my knees, most humbly beg of Almighty God and of his Majesty's said governor, that upon this my most hearty and unfeigned acknowledgement of my said mis-carriages and unwarrantable practices, he will please to grant me his gracious pardon and indemnity, humbly desiring also the honourable council of state, by whose goodness I am also much obliged, and the honorable burgesses of the present grand assembly to intercede, and mediate with his honor, to grant me such pardon. And I do hereby promise, upon the word and faith of a christian and a gentleman, that upon such pardon granted me as I shall ever acknowledge so great a favor, so I will always bear true faith and allegiance to his most sacred majesty, and demean myself dutifully, faithfully, and peaceably to the government and the laws of this country, and am most ready and willing to enter into bond of two thousand pounds sterling, and for security thereof bind my whole estate in Virginia to the country for my good and quiet behavior for one whole year from this date, and do promise and oblige myself to continue my said duty and allegiance at all times afterwards. In testimony of this, my free and hearty recognition, I have hereunto subscribed my name, this 9th. day of June, 1676.

"NATH. BACON."

The Council interceded thus:

"We, of his Majesty's council of State of Virginia, do hereby desire according to Mr. Bacon's request, the right honorable the governor, to grant the said Mr. Bacon his freedom.

Phil Ludwell,  
James Bray,  
Wm. Cole,  
Ra. Wormeley,

Hen. Chicheley,  
Nathl. Bacon,  
Thos. Beale,  
Tho. Ballard,

Jo. Bridges.

"Dated the 9th. of June, 1676."

After the foregoing, Sir William repeated three times, the following words: "God forgive you, I forgive you." Colonel Cole added,





## First Martyrs to American Independence

"And all that were with him." "Yea," responded the governor, "and all that were with him." The governor, again starting up, spoke: "Mr. Bacon, if you will live civilly but 'till next quarter court, I'll promise to restore you again to your place there," waving towards Bacon's former seat in the council. Bacon, however, was restored to his seat on that *very Saturday*.

Nathaniel Bacon, whose name is subscribed to the above intercession, and cousin of the rebel, wrote out the apology which he persuaded Bacon to recite before the council. If he would do this, the rebel was promised a commission allowing him to go against the Indians, on the following Monday. It was this cousin who also warned him in time to fly for his life, it is supposed.

### THE "THOUGHTFUL MR. LAWRENCE"—BACON'S FLIGHT

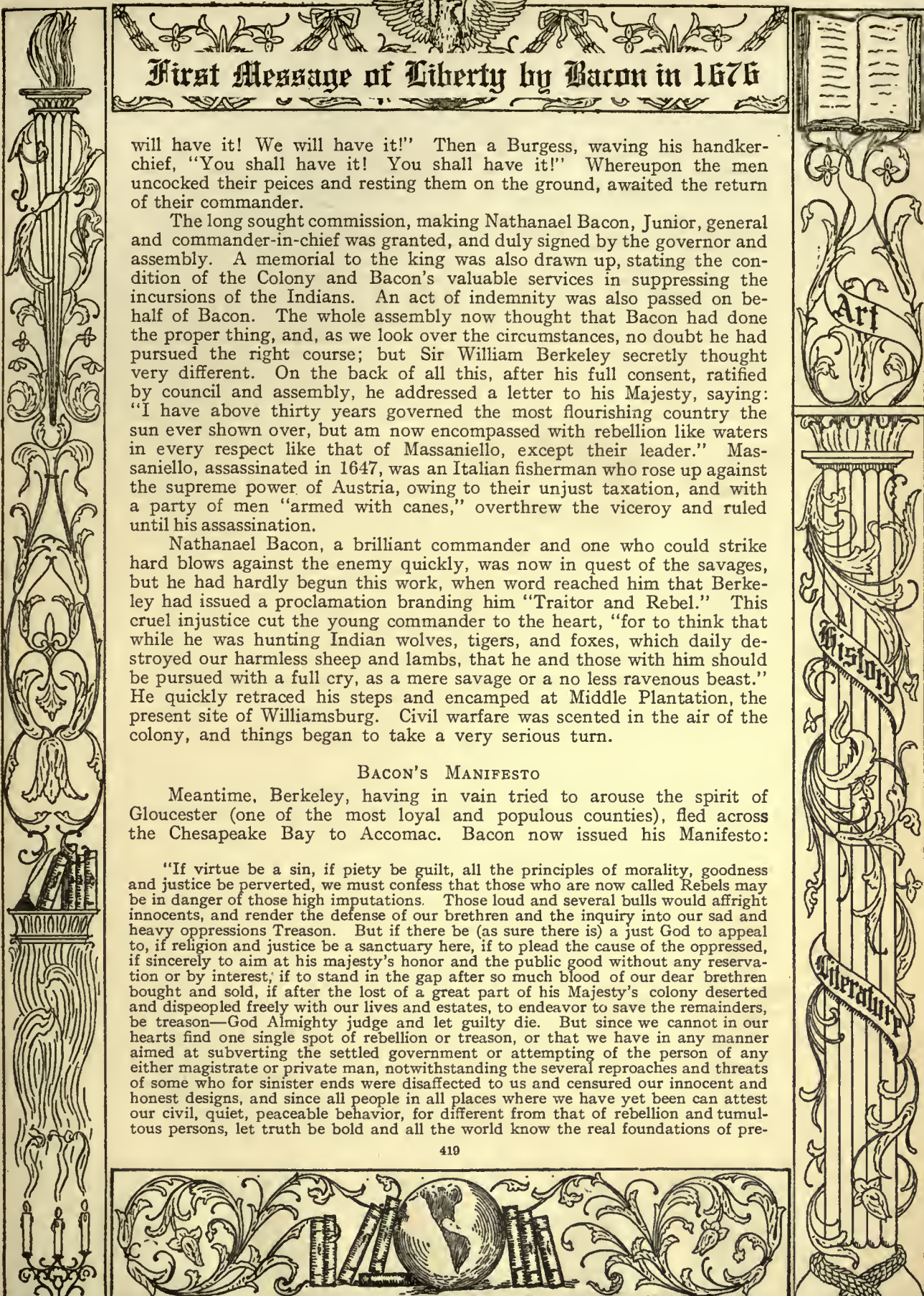
There were two other men who were much help to Bacon in his troubles with Berkeley and the Indians—William Drummond, "a hard-headed and canny Scotchman," for whom Lake Drummond in Dismal Swamp is named, was at one time governor of a Colony in North Carolina. He now lived in Jamestown. He and Lawrence owned the best houses in that place. Lawrence, who was apostrophized "the thoughtful" by "T. M.", "kept an ordinary" at Jamestown. He had been a student at Oxford, and "for wit, learning and sobriety" this gentleman was "equalled by few." It was at his house that Bacon stopped while in Jamestown. Very soon after Berkeley's public demonstration of kindness to Bacon, the latter discovered it to be only a cloak for the governor's treacherous measures, which he intended carrying out as soon as he could do so with propriety. Bacon therefore, quietly slipped out of town. As soon as the news was known, the house of Lawrence was searched, but in vain.

### BACON'S REVOLT WITH SIX HUNDRED MEN

The next Berkeley heard from Bacon, was news of his being at the head of the James, with six hundred men behind him, marching toward Jamestown. Within four days Bacon had his fusileers drawn up on the village green in front of the state house. Sir William Berkeley rushed out wildly, baring his breast and with drawn sword exclaimed: "Here, shoot me! Fore God, fair mark—shoot!" Bacon answered: "Sir, I came not, nor intend to hurt a hair of your honor's head, and for your sword, your honor may please to put it up, it shall rust in the scabbard before ever I shall desire you to draw it. I come for a commission against the Heathen who daily inhumanely murder us and spill our breathern's blood, and nor care is taken to prevent it." Adding: "God damn my blood I came for a commission, and a commission I will have before I go." "And turning to his soldiers said: 'Make ready and present!'—which they all did." During this outburst Bacon was walking up and down in front of his men, "his left arm akimbo" and violently gesticulating with his right—both he and the governor in a white heat of rage. Very soon the governor and council withdrew to his private apartment, followed by Bacon. It is said that Bacon had previously instructed his men, who now waited with arms presented at the assembly window, to fire on the assembly should he draw his sword while inside the house. Bacon argued his case for some time, frequently carrying his hand from his hat to his sword hilt. The fusileers now cocked their guns and shouted through the window: "We







## First Message of Liberty by Bacon in 1676

will have it! We will have it!" Then a Burgess, waving his handkerchief, "You shall have it! You shall have it!" Whereupon the men uncocked their peices and resting them on the ground, awaited the return of their commander.

The long sought commission, making Nathanael Bacon, Junior, general and commander-in-chief was granted, and duly signed by the governor and assembly. A memorial to the king was also drawn up, stating the condition of the Colony and Bacon's valuable services in suppressing the incursions of the Indians. An act of indemnity was also passed on behalf of Bacon. The whole assembly now thought that Bacon had done the proper thing, and, as we look over the circumstances, no doubt he had pursued the right course; but Sir William Berkeley secretly thought very different. On the back of all this, after his full consent, ratified by council and assembly, he addressed a letter to his Majesty, saying: "I have above thirty years governed the most flourishing country the sun ever shown over, but am now encompassed with rebellion like waters in every respect like that of Massaniello, except their leader." Massaniello, assassinated in 1647, was an Italian fisherman who rose up against the supreme power of Austria, owing to their unjust taxation, and with a party of men "armed with canes," overthrew the viceroy and ruled until his assassination.

Nathanael Bacon, a brilliant commander and one who could strike hard blows against the enemy quickly, was now in quest of the savages, but he had hardly begun this work, when word reached him that Berkeley had issued a proclamation branding him "Traitor and Rebel." This cruel injustice cut the young commander to the heart, "for to think that while he was hunting Indian wolves, tigers, and foxes, which daily destroyed our harmless sheep and lambs, that he and those with him should be pursued with a full cry, as a mere savage or a no less ravenous beast." He quickly retraced his steps and encamped at Middle Plantation, the present site of Williamsburg. Civil warfare was scented in the air of the colony, and things began to take a very serious turn.

### BACON'S MANIFESTO

Meantime, Berkeley, having in vain tried to arouse the spirit of Gloucester (one of the most loyal and populous counties), fled across the Chesapeake Bay to Accomac. Bacon now issued his Manifesto:

"If virtue be a sin, if piety be guilt, all the principles of morality, goodness and justice be perverted, we must confess that those who are now called Rebels may be in danger of those high imputations. Those loud and several bulls would affright innocents, and render the defense of our brethren and the inquiry into our sad and heavy oppressions Treason. But if there be (as sure there is) a just God to appeal to, if religion and justice be a sanctuary here, if to plead the cause of the oppressed, if sincerely to aim at his majesty's honor and the public good without any reservation or by interest; if to stand in the gap after so much blood of our dear brethren bought and sold, if after the lost of a great part of his Majesty's colony deserted and dispeopled freely with our lives and estates, to endeavor to save the remainders, be treason—God Almighty judge and let guilty die. But since we cannot in our hearts find one single spot of rebellion or treason, or that we have in any manner aimed at subverting the settled government or attempting of the person of any either magistrate or private man, notwithstanding the several reproaches and threats of some who for sinister ends were disaffected to us and censured our innocent and honest designs, and since all people in all places where we have yet been can attest our civil, quiet, peaceable behavior, for different from that of rebellion and tumultuous persons, let truth be bold and all the world know the real foundations of pre-



# First Martyrs to American Independence

pendent guilt. We appeal to the country itself, what and of what nature their oppressions have been, or by what cabal and mystery the designs of many of those whom we call great men have been transacted and carried on. But let us trace these men in authority and favour to whose hands the dispensation of the country's wealth has been committed. Let us observe the sudden rise of their estates composed with the quality in which they first entered this country, or the reputation they have held here amongst wise and discriminating men. And let us see whether their extractions and education have not been vile, and by what pretence of learning and virtue they could so soon into employments of so great trust and consequence. Let us consider their sudden advancement and let us also consider wither any public work for our safety and defence, or for the advancement and propogation of Trade, Liberal Arts, or Sciences is here extant in any (way) adequate to our vast charge. Now let us compare these things together and see what sponges have sucked up the public treasure and whether it hath not been privately contrived away by unworthy favorites and juggling parosites, whose tottering fortunes have been repaired and supported at the public charge. Now if it be so judged what greater guilt can be there to offer to pry into these and to unriddle the misterious wiles of a power full cabal, let all people judge what can be of more dangerous import than to suspect the so long safe proceedings of some of our grandees and whether people may with safety open their eyes in so nice a concerne.

"Another main article of our guilt is our open and manifest aversion of all, not only the foreign but the protected and Darling Indians, this we are informed is rebellion of a deep dye, for that both the governor and council are by Colonel Cooles assertion bound to defend the Queen and the Appomattocks with their blood. Now whereas we do declare and can prove that they have been for these many years enemies to the King and Country. Robbers and thieves and Invaders of his Majesty's right and our interest and estates; but yet have by persons in authority been defended and protected even against his Majesty's loyall subjects, and that in so high a nature that even the complaints and oaths of his Majesty's most loyall subjects in a lawfull manner proffered by them against those barberous outlaws, have been by ye right honorable governor rejected . . . . ."

Though this manifesto be written in the prose of a bygone century, we can readily see that its author was no ordinary man. No wonder that he should "despise the wisest of his neighbors for their ignorance." In his arraignment of Berkeley he shows the difficulties as follows:

## THE DECLARATION OF THE PEOPLE

"For having upon specious pretences of public works raised unjust taxes upon the commonality for the advancement of private favorites and other sinister ends, but no visible effects in any measure adequate.

"For not having during the long time of his government in any measure advanced this hopeful colony either by fortifications, towns, or trade.

"For having abused and rendered contemptible the Majesty of Justice, of advancing to places of judicature scandalous and ignorant favorites.

"For having wronged his Majesty's prerogative and interest by assuming the monopoly of the Beaver Trade.


"For having in that unjust gain bartered and sold his Majesty's Country and the lives of his loyall subjects to the Barbarous Heathen.

"For having with only the privacy of some few favorites with-out acquainting the people, only by the alteration of a figure forged a commission by we know not what hand, not only without but against the consent of the people, for raising and effecting of civil wars and distractions, which being happily and without bloodshed prevented.

"Of these aforesaid articles we accuse Sir William Berkeley as guilty of each and every one of the same, and as one who hath traitoriously attempted, violated, and injured his Majesty's interest here by the loss of a great part of his colony, and many of his faithful and loyall subjects by him betrayed, and in a barbarous and shameful manner exposed to the incursions and murders of the Heathen.

"(Signed) NATH. BACON, Gen'l.  
"By the consent of ye people."





## First Message of Liberty by Bacon in 1676

The discussion over the manifesto at Middle Plantation lasted all day and far into the night. Four of the council and many other prominent men of the colony were present. They were willing to sign a part of the paper, but feared going the full length lest they suffer. But Bacon was no half way man, and insisted that they choose between himself and Berkeley—he pointed out also, that to sign a part of the paper would make them as guilty of treason as to sign the whole. He had as soon be hung for “slaying a sheep as a lamb.” In the meantime another Indian outrage so shocked those present that they all signed without further argument and the meeting stood adjourned.

### A FORENOTE OF THE REVOLUTION OF 1776

Bacon now set out against the Indians, defeating them on every side—the largest encounter being that of the Appomattox Indians at the present location of Petersburg. His blows were so well directed, and success so phenomenal, that by early September every plantation in the colony was apparently safe from Indian molestation.

It is a very striking fact that the assembly providing ways and means for Bacon to suppress the Indians met in June, 1676, and that exactly one hundred years later to the month—June, 1776—resolutions were passed instructing the Virginia delegates in Congress to declare the colonies free and independent. Showing the trend of Bacon's thought and the possibility of a revolution in 1676, it may be interesting to bring in here a conversation between Bacon and John Goode. Goode was one of our earliest frontiersmen in the colony, and well thought of by all. He sided strongly with Bacon until this conversation occurred in September, then, fearing Bacon's rash measures, he underwent a change, and later communicated the conversation to Berkeley, which I give as a direct copy from Goode's Virginia Cousins, 30 B, 30 D:

### JOHN GOODE'S LETTER AND BACON

Hon'd Sr.—In obedient submission to your honours command directed to me by Capt. William Bird I have written the full substance of a discourse Nath: Bacon, deceased, propos'd to me on or about the 2d day of September last, both in order and words as followeth:

Bacon—There is a report Sir William Berkeley hath sent to the King for 2,000 Red Coates, and I doe believe it may be true, tell me your opinion, may not 500 Virginians beat them, wee having the same advantages against them the Indians have against us.

Goode—I rather conceive 500 Red Coats may either Subject or ruine Virginia.


B.—You talk strangely, are not we acquainted with the country, can lay ambussadoes, and take trees and putt them by, the use of their discipline, and are doubtless as good or better shott than they.

G.—But they can accomplish what I have sayd without hazard or coming into such disadvantages, by taking Opportunities of landing where there shall be noe opposition, firing out-houses and Fences, destroying our Stocks and preventing all trade and supplies to the country.

B.—There may be such prevention that they shall not be able to make any great progresse in Mischeifes, and the country or Clime not agreeing with their constitutions, great mortality will happen amongst them in their Seasoning which will weare and weary them out.







## First Martyrs to American Independence

G.—You see Sir that in a manner all the principall men in the Country dislike your manner of proceedings, they, you may be sure will joine with the red Coates.

B.—But there shall none of them bee (allowed).

G.—Sir, you speake as though you design'd a totall defection from Majestie, and our Native Country.

B.—Why (smiling) have not many Princes lost their dominions soe.

G.—They have been such people as have been able to subsist without their Prince. The poverty of Virginia is such, that the major part of the Inhabitants can scarce supply their wants from hand to mouth, and many there are besides can hardly shift, without Supply one year, and you may bee sure that this people which soe fondly follow you, when they come to feele the miserable wants of food and rayment, will bee in greater heate to leave you, then they were to come after you, besides here are many people in Virginia that receive considerable benefitts, comforts and advantages by Parents, Friends and Correspondents in England, and many which expect patrimonyes and Inheritances which they will by no means decline.

B.—For supply I know nothing: the country will be able to provide it selfe withall in a little time, save ammunition and Iron, and I believe the King of France or States of Holland would either of them entertaine a Trade with us.

G.—Sir, our King is a great Prince, and his Amity is infinitely more valuable to them, then any advantage they can reape by Virginia, they will not therefore provoke his displeasure by supporting his Rebels here; besides I conceive that your followers do not think themselves engaged against the King's authority, but against the Indians.

B.—But I think otherwise, and am confident of it, that it is the mind of this Country, and of Mary Land and Carolina also, to cast off their Governor and the Governors of Carolina have taken no notice of the People, nor the People of them, a long time; and the people are resolv'd to own their Governor further: And if wee cannot prevaile by Armes to make our conditions for Peace, or obtaine the Priviledge to elect our own Governour, we may retire to Roanoke.

And here hee fell into a discourse of seating a Plantation in a great Island in the River, as a fitt place to retire to for Refuge.

G.—Sir, the prosecuting what you have discoursed will unavoidably produce utter ruine and distruction to the people and Countrey, & I dread the thoughts of putting my hand to the promoting a designe of such miserable consequence, therefore hope you will not expect from me.

B.—I am glad I know your mind, but this proceeds from mere Cowardlynesse.


G.—And I desire you should know my mind, for I desire to harbour noe such thoughts, which I should fear to impart to any man.

B.—Then what should a Gentleman engaged as I am, doe, you doe as good as tell me. I must flay or hang for it.

G.—I conceive a seasonable Submission to the Authority you have your Commission from, acknowledging such Errors and Excesse, as are yett past, there may bee hope of remission.

I perceived his cogitations were much on this discourse, hee nominated Carolina, for the watch word.





## First Message of Liberty by Bacon in 1676

Three days after I asked his leave to goe home, hee sullenly answered, you may goe, and since that time, I thank God, I never saw or heard from him.

Here I most humbly begg your Honours pardon for my breaches and neglects of duty, and that Your Honour will favourably consider in this particular, I neither knew any man amongst us, that had any means by which I might give intelligence to your honour hereof, and the necessity thereof, I say by your honors, prudence, foresight and Industry may bee prevented. So praying God to bless and prosper all your Councells and Actions I conclude.

Your Honours dutifull servant,  
JOHN GOODE.

January ye 30th.  
1676.

### BACON'S NAVAL MANOEUVERS—ARREST OF GILES BLAND



Having done with the Indians and issued a proclamation commanding all the men in the Colony to join his forces and retire into the wilderness should any English troops arrive, until a reconciliation could be made—Bacon now dispatched Giles Bland (the son of the London merchant and nephew of Theodorick Bland) with four armed vessels to arrest Berkeley in Accomack. Upon seeing the sloops sail in, Sir William Berkeley was thrown into despair, but rallied his wits, and through the help of Colonel Philip Ludwell, aided by treachery, succeeded in capturing Bland with his entire fleet. Bland was immediately put in irons and very badly treated. One of his party, Captain Carver, was hanged on the shore of Accomack. Berkeley now enlisted many longshoremen and indentured servants, promising them the lands of the rebels as a reward. In this way he got together about 1,000 men and started joyously for Jamestown, which place he had little trouble entering and taking charge, since Bacon and his men were then near West Point (Virginia).

### BERKELEY'S MANSION

On hearing this news, the rebels at once set out for Jamestown and encamped at Green Spring—the comfortable home of his adversary, Berkeley. Bacon now began erecting palisades and thus entrenching himself. Here he did a very singular thing—sending out a party of horse he captured the wives of many of the leading loyalists, and fearing an untimely attack of Berkeley, he dispatched a courier to him stating that his intention was to place these wives in front of his works should a sally be made before the palisades were completed. Among these ladies may be named: Colonel Bacon's lady (wife of the rebel's cousin), Madame Ballard, Madame Bray, and Madame Page. We cannot understand why Bacon should have done this most unchivalrous act, although we know that he would sooner have been defeated than allowed harm befall them. We must admit it was a clever strategem, though unheard of before, and it had its desired effect, for "it seems that those works, which were protected by such charms (when a raising) that play'd up the enimys shot in there gains, could not now be stormed by a virtue less powerfull (when completed) then the sight of a few white aprons . . ." Berkeley later complained against the plunder of his plantation: "His dwelling-house at Green Spring was almost ruined; his household goods, and others of







## First Martyrs to American Independence

great value, totally plundered; that he had not a bed to lie on; two great beasts; three hundred sheep, seventy horses and mares, all his corn and provisions, taken away." Berkeley probably greatly exaggerated this; though it is probable also that the Baconites did consume a quantity of his excellency's food and wine.

### THE SPEECH AT GREEN SPRING

The young commander now having everything in readiness to greet the governor, addressed his men as follows:

"Gentlemen and Fellow Soldiers, how am I transported with gladness to find you thus unanimous, bold and daring, brave and gallant. You have the victory before the fight, the conquest before the battle—Your hardiness will invite all the country along as we march to come in and second you . . . The ignoring of their actions cannot but so much reflect upon their spirit, as they will have no courage left to fight you. I know you have the prayers and well wishes of all the people in Virginia, while the others are loaded with their curses. Come on, my hearts of gold; he that dies in the field lies in the bed of honour!"

### THE FLIGHT OF BACON

Notwithstanding the fact that Bacon, on hearing of the governor's return from Accomack, had marched his men between 30 and 40 miles one day and worked hard all night on breastworks—his men often with little food and lying in damp trenches; he was now ready to sound defiance to the old governor. Berkeley's motly crew of spoilsmen, "rogues and royalists," "intent only on the plunder of forfeited estates promised them by his honor," now began to desert "his honor" in great numbers. Out of 600, scarcely 20 remained to oppose Bacon. A slight skirmish ensued, which resulted in the complete rout of Berkeley's party. They retreated before Bacon's men, leaving their dead and dying on the field. Berkeley evacuated Jamestown and fled again to Accomac. In describing the first attack on Jamestown, before entrenching himself at Green Spring, Bacon writes to his friends—Captain William Cookson and Captain Edward Skewan—as follows:

"From Camp at Sandy Beach

"S'ber the 17th, 1676.

"Before wee drew up to James Towne a party of theirs fled before us with all hast for feare: with a small party of horse (being dark in the Evening) we rode up to the Point at Sandy Beach, and sounded a Defiance which they answered, after which with some difficulty for want of materialls wee entrenched ourselves for that night, our men with a great deal of Bravery ran up to their works and fir'd Briskly and retreated without any losse.



"They shew themselves such Pitifull cowards, contemptable as you would admire them. It is said that Hubert Farrell is shot in the Belly, Hartwell in the Legg, Smith in the head, Mathews with others, yet as yet wee have noe certaine account. They tooke a solemne oath when they Sallyed out either to Rout us, or never Returne: But you know how they use to keepe them: . . .

"Your reall Friend,  
"NATH: BACON."

### THE BURNING OF JAMESTOWN

After the fight at Jamestown, the Baconites pushed on into the town (a distance of about three miles), which they found deserted. They found a little Indian-corn, some horses, two or three cellars of wine, "and





## First Message of Liberty by Bacon in 1676

many tanned Hides." That the "rogues should harbor there" no longer, the capital town was burned to ashes. Drummond and Lawrence first set fire to their nice houses, and the other soldiers, following the example, laid the place in ashes. The first brick church in the colony was also burned. Berkeley and his party beheld this sight from their vessels about twenty miles down the river.

Bacon next marched to the York River (crossing at Gloucester Point) and made his way up into Gloucester County. It was his idea to encounter Colonel Brent, who was said to be marching against him with a force of twelve hundred men. Brent's men, on hearing of the success of Bacon, deserted him, leaving him with a mere handful. Bacon now made his headquarters at Colonel Warner's, called a convention, and administered the oath to the Gloucester people. (The oath drawn up at Green Spring, guaranteeing support against Berkeley).

### BACON'S DEATH AT DR. PATE'S

He now made his way to another part of the county, stirring up the inhabitants in his behalf at the Court House and other places as he went. Passing the present site of Wood X Roads, Bacon next encamped at Pate's Plantation (now known as Bacon's Fort). "This Prosperous Rebell, concluding now the day his owne, . . . intending to visit all the northern part of Virginia to understand the state of them and to settle affairs after his own measures . . . But before he could arrive to the Perfection of his designs (wch none but the Eye of Omniscience could Penetrate) Providence did that which noe other hand durst) or at least did) doe and cut him off . . . He dyed much dissatisfied in minde inquiring ever and anon after the arrival of the Friggats & Forces from England, and asking if his Guards were strong about the house." (Commissioner's Report—Winder Papers, Virginia State Library.)

Enduring the many hardships and privations of camp life, and under a tremendous mental strain, this "Washington of his day" finally surrendered to the Agent of Death, October 1, 1676. The cause of his death is not known, though various surmises have been made; but we believe it was due to malarial fever, probably contracted in the swamps and trenches in the low country around Jamestown. Some contend that he met death through poison from the hands of the tyrannical governor; but we are inclined to think that it was the poison of the swamps.


"Death why so cruel, what no other way  
To manifest thy spleen, but thus to slay  
Our hopes of safety; liberty, our all  
Which, through thy tyranny, with him must fall  
To its late cross? . . ."

(Bacon's epitaph by his man.)

### BACON'S LOST BURIAL PLACE

Prior to this time, we believe, every writer of Bacon's Rebellion has confessed his ignorance as to Bacon's burial place, and we confess it very difficult to determine at this late date. Berkeley had offered a reward for his body, dead or alive, and for that reason great secrecy was maintained. Two traditions have been current; one that his body was entombed in the York River—the other that he was hidden in the woods and stones piled on the body. The first tradition we believe to be incorrect, from the simple fact that to carry the body a distance of several





## First Martyrs to American Independence

miles to the York River would have meant discovery, besides the difficulty of such an undertaking, which demanded immediate action. The chances are that the body was not carried more than a mile or two from Pate's house, since his followers were very anxious to quit the melancholy spot and escape the wrath of Berkeley. It is probable, then, that the body of Bacon was buried in the neighboring woods and then stones piled on the spot to avoid any chance of discovery.

A short while ago the writer of this paper visited the old site of Bacon's fort and endeavored to explore the surrounding country, hoping to find something of interest regarding the rebel. A part of the original house is still standing, though remodeled. All that remains of the old fort is a slight elevation, which on close inspection reveals a few scattered bricks. The various owners of the place have tried, in vain, to plow down the ridge and thus make it tcnable for vegetation. Now and then an old arrow head or some other relic of Indian days is discovered. After visiting Bacon's fort, the writer was conducted by Mr. Frederick Henry Wolfe to a spot a mile and a half distant on his plantation (probably, originally a part of Bacon's fort), and shown a very remarkable construction. There were eight large ironstone rocks, four on each side, resembling a tomb. There were no other rocks anywhere near this spot, and the unnatural construction in this field, which in the days of Bacon must have been a wilderness, led Mr. Wolfe and also the writer to believe that under these weights rested the dust of General Nathanael Bacon, Junior. There are good reasons for this idea and it is the ardent wish of the writer that this site be excavated, hoping to find something to better substantiate the evidence that it is Bacon's grave. It is probable, though, that after two hundred and thirty-three years, we would find little of hidden interest.

### THE END OF THE REBELLION—EXECUTIONS

It is quite beyond us to surmise what the results would have been, had not the untimely hand of death intervened. The "meteoric career" of General Bacon lasted but "twenty weeks." It is very clear that no ordinary young man could have accomplished as much as did the melancholy Bacon. With his death also occurred the death of the Rebellion.

A few of his Captains dodged about for a short space of time, but soon sent in their submissions to the governor. Berkeley's revengeful and tyrannical disposition now predominated. Captain Hansford was captured; he asked that he might be "shot like a soldier and not hanged like a dog"; but this favor was denied him. Hansford has been called the "First Native Martyr to American Liberty." Captain Edward Cheesman was brought before Berkeley, who asked: "Why did you engage in Bacon's designs?" Cheesman's wife answered: "It was my provocations that made my husband join the cause; but for me he had never done what he has done." She then fell upon her knees before the governor and implored mercy for her husband, asking that she might pay the penalty. Berkeley returned an insulting reply which made all present shudder at his outrageous conduct.

The wasting of human lives went on. Some of the leaders could not be found. "T. M." tells us that when Lawrence was last heard of, the "thoughtful" man and four others were seen, with pistols and horses, in snow ankle deep making their way to a fairer clime. The old Scotchman—Mr. Drummond—was found in White Oak Swamp, and taken to





## First Message of Liberty by Bacon in 1676

the governor, who greeted him with the "ironical sarcasm of a low bend." "Mr. Drummond, you are very welcome. I would rather see you just now, than any other man in the Colony. Mr. Drummond, you shall be hanged in half an hour." "What your honor pleases," said Drummond.

The bloodthirsty Berkeley would have continued the executions, had not the commissioners from England arrived in January, 1677, to whom we are indebted for a good and impartial account of the rebellion. News of Berkeley's measures at length reached the throne; "as I live," said the King, "the old fool has put to death more people in that naked country than I did here for the murder of my father." In April, the governor was removed from office, and returned to England, where he died in July, before he had an opportunity to kiss the King's hand.

From "Forces Tracts," we offer a list, in part, of those hung by Berkeley. The list is made out and signed by Sir William, but we do not think that it includes all who met death at his hands.

- "1.—One Johnson, a stirrer up of the people to sedition but no fighter.
- "2.—One Barlow, one of Cromwell's soldiers, very active in this rebellion, and taken with forty men coming to surprise me at Accomack.
- "3.—One Carver, a valiant man, and stout seaman, taken miraculously, who came with Bland, with equal com'n and 200 men to take me and some other gentlemen that assisted me, with the help of 200 soldiers; miraculously delivered into my hand
- "4.—One Wilford, an interpreter, that frightened the Queen of Pamunkey from ye lands she had granted her by the Assembly, a month after peace was concluded with her.
- "5.—One Hartford, a valiant stout man, and a most resolved rebel.
- "All these at Accomack."

"At York whilst I lay there."

- "1.—One Young, a commissioned by Genl. Monck long before he declared for ye King.
- "2.—One Page, a carpenter, formerly my servant, but for his violence used against the Royal Party, made a Colonel.
- "3.—One Harris, that shot to death a valiant loyalist prisoner.
- "4.—One Hall, a clerk of a county but more useful to the rebels than 40 army men—that dyed very penitent confessing his rebellion against his King and his ingratitude to me.
- "5.—One Drummond, a Scotchman that we all suppose was the originall cause of the whole rebellion, with a common French-man, that had been very bloody."

"Condemned at my house, and executed when  
Bacon lay before Jamestown.

- "1.—One Coll'l Crewe, Bacon's parosythe, that continually went about ye country, extolling all Bacon's actions, and (justifying) his rebellion.
- "2.—One Cookson, taken in Rebellion.
- "3.—One Darby, from a servant made a Captain.

"WILL<sup>M</sup>. BERKELEY."

Sir William Berkeley of London was educated at Merton College, Oxford, and in 1629 received the degree of Master of Arts. He made a tour of Europe in 1630; was governor of Virginia from 1639 to 1651, and 1659 to 1677—thirty years—a term equalled by no other governor of the Colony. The year that he came to Virginia—1639—he published a play, "The Lost Lady." He published also, in 1663, "A Discourse and View of Virginia." He was buried at Twickerham. Sir William had no children, and bequeathed his property to his widow. He married the widow of Samuel Stephens, Warwick County, Virginia. She, after Berkeley's death, married Colonel Philip Ludwell.





## First Martyrs to American Independence

### BACON'S REBELLION IN LITERATURE

Mrs. Afra Behn published a play on Bacon's Rebellion in 1690. It was called "The Widow Ranter, or the History of Bacon in Virginia," and was honored by Dryden with a prologue. Campbell (the historian) says: "It sets historical truth at defiance, and is replete with coarse humor and indelicate wit. It is probable that Sarah Drummond may have been intended by 'The Widow Ranter.' It appears that one or two expressions in the Declaration of Independence occur in this old play."

With the patriot, Bacon, began the undying spirit of American Independence, which blossomed into the Revolution of 1776, and the fragrance of which still lives in the hearts of all Americans.

In compiling the above paper, I wish to acknowledge the use of the following references:

Virginia Historical Magazine  
William and Mary College Quarterly  
Force's Tracts  
Beverley's History of Virginia  
Henning's Statutes  
Goode's "Virginia Cousins"  
"Winder Papers"  
Virginia Historical Register  
Virginia Gazette  
"Bland Papers"

"T. M.'s" Account in Force's Tracts, Campbell's History of Virginia, and John Fiske's "Old Virginia and Her Neighbors." These last three have been freely used.

---

They can conquer who believe they can . . . He has not learned the lesson of life, who does not every day surmount a fear.—EMERSON.

The soul, secured in its existence, smiles at the drawn dagger, and defies its point.—ADDISON.

Cowards die many times before their death;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Courage in danger is half the battle.—PLAUTUS.







# Aboriginal American who Fought with the British Army

Strange Story of Thayendanegea, the Mohawk, who after  
Passing Through the Process of American Civilization,  
Graduated from Dartmouth College, and Led His Tribes  
Against the Americans in the Conflict for Independence

BY  
EARL WILLIAM GAGE  
JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK  
Secretary of the Chautauqua Historical Society

**T**HIS is the strange story of an aboriginal American, who, after passing through the processes of American civilization, and being graduated from an American college as the learned leader of his race, led his former tribesmen against American independence and fought in the British army during the Revolution. It is a remarkable insight into the heart of man and his smoldering instincts. In the summer of 1778 the dreadful warfare on the borders of New York and Pennsylvania became the most conspicuous figure in our revolutionary struggle, and has afforded themes for poetry and romance, in which the figures of the principal actors are seen in lurid light. One of these figures is of commanding importance. Joseph Brant, or Thayendanegea was, perhaps, the most dangerous Indian of whom we have knowledge; certainly the history of the red man presents no more many-sided and interesting character. It is not strange that he should sometimes have been supposed to be a half breed. He was, however, a pure blooded Mohawk, descended from a line of distinguished sachems.

In early boyhood he became a favorite with Sir William Johnson, and the laughing black eyes of his handsome sister, Molly Brant, so fascinated the rough baronet that he took her to Johnson Hall, as his wife. Sir William believed that Indians could be tamed and taught the arts of civilized life, and he labored with great energy, and not without some success in this difficult task.

The young Thayendanegea was sent to be educated at the school in Lebanon, Connecticut, which was afterward transferred to New Hampshire, and developed into Dartmouth College. At this school he not only became expert in the use of the English language, in which he learned to write with elegance and force, but he also acquired some inkling of general literature and history.


He became a member of the Episcopal church, and after leaving school he was for some time engaged in missionary work among the Mohawks, and translated the prayer-book and parts of the New Testament

Art

History

Literature





## Strange Story of Thayendanegea, the Mohawk

into his native language. He was a man of earnest and serious character, and his devotion to the Church endured throughout his entire life. Some years after the peace of 1783 the first Episcopal church ever built in Upper Canada was erected by Joseph Brant, from funds which he had collected for the purpose while on a visit to England.

But with this character of devout missionary and earnest student, Thayendanegea combined in curious contrast the attributes of an Iroquois war chief developed to the highest degree of efficiency. There was no accomplishment prized by Indian braves in which he did not outshine all of his fellow tribesmen.

He was early called to the war path; in the fierce struggle with Pontiac, he fought with great distinction on the English side, and about the beginning of the War of Independence he became principal sachem of the Iroquois confederacy. It was the most trying time that had ever come to these haughty lords of the wilderness, and called for all the valor and diplomacy which they could summon.

Brant was equal to the occasion, and no chieftain ever fought a losing cause with greater spirit than he. At Oriskany, August 6, 1777, he came near turning the scale against us in one of the most critical moments of a great campaign. From the St. Lawrence to the Susquehanna his name became a name of terror.

Equally skillful and zealous, now in planning the silent night march and deadly ambush, now preaching the Gospel of Peace, he reminds one of some newly reclaimed Frisian or Norman warrior of the Carolingian age. But in the eighteenth century the incongruity is more striking than in the tenth, in as far as the traits of the barbarian are more vividly projected against the background of a higher civilization.

It is odd to think of Thayendanegea, who could outyell any of his tribe on the battlefield, sitting at table with Burke and Sheridan, and behaving with the modest grace of an English gentleman. The tincture of civilization he has acquired, moreover, was not wholly superficial. Though he sometimes engaged in many a murderous attack, he was far less ferocious than one would expect a Mohawk to be. Though he sometimes approved the slaying of prisoners on grounds of public policy, he was flatly opposed to torture and never would allow it in his presence. He often went out of his way to rescue women and children from the tomahawk, and the instances of his magnanimity towards suppliant enemies are very numerous.


At the beginning of the war the influence of the Johnsons had kept all the Six Nations on the side of the crown, except the Oneidas and Tuscaroras, who were prevailed upon by New England missionaries to maintain an attitude of neutrality. The Indians in general were utterly incapable of understanding the issue involved in the contest, but Brant had some comprehension of it, and looked at the matter with Tory eyes.

The loyalists in central New York were numerous, but the patriot party was stronger, and such fierce enmities were aroused in this frontier society that most of the Tories were obliged to abandon their homes and flee to the wilds of Upper Canada, where they made the beginnings of the first English settlement in that country.

There under their leaders, the Johnsons, with Colonel John Butler and his son Walter, they made their headquarters at Fort Niagara where they were joined by Brant with his Mohawk band. Secure in the posses-







## Aboriginal American who Fought with British

sion of that remote stronghold, they made it the starting point of their very frequent and exceedingly terrible excursions against the communities which had cast them forth.

These rough frontiersmen, whose raiding propensities had been little changed by their life in an American wilderness, were in every way fit comrades for their dusky allies. Clothed in blankets and moccasins, decked with beads and feathers and hideous in war paint, it was not easy to distinguish them from the stalwart barbarians whose fiendish cruelties they often imitated and sometimes surpassed.

Border tradition tells of an Indian who, after murdering a young mother with her three children as they sat by the evening fireside, was moved to pity by the sight of a little infant sweetly smiling at him from its cradle; but his Tory comrade picked up the babe with the point of his bayonet, and as he held it writhing in midair exclaimed, "Is not this a rebel also?"

There are many tales of like import, and whether always true or not they serve to show the reputation which these wretched men had won. The Tory leaders took far less pains than Thayendanegea to prevent useless slaughter, and some of the atrocities permitted by Walter Butler have never been outdone in all the history of savage warfare.

During the winter of 1778 the frontier became the scene of untold misery, such as had not been witnessed since the time of Pontiac. Early in July there came a blow at which the whole country stood aghast. The valley of Wyoming, situated in northeastern Pennsylvania, where the Susquehanna makes its way through a huge cleft in the mountains, had long been celebrated for the unrivalled fertility and beauty which, like the fatal gift of some unfriendly power, had served only to make it an occasion of strife.

This lovely spot was within the limits of the old charter of Connecticut, which was to extend from Rhode Island westward to the Pacific Ocean. It also lay within the limits of the charter by which the proprietary colony of Pennsylvania had been founded. About one hundred people from Connecticut had settled there in 1762, but within a year this little settlement was wiped out in blood and fire by the Delawares.


In 1768 some Pennsylvanians began to settle in the valley, but they were soon ousted by a second detachment of Yankees, and for three years a miniature war was kept up, with varying fortunes, until at last the Connecticut men, under Zebulon Butler and Lazarus Stewart, were victorious. In 1771 the question was referred to the leading law officers of the crown, and the claim of Connecticut was sustained.

Settlers now began to come rapidly, the forerunners of that great New England migration which in these latter days has founded so many thriving States in the West. By the year 1778 the population of the valley exceeded three thousand, distributed in several pleasant hamlets, with town meetings, schools and churches, and all the characteristics of New England orderliness and thrift. Most of the people were from Connecticut, and were enthusiastic and devoted patriots; but in 1776 a few settlers from the Hudson Valley had come in, and exhibiting Tory sympathies, were soon after expelled from the district.

Here was an excellent opportunity for the loyalist border ruffians to wreak summary vengeance upon their enemies. Here was a settlement peculiarly exposed in position, regarded with no friendly eyes by







## Strange Story of Thayendanegea, the Mohawk

its Pennsylvania neighbors, and moreover, ill provided with ample defenders, for it had sent the best part of its trained militia to serve in the ranks of Washington's army.

These circumstances did not escape the keen eye of Colonel Butler, and in June, 1778, he took the warpath from Niagara, with a company of his own rangers, a regiment of Johnson's Greens, and a band of Senecas; in all about twelve hundred men. Reaching the Susquehanna, they glided down the swift stream in bark canoes, landed a little above the doomed settlement, and began their work of murder and pillage. Consternation filled the valley. The women and children were huddled in a blockhouse, and Colonel Zebulon Butler, with three hundred men, went out to meet the enemy.

There was no choice but to fight, though the odds were so desperate. As the enemy came in sight, late in the afternoon of July 3rd, the patriots charged upon them, and for about an hour there was a fierce struggle, till overwhelmed by weight of numbers, the little band of defenders broke and fled. Some made their way to the fort, and a few escaped to the mountains, but nearly all were overtaken and slain, save such as were reserved for the horrors of the night to come.

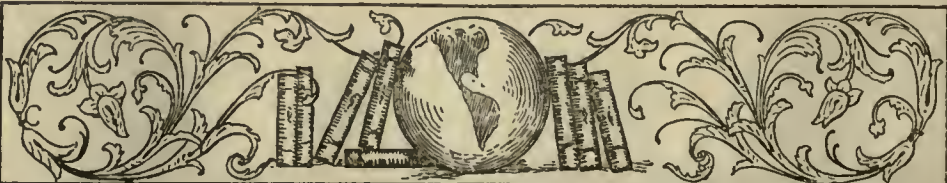
The second anniversary of independence was ushered in with dreadful orgies in the Valley of Wyoming. Some of the prisoners were burned at the stake, some were laid upon hot embers and held down with pitchforks till death came as a blessing to them, others were hacked to death with knives. Sixteen poor fellows were arranged in a circle, while an old half breed hag, nearly ninety years old, known as Queen Esther, and supposed to be a daughter of the famous Count Frontenac, danced slowly around the ring, shrieking a death song as she slew them, one after another, with her tomahawk.

The next day, when the fort surrendered, no more lives were taken, but the Indians plundered and burned all the houses, while the inhabitants fled to the woods, or to the nearest settlements on the Lehigh and Delaware, and the vale of Wyoming was for a time abandoned. Dreadful sufferings attended the flight. A hundred women and children perished of fatigue and starvation in trying to cross the swamp which is known to this day as the "Shades of Death."


Such horrors needed no exaggeration in the telling, yet from confused reports of the fugitives, magnified by popular rumor, a tale of wholesale slaughter went abroad which was even worse than the reality, but which careful research has long since completely disproved.

The popular reputation of Brant as an incarnate demon rests largely upon the part which he was formerly supposed to have taken in the devastation of Wyoming. But the "master Brant" who figures so conspicuously in Campbell's celebrated poem was not even present on this occasion. Thayendanegea was at that time at Niagara. It was not long, however, before he was concerned in a bloody affair in which Walter Butler was principal.

The village of Cherry Valley, in central New York, was destroyed on the tenth of November, by a party of seven hundred Tories and Indians. All the houses were burned, and about fifty of the inhabitants murdered without regard to age or sex. Many other atrocious things were done in the course of that year; but the affairs of Wyoming and Cherry Valley made a deeper impression than any other of the affairs.







## Aboriginal American who Fought with British

The inhabitants were not rough frontiersmen of the ordinary type, but quiet and respectable yeomanry. Among the victims there were many refined gentlemen and ladies well known in the Northern States, and this was especially the case at Cherry Valley. The wrath of the people knew no bounds, and Washington made up his mind that exemplary vengeance must be taken, and the source of the evil extinguished so far as possible.

An army of five thousand men was sent out in the early summer of 1779, with instructions to lay waste the whole country of the hostile Iroquois, and capture the nest of Tory miscreants at Fort Niagara. The command of the expedition was offered to Gates, and when he testily declined it as requiring too much hard work from a man of his years, it was given to Sullivan. To prepare such an army for penetrating to a depth of four hundred miles through the forest was no light task; and before they had reached the Iroquois country, Brant had sacked the town of Minisink, and annihilated a force of militia sent to oppose him.

Yet the expedition was well timed for the purpose of destroying the growing crops of the enemy. The army advanced in two divisions. The right wing, under General James Clinton, proceeded up the valley of the Mohawk, as far as Canajoharie, and then turned to the southwest, while the left wing, under Sullivan himself, ascended the Susquehanna.

On the twenty-second of August the two columns met at Tioga, and one week later found the enemy at Newton, on the present site of the city of Elmira; fifteen hundred Tories and Indians, led by Sir John Johnson in person, with both the Butlers and Thayendanegea. In the battle which ensued, the enemy were routed with great slaughter, while the American loss was less than fifty.

No further resistance was made, but the army were annoyed in every possible manner, and stragglers were now and then caught and tortured to death. On a single occasion a young lieutenant, named Boyd, was captured with a scouting party, and fell into the hands of one of the Butlers, who threatened to give him to torture unless he should disclose whatever he knew of General Sullivan's plans. On his refusal he was given into the hands of a Seneca demon, named Little Beard, and after being hacked and plucked to pieces with a refinement of cruelty which pen refuses to describe, his torturers ended his troubles by disembowelling his body.


Such horrors only served to exasperate the Americans, and though they do not seem to have taken life unnecessarily, they carried out their orders with great zeal and thoroughness.

The Iroquois tribes had so far advanced towards the agricultural stage of development that they were now more dependent upon their crops than the chase for subsistence; and they had, besides, learned some of the arts of civilization from their white neighbors. Their long wigwams were beginning to give place to framed houses with chimneys; their extensive fields were planted with corn and beans, and their orchards yielded apples, pears and peaches in immense profusion.

All this prosperity was now brought to an end. From Tioga the American army marched through the entire country of the Cayugas and Senecas, laying waste every cornfield, burning down every house, and cutting down all the fruit trees. More than forty villages, the largest containing one hundred and twenty eight houses, were razed to the ground. So terrible a vengeance had not overtaken the Long House since the days of Frontenac.







## Strange Story of Thayendanegea, the Mohawk

The region thus devastated had come to be the principal domain of the confederacy. The Senecas now numbered more than all the other tribes taken together. The Onondagas had already been overwhelmed in the spring by a party from Fort Stanwix; the Mohawks, as we have seen, had withdrawn beyond the Niagara River; the Oneidas and Tuscaroras were spared, as friendly to the American cause.

From the blow thus inflicted, the confederacy never recovered. The winter of 1779-80 was one of the coldest ever known in America, so cold that the harbor of New York was frozen solid enough to bear troops and artillery, while the British in the city, deprived of the aid of their fleet, spent the winter in daily dread of attack.

During this extreme season the houseless Cayugas and Senecas were overtaken by famine and pestilence, and the diminution in their numbers was never afterwards made good. The stronghold at Niagara, however, was not wrested from Thayendanegea. That part of General Sullivan's expedition was a complete failure. From increasing sickness among the soldiers, and want of proper food, he found it impracticable to take his large force beyond the Genesee River, and accordingly he turned back toward the seaboard, arriving in New Jersey at the end of October, after a total march of more than seven hundred miles.

Though so much hurrying had been done, the snake was only scotched after all. Nothing short of the complete annihilation of the savage enemy would have put a stop to his inroads. Before winter was over, dire vengeance fell upon the Oneidas, who were regarded by their brethren as traitors to the confederacy; they were utterly crushed by Thayendanegea.

For two years more the tomahawk and firebrand were busy in the Mohawk Valley. It was a veritable reign of terror.

Blockhouses were erected in every neighborhood, into which forty or fifty families could crowd together at the first note of alarm. The farmers ploughed and harvested in companies, keeping their rifles within easy reach, while pickets and scouts peered in every direction for signs of the stealthy foe.

In battles with the militia, of which there were several, the enemy, with his greatly weakened force, was now generally worsted, but nothing could exceed the boldness of his raids. On one or two occasions he came within a few miles of Albany. Once a small party of Tories actually found their way into the city, with intent to assassinate General Schuyler, and came very near succeeding, but for the quick wit of the General in reading the purpose of the party.

In no other part of the United States did the war entail anything like so much suffering as on the New York border. During the five years ending with 1781, the population was reduced by two-thirds of its whole amount, and in the remaining third there were more than three hundred widows and three thousand orphan children.

It is very easy to discern the great fight our early settlers had in gaining the foothold that they did in this particular region of America. It is also easy to discover some of the nature of the so famous Joseph Brant, I believe, in this writing. He was, indeed, one of the greatest warriors of his time, although he was against our forces. His name will live with the hills, although his cause was buried more than a century ago.





## Hero of the Early American Navy

Adventures of Commodore Samuel Tucker on an American Fighting Ship During the American Revolution & Thrilling Experiences of a Naval Officer whose Valiant Deeds are Seldom Recorded and whose Lone Grave has been Neglected

BY  
ALICE FROST LORD

**I**N an obscure corner of the little town of Bremen, in Lincoln County, on the Maine coast, lies a cemetery overgrown with weeds and trees. For many a year Nature only with impartial hand has lent to the tangle any trace of beauty or show of attention. Her wild roses bloom there under the summer suns with each recurring season.

Sometimes the people, as they pass by, carelessly remark: "There is the old Bremen cemetery where Commodore Tucker lies buried;" and occasionally in Damariscotta one hears a murmur of disapproval at the neglect of this Revolutionary hero's grave.

In all probability there is no Revolutionary soldier or sailor of equal distinction with Commodore Tucker, whose memory has not been perpetuated and whose name has not been honored by some memorial or some monument. People in Damariscotta and surrounding towns have now and then agitated raising a fund for a monument to this man at Bremen, but nothing has been done thus far.


The little cemetery is one of the oldest in this historic place. There is hardly an acre enclosed on this eastern hillside, where one catches a glimpse of the sea to the south and of the Camden Hills to the north. Many of the slabs are rough hewn, bearing dates before the Revolution. That of Commodore Tucker itself is only a plain slab of slate. On it is the representation of an urn beneath willow foliage. The inscription reads:

"In Memory of Com. Samuel Tucker,  
who died March 10, 1833.  
A Patriot of the Revolution."

"Who was Commodore Tucker?" inquired the writer, of some of the natives, hoping to secure some local traditions of a man well known to students of early American history.

"No one lives now who knew him personally," was the reply, "although he spent his last days in Bremen on a farm, and some of his descendants are at Bristol, near by. Of course there is a great deal of hearsay, but nothing but what was good of the man. He was a valiant and an able mariner, and he stood high in the good graces of the most distinguished men of his day in Washington. 'His Biography,' said ex-President John Adams, 'would make a conspicuous figure, even at this day, in naval annals of the United States.'"





## Neglected Hero of the Early American Navy

Young Tucker, a native of Marblehead and a son of a Scotchman, as in many a family, failed to fulfil the early ambitions of his parents. They had started him out for a collegiate education, but the call of the sea was stronger, and at eleven years, the daring lad left home and embarked on the "Royal George," an English sloop-of-war. His love of the sea was legitimate enough, for his father, Andrew Tucker, was a skillful shipmaster in the days of his early manhood.

So far as history goes, the next eight years of Tucker's life are a blank. That he profited in this time by the opportunities in his way and gained valuable knowledge of seafaring life is certain, for at seventeen years he was second mate on a vessel from Salem. On board this vessel he made a creditable record by taking the helm, when the captain was intoxicated, and clearing away from the pursuing Algerine corsairs.

In 1763, when just turned of age, he was married to Mary Gatchell of Marblehead, and became master of a merchantman. When the Revolutionary War broke out the young man was in London, where he had been offered his choice of a commission in the army or a command in the navy. But there was true colonial blood stirring in the young seaman's veins, and he refused to be a traitor to the land that gave him birth. The following incident is related in the "Life of Samuel Tucker" (Sheppard), from which, by the way, many facts of interest are referred to in this article:


When he was urged one day to take one of these situations, and was promised, if he would consent, that his gracious majesty would give him an honorable and profitable office, in his haste he rashly replied: "D—n his most gracious majesty, do you think I would fight against my native country?"

The man to whom he uttered this hardshelled patriotism was one of the enlisting officers, and immediately left him. A friend, who happened to hear the offer and reply, stepped up to him and urged him to withdraw and keep out of the way, for surely he would be arrested for speaking factiously against the king. On this hint Captain Tucker immediately left London, traveled about fifteen miles into the country and stopped at a tavern. He soon found out that a brother kept it, and told him he was in trouble and a fugitive. The landlord asked him: "Have you been guilty of any crime?" "No!" "Have you done anything against the government?" "No!" said Tucker. "Then," he added, "I will protect you."

Soon afterwards the landlord saw some horsemen entering the yard in great haste. He suspected they were in pursuit of his guest, and he thrust him into an adjacent closet and locked the door. The officers came in and one of them inquired if he had seen any traveler pass that way since morning. "No, I have seen no one pass this way." The officer then gave him a description of Tucker; his face, figure, dress and manner, saying, "He is a rebel from America and has damned the king, and since he left London he has had time to reach this place." He then gave orders, if he came that way to stop him. The landlord rejoined, "Certainly, if he comes this way, I'll take care of him," and he did.

Captain Tucker, as he was then called, cleared away from England in haste. By a rare piece of good fortune, he shipped home on a vessel in which a distinguished Philadelphia merchant, Robert Morris, Esquire, was greatly interested. During a furious storm, when it was expected momentarily that the vessel would go down with her valuable cargo and





## Adventures of Commodore Samuel Tucker

all on board, Tucker came to the rescue and by his skill saved the day. Morris, out of gratitude, introduced Tucker to General Washington, from whom later he received the appointment as lieutenant of a company, and later still a commission as captain of the armed schooner, "Franklyn."

It was then his privilege and duty to afford his country much needed aid, in the capture of ships, brigs and smaller vessels from England, whose cargoes of arms, ammunition and supplies were a bonanza to the colonies in the storm and stress period of 1775-6.

From the "Franklyn," Captain Tucker was soon transferred to the command of the "Hancock," another vessel of similar type. In a year he had captured from thirty to forty English vessels, if history speaks the truth, and had won a commission as commodore, under the signature of Samuel Adams.


Through the year 1777, Commodore Tucker carried on similar work in the "Boston," to the command of which he was appointed by President Hancock. In February of the next year he fulfilled the important mission of carrying John Adams and his eleven-year old son, John Quincy Adams, to France, whither the former was sent as an envoy from this country. That Commodore Tucker was entrusted with such responsibility, when the high seas were full of danger, not alone from the elements, but from the numerous men-of-war which infested the Atlantic, is an indication of the appreciation of and trust in his ability. Twice they were chased by formidable opponents. They captured one frigate with a valuable cargo, and weathered a terrific storm in which the ship was partially disabled. Mr. Adams landed safely in Bordeaux. To this voyage Honorable Peleg Sprague, in 1826, made reference, in the eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, as follows:

"Mr. Adams was removed from the Congress to other scenes of important duty and usefulness. In August, 1778, he was sent to Europe, as commissioner of peace. The public ship on board which he embarked was commanded by the gallant Commodore Tucker, now living, and a citizen of this state, who took more guns from the enemy during the Revolutionary War than any other naval commander, and who has been far less known and rewarded than his merits deserved. One occurrence on their passage is worthy of relation as illustrating the character of both. Discovering an enemy's ship, neither could resist the temptation to engage, although against the dictates of prudent duty. Tucker, however, stipulated that Mr. Adams should remain in the lower part of the ship as a place of safety. But no sooner had the battle commenced than he was seen on deck with a musket in his hands, fighting as a common marine. The Commodore preemptorily ordered him below; but, called instantly away, it was not until considerable time had elapsed, that he discovered this public minister still at his post, intently engaged in firing upon the enemy. Advancing, he exclaimed, 'Why are you here, sir? I am commanded by the Continental Congress to carry you in safety to Europe, and I will do it'; and, seizing him in his arms, he forcibly carried him from the scene of danger."

So widely did this report of Commodore Tucker's gallantry and success spread, not only among the colonies but in the English ranks, his bravery and frequent captures of naval prizes were the daily talk of British officers, who at last connived to bring his career to an end. The British fitted out a frigate even larger than the "Boston" and sent her forth with a







## Neglected Hero of the Early American Navy

hundred picked men. Tucker, always on the alert, learned of the project; when the British vessel ran across him he met her under English colors. The British captain hailed him: "What ship is that?"

"Captain Gordon's," replied the wily Commodore, who knew that Gordon's English ship was modeled much like the "Boston."

"Where do you hail from?"

"New York," replied Tucker.

"When did you leave?"

"Four days ago. I am out after the 'Boston,' frigate, to take that rebel, Tucker, and I'm bound to take him, dead or alive, to New York."

"Have you seen him?" anxiously queried the English captain.

"Well, I've heard of him," rejoined Tucker. "They say he's a hard customer."

In the meantime the men on the "Boston" had been bringing their vessel into a position where they could rake the decks of the enemy. Every man was at his gun. Just as Tucker was recognized by one of the enemy's crew, who shouted from the topmast a warning to the English captain, Tucker gave his order to his men:

"Down with the English flag and hoist the American."

Turning to the enemy, he shouted to the captain, "The time I proposed talking to you has ended. This is the 'Boston,' frigate, and I am Samuel Tucker, but no rebel. Fire or strike your flag." The English captain saw the advantageous position of the Commodore and wisely took the only course out. Not a shot was fired and thus did the British fail in their undertaking, the English captain returning in disgrace.


History next records the part Commodore Tucker played in the naval operations at the siege of Charleston, South Carolina, when he rendered valuable service in the demolition of the "Beacon Lighthouse" and "Fort Johnson." After thirty days' siege he was one of the commanders to surrender, though it is said he was the last to strike his flag, saying, "I don't think much of striking my flag to your present force, for I have struck more of your flags than are now flying in this harbor."

On receiving his parole, Commodore Tucker went back to Boston and soon was in charge of another sloop-of-war, the "Thorn." On this he continued a record breaking series of British captures until at last his own vessel fell into the enemy's hand and he escaped to Boston. By this time he had acquired much wealth and now occupied a house on Fleet street, close by Governor Hutchinson's residence. Socially he stood prominent and was most hospitable.

After six years of affluence he came to misfortune through loss of property. Again he lived at Marblehead, endeavoring all the while in vain to secure from Congress "arrears of pay on account of services rendered his country." There he tended a grist mill and granary until, in 1792, he purchased a farm in what was then Bristol, Maine, to which he brought his wife, aged mother, and widowed daughter, Mrs. Hinds and her son. This place is now Bremen, having been incorporated as such in 1828. There Commodore Tucker lived as a farmer and taught navigation until his death in 1833.

An incident of note, however, as connected with his naval career, happened while living in Maine. In 1813 the English schooner, "Bream," which accompanied the "Rattler" on the seacoast of this state, was harassing Bristol and neighboring towns; her men plundering the farms





## Adventures of Commodore Samuel Tucker

and destroying property. The natives were at last aroused to desperate action and a number of seaman met for conference. They decided to send for Commodore Tucker, then 67 years old, whom they made commander of a sloop, the "Increase." After securing the necessary papers from Waldoboro, they armed themselves and cruised several days along the coast without running across the enemy. Some of the soldiers were withdrawn and also the cannon loaned from the fort at Wiscasset. The very next day, however, the "Increase" encountered the British cruiser and an engagement followed in which Commodore Tucker and his men carried off the victory. The prize was taken to Muscongus harbor and the twenty-five prisoners of war were placed in the Wiscasset jail. Not a death resulted on board the "Increase."

The town of Bristol did not fail to honor the gallant and venerable Tucker. He was repeatedly chosen selectman. Four times he was a member of the legislature of Massachusetts. Many official visits he paid to Boston, where he was an honored guest in the house of the Adams. Twice he was chosen a member of the house of representatives in Maine, when the Legislature assembled in Portland. In 1820 the electoral college of Maine appointed him a special messenger to carry the votes for president and vice-president to Washington. In less than five days he made the journey, though then 74 years of age, and travelling by steam was unknown. Soon after, an annuity of \$600 a year was settled on him by the government, a late but well deserved reward.

Commodore Tucker died at his home in Bremen with a firm trust in God. He was an Episcopalian in faith, and from many notes in his journals it is evident that he was a God-fearing man, merciful, kind-hearted and generous to a fault.

Personally he is described as a man nearly six feet high, strong and muscular and broad chested, commanding in demeanor and dignified in his bearing. His faculties he retained to the time of his late short illness. At his funeral obsequies there was a large following, when he was laid beneath the sod in the little Bremen cemetery nearly three-quarters of a century ago. That there will, in time, be some fitting memorial erected to his memory there can be no doubt.

As evidence pertaining to this record, I here present the following newspaper statement from the Lewiston Journal, July 16-20, 1904.

### WANTS COMMODORE TUCKER, MAINE HERO, HONORED

Judge Williams Joslin of Nebraska Seeks Newspaper Agitation in the Matter


Lewiston, Maine, July 29.—Judge Williams Joslin of Alma, Nebraska, has taken up the story of a Maine hero and asks that some proper recognition be made of Commodore Samuel Tucker, whose remains are buried at Bremen, on the Maine coast.

Judge Joslin's letter is in part as follows:

The removal of the remains of the naval hero, Paul Jones, from France to America in a warship, the interment of the same in this country, and the revival of the picturesque story of the career of the patriot so long sleeping and neglected in an unknown grave in a foreign land, without monumental stone to mark the spot where his remains reposed, vividly recall to my mind the ingratitude and neglect of the services by this country of another equally deserving naval hero and patriot, a contemporary of Commodore Jones. This same hero was Samuel Tucker, a native of







## Neglected Hero of the Early American Navy

Marblehead, on Cape Ann, in the state of Massachusetts. Tucker received a naval captain's commission from Washington in 1776 and was in active service during the Revolutionary war, as commodore during much of the time, during which he captured 62 British vessels, 600 pieces of cannon, and 3000 prisoners, besides out-maneuvering the enemy's vessels and carrying John Adams safely to France as envoy. For all this he received the empty honor of a vote of thanks from Congress; and this was all he ever got for his invaluable services to his country. After the close of the Revolutionary war he moved to the town of Bremen, in my native state of Maine, where, for a livelihood, he followed his chosen vocation of captain of merchant vessels.

During the War of 1812 with Britain, when English privateers and war vessels were devastating our commerce along the Maine coast, after the pencil of time had furrowed his noble face and sketched his brow, and the frost of years had whitened his hair; in a schooner, with a crew of undaunted and heroic Maine sailors, armed with two brass cannon from the fort at Wiscasset, he chased and after a hard fight, captured the privateer "Crown," and drove from the Maine coast the war vessels of the enemy, which had been so successfully devastating the commerce of the Americans.

Defrauded of the fortune that belonged to him from his share of the prizes he captured, Commodore Samuel Tucker applied for the compensation he had justly earned as captain of the navy. This he was denied because he was barred by the statute of limitation. So in old age he eked out a precarious existence in his accepted vocation and died in poverty in 1833.

He was buried on a bleak, rocky neck of land which runs out into the tempestuous Atlantic, in the town of Bremen, and his grave is unmarked and without a monument or stone to show where his remains lie.

A few years ago the selectmen of the town of Bremen, through Nelson Dingley, one of the noblest representatives in Congress, chosen from the district in which the town of Bremen is located, presented to Congress a petition stating that the grave of Commodore Tucker would be unknown unless measures were taken to provide a permanent memorial monument, and in view of the Commodore's services it would seem that the least Congress could do would be to grant the prayer of the petition. This petition was pigeon-holed and on it no action has ever been taken, as I understand.

Many a time have I sailed past this rocky, bleak, barren neck of land where the remains of this hero lie, extending into the ocean, against whose shores the waves of the tempestuous Atlantic beat high and rebound and recede with a dismal roar. How vividly, at this time and in this connection, am I reminded of the ingratitude of the human race.

Socrates and the Greek philosophers taught that the first and greatest crime that could be committed was ingratitude, and the second was neglect of parents. Another Greek sage said: "To pass now to the matter, was any so abandoned and base as not to admire the former and detest the latter?"

Seneca, I think, said: "Of all the guilty train of human vices base ingratitude is the most to be abhorred and detested."

It is expected that some of Maine's public-spirited citizens will take up this subject and give to a sterling patriot the tardy honor which he deserved when living.







# Letters of an American Woman Sailing for England in 1784

Quaint Message from Love Lawrence, Daughter of an American Clergyman, who Left Her Country to Marry a Loyalist whose Political Principles were Opposed to the New Republic & An Interesting Glimpse of Life

BY

EDITH WILLIS LINN

GLENORA, NEW YORK

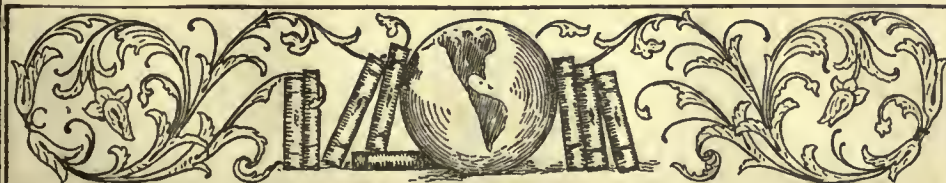
Great-Grand Niece of Love Lawrence, the Writer of these Letters

**T**HESE letters were written by an American woman, in 1784, as she left the new republic to sail for England where she was to marry a Dr. Adams, who, because of his loyalty to the King, had decided to leave America and reside in Great Britain. The writer of these letters was Love Lawrence, the daughter of an American clergyman, Reverend William Lawrence of Lincoln, Massachusetts—a faithful American girl whose heart was severed by the political agitation of the times. It is a romantic phase of the Tory in America. The letters, which are now in possession of her great-grand niece, do not reveal a word of her impartial attitude in the political situation. The diplomatic girl, who leaves her beloved land to enter the home of the political enemies of her country, refrains from mentioning the subject in her messages home. While the letters do not discuss historical events, they give a fascinating picture of the times and a deep insight into the courageous heart of an American woman.


Latitude 44 Longitude 24  
On board the Ship Active  
Wednesday, July 6, 1784.  
From the Ocean

My dear Sister


I have been 16 days at sea and have not attempted to write a single letter; tis time, I have kept a journal whenever I was able, but that must be close locked up, unless I was sure to hand it you with safety. Tis said of Cato the Roman censor, that one of the 3 things which he regreted during his Life, was going once by the Sea when he might have made his journey by Land; I fancy the philosopher was not proof against that most disheartening, dispiriting malady sea sickness—of this I am very sure, that no Lady would ever wish; or a second time try the sea; were the objects of her pursuit within the reach of a Land journey; I have had frequent occasion since I came on Board to recollect an observation of my best friend "that no Being in nature was so disagreeable as







## The Letters of an American Woman in 1784




a Lady at Sea" and this recollection has in a great measure reconciled me to the thoughts of being 'at sea without him—for one would not wish my dear sister, to be thought of in that light by those to whom we would wish to appear in our best array.—The decency and decorum of the most delicate female must in some measure yeald to the necessities of Nature; and if you have no female capable of rendering you the least assistance, you will feel gratefull to anyone who will feel for you, and relieve, or compassionate your sufferings. And this was truly the case of your poor sister, and all her female companions when not one of us could make our own Bed, put on, or take off our Shoes, or even lift a finger, as to our other clothing we wore the greater part of it untill we were able to help ourselves; added to this misfortune Bristler my Man Servant was as bad as any of us, but for Jobe, I know not what we should have done; kind, attentive, quick, neat, he was our Nurse for two Days and Nights, and from handling the sails at the top gallent mast head, to the more feminine employments of making wine cordial, he has not his eaqul on Board; in short he is the favorite of the whole ship.

Our sickness continued for ten days with some intermissions—we crawled upon Deck whenever we were able, but it was so cold and damp that we could not remain long upon it, and the confinement of the Air below, the constant rolling of the vessel and the Nausea of the Ship, which was much too tight, contributed to keep up our disease—the vessel is very deep loaded with Oil and Potash, the Oil leaks, the Potash smoaks and ferments, all adds to the flavor; when you add to all this the horrid dirtiness of the Ship, the slovenlyness of the Steward and the unavoidable sloping and spilling occasioned by the tossing of the ship—I am sure you will be thankful that the pen is not in the hands of Swift or Smollet, and still more so that you are far removed from the scene. No sooner was I able to move than I found it necessary to make a Bustle amongst the waiters and demand a cleaner abode; by this time Bristler was on his feet; and as I found I might reign mistress on Board without any offence I soon exerted my authority with scrapers, mops, brushes, infusions of vinegar, etc., and in a few hours you would have thought yourself in a different ship, since which our abode is much more tolerable and the gentlemen all thank me for my care; our Captain is an admirable seaman—always attentive to his sails and his rigging, keeps the Deck all night, careful of every body on Board; watches that they run no risks, kind and humane to his Men, who are all as still and quiet as any private family.

We have for passengers a Col. Norton, a Mr. Green and Dr. Clark to whom we are under obligations for every kindness, and every attention that it is in the power of a Gentleman and a Physician to shew. Humane, benevolent, tender and attentive, not only to the Ladies but to everyone on Board, to servant as well as the master, he has rendered our voyage much more agreeable and pleasant than it could possibly have been without him, his advice we have stood in need of and his cure we have felt the benefit of, a brother could not have been kinder, nor a parent tenderer, and it was all in the pleasant easy cheerful way, the natural result of a good heart, possest with a power of making others happy.

Tis not a little attention that we Ladies stand in need of at sea, for it is not once in the 24 hours that we can even cross the cabin without being held, or assisted, nor can we go upon Deck without the assistance of 2 gentlemen; and when there we are always bound into our Chairs,





## Loyalty of Love Lawrence to Dr. Adams—Tory


whilst you I imagine are scorching under the mid-summer heat, we can comfortably bear our double calico gowns, our baize ones upon them and a cloth cloak in addition to all these.

Mr. Foster is another passenger on Board, a Merchant, a Gentleman soft in his manners, very polite and kind. Loves domestic life and thinks justly of it, I respect on that account. Mr. Spear brings up the rear, a single gentleman, with a great deal of good humour, wit and much drollery, easy and happy, blow high or blow low, can sleep and laugh at all seasons. I have accustomed myself to writing a little every day when I was able, so that a small motion of the ship does not render it more unintelligible than usual—but there is no time since I have been at sea, when the ship is what we call still, that its motion is not equal to the moderate rocking of a Cradle, as to wind and weather since we came out; they have been very fortunate for us, in general. We have had 3 calm days, and 2 days contrary wind, with a storm I called it, but the Sailors say it was only a Breeze, this was upon the Banks of Newfoundland, the wind at East through the day we could not sit in our Chairs, only as some gentleman set by us, with his arm fastened into ours and his feet braced against a table or Chair that was lashed down with ropes. Bottles, mugs, plates crushing to pieces, first on one side and then on the other, the sea running mountain high and knocking against the sides of the vessel as tho it would burst its sides. When I became so fatigued with the incessant motion as not to be able to sit any longer I was assisted to my Cabin, where I was obliged to hold myself in, the remainder of the night, no person who is a stranger to the sea can form an adequate idea of the debility occasioned by sea sickness, the hard rocking of a ship in a storm, the want of sleep for many nights, all together reduce one to such a lassitude that you care little for your fate. The old seamen thought nothing of all this, nor once entertained an idea of danger, compared to what they have suffered. I do suppose it was trifling, but to me it was alarming and I most heartily prayed; if this was only a Breeze, to be delivered from a Storm.

Our accommodations on Board are not what I could wish, or hoped for, we cannot be alone only when the Gentlemen are thoughtful enough to retire upon Deck, which they do for about an hour in the course of the day; our State rooms are about half as long as cousin Betty's little chamber, with two Cabins in each, mine had 3 but I could not live so, upon which Mrs. Adam's brother gave up his to Nabby and we are now stowed two and two. This place has a small grated window which opens into the Companion and is the only air admitted, the door opens into the Cabin where the Gentlemen all sleep and where we sit, dine, etc., we can only live with our door shut whilst we dress and undress. Necessity has no law but what I should have thought on shore to have layed myself down to sleep, in common with half a dozen Gentlemen? We have curtains it is true and we have the satisfaction of falling in with a set of well behaved, decent Gentlemen whose whole Deportment is agreeable to the strictest delicacy both in words and actions; if the wind and weather continues as favorable as it has hitherto been, we expect to make our passage in 30 days which is going a hundred miles a day, tis a vast tract of ocean which we have to traverse; I have contemplated it with its various appearances, it is indeed a secret world of wonders and one of the sublimest objects in Nature—







## The Letters of an American Woman in 1784

"Thou makest the foaming Billows roar"  
"Thou makest the roaring Billows sleep"

They proclaim the Deity and are objects too vast for the control of feeble man, that Being alone who maketh the Clouds his Chariots and rideth upon the wings of the wind is equal to the government of this stupendous part of Creation.

I will now tell you where I am sitting; at a square table in the great Cabin at one corner of which is Col. Norton and Mr. Foster, engaged in playing Back gammon, at the other Mr. Green writing, and at the fourth Dr. Clark eating ham, behind Col. Norton, Mr. Spear reading Tomp-sons Seasons with his Hat on, young Lawrence behind me reading An-sons Voyages, Ester knitting, the Steward and Boys bustling about after wine and porter,—and last of all as the least importantly employed Mrs. Adams and Nabby in their Cabbins asleep, and this at 12 o'clock in the day. O shame! Mr. Green comes down from Deck and reports that the Mate says we are 16 hundred miles on our way, this is good hearing I can scarcely realize myself upon the ocean or that I am within 14 hundred miles of the British Coast. I rejoice with trembling, painful and fearful ideas will arise and intermix with the pleasurable hopes of a joyful meeting of my long absent Friend.

July 7th.

If I did not write every day I should lose the days of the month and of the week, confined all day on account of the weather which is foggy, misty and wet. You can hardly judge how urksome this confinement is, when the whole ship is at our service it is little better than a prison, we suppose ourselves near the western islands.

July 8th.

Another wet, drisly day, but we must not complain for we have a fair wind, our sails all square and go at 7 knots an hour. I have made a great acquisition, I have learnt the names and places of all the masts and sails, the Captain compliments me by telling me that he is sure I know well enough how to steer, to take a trick at Helm. I may do pretty well in fair weather, but tis your masculine spirits that are made for storms. I love the tranquil scenes of life; nor can I look forward to those in which tis probable I shall soon be engaged with those pleasurable ideas which a retrospect of the past presents to my mind.


I went last evening upon Deck at the invitation of Mr. Foster to view that phenomenon of Nature; a blaizing ocean, a light flame spreads over the ocean in appearance with thousands of thousands of sparkling gems, resembling our fire flies in a dark night, it has a most beautiful appearance. I never view the ocean without being filled with ideas of the sublime and am ready to break forth with Psalmist, Great and Mar-velous are thy works Lord God Almighty in Wisdom hast thou made them all.

Saturday 10th.

Yesterday was a very pleasant day very little wind; but a fine sun and smooth sea. I spent the most of the day upon Deck reading; it was not however so warm: but a Baize gown was very comfortable. The ship has gradually become less urksome to me; if our cook was but tolerably clean I could relish my victuals; but he is a great dirty, lazy Negro with no more knowledge of cookery than a savage; nor any kind of order in the distribution of his dishes but kicke! tepicklety, on they come with







## Loyalty of Love Lawrence to Dr. Adams—Tory

a leg of pork all brisly, a quarter of an hour after a pudding or perhaps a pair of roast fowls first of all and then will follow one by one, a piece of beef and when dinner is nearly completed a plate of potatoes. Such a fellow is a real imposition upon the passengers but Gentlemen know little about the matter and if they can get enough to eat five times a day all goes well, we Ladies have not eat upon our whole passage more than just enough to satisfy nature, or to keep soul and body together.

Thursday 15th of July.

A Monday we had a fair wind, but too much to be able to write as it was right aft and we pitched exceedingly which is more disagreeable to me than the rocking, though less fatiguing; a Tuesday a calm. Should you not suppose that in a calm we at least had the satisfaction of being still, alas it is far otherways as my flesh and bones witness. A calm generally succeeds a storm or fresh breeze and the sea has a great swell after the wind is silent, so that the ship lies entirely at the mercy of the waves and is knocked from side to side with a force you can form no idea of without experience, I have been more wearied and worn out with the motion and exercise of a calm than in riding 50 miles in a day, we have had 3 days in succession really calm, the first is the most troublesome as the motion of the sea subsides in a degree, it is however a great trial of ones patience to think yourself within a few days of your destined port to look at it, as the promised land, and yet to be held fast.

"Ye too ye winds I raise my voice to you"  
"In what far distant region of the sky"  
"Hushed in deep silence sleep ye when tis calm"

I begin to think a calm is not desireable in any situation in Life, every object is most beautiful in motion, a ship under sail, trees gently agitated with the wind and a fine woman dancing are 3 instances in point; Man was made for action, for bustle too I believe. I am quite out of conceit with calms, I have more reason for it too than many others for the dampness of the ship has for several days threatened me with the Rheumatism, and yesterday morning I was seized in good earnest; I could not raise my head nor get out of bed without assistance, I had a good deal of fever and was very sick. I was fearful of this before I came to sea and had medicine put up proper, which the Dr. administered, what with that good nursing and rubbing flannel, etc., I am able today to sit up in my bed and write as you see. Today we have a small wind but it is right a head, this is still mortifying but what we had reason to expect, patience, patience, patience is the first, second and third virtues of a seaman, or rather as necessary to them as to a statesman; 3 days good wind would give us land.

Friday.


We have another wet misty day; the Cabbin so damp that I dare not set in it; am therefore obliged as confined as it is to keep in my own little room, and upon my bed; I long for the day which will give us land.

Saturday 17th of July

Give me joy my dear sister, we have sounded today and found bottom 33 fathoms; we have seen through the course of the day 20 different sail, spoke with a small boat upon a smuggling expedition which assured us we were within the Channel.







## The Letters of an American Woman in 1784

July 18th

This day four weeks we came on board, are you not all calculating today that we are near the Land? Happily you are not wrong in your conjectures, I do not despair of seeing it yet before night though the wind is very small and light. The Captain has just been down to advise us, as the vessel is so quiet, to get what things we wish to carry on shore into our small trunks, he hopes to land us at Portsmouth 70 miles distant from London tomorrow or next day, from thence we are to proceed in post chaises to London. The ship may be a week in the channel before she will be able to get up.

July 20th.

Heaven be praised I have safely landed upon the British coast, how flattering, how smooth the Ocean. How delightful was Sunday the 18th of July, we flattered ourselves with the prospect of a gentle breeze to carry us on shore at Portsmouth where we agreed to land, as going up the Channel always proves tedious, but a Sunday night the wind shifted to the South west, which upon this coast is the same with our North east wind. It blew a gale on Sunday night, Monday and Monday night equal to an Equinoctial, we were obliged to carry double reef top sails only and what added to our misfortune was that tho we had made land the day before it was so thick that we could not certainly determine what land it was, it is now Tuesday and I have slept only 4 hours since Saturday night such was the tossing and tumbling on board our ship. The Captain never left the Deck the whole time either to eat or sleep, tho they told me there was no danger, nor do I suppose that there really was any; as we had sea room enough yet the great number of vessels constantly coming out of the Channel and the apprehension of being run down, or being nearer the land than we imagined, kept one constantly agitated, added to this I had a violent sick headache. O! what would I have given to have been quiet upon the land, you will hardly wonder then at the joy we all felt this day in seeing the Cliffs of Dover; Dover Castle and town, the wind was in some measure subsided, it blew however and was as squally as the month of March, the sea run very high. A pilot boat came on board at about ten o'clock this morning, the Captain came to anchor with his ship in the downs and the little town of Deal lay before us. Some of the gentlemen talked of going on shore with the pilot boat and sending for us if the wind subsided, the boat was about as large as a Charlestown ferry boat and the distance from the ship about twice as far as from Boston to Charlestown, a shore as bald as Nantucket Beach no wharf but you must be run right on shore by a wave where a number of men stand to catch hold of the boat and draw it up; the surf ran six feet high but this we did not know until driven on by a wave, for the pilots eager to get money assured the gentlemen they would land us safe without our being wet, and as we saw no prospect of its being better through the day we accordingly agreed to go, we were wrapped up and lowered from the ship into the boat, the whole ships crew eager to assist us, the gentlemen attentive . . . . A public house was fortunately at hand, into which we thankfully entered, changed our clothing, dried ourselves and not being able to procure carriages that day we engaged them for six o'clock the next morning and took lodgings there all of us ten in number. We were all glad to retire early to rest for myself I could get but little. We arose by 5 our post chaise being at the door we set off.







# Diary of a Journey a Century Ago

Travelling on Horseback from New York to Virginia in 1805  
and its Hardships and Experiences & American Village Life  
and the Customs of the People Before the Days of Trans-  
portation by Steam & Diary of Isaac Burr & Transcribed

BY  
DANIEL SWIFT BURR

BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK  
Descendant of the Diarist and Traveler

**T**HIS is one of those intensely human documents with which history seldom deals. It is the story of a journey through New York state, along the Atlantic states to Virginia, in 1805. It is a lifelike narrative of the communities of the times, their streets and houses, their manners and customs. This transcript is made from the diary in the handwriting of Isaac Burr, whose travels it narrates so entertainingly. Isaac Burr was a gentleman of the times. He lived in Delaware County, in the state of New York, and found it necessary to make a trip to Russell County in Virginia. His experiences along the way are as interesting as the tales of the old wayside inns. The hardships of the journey were as great as though he were travelling across the continent today. In fact, it required a much longer time than it now does to pass from here to Europe and to continue a third of the way around the world. His observations of the people and their hospitality are especially interesting and throw a clear light on the times. His expense account is a unique witness of the living expenses a century ago. As one reads the quaint lines of this diary, a clear impression is given of the wonderful progress that has been made in the United States during the last two generations. The coming of navigation by steam, the centenary of which has just been celebrated, and the introduction of steam for the propulsion of passenger-bearing cars on rails which followed many years later, have revolutionized the nation, its manner of life and its economic conditions. This cannot be more forcibly demonstrated than by the lines of this old diary of 1805. The original diary is written on loose leaves of about three by four inches, folded and stitched together. The handwriting is very fine, and an excellent example of the quill pen. The transcription here recorded preserves the quaint spelling and punctuation. Many of these old witnesses of life a century ago have been preserved by THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY since its inauguration. Their value recently created a discussion among several distinguished members of the American Historical Association. An eminent historical authority, whose investigations have led him into world politics, questioned the historical value of the fugitive writings of unknown witnesses. One of the leading American sociologists replied that the strength of a nation did not lie in the occasional national outbreaks in war or politics, but in the common every day life of the people. From the later viewpoint, the glimpses of life from these old diaries are true historical foundations.—EDITOR





# Diary of a Journey in America in 1805

*Tuesday September 10 1805*—Started from Meredith at a quarter past two in the afternoon,—rode 16 miles & put up at Thompsons in Franklin—a clear day—quite hot. Expenses this day 9 cents.

*Wednesday Sept 11*—Paid reckoning in the morning 29 cents—other expenses thro' the day 60—89 cents to day—clear—hot day—rode 35 miles, put up at Stows, Oquaga.

*Thursday Sept 12*—Very hot day—showers in the afternoon—Rode from Oquaga to Benj. Doolittles on Kirby & Laws settlement a distance of 23 miles, Expenses 72 cents.

*Friday Sept 13*—Cloudy cool day, some rain—Rode thro' Nine Pardner settlement and put up at one Feltons on the bank of the Tonkhanock where the road turns off to Rilers ferry. A low Dutch family living in a dirty old log house inhabited by hosts of fleas—This day travelled only about 22 miles found the road very rough & muddy—The inhabitants appear poor—Expenses to day 44 cents.

*Saturday Sept 14*—Got up out of my bed, in which I had been tormented all night by the fleas and shook off as many of them as I could—paid 19 cents reconing and set forward on my journey—Traveled no more than 6 miles and stopped at one Wall's when it began to rain & rained incessantly thro' the day—lay by.

*Sunday Sept 15*—Paid 35 cents in the morning & set forward on my journey & reached Wilkesbarre at sunset after wading in mud & water 27 miles—a very hot day—a hard shower about the middle of the day. From yesterday morning until this morning it rained hard almost continually—The face of the earth is almost drowned—the streams high and the mud plenty. Expenses 52 cents—85—137 cts—The Country thro' from the Great Bend to Rilers ferry a distance of 35 or 40 miles appears to be a rough uneven country inhabited by a set of half savage Possession men—without roads buildings or the comforts of life.

*Monday Sept 16*—Paid taxes \$123.78  
Recording P Atty 83

\$124.61  
Lay by Thro' the day at Judge Fell's.

*Tuesday Sept 17*—Paid in the morning \$1.86  
other expenses the day 62

2.48  
Travelled a distance to day 37 miles, travelled thro' Salem & Berwick, put up at Kennidys, just in the edge of Northumberland County. Have travelled this

day in company with—S. F. Tyler Esq from Onondaga County.

*Wednesday Sept 18*—Rode to Northumberland, a distance of 22-3 miles—an excessive hot day—Passed thro' Cat-tawesa & Danville—Expenses this day 85 cts. put up at Jones's in Nthd.—In company with Mr. Tyler to day. The country from this place to Wilkesbarre is in general quite a barren tract of country, except the intervals on the river, the inhabitants appear to be a set of ignorant Dutch people—I cannot but notice the buildings as I pass, they are almost all built of hewed timber—Dwelling houses, Churches Barns Mills &c are all built of the same materials—Have found the roads tolerable; though some bridges &c are torn away by the late high water.

*Thursday Sept 19*—Rode from Northumberland thro' Selins Grove and passed into Cumberland County & put up at Chochrans in Millerstown on the Juniata Creek—twelve miles from the Susquehannah River, travelled 35 miles—a very hot day, expenses \$1.00—found tolerable roads—Country some better—Oak and Chestnut timber—Was much troubled with Diarrhea—quite unwell.

*Friday Sept 20*—Had a very sick night. . . . a high fever all night Sent for a Doctor in the night, Mr Tyler also having an ill turn fainting . . . thro' the day. Was able to set up and walk some—Ate nothing of consequence—Slept not much last night.

*Saturday Sept 21*—Slept comfortably last night, felt better in the morning. Ate a little breakfast—Started on our journey in the afternoon. Paid on starting

Doctors bill	\$2.00
Medicines	25
Tavern bill	4.87
gave servant	25
for whip	2.20
for washing 38	9.57

Lost my bridle—rode 21 miles to Smiths at the Sulphur Spring.

*Sunday Sept 22*—Rode into Carlisle to breakfast 6 miles—to Shippensburg 21—to Greenville 6½—33½ miles to day—felt quite weak & feeble—troubled with a sharp pain in my right side—expenses \$1.42—Medicines 44 cents—at cost—Weather much more cool—To day have travelled over a level handsome country, but scantily watered & that not good. Carlisle & Shippensburg are handsome villages of considerable size—Parted with Mr. Tyler this morning at Carlisle—Have found scarcely any fruit in the country as I passed along—Peaches, Apples & Pears all cut off.



# Village Life and Customs a Century Ago

*Monday Sept 23*—Rode thro' Chambersburg 5 miles Greencastle 11—Williamsport 14; rode 5 miles out of Wmsport—Total 35 miles to day. From a little above Carlisle to Williamsport on the Potomac, I travelled on almost level ground, appears to be a plain between two ridges of Mountains, on the right they appeared as I travelled along to be from 2 to 6 or 8 miles from me. On the left considerably further.

Chambersburg is a handsome village, about the size of Carlisle—Greencastle a snug little village, but not so large, both in Franklin County Pena. Wmsburg is in Washington County, Maryland. The Potomack is the line between Mary'd & Virg'a. Expenses to day \$1.40.

*Tuesday Sept 24*—The night before last I put up at a place called in the neighborhood *Hell Town* and last night at a place that I think would bear the same name, leaving off the Town. It was at one Clingers at a sulphur spring 4 miles from Williamsport, A dead sleepy man for a landlord, the landlady to & the hostler more dead than either—Called for supper at ½ past five & got it at eight—Ordered my horse into the stable & went awhile afterwards & found it tied fast & 2 or 3 others turned into the same stable, loose. A score, or less, of Negros about the house, sick with a fever, and as many more drunkards swearing & bawling. However made out to live it, got up in the morning, paid \$1.12, . . . & quit. Went on to Martinsburgh, (a handsome village in Berkley County, Va) 8 miles to breakfast, then to Winchester, in Fredericks County, 24 miles, I think the largest inland town I ever was in—32 miles to day. In the morning \$1.12, thro' the day 68 cts—mending pistol flints & powder 27 — comb &c 19.

*Wednesday Sept 25*—Paid in the morning Tavern bill \$1.20 Peruv bark 50 fruit 12½—thro' the day 52—1.20—1.80—salts 6. Travelled to Woodstock 30 miles Have never been as well since I was in Millerstown as I was before, & to day have been quite sick, in extreme pain in my . . . no appetite, have some fever every day.

Am still travelling between the two mountains on the left I have the *Blue Ridge* and on the right the North Mountain but the plain between them is here narrower than it is at Wmsport & above, they also appear more round and ragged. Where the Potomack goes thro' is about opposite Martinsburgh & 12 or 15 miles from it. Ever since I left Carlisle I have found no good water, all tastes of limestone, which is almost the only stone they

have—Have excellent roads—Fine weather some days.

*Thursday Sept 26*—Woodstock, where I put up last night, is the County town of Shenandoa County—Travelled thro' Newmarket on to Hazeltown 39 miles—expenses \$1.63—To day have found the Country more rough & uneven, tho' the hills are not large—On the left appears a mass of high, uneven mountains, at the foot of which I have been travelling along a branch of the Shenandoa River—A comfortable day to travel—My health rather better.

*Friday Sept 27*—Travelled from Hazletown, in Rockingham County, thro' Staunton, the center of Augusta County 25 miles to Greenville 12—25=37—To day have found the country growing more rough & uneven & since I left Staunton, quite hilly—Have lost sight of the Blue Ridge & find myself crossing about among hills & valleys. To day cloudy & some rain. Got some wet just at night. Think my health mending. Expenses, \$1.79 Find very little fruit yet. Have not drank a drop of Cider since I started.

*Saturday Sept 28*—Travelled on thro' Fairfield 12 miles to Lexington the center of Rockbridge County 12—12=24. A cloudy cold sour day, some rain; Lay by part of the day—Staunton is a large village & appears to be a place of business—Greenville & Fairfield are inconsiderable places—Lexington a handsome little village, good buildings—Have travelled over an uneven hilly country to day—Passed the height of ground between Shenandoa & James River waters—Expenses \$1.61

*Sunday Sept 29*—Rode from Lexington to nearly Fincastle 35 miles besides going a mile or two out of my way to see the *Natural Bridge* and as much more by getting out of my road—A cold cloudy day—Expenses \$1.91. Travelled over an uneven country & is growing more & more rough—Crossed James River to day at Pattensburgh, so large as to ferry. Viewed the *Natural Bridge* & think it one of the greatest Natural curiosities in the world. The height of it is 210 feet the width about 60 ft. The thickness at the top of the arch I judged to be 15 or 20 ft. The span of the arch I judged to be about 70 or 80 feet—Spring of arch 15 or 20. It is in Rockbridge County & I am told gave name to it. Am to night in Bottetout County, Fincastle the County town.

*Monday Sept 30*—Cloudy but not so cold as yesterday Rode 30 miles & put up in the edge of Montgomery county, Expenses \$1.44. I find myself hedged



# Diary of a Journey in America in 1805

in by mountains, the roads crooked & uneven but comfortable for waggons to travel.

*Tuesday Oct 1 1805*—Rode 40 miles—Cloudy, cool—Expenses \$1.20—Passed the Alleghany Mountains for a breakfast spell. Crossed the *New River* at English ferry—a large stream 30 or 35 rods wide, a branch of the Great Canaway—Put up at Ellis's in the edge of Wythe County. Paid for hdkf 75 cents.

*Wednesday Oct 2*—Cloudy, some rain—Rode to Wythe Court House 19 miles—very unwell,—in extreme pain in my . . . —Took salts—Yesterday passed Montgomery Court House—To day passed Fort Chisel—Think I have been travelling a course about West, ever since I left James River waters. Find the country still mountainous—Roads crooked but tolerably good—Have passed no considerable villages since I left Lexington, Expenses to day \$1.25.

*Thursday Oct 3*—Cloudy, cold, windy & some rain—Rode 32 miles put up at Carpenters in Washington County within 24 miles of Abingdon—Expenses \$1.80 Paid for wollen gloves 88 cents Some frost this morning, the first I've seen.

*Friday Oct 4*—Clear, but cold, a hard frost last night. Rode to Mr Prestons 12 miles thence to Abingdon 18—12=30. Expenses \$1.30 Found Mr Preston who introduced me to some people in Russell County.

*Saturday Oct 5*—Staid in Abingdon 'till afternoon then rode over to Russell County 22 miles and put up with Mr Dickenson—Expense while in Abingdon \$2.19.

*Sunday Oct 6*—Rested, think myself at my journey's end tho' not on the 15000 acres—cold day, some rain in forenoon.

*Monday Oct 7*—Overhauled Papers &c. Casting my expenses & distances as follows

Sep	10	trav'd	16 m expns	9
"	11	"	35	"
"	12	"	23	"
"	13	"	22	"
"	14	"	6	"
"	15	"	27	"
"	16	lay by at Wilkesbarre		1.37
"	17	"	37	"
"	18	"	23	"
"	19	"	35	"
"	20	sick lay still		1.80
"	21	"	21	"
"	22	"	34	"
"	23	"	35	"
"	24	"	32	"
"	25	"	30	"
"	26	"	39	"

Sep	27	sick lay still	37 m expns	1.79
"	28	"	24	1.81
"	29	"	35	1.91
"	30	"	38	1.44
Oct	1	"	40	1.28
"	2	"	19	1.25
"	3	"	32	1.80
"	4	"	30	1.30
"	5	"	22	2.19

days 26 692 m \$31.65

Average distance 27 1/2 miles

Average expense \$1.25 or nearly per day

Extra expenses

Sept	21	Doctors bill	\$2.00
		Medicines	25
		Tavern bill	4.87
		gave servt	25
		for whip	2.20
		washing	38
"	22	Medicines	44
	24	Mending pistol &c	27
		comb & brush	19
	25	med. 56 fruit 12	68
Oct	1	Handkf	75
	3	Gloves	88

\$13.16

Sept 16 Record P Atty

83

\$13.99

In all the country, as I have passed, from Meredith to Russell County, I have never tasted of *Cider* nor even found any apples oftener than once in a hundred miles—Have seen a few Peaches in two places & Pears in one. Have tasted of Apple pye twice or three times & Peach pye once, have met with no other kinds of pyes—

Have lived, as I should say, poor all the way & enjoyed quite indifferent health; but think my health is now about as good as when I set out on my Journey.

*Tuesday Oct 8*—Went to the land & began to explore &c—travelled 11 miles clear day—a hard frost last night.

*Wednesday 9—Thursday 10 & Friday 11* exploring the land &c. Suppose I travelled in these 3 days at least 60 miles Was industrious—good weather—Expenses paid out \$2.00.

*Saturday Oct 12*—Pleasant day—did something at draft of the land &c.

*Sunday Oct 13*—Clear pleasant day

*Monday Oct 14*—Pleasant day—did some writing &c

*Tuesday Oct 15*—Wet day—worked at draft &c

*Wednesday Oct 16*—Wrote Uncle D Hawley at Natchoza Rainy day

*Thursday Oct 17*—Did some writing &c

*Friday Oct 18*—Clear day—getting horse shod &c Paid 50 cents



# Village Life and Customs a Century Ago

*Saturday Oct 19*—Good day. Went onto the 15000 acres exploring &c and travelled say 20 miles

*Sunday Oct 20*—Pleasant weather

*Monday Oct 21*—Clear but cold—Preparing to set out for home—Paid Mr Dickensons bill \$6,00

*Tuesday Oct 22*—Cloudy, cold, Set out from Russell—travelled 26 miles passed Clinch Mountain—put up at one Fullers—expense, 25

*Wednesday Oct 23*—Clear, cold—Rode to Col Prestons 10 miles—expenses ,50

*Thursday Oct 24*—Cold, cloudy, windy—snow showers.—Rode 35 miles put up at Ingledoves 9 miles from Wythe,—a poor tavern—expenses \$0.75.—Sent to Richmond by J. Fuller to pay taxes \$10,00

*Friday Oct 25*—Cold, windy—Rode 20 miles put up at Ellis'—My Beast sick fails eating & travelling. Expenses \$1,12 —To day have met about 45 waggons, several Carts, 4 or 5 Pleasure Carriages, & a great number of Pack Horses, all loaded with families, & their goods, moving to the Westward. Suppose I met nearly as many yesterday.

*Saturday Oct 26*—Got up in the morning & found the ground covered with snow 1 or 2 inches deep, & continued falling thro' the day,—cold, windy freezing weather, muddy slippery travelling.—Rode 26 miles & put up at Ditty's M. C. N. expenses \$1,40

*Sunday Oct 27*—Cold, froze last night hard enough to bear a horse—the snow lying on the ground all day.—Rode 33 miles, crossed the Allegany Mountain & Roanoke River.—put up at an old Dutchmans 8 miles from Amsterdam. Expenses \$1,42—A multitude of People moving on to the Westward, to day have met 60 Waggons & Carts.

*Monday Oct 28*—A pleasant day after a bitter cold morning.—Rode 38 miles & put up at Hallers near natural Bridge. Expenses \$1,25. The snow all gone, & roads dry. Am still meeting families going on to the Westward, a cold time they must have had, these few days past.

*Tuesday Oct 29*—Clear, Pleasant, Rode 37 miles put up at Steele's Greenville. Expenses \$1,56

*Wednesday Oct 30*—Pleasant weather, Rode 37 miles & put up at Overly's Hazletown. Expenses \$1,78.—Have a bad cold, troubled with a . . . .

*Thursday Oct 31*—Pleasant day.—Roads good, dry & dusty Rode 38 miles, put up at Evans, Woodstock—Expenses \$1,56

*Friday Nov 1 1805*—Pleasant day, but rather warm. Rode 42 miles & put up at the halfway house, between Winchester & Martinsburgh. Expenses \$1,85 for

apples 6—From Hallers near the N. Bridge have travelled in company with a Mr John Cunningham a Merchant at Fin-castle, till this evening, when he turned off for Baltimore.—roads very dusty.

*Saturday Nov 2*—Cloudy but not cold.—Rode 39 Miles, thro' Martinsburgh 12—Wmsport 13—to Greencastle 14 Expenses \$1,88. for comb ,25 The Potomak, at Wmsport, is about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile wide.

*Sunday Nov 3*—Clear, warm, Roads very dry & dusty.—Rode thro' Chambersburgh 11 miles,—Shippensburg 11 to the Brick House 10=32 Expenses \$1,72. pd Barber 12 $\frac{1}{2}$

*Monday Nov 4*—Pleasant day—Rode thro' Carlisle 10 miles, to Millertown 27 =37 Expenses \$1,79—paid for Knubs \$2.00—Watch key ,25 20 miles or more that I've travelled to day has been very rough roads.

*Tuesday Nov 5*—Blustering, cold, day. Rode 31 miles, put up at a Dutch tavern 3 miles above Selins Grove, where the road turns off to Ders Town. Expenses \$1,56.—The roads rough & uneven,—the country Poor.

*Wednesday Nov 6*—Cloudy Sour day.—Rode thro' Derr's Town 10 m Pennsboro 4 to Muncey 15=29. Expenses \$1,56. Derrstown is a Scant looking village on the Wly bank of the W branch of Susquehannah—Pennsboro on the E'ly bank, looks much better.—Roads uneven.—Paid for Watch \$14,00

*Thursday Nov 7*—Cloudy, cold, Rode 31 miles & think it worse than 45 on good roads. Crossed what is called the Allegany Mountains the roads monstrously uneven, rough & muddy. Expenses \$1,60.—Have passed but 3 houses since I left Muncey Creek. Put up last night at George Fredericks, went to bed early, but could not sleep for the noise of 6 or 8 high fellows drinking whiskey till about midnight.

*Friday Nov 8*—Cloudy, Sour—damp day. Rode 28 miles, & put up at Clark's at Checheken. Expenses \$1,44.—For shoeing horse ,88.—14 miles of the road I've travelled to day, has been worse than what I travelled yesterday, in short I think I hardly ever travelled a worse road, than from Muncy Creek, to Checheken, a distance of 45 miles or more.—Put up last night at one Mullen's, had a miserable supper,—had a hard straw-bed to sleep on, the sheets very coarse & dirty, made of cloth without whitening; and FLEAS plenty.

*Saturday Nov 9*—Cloudy, cold, began to rain in afternoon, rode 27 miles. put up at Owego, —Expenses \$1,30.—roads tolerable Fared pretty well where I put up last night.



# Diary of a Journey in America in 1805

*Sunday Nov 10*—Clear & not very cold, —rode thro' Chenango 21 m. to Seymour's 10 31.—Expenses \$1,12—Seymour lives half way from Chenango to the Susquehannah 8 miles from each.—Considerable rain fell last night,—roads something muddy.

*Monday Nov 11*—Cloudy, cold, snow flurries.—Rode 30 m. put up at Wattles Ferry.—Expenses \$1,10

*Tuesday Nov 12* Clear, Rode to Meredith 22 M.—Expenses \$1,14 Expenses while at Russell

N. Dickenson's Bill \$6,00  
Pd out while on the land 2,50

\$8,50

## Expenses &c Returning

Oct 22	trav'd	26 m	Expen's	\$0,25
" 23	"	10	"	0,50
" 24	"	35	"	0,75
" 25	"	28	"	1,12
" 26	"	26	"	1,40
" 27	"	33	"	1,42
" 28	"	38	"	1,25
" 29	"	37	"	1,56

Oct 30	trav'd	37 m	Expen's	\$1,78
" 31	"	38	"	1,56
Nov 1	"	42	"	1,85
" 2	"	39	"	1,88
" 3	"	32	"	1,72
" 4	"	37	"	1,79
" 5	"	31	"	1,56
" 6	"	29	"	1,56
" 7	"	31	"	1,60
" 8	"	28	"	1,44
" 9	"	27	"	1,38
" 10	"	31	"	1,13
" 11	"	30	"	1,10
" 12	"	22	"	1,14

22 days 687 miles \$29,74

## Extra Expenses

Oct 24	Sent to Richm.	\$10,00
Nov 1	Pd for Apples	00,06
" 2	Pd for comb	00,25
" 3	Pd Barber	00,12
" 4	Pd Jeweler	02,25
" 7	Pd for Watch	14,00
" 8	for shoeing horse	00,88
		\$27,56

Courage—an independent spark from heaven's bright throne,  
By which the soul stands raised, triumph high, alone.

—FARQUHAR.

True valor lies in the mind, the never yielding purpose.—JAMES THOMPSON.

Falsehood is cowardice,—truth is courage.—LOWELL.

I beg you to take courage, the brave soul can mend disaster.—CATHERINE II.

The intent and not the deed

Is our great power, and therefor, who *dares* greatly

Does greatly.

—SIR THOMAS BROWN.

Be our joys three parts pain!

Strive and hold cheap the strain;

Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe.

—ROBERT BROWNING.





# Progeny of a Baronet in America

Scotch-Irish Blood in American Revolution & Recent  
Investigations into Caldwells whose Progenitors  
were Mediterranean Seaman in Fourteenth Century &  
First Entered Ireland with Oliver Cromwell & Researches

BY  
ELSIE CHAPLINE PHEBY CROSS  
(MRS. ARTHUR DUDLEY)


Great-Great-Grand Daughter of James Caldwell, First American  
Immigrant of the Blood

**T**HE name of Caldwell is historic in America. Recent investigations reveal for it a remarkable record for patriotism and personal bravery during the War of the Revolution, and in the trying pioneer times when the States were coming into shape on new soil. From Rhode Island to Florida, and through to Texas and the coast, this blood extends today, growing out of a parent stock that was staunch in its defence of Presbyterianism, friendly to education, and influential in politics.

The earliest record of the Caldwells found in the recent investigations, relate to three brothers: John, Alexander and Oliver—who were seamen on the Mediterranean in the latter part of the 14th century. The three brothers returned to Toulon, in France, where they had been born, and settled nearby at Mount Arid, earning the enmity of Francis I of France. After his escape from imprisonment, under Charles V of Germany, the brothers were again forced to change their location. Going to Scotland, they purchased, near Tolney, Frith, the estate of a Bishop named Douglass, with the consent of James I on condition that "the said brothers, John, Alexander and Oliver, late of Mount Arid" should have their estate known as "Cauldwell" and when the king should require they should each send a son, with twenty men of sound limbs, to aid in the wars of the king. There is a cup, preserved as an heirloom, from which it is seen that the estate took its name from a watering place. The cup represents a chieftain and twenty mounted men, all armed, and a man drawing water from a well, with the words underneath, "Alexander of Cauldwell,"—also a fire burning on a hill, over the words "Mount Arid," and a vessel surrounded by high waves.

The men of "Cauldwell" early entered the wars of the islands. Joseph, John, Alexander, Daniel, David and Andrew, of Cauldwell, went with Oliver Cromwell (whose grandmother was Ann Cauldwell) to Ireland, of which he was the Lord Governor. After his promotion to the protectorate of England they remained in his interest in Ireland until the restoration of Charles II, when David, John and Alexander fled to America. Joseph died in Ireland and Daniel remained there, but several of their children emigrated to America, settling on the James River, Virginia, and elsewhere. There is a claim that John Cauldwell did not settle in America, but it is assured that his son, John Caldwell (as the name had come to be





## Scotch-Irish Blood in American Revolution

spelled) married Margaret Philips, in County Devery, Ireland, where several children were born to them. On December 10, 1727, they landed at Newcastle, Delaware, going from there to Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and about 1742 to Lunenburg, now Charlotte County, Virginia. Here they were joined by relatives, forming what was known as "Caldwell Settlement" for many years. John Caldwell was the first Justice of the Peace and his son, William, the first militia officer commissioned by George II for that territory. He died and was buried beside his wife in 1750.

The children of these pioneer Americans were: 1st, William; 2nd, Thomas; 3rd, David; 4th, Margaret; 5th, John; 6th, Robert; 7th, James. Each of these men contributed to early American History. James Caldwell, D. D., one of the founders of Princeton College, was murdered by British soldiers at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, and his descendants received, by the way of pension, clerkships at Washington for many years. Two of his sons led in the foundation of the Liberia colonization scheme, and gave name to Caldwell, Liberia. Martha, daughter of William Caldwell, became the mother of John Caldwell Calhoun, the American statesman. The whole family were distinguished for patriotism during the War of the Revolution. Robert Caldwell was an early settler in Mercer County, Kentucky, where he died in 1806, the father of a large family, who were an honor to the State. One son, John, died while Lieutenant-Governor and was buried at Frankfort where a public monument marks his life work. He gave name to Caldwell County, of which he was an early settler. Samuel Caldwell was a major-general in the War of 1812, and the first clerk of the Logan County Court. Both were members of the legislature, as was Robert Caldwell who presided in the House when the famous resolutions of 1798 were adopted. The latter's daughter, Eliza, became the wife of O. H. Browning, Lincoln's Secretary of the Interior. Mary, a daughter of Robert Caldwell, married Dr. R. C. Parmer, a well known American of his day. David Caldwell was buried in the old churchyard in Lunenburg County, and his widow with her children settled at the point marked "Caldwell Station" (near Danville) on Tilson's map of Kentucky of 1784. One of the sons was John, who married Dicey Mann, and has many descendants throughout the United States.

The recent investigations prove that the Caldwells in America, whom common traditions point to a common origin and ancestry, comprise at least three distinct branches of the family, each starting from a separate emigration from Ireland. These emigrations, according to the evidence now historically recorded, are:


First emigration: John Caldwell of Ireland, with his family, who landed at Newcastle, Delaware, December 10, 1727. Settled first in Lancaster, Pennsylvania and finally, in 1742, at "Caldwell Settlement."

Second emigration: James Caldwell of County Tyrone, Ireland, with his family in 1769. With him came also his two younger brothers, John who settled in Virginia, and David who settled in the Carolinas.

Third emigration: John Caldwell of Harmony Hill, near Ballymony County, Antrim, Ireland, with his family, in 1798, 1799 and 1800. They settled finally on the site of the present Salisbury Mills, Orange County, New York, with the exception of the youngest son who settled in Charleston, South Carolina. He also had two brothers who came to America; James settled in Philadelphia and Richard settled in Baltimore.







## Investigations into American Foundations


The connection and relationship between these three branches of the family has not so far as known been established by indisputable evidence.

James Caldwell, father of the James who emigrated to America in 1769, was a landed proprietor near the city of Cork in the County Tyrone, Ireland, and had on his estate there extensive "linen bleaches." About all that is known of him is that on one occasion prior to his death he was visited by three men who told him they wanted "exemption money," a sort of blackmail for which he was to have protection from lawlessness of some sort. He paid it, and after the men were gone, the son James said: "Father, I never will pay that." He replied: "Well, my son, you will regret it if you don't." When the father died and the son succeeded to his estate, he was called upon for the "exemption money." He refused to pay it. The collectors bowed themselves out as politely as they could, and it was not more than a week or two until one of the servants came in and told him that a valuable yoke of oxen had been driven over a precipice. A few days afterwards they came in and told him that the dogs had been set in his sheep, and had worried them and torn a great many of them into pieces. Because of this and other lawlessness and persecution, he abandoned his estates in Ireland and came to America with his family in 1769. He was born on his father's estate near the city of Cork in 1724. In 1752, he married Elizabeth Alexander who was born near Cork in 1737 and is said to have been a descendant of the Bruces of Scotland and one of the same family who settled Alexandria, Virginia. At the time of his emigration his family consisted of his wife, Elizabeth, his son, (1) John, (2) Anne, (3) Mary, (4) Sarah, (5) Frances, (6) Janet, (7) Lovely, (8) Elizabeth, and (9) Jane. (10) Samuel was born during the passage. Four more were born in America, (11) James, (12) Susannah, (13) Alexander and (14) Joseph. They landed at Havre de Grace, Maryland, and moved to Baltimore, where he was a merchant. In about 1774 or 1775, not later than 1775, he sold his business in Baltimore and moved to Western Virginia. The family crossed the mountains and settled at Wheeling in 1772, two years before the Zanes. They took up the broad bottom lands south of Wheeling Creek, being about twelve hundred acres of the present city of Wheeling. James Caldwell took up large quantities of land in the Ohio River valley and lived until his death, in 1800, on Main street in the city of Wheeling.

James Caldwell, in 1777, was commissioned by Patrick Henry, the Governor of Virginia, one of the "gentlemen justices" for Ohio County, Virginia, to be a member of the first court, which then had a very extensive territory. I believe this was the first court in the valley of the Ohio and the first organized government west of the Alleghenies in Virginia. This court, of which James Caldwell was a member, organized the militia and recommending the officers to the governor for commission. This militia was engaged in defence of Fort Henry, at Wheeling, against British troops and Indians, and in various other military enterprises against the British and their Indian allies. James Caldwell was a civil officer, but in that capacity aided the revolution, being too old to enter actively into military service. The records of the court of Ohio County show, in their service respecting militia, sufficient evidence to have subjected him to a conviction for high treason had the revolution not been successful. His eldest son, John, built Fort Henry and was wounded during one of the sieges. The father was not in the fort but upon some property of his in







## Scotch-Irish Blood in American Revolution

what is now the oil region in Tyler County, some forty or fifty miles from Fort Henry. He was driven out from his plantation after one of these sieges by one of the Girty family and a band of Indians, who burned down his improvements, sending him a fugitive with his wife, who was carried behind him on a pillion. Hearing the Indians were coming, they filled a large copper kettle with silver and money and other valuables, and buried it in the woods, and fled to Clayville, Pennsylvania. When they returned for their valuables they could not find where the house had stood nor any trace of their buried treasure. While they were at Clayville their youngest son was born, Joseph.

Mr. Alfred Caldwell of Wheeling has some words given before this court by administrators or executors, which are made payable to sitting justices, among them James Caldwell. The blanks used were some that seemed to have been printed before the Revolution as they were dated: "In the.....year of our Sovereign Lord, King George the Third." These old rebel justices have had the words "in the year of our Sovereign Lord, King George the Third" crossed out with ink and inserted in lieu thereof "in the.....year of the commonwealth."

From Pennsylvania, Alfred Caldwell settled at West Liberty, Virginia, where his wife, Elizabeth died. He finally settled at Wheeling, then called Fort Henry. The house that he built and in which he lived was torn down in 1902. The frame and some of the joists were black walnut logs and much of the timber was what is now considered very precious wood. The heavy timber was fastened together with wooden pins, and all the nails used in the house were hand-made and resembled horse shoe nails. Alfred Caldwell was a Presbyterian, but when he came to this country there was something in the doctrine of the Presbyterian Church that he could not subscribe to, and he never would take communion with the church but always took his communion by himself at home. He was a great grandson of Sir James Caldwell, Baronet, who resided at and owned Castle Caldwell on the north shores of lower Lake Erne in County Fermanagh in Ireland. The title is now in abeyance and Castle Caldwell, although still known by that name, has passed into other hands than the Caldwells, it having been inherited by some female member of the family whose descendants entirely dispensed with their patrimony. The old castle was not a large affair but is a picturesque ruin on the North shore of the lake. Mr. Alfred Caldwell, eldest son, and one of his daughters, while in Europe visited Castle Caldwell in County Fermanagh, Province of Ulster, Ireland, the ancient seat of the Caldwells, and they describe the ruins as among the most picturesque and imposing that they visited while in the old world.

Sir James Caldwell was created Baronet by King William. His grandfather came with Cromwell from Ayrshire. John, born in 1753, the eldest son of James Caldwell, remained with his father in Maryland for some time, and later went to Wheeling with goods to sell to the Indians. The Indians took a great fancy to him. They put him in the creek and "washed all the white blood out of him," gave him an Indian name, and were very friendly to him. He had great influence over them, which he used to the advantage of the whites in their troubles with the hostile Indians. He was present at the great battle of Fort Henry.







ANCESTRAL ESTATE OF THE AMERICAN CALDWELLS IN THE OLD WORLD—Photograph taken at the ancient Castle Caldwell in County Donegal, Ireland—Descendants of this estate are now scattered throughout the United States and have been prominent in the building of the nation




Arms of the Caldells in America  
Inherited through Sir John Caldwell



First Caldells in America  
James Caldwell, born November 30, 1770





## Scotch-Irish Blood in American Revolution

There is a tradition of woman's bravery in this battle which I will relate. The powder was stored across the road from the fort. A Miss Boggs exclaimed to the commander that "a woman's life was not worth much," and offered to go and bring in a supply of this powder. Her persistence was such that the commander gave her authority. The Indians, thinking she was only a squaw, did not molest her. She filled her apron with powder and started back with it, when it dawned upon the Indians what she was doing. They fired at her, but she miraculously escaped into the fort safe with the powder. There is a tradition that it was a Miss Zane who carried the powder, but John Caldwell, who was present, said it was Miss Boggs. John Caldwell was at one time with McCullough when they were pursued by Indians. When they arrived at "Dug Hill," he and some others were in advance, McCullough who was behind, close pressed by the Indians, ran his horse down a steep precipice. The Indians looked on in astonishment. When they saw that he and the horse were not killed they declared it was a spirit and stopped their pursuit. The place was afterward called McCullough's Leap. Colonel John Caldwell, after Braddock's defeat, accompanied Colonel Moses C. Chapline, Colonel Ebenezer Zane, Major John Good, Colonel Cresap and Colonel Lawrence Washington to Ohio to guard the frontiers against the French and Indians. John Caldwell was a man of great personal influence and character. He married Jane Boggs.

Anne Caldwell, daughter of James Caldwell, was born in 1755 and said to be the handsomest woman in Maryland. Her first husband was a Mr. Swangenin of Maryland and her second husband was Jack Lee.

Mary Caldwell was born in 1756, and married, August 31, 1775, Colonel Moses Caton Chapline of Wheeling. She was the mother of General Moses W. Chapline, aid-de-camp to General Cass of the War of 1812. He married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Josiah Fox, constructor of the first American Navy, whose historical record has been given in THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

Sarah Caldwell was born in 1758 and married Colonel Hughes. He owned the plantation called "The Mount," Havre de Grace, Maryland, where he had iron works and made cannon during the War of 1812, receiving an order from the government for several. Before he had delivered the cannon the British spiked them all, which resulted in their entire loss.

Frances Caldwell was born in 1760, she married Judge McClure and lived at West Liberty, Virginia.

Janet Caldwell was born in 1762 and died young.

Lovely Caldwell was born in 1764 and married Colonel Robert Woods. She was named on account of her beauty.


Elizabeth Caldwell was born in 1765 and married a Mr. Williamson.

Jane Caldwell was born in 1767 and married Mr. John Ralph.

Samuel Caldwell was born in 1769 and married. He had a family but not much is known of him.

James Caldwell was born in 1770. He became a merchant and lived at St. Clairsville, ten miles from Wheeling, in Ohio, and went to Congress from that district. He was said to be the handsomest man in the state.





## Investigations into American Foundations

He was president of the Merchants and Mechanics Bank of Wheeling and at his death left a large estate. He married Nancy Booker of St. Clairsville. His son, Alfred Caldwell, was a graduate of Washington and Jefferson College, Pennsylvania, and of the Harvard Law School. He was an old time Whig and was seated by his party as Senator to the State Legislature of Virginia. In 1860 he became a Republican. The people of Richmond, the capital of Virginia, threatened to mob him if he, a Republican, came there and took his seat in the Senate. He accepted their challenge, went to the capital and made the first Republican speech ever heard there. Lincoln appointed him Consul to Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, where he remained through Lincoln's and Johnson's administrations. He also became mayor of Wheeling. He married, first, Hattie Baird, and their son was Alfred Caldwell, who was born in 1884 and educated at Professor Harding's Academy in Wheeling; at Liberty Academy in Ohio County, Virginia; at Oahu College near Honolulu, Hawaiian Island; and at Yale, taking the degree of Ph. B. in 1867. He studied law in his father's office, being admitted to the Wheeling bar in 1868. Alfred Caldwell went with his father to the consulate in Honolulu in 1861. They returned to America in the summer of 1864. On his way home he stopped in Western Mexico during the struggle between the Emperor Maximilian and the Mexican patriots. In the fall of 1864, while on a visit to his brother George, an officer in General Sheridan's army in the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia, he was at the Battle of Cedar Creek, and saw General Philip H. Sheridan make his celebrated ride from Winchester to the front. He was clerk of the first branch of the council of the city of Wheeling from 1868-1875; state senator of West Virginia in 1875-1877, being a member of the court of impeachment which removed the state treasurer in 1876, and Attorney General of West Virginia two terms, 1885-1893. This descendant of the Caldwells still resides in Wheeling, practicing law. He married Miss Laura E. Goshorn in 1871.

Susannah Caldwell was born in 1772 and married a Dr. Hilliard.

Alexander Caldwell was born in 1774 and lived in Wheeling, where he was a lawyer, and through Henry Clay's influence was appointed United States Court Judge. He moved to Missouri in 1818, and practiced his profession there at St. Genevieve till 1820, when he returned to Wheeling. It was after his return that he was appointed judge. He was called the "poor man's friend." He married Eliza Halstead of New Jersey, and died in 1837.

Joseph Caldwell was born in 1777, the youngest or last child of James Caldwell. He was a merchant in Wheeling until 1817. He then moved to his farm just out of Wheeling. He was also president of the Merchants and Mechanics Bank from 1841 to 1860. He married three times: 1st, Mary Yarnall of Virginia; 2nd, Catherine R. Thompson; 3rd, Annie E. Pugh.

These fourteen children of a pioneer American have left, throughout the nation, thousands of descendants. This record is evidence of the power of heredity and is here recorded for its intrinsic historical values.





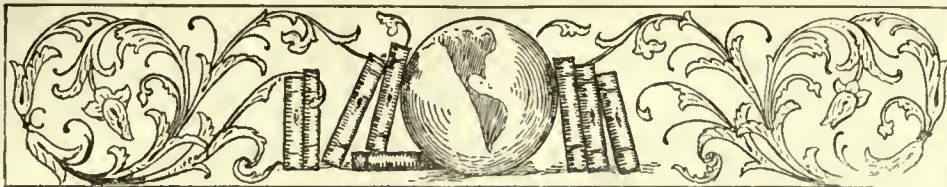


## HISTORIC TRAIL THROUGH THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST

Memorial erected along the famous Santa Fe Trail  
By the Daughters of the American Revolution

Photograph for Historical Record in THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY





# An Historic Trail Through the American Southwest

Monuments Erected Along the Most Famous Highway in America  
to Mark the Progress of Civilization Through the Great West  
and Across the Continent & Memorials Dedicated by the American  
People & Reminiscences of Old Days on the Santa Fe Trail

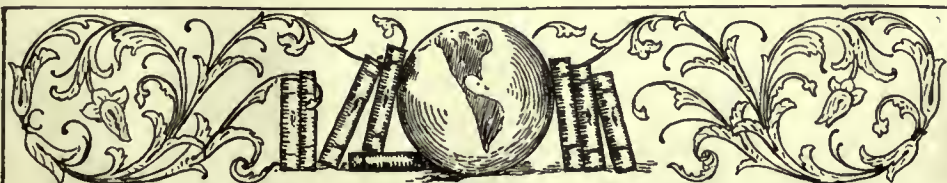
BY

HONORABLE GEORGE P. MOREHOUSE

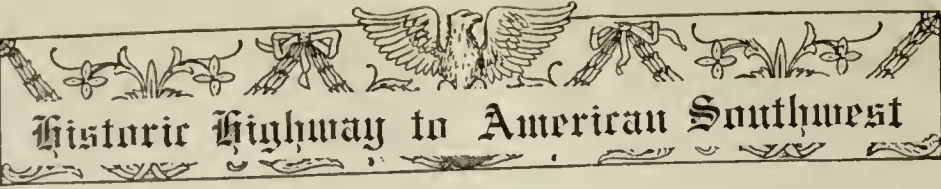
Former President of the Kansas State Historical Society—Former Member of the  
Senate of the State of Kansas

**T**HE Old Santa Fe Trail was the most remarkable overland highway in the world. It extended southwest from the Missouri River, near the present Kansas City, to the quaint old Spanish-Mexican town of Santa Fe, New Mexico, a distance of nearly one thousand miles, and some of its traffic passed still further, for another thousand miles, to the heart of Old Mexico. The trails made by man have been of surpassing interest to the student and historian, for they mark the progress of the human race and the development of civilization. Even the ancient Indian trails tell of their habits and furnish many a missing link of information. How interesting the history of the paths of man in the Holy Land, Africa and Europe. The wonderful Appian Way, reaching from Rome to Brundisium, was 360 miles long and paved with square blocks of stone. Although built over two thousand years ago, much of it is still in a good condition and presents a powerful argument for the good roads movement. "Distance lends enchantment," and we often view with wonder the things afar and neglect things at home, although, at our very doors are often found as wonderful and interesting historical places as furnished by Rome or Russia, Asia or the Arctic regions.


It is well to preserve the ancient American landmarks, and the Daughters of the American Revolution of Kansas and Colorado, assisted by numerous historical societies, deserve much credit for suggesting and successfully completing the permanent marking of the Santa Fe Trail. When a member of the Kansas State Senate (1901-1905), it was my privilege, while talking with some newspaper men regarding this old trail, to suggest that it should be properly marked, and that possibly the United States Government might some time decide to make it a part of a great trans-continental highway. It seemed to me that it would be a good start to mark out the route by enlisting the interest of the school children, as I had noticed that along its course through Kansas many school houses were close to the old trail; and, if they became familiar with its route and history it would never be forgotten. The idea was well received and renewed interest was taken in that famous old road which contributed so much to the development of the Great West. The Daughters of the







## Historic Highway to American Southwest



American Revolution of Kansas took hold of the matter with great vigor and worked in connection with the Kansas State Historical Society, whose able secretary, Honorable George W. Martin, with a corps of assistants, had the immediate task of locating the route and placing the markers and monuments.

In crossing the state from the northeast part to the southwest corner, a distance of some 600 miles, the route of the trail passed through the territory of some twenty counties and it was no small task to correctly locate its course; but, after consulting numerous old maps, some of which were procured from Washington, and after conferring with numerous old citizens, who had travelled it during the old-time plain days, its correct location was ascertained.

### ITS EARLY HISTORY AND USE

The history of this famous overland highway is one of the most interesting chapters of American history, and never yet has been fully written.

Connected with its traffic there were developed peculiar phases of frontier life found in no other part of America—or even in the world—filled with a history and romance such as had never before been experienced and will never be experienced again.

Some set dates regarding the commencement of its use as a roadway to and from the far Southwest, and limit its history to its connection with the overland trade to and from Santa Fe, New Mexico, which took place within the past one hundred years. The full history of this natural old trail is far more ancient, reaching back to pre-historic times.

There was a commerce of the prairies which passed back and forth over its general course many hundred years prior to the trade with Santa Fe.

It was the line of the least resistance—the natural route leading from the distant Northeast to the far Southwest.

Over this same general path, the ancient traders took copper from the regions of Lake Superior and furs from farther north—together with pipe-stone, from which came the ceremonial peace pipes and other articles—and passing along this highway of ancient commerce, went as far as the Rio Grande and even on to the Southern Sea. These articles were traded for precious stones, gay plumage of birds, and woven fabrics of various kinds. No one knows how long ago this trade to and from the far Southwest began, but it was probably long before either the Norseman or Spaniard visited America. From early Spanish records, it is evident that several of their pioneer explorers passed over extensive portions of this route in a very early day.

As early as 1536, Cabeza De Vaca passed over this route, from the Great Bend region of the Arkansas, to the Rio Grande.

In 1541, Coronado came from the Santa Fe region over quite a part of what afterwards became this trail. He was in search of the fabled Quivira; and came, at least, as far as the head of the Neosho River, and some think that he reached the Missouri River. His descriptions of distances across the Great Plains, the buffalo and other animals, the fruit and vegetation, and the topography of the country, all indicate where he passed.

Father Fray Juan de Padilla, a Jesuit priest, who was with Coronado, returned over the same route the following year, 1542, and labored among the Quivirans and other tribes until his untimely death, somewhere in the



## Monuments on the Old Santa Fe Trail

interior of Kansas. Padilla was the first Christian martyr in America, and passed over practically the Santa Fe Trail route.

As early as 1599-1602, that intrepid Spanish explorer, Don Juan de Onate, with eighty soldiers, marched eastward from the Spanish settlements, over two hundred leagues, and passed over most of the Santa Fe Route, and described the same region filled with buffalo, Indians and verdure that Coronado had witnessed. They were also in search of Quivira and were the first to mention the Indians, afterwards known as the Kansas or Kaw. They called them the Escansaques, from which name the word Kansas is derived.

In 1719, a Spanish expedition was sent from New Mexico to drive back the French, who were beginning to traffic with the Indians along the upper portion of the Missouri River. By strategy, these invaders were thrown off their guard and all massacred somewhere near that river. This expedition passed over the exact route of what became the Santa Fe Trail, and for one hundred years Spain and France contested for supremacy in the region west of the Mississippi.

There are coming to light—from translations of rare old volumes—accounts of French traders meeting the Spanish Mexicans and Indians far out on the plains for trading purposes, prior to 1763, the date of the cession of Louisiana to Spain.


It also appears that some Spaniards came as far east as the Kansas and Platte Rivers to trade with the Indians during this same early period. There is an interesting account of some French traders, prior to 1763, going from the upper Mississippi region with some merchandise, which they transported by way of the Arkansas River to the Mexican Mountains, where they erected a temporary store for the purpose of trading with the Spanish and Indians. The Santa Fe Spanish traders thought this an infringement upon their rights and brought legal proceedings against the French and imprisoned them, after confiscating their goods. Strange to relate, this suit was finally disposed of at a Spanish court at Havana, Cuba; and the French won the suit on the ground that the store was on the eastern slope of the mountain summits and below the source of the Arkansas River, and hence within the boundaries of Louisiana, which, at that time had not been ceded to Spain.

I mention these early expeditions, back and forth along the general route of what afterwards became the famous Santa Fe Trail, to show that even when the first Americans began to cross the plains over this route, it was not entirely an unknown and untrodden way, but a natural road to



MARKING THE SANTA FE TRAIL IN KANSAS  
—Trail speakers at the Dedication of the Memorial  
—Honorable George W. Martin, Secretary, Kansas State Historical Society, and Ex-Senator George P. Morehouse





## Historic Highway to American Southwest

and from the far Southwest. It seems to support the contention that over parts of the way there were beaten tracks for ages before the expeditions of those who gave this great natural American pike the name of the Santa Fe Trail.

We now come to the consideration of the trail movements which took place within the last one hundred years, and which made it one of the most interesting overland roads ever trodden by man.

This period extended from Lelande's first trading expedition to Santa Fe, in 1804, down to the end of its use as a great roadway between the Missouri River and that old town, in 1872.

### BAPTISTE LELANDE, 1804

This adventurous French Creole was from Kaskaskia, Illinois, and seems to have been the first American—if American he can be called—to engage in merchandising across the plains to the distant and unknown Santa Fe.

With a small stock of goods, belonging to a merchant of that old Illinois town, he cautiously wended his way along streams and across limitless prairies till he arrived at that ancient Mexican town, Santa Fe, which, for three quarters of a century, was the Mecca of the ambitious trader who followed the commerce of the prairies.

Here Lelande traded, prospered and married, but entirely forgot his old merchant friend who had fitted him out and gave him his start in life; for, it is said that he never accounted for these goods, or even returned to thank the one who had made it possible for him to live a life of ease and luxury among these new found associates.

### JAMES PURSLEY, 1805

Pursley was from Bardstown, Kentucky, and was out on the headwaters of the Platte with hunters and trappers. In some way, he drifted over the divide and down to old Santa Fe for trading purposes. Becoming captivated with the easy going civilization of that quaint old place, he lived and died without ever returning to the States. Zebulon Pike met him there, in 1807, and learned something of his experiences and life. He told Pike of the fine deposits of gold discovered near the Pike's Peak region, in the very vicinity where it was found in such abundance half a century afterwards, and where it is taken out by the millions at the present time, after over one hundred years. Pursley also told Pike that the Mexicans knew of his discoveries and probably would not permit him to return, as they often urged him to lead them to the place. This he refused to do, for patriotic reasons, for he thought it was within the domain of the United States. These facts about the gold discoveries of Pursley were published by Pike when he returned, but attracted little attention, and it is well that the development of these mines was not commenced until after that region had become the rightful domain of the United States.

Had Pursley not refused to take the Mexicans to those rich gold deposits, it might have entirely changed the conditions of the mountain district of America; for Spain or Mexico, enriched by such great wealth, might have remained, for generations, powerful obstacles against the winning of the West by the United States.

### ZEBULON PIKE, 1806-1807

Pike crossed the plains from the Mississippi River in 1806, passing through the heart of the present State of Kansas. He visited the Pawnee



## Monuments on the Old Santa Fe Trail

Indian villages in the present Republic County and required that tribe to take down the Spanish colors and run up the Stars and Stripes. After reaching the mountains and discovering the great peak which bears his name, he passed on, was arrested and taken to Santa Fe. Here, as above stated, he met Pursley and learned about the great trade possibilities with the Spanish-Mexican civilization of that region, and also about the great gold discoveries. When he returned to the United States, he made a full report, and there is little doubt that to this report was due the early extensive attempts to open up commercial relations with Santa Fe. Until the formation of the Mexican Republic in 1821, there was much opposition to any trade with the United States, and the Spanish authorities were ready to arrest the traders and confiscate their goods. Several of the early traders, prior to that date, were harshly treated and it required a brave and adventurous man to take the chances.



FAMOUS OLD COUNCIL OAK—Under this historic tree the Grand Council with the Indians was held August 10, 1823, and treaty signed for right of way for Santa Fe Trail across the plains

MANUEL BLANCO, 1809

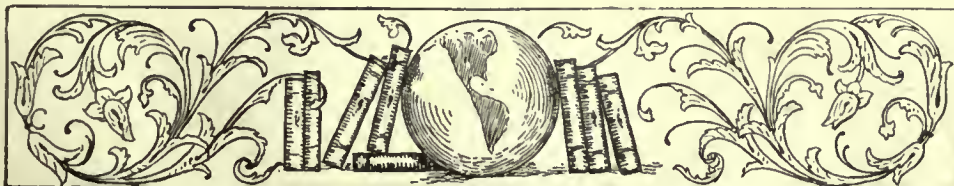
Blanco was a Spaniard, and in the latter part of 1809, started from St. Louis with a small stock of goods, and as companions, three Americans, McClanahan, Patterson and Smith. The fate of the expedition is a mystery, for the Great Plains seemed to swallow it up forever. It is thought that they perished on the desert, not knowing its dangers.

McKNIGHT, BEARD AND CHAMBERS, 1812


These three traders, with a dozen comrades, crossed the plains during the summer of 1812, and arrived, with their stock of merchandise in good shape, at Santa Fe. But their troubles began at once. They were arrested as spies and their goods confiscated. With no means of defense, they were taken on to Chihuahua, Old Mexico, where most of them remained for nearly ten years. In some way, Beard and Chambers escaped and returned to St. Louis, and painted in such bright colors the trade possibilities, that in a few years, they led another expedition in the same direction.

AUGUSTE P. CHOUTEAU, 1815-1817

Chouteau, long an Indian trader, covered the route in safety with his partner, and several trappers and hunters. He had been out on the upper waters of the Arkansas, where he had established a trading place near the boundary line between Mexico and the United States.







## Historic Highway to American Southwest

CAPTAIN WILLIAM BECKNELL AND HUGH GLENN, 1821-1822

In the year 1821, the Mexican Revolution was successful and the Mexican Republic was formed. The new regime was not so opposed to trade with the United States as were the Spanish authorities. The profits realized in taking goods to Santa Fe were enormous. The plainest cotton cloth brought three dollars per yard and everything else was in proportion. The people of Santa Fe and that region, were dependent upon receiving all their merchandise from certain Mexican seaports, slowly transported by the patient burro, and, of course, were delighted to buy goods of a better grade from the Americans.

The first really successful trading expeditions to carry large quantities of merchandise from the States to Santa Fe were those of Captain Becknell of Franklin, Howard County, Missouri, and Hugh Glenn of Ohio, during the years 1821-1822.

Becknell used a pack train of some thirty mules, and on his second trip, 1822, he took three wagons. He thus has the honor of being the first to cross the plains and mountains to Santa Fe with wheeled vehicles of any kind, although history usually records that the Storrs expedition of 1824 was the first to use wagons.

Becknell outfitted at the old town of Franklin, the leading trading point on the Missouri River of that day. It was opposite to the present town of Booneville, but was washed away in the flood of 1844. This old town will always have the distinction of being the starting place of the first large trading expeditions to pass over this old trail.

Becknell, although an experienced plainsman, attempted a rash act in trying to shorten the route by cutting across the unexplored country by what was afterwards known as the Cimarron route—the way over which most of the later day trail trade passed. Having but little water with them, they were soon famished with thirst, and only saved themselves by a timely retreat to the longer but safer route along the Arkansas river. The blood of their dogs and from the severed ears of their mules and the paunch contents of an old buffalo bull, luckily killed, alone saved them. Several years ago, the journal of Captain Becknell was published in a local Missouri paper and is very interesting in its details of the early days of the Trail. The enormous profits made by those early traders fired the ambitions of the speculative and adventurous, and the annual caravans from old Franklin increased in size and wealth.

The sight of the thousands of bright Mexican silver dollars, brought back to a country where money had always been scarce and where most business transactions were by barter, or measured by so many bear skins or coon skins—the former passing current for ten dollars and the latter for twenty-five or fifty cents—was enough to excite business activity in this overland commerce to old Santa Fe.

Years ago, I met an old Missourian, H. H. Harris, who related to me the facts of the commencement of the first extensive trade expedition to Santa Fe, which fitted up at old Franklin, where his father's family lived.

For years, Mr. Harris was an honored citizen of Marshall, Missouri, and in substance, related to me as follows:

"The fur companies, with agents at St. Louis, would equip and send out annually to the Rocky Mountain region, trappers to catch beavers. These trappers were known as French Voyageurs and were men who had spent most of their lives in this business. They were usually accompanied



## Monuments on the Old Santa Fe Trail




ROUTE OF THE OLD HIGHWAY ACROSS THE CONTINENT—Granite boulder monument and bronze tablet at Lost Springs, Kansas, marking historic Santa Fe Trail

by some half breed Indians and some skilled Kentucky hunters. It was the business of these hunters to kill enough game for the outfit and to act as guards. Upon reaching the mountain, one year, one of the hunters thought that he would take an outfit of traps and try his luck trapping on one of the tributaries of the Arkansas River. Reaching the divide, he crossed over and followed down another creek until he reached Taos, New Mexico, where he stopped all winter. In spring, he went on to Santa Fe, where he remained some weeks. When he decided to return, he struck across the country on foot with nothing but his rifle, and reached the Arkansas River, which he followed down for many miles. When far enough down that stream, he started across the country till he reached the Missouri River, which he followed to his home town, Franklin. When his friends asked him where he had been, and he said Santa Fe, they would not believe him. They knew nothing about that place except from maps. He told them that a red silk handkerchief was worth ten dollars, other goods in proportion, and that silver dollars were as common as chips.

"The next spring, in the year 1821, I think, several parties outfitted and started for Santa Fe, with twenty or more pack animals laden with dry goods. In the fall, they returned with about the same weight of silver dollars that they had taken out in merchandise." Mr. Harris continued: "My father saw them unload when they returned, and when their rawhide packages of silver dollars were dumped on the sidewalk, one of the men cut the thongs and the money spilled out, and clinking on the stone pavement, rolled into the gutter. Every one was excited and the next spring a second expedition was sent out. To show what profits were made, I remember one young lady, Miss Fanny Marshall, who put sixty dollars in the expedition, and her brother brought her back nine hundred dollars





## Historic Highway to American Southwest

as her share. These bags of money and these large profits caused much excitement, but the means of communication being slow, it was for a long time local in its character."

### AUGUSTUS STORRS EXPEDITION OF 1824

To the trading expedition of Augustus Storrs, of Franklin, Missouri, in the year 1824, more than all else was due the wide publicity of the route, and the great profits to be realized in the trade with the Mexicans.

In Storrs' expedition were eighty men; 156 horses; twenty-three four-wheeled wagons and one piece of artillery. It was the first expedition to extensively use wagons, although Becknell had three in his trip two years before. Storrs made the round trip in four months and ten days, and seemed to have kept a full account of all his experiences.

Upon request, he made a full report to Senator Thomas Benton of Missouri, and fully described the route and the great trade possibilities in the Santa Fe region. With this report as a text, Senator Benton made a glowing speech regarding the wonderful opportunities for opening up a vast internal commerce in which the entire country was interested.

In this speech in the Senate, Benton made prophesies regarding the development of the great West, which, though remote at that time, have all come true. But strange to relate, he had considerable trouble in passing a bill providing for the survey and marking of the Trail. Twelve senators opposed it, and in the house there was more opposition, some being urged on States Rights grounds. To carry the measure, Benton even called to his aid the opinion of ex-President Jefferson, who thought that the measure was not without precedent. Jefferson was then in retirement and his opinion was often used to direct the action of his party, but did not seem to have much influence in this matter. It is interesting to see with what authority Benton quotes the opinion of Jefferson regarding the right of the Government to provide for the survey and improvement of this great internal highway. Benton had visited Jefferson only a few days before making this speech. The bill passed March 3rd, 1825 and was signed by President Monroe as one of his last official acts. Its provisions were carried out by President John Q. Adams. It provided for the survey and marking of the route, and treaties with the Indians for right of way across the plains. The following United States Commissioners were appointed to carry out its provisions: Benjamin H. Reeves of Howard County, Missouri, who resigned as lieutenant-governor of his state to accept the position; Major George C. Sibley of St. Charles, Missouri, and Thomas Mather of Illinois. The Commission organized with Archibald Gamble as secretary; Joseph C. Brown as surveyor and W. S. Williams as official interpreter; and besides these, there were some fifteen or twenty others as assistants, guards and hunters.

They set out from Fort Osage, on the Missouri River, now Sibley, about twenty-five miles east of the present Kansas City, on the 17th day of June, 1825, and arrived at the town of San Fernando in the valley of the Taos, October 30th of that year. The next year, 1826, they received authority from the Mexican Government to examine a road, but not mark it out or work it. Major Sibley went on to Mexico City, while Reeves and the others returned and corrected the route. They made a very full report of the trip, with descriptive field notes, maps, and other data. The entire distance of this route to Santa Fe was 810 miles from Fort Osage. The





## Monuments on the Old Santa Fe Trail



HISTORIC SITE OF TREATY WITH OSAGE INDIANS—Monument erected at Council Grove, Kansas, on spot where treaty was signed for right of way of Santa Fe Trail and the progress of civilization

date of the map and completed field notes is October 27th, 1827. It describes the country traversed, giving the distances both ways, of the important stopping places, valleys, rivers, creeks, springs, groves and water-holes.

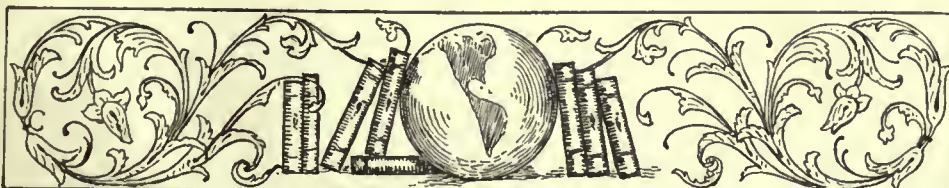
This report and map have never been printed by the Government at Washington, and it is strange that most historians and Santa Fe Trail writers seemed to have overlooked this important document and survey of the Trail.

### "COUNCIL GROVE"


On the 10th day of August, 1825, the expedition reached the valley of the Neosho, and held a council with the chiefs of the Great and Little Osage Indians in what was afterwards called Council Grove—close where the fine granite monument has recently been placed. Here they closed a treaty with these Indians for right of way for the Trail forever, and the Indians pledged themselves that the road should be for the use of the citizens of the United States and of the Mexican Republic, who should pass and repass thereon without any hinderance on the part of the Indians.

They further pledged themselves to render such friendly assistance as was within their power to the citizens using the Trail, whenever they met them on the way.

The consideration paid the Osages was eight hundred dollars in gold and merchandise. The name of the place, "Council Grove," and the distance from the Missouri River were marked on one of the large oak trees forming the forest—and this tree, still living, is known as the "Council Oak" and is close by the Council Grove monument. After this treaty, the commissioners passed on their long journey, carefully measuring and marking every turn and feature of the road.







## Historic Highway to American Southwest

I find that this manuscript record also mentions a similar treaty made with the Kansas or Kaw Indians on the 16th day of August at a place some 70 miles west of Council Grove on "Sora Kansas Creek," which is the same as Dry Turkey Creek, near McPherson, Kansas.

It is strange that none of the Santa Fe Trail historians or writers make mention of this treaty with the Kansas Nation, which was really as important as the one with the Osages. It was very unfortunate that these two tribes, the Osage and Kansas, were alone treated with regarding the trail crossing the plains, for they only controlled part of the way. Had similar treaties been made with the Cheyennes, Kiowas, Comanches and Pawnees, they might have not been so hostile as they often were to the passing caravans. It must be remembered to the credit of the Osages and Kansas Indians, that they never made war upon the whites after that treaty, but lived up to its provisions. Last year a granite monument was erected at the place where this treaty was made with the Kansas or Kaw Indians, which is a few miles south of the present town of McPherson, Kansas.

It is to be hoped that at some future time the United States Government will publish a full and complete account of this original survey of the Santa Fe Trail by this commission appointed in 1825. It would be interesting reading for all those interested in such matters, and especially important now that it is being permanently marked and is attracting such wide attention.

From the Missouri River to the southwestern part of Kansas, where the Trail leaves the state, about one hundred of these granite monuments have been placed by the Daughters of the American Revolution and the State. The date 1822 is given, as representing about the time the first large caravans laden with merchandise crossed the plains to Santa Fe, although there were several small expeditions prior to that date.

By 1872, the traffic of the Santa Fe Trail had about ended, for the advent of the railway—Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe—had superseded the slower movement of the Trail, and its palmy old days, since that time, have been a dreamy memory—a phase of unique Western frontier life nevermore to return.

At present, the Daughters of the American Revolution are engaged in purchasing the site of the old Pawnee Rock for a small historic park, and thus preserve that noted place so famous in the annals of the Trail, and the scene of so many heroic incidents in Indian warfare of the border.

It has aroused the West to a study of its thrilling pioneer annals, which are being forgotten, and is resulting in other patriotic movements for the preservation of famous historic spots.

They are remembering that injunction of the Bible: "Remove not the ancient landmarks, which thy fathers have set," . . . "that when your children ask in time to come, saying, what mean ye by these stones? Then ye shall answer them . . . that these stones shall be for a memorial forever."

It has been a movement such as this country has seldom, if ever, experienced. Old settlers and old soldiers have been active in the matter, for it was over this famous old trail that the bright banner of the Stars and Stripes was first carried and our American domain extended to the distant Rio Grande. The marking of this noted highway is of national concern; for it was by far the most famous overland roadway in America, and this movement has so stimulated the study of local history along its way that it will be the means of saving to posterity many an interesting chapter of legend and romantic lore.









472.





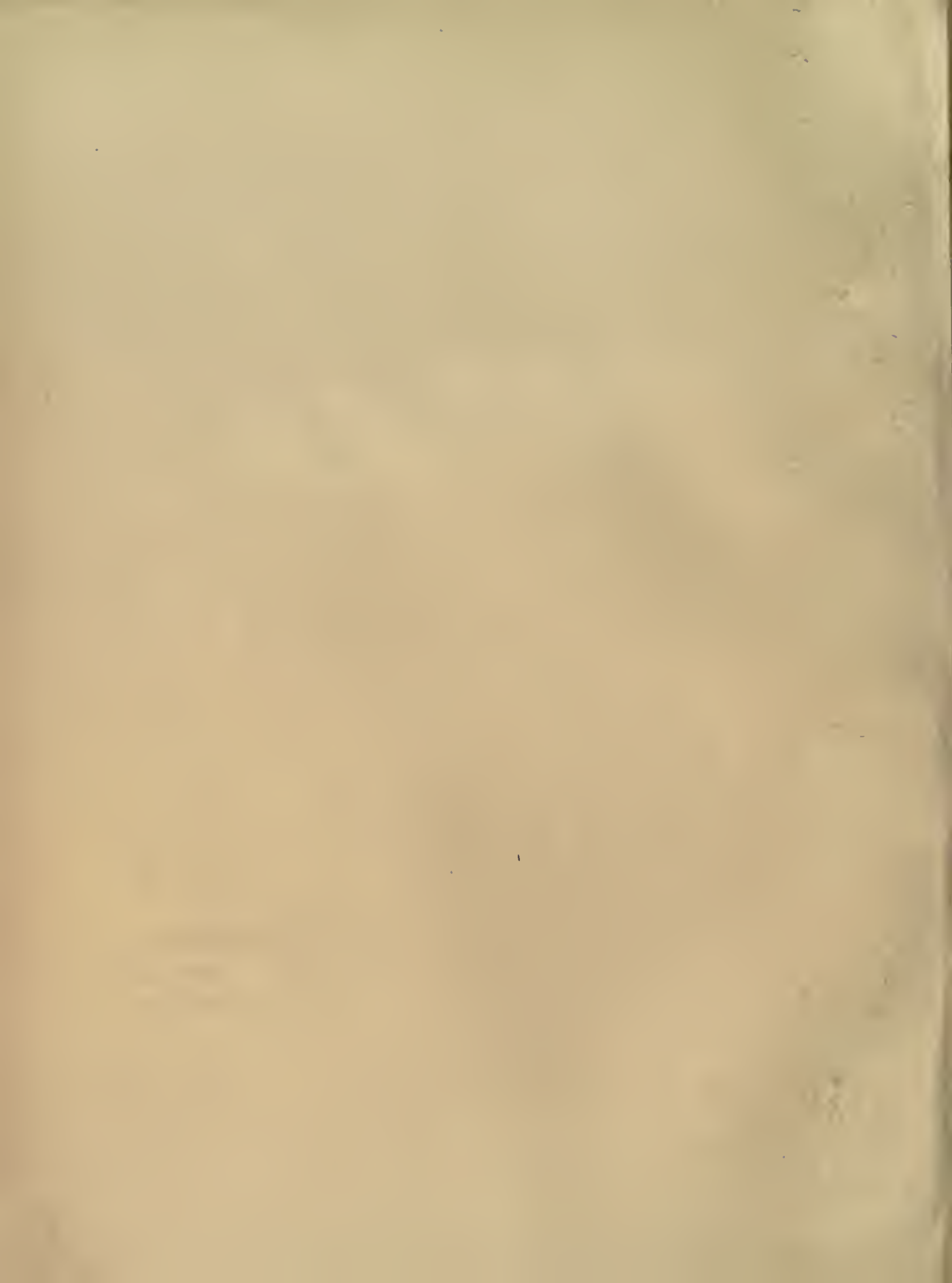
COPYRIGHT 1896 BY JOHN W. ALEX.

THE FIRST HISTORIANS—Mural Painting in the Library of Congress at Washington  
The Early Monks of the Old World Recording the Discovery of the New  
World by Columbus—Painted for the Government  
by John White Alexander

~~UNRECORDED~~  
III 4.

The  
Journal  
of  
American  
History







472<sup>2</sup>









The Journal of  
**American History**

Relating the Stories of Men  
 and Events that have extended  
 into the building of the  
 Nation. Founded as Original  
 Research and Authoritative  
 Sources of American, British  
 and European Archives &  
 Private Journals, Diaries and  
 Hitherto Unpublished Docu-  
 ments & Fugitive Papers &  
 Reminiscences and Memoirs  
 & Folklore and Traditions &  
 Reproductions from Rare  
 Prints and Works of Art &



FRAN [illegible]  
 Member  
 [illegible]











The Journal of  
American History

Relating Life Stories of Men  
and Events that have entered  
into the Building of the  
Western Continent & Original  
Researches into Authoritative  
Sources & American, British  
and European Archives &  
Private Journals, Diaries and  
Hitherto Unpublished Docu-  
ments & Fugitive Papers &  
Reminiscences and Memoirs  
& Folklore and Traditions &  
Reproductions from Rare  
Prints and Works of Art &



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

FRANCIS TREVELYAN MILLER

Member of the American Academy of Political and  
Social Science  
American Historical Association  
National Geographic Society  
American Statistical Association  
Fellow of the American Geographical Society









Produced by the Associated Publishers of American Records, Inc. in the  
Ancient Municipality of Meriden, Commonwealth of Connecticut,  
in Quarterly Art Editions, four books to the volume  
at Three Dollars annually, Seventy-five  
Cents a copy. Protected by  
copyright Nineteen  
Nine

# THE ASSOCIATED PUBLISHERS OF AMERICAN RECORDS

## BOARD OF DIRECTORS

FRANCIS T. MILLER  
PRESIDENT  
ARTHUR M. WICKWIRE

WILLIAM H. WAY  
TREASURER

EDWARD O. DORMAN  
SECRETARY  
MARLETTE CROUSE

Editorial Library  
341-347 Fifth Avenue  
New York

*Address all Business Communications  
to the Subscription Offices at  
165 Broadway  
New York*

Printing House  
163-169 Pratt Street  
Meriden, Connecticut

Make all Checks Payable to the Treasurer

*Entered at the Post Office at Meriden, Connecticut, as mail matter of the second class*

LONDON . . . . .	B. F. Stevens & Brown 4 Trafalgar Square, W. C.	ST. PETERSBURG	Watkins and Company Marskaja No. 36
PARIS . . . . .	Brentano's 37, Avenue de l'Opera	CAIRO . . . . .	F. Diemer Shepherd's Building
BERLIN . . . . .	Asher and Company Unter den Linden 56	BOMBAY . . . . .	Thacker and Company, Limited Esplanade Road
DUBLIN . . . . .	Combridge and Company 18 Grafton Street	TOKIO . . . . .	Methodist Publishing House 2 Shichome, Giz Ginza
EDINBURGH . . .	Andrew Elliott 17 Princes Street	MEXICO CITY . .	American Book & Printing Co. 1st San Francisco No. 12
MADRID . . . . .	Libreria Internacional de Adrian Romo, Alcala 5	ATHENS . . . . .	Const. Electheroudakis Place de la Constitution
ROME . . . . .	L. Piale 1 Piazza di Spagna	BUENOS AYRES .	John Grant & Son Calle Cangallo 469

4772



# Syllabus of the Third Anniversary Number

FOURTH NUMBER

THIRD VOLUME

This book marks the Completion of the Third Year of the Institution of a Periodical of Patriotism in America, inculcating the Principles of American Citizenship, and narrating the Deeds of Honor and Achievement that are so true to American Character—This Winter Number is Dedicated to American Loyalty

HISTORIC MURAL ART IN AMERICA—Painting by John White Alexander in the Library of Congress at Washington, District of Columbia, symbolizing the First Historians Recording the Discovery of America—Reproduced in original colors from Art Collection of Foster and Reynolds.....	Cover
ILLUMINATED TITLE PAGE—Reproduced in gold and colors from original design for THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY, by Howard Marshall of New Haven.	
HERALDIC ART IN AMERICA—Illuminated Coat-of-arms of the Morris Family in America—In series of emblazoned armorial bearings of the First American Families—Reproduced from the Collection of the National Americana Society of New York.	
AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE—America Must Lead the World in the Reign of Peace Under Law—The Mission of the Republic—An Appeal for an International Supreme Court of Arbitration Before Conference of the Peace Society of New York—By Andrew Carnegie, LL. D.....	473
PASSING OF THE OLD CIVILIZATION—Sculptural Conception of "The Despotism Age" when Tyranny and War Reigned over Mankind—America's Message of Liberty has Emancipated Man from the Thralldom of the Ages and unveiled the Dawn of Day when there shall be no Bloodshed—By Isadore Konti—Sculptor—Member National Sculpture Society.....	477
BURDENS OF THE AGE OF GREED AND STRIFE—Sculptural Conception of Humankind "Earth-bound" and Weighed Down by Envy, Jealousy and Warfare which have been Carried on the Shoulders of the Generations until Today the Burdens are to be lifted by a New Age of Universal Brotherhood and Peace—By Louis Potter—Sculptor—National Sculpture Society.....	479
HARMONICS OF EVOLUTION—Man's Conquest over Self and His Rise from Chaos and Carnage to the Light of Love and Reason in which there shall be no more War, and Mankind shall dwell together in Peace, Prosperity and Happiness—By J. Otto Schweizer of Philadelphia—Member of the National Sculpture Society.....	480
AMERICA RESPONSIBLE TO THE WORLD—Civilization Looks to America for the Age of Peace and Universal Brotherhood—American Professions and Principles are in Accord with Highest Hopes of Mankind—Historical Record of Address at Lake Mohonk Conference—By Nicholas Murray Butler, LL. D., Ph. D.—President of Columbia University, New York.....	481
"THOU SHALT NOT KILL"—Warning and the Voice of the Prophets to the Nations—Sculptural Conception of "Hebrew Law"—At the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences—By Augustus Lukeman, of National Sculpture Society.....	484
HISTORICAL PAINTING IN AMERICA—Art as a True Record of a Nation's Progress—Memorializing the Historical Development of a Great People and its Value to the Annals of Civilization—The Permanent Influence of Pictorial Impressions in the Preservation of the Traditions of a Nation and Its Effect Upon National Spirit and Character—With Dedicatory Remarks by Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, Pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York.....	491
HISTORIC STAINED GLASS WINDOWS IN AMERICA—In Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York—By Frederick Stymetz Lamb, of New York—Executed by J. and R. Lamb.	
Signing the Compact in the Cabin of the "Mayflower".....	489
William Penn's Submitting Draft of First Constitution of Pennsylvania.....	490
Huguenots in the Carolinas and their Influence upon the South.....	493
Landing of the First Dutch Minister at New Amsterdam.....	495
Coming of the Puritans.....	496
Dawn of Personal Liberty in America.....	497
Birth of the Great West.....	499

Address all Business Communications to the Subscription Offices at 165 Broadway, New York  
 Make all Checks payable to the Treasurer of "The Journal of American History"  
 Subscription throughout the United States THREE DOLLARS annually  
 Subscription to Foreign Countries Four Dollars annually  
 Single Copies SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS in United States

Entered at the Post Office at Meriden, Connecticut, as mail matter of the second class

Published Quarterly and Copyrighted (1909) by THE ASSOCIATED PUBLISHERS OF AMERICAN RECORDS at the Printing House, 163-169 Pratt Street, Meriden, Connecticut



# Context with Engravings and Authors

FOURTH QUARTER

NINETEEN NINE

Chronicles of Those Who Have Done a Good Day's Work—  
Rich in Information upon Which May Be Based Accurate  
Economic and Sociologic Studies and of Eminent Value to  
Private and Public Libraries—Beautified by Reproductions of  
Ancient Subjects through the Modern Processes of American Art

## CONTINUATION OF INDEX

Foundation upon which a Nation was Laid.....	501
Beginning of Intellectual Freedom in America.....	503
Light of Civilization on the Western Hemisphere.....	504
ADVENTURES OF FIRST WHITE SETTLERS IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY—Experiences of the Pioneers in the Great Dominion of Middle West—Trade in Ores, Furs and Hides from the Lake Regions down to the Gulf—The Story of Julien Dubuque and his Rich Mines in the Wilds which have since Bloss- omed into the Great State of Iowa—By Dan Elbert Clark, Iowa City, Iowa.....	505
TRAVELS IN WESTERN AMERICA IN 1837—Observations of an American Girl with an Emigrant Train in Illinois when that Vast Region was on the American Frontier—By Mary Washburn Parkinson, Cincinnati, Ohio.....	511
AN ODE TO AMERICAN CHIVALRY—"Americans! Let Patriots Ponder Here"—By Reverend George McClellan Fiske, D. D., Providence, R. I.....	517
HISTORIC SCULPTURE IN AMERICA—Achievements of the Nation in War and Peace Immortalized by the Monuments Erected on the Western Continent—The True History of a People is Written in Sculp- ture—Material Greatness of the Republic Symbolized in its Memorials to Builders of the Nation—Inter- pretations in Art.....	520
HISTORIC SCULPTURE IN AMERICA. The First Americans—By Adolph A. Weinman of New York.....	521
Discoverer of America—By Augustus Lukeman of New York.....	522
America's Mastery of the Seas—By Isadore Konti of New York.....	523
Music and the Arts in America—By Adolph A. Weinman of New York.....	524
Truth and the Sciences in America—By Adolph A. Weinman of New York.....	525
An American Contribution to Intellectual Art—By Lorado Taft of Chicago, Illinois.....	526
American Heroism—By Adolph A. Weinman of New York.....	527
American Brotherhood—By Isadore Konti of New York.....	528
American Commerce—By Isadore Konti of New York.....	529
Southern Character in American History—By Louis Potter of New York.....	530
Tribute to France in America—By Hamilton MacCarthy.....	531
First Permanent German Settlement in America—By J. Otto Schweizer of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.....	532
Historic Landmarks in America—By J. Otto Schweizer.....	533
American Liberty—By R. Hinton Perry of New York.....	534
American Triumph—By Robert Aitken of New York.....	534
American Character—By R. Hinton Perry of New York.....	535
American Valor—By Augustus Lukeman of New York.....	535
Memorial to the Father of America—By Victor D. Brenner of New York.....	536
FIRST FINANCIERS IN UNITED STATES—Land Lotteries to Create Revenue and Replenish the Public Treasury—Two Million Acre Tract in Maine—Experiences of William Bingham, the Wealthiest American in the Early Republic, who was Presented at Courts of Europe and whose Mansion in Philadelphia was Scene of Splendor—By John Francis Sprague, Monson, Maine, Member of the Maine Historical Society— Author of "Sebastian Rale, a Tragedy of the Eighteenth Century".....	537
PRIVATE LETTERS OF A GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL IN THE SOUTHWEST—Correspondence of a Territorial Governor with an Intimate Political Friend in which He Relates His Experiences—Trials and Hardships of a Conscientious Public Official who Endeavors to Do His Duty in Carrying the Flag of Civilization into the Southwest—Original letters transcribed by Todd B. Galloway, Columbus, Ohio.....	541
EVOLUTION OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE—Investigation into the Origin of the Historic Demarca- tion Dividing the North and the South in the Civil War in United States—First Established to Fix Exact Boundaries Between Lands of William Penn and Lord Baltimore in 1763—Exhaustive Researches, by Morgan Potiaux Robinson of Richmond, Virginia.....	555
GREATEST DEBATE IN AMERICAN HISTORY—Birth of the American Constitution and the Brilliant Arguments of Great Orators and Statesmen on the Floor of the Convention—Discussion over the So-called New Jersey and the Virginia Plans—By D. T. Connat of White Plains, New York.....	569

4722  
INDEX CONTINUED (OVER)



# Transcripts From Ancient Documents

OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER

Collecting the Various Phases of History, Art, Literature, Science, Industry, and Such as Pertains to the Moral, Intellectual and Political Uplift of the American Nation—Inspiring Nobility of Home and State—Testimonial of the Marked Individuality and Strong Character of the Builders of the American Republic

## CONTINUATION OF INDEX

- COLLECTION OF HISTORIC ENGRAVINGS**—Rare Prints of Manhattan Island, Showing the Foundation upon which Has Been Built the Greatest Metropolis of Western Civilization—Originals Loaned by Their Owners for Historical Record in *THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY*..... 575
- Old Print of Discovery of Manhattan Island—Landing of Henry Hudson—America's Greatest Metropolis as it Appeared More Than Two Hundred Years Ago.
- Old Print of New Amsterdam in 1667.
- Old Print of Government House Erected in 1786—Originally Designed for residence of President Washington.
- Old Print of New Amsterdam about 1650—Now Site of Maiden Lane in Heart of America's Greatest Metropolis.
- Old Print of Ye Flourishing City of New York in the Province of New York, North America in 1746.
- Old Print of New York In 1679.
- First City Hall on Manhattan Island—The Stadthuys erected in 1642 on Pearl Street near present Wall Street.
- Old Print of Residential Street in New Amsterdam in 1696—Home of Captain William Kidd.
- Old Print of Fort Amsterdam on Manhattan in 1635.
- Old Print of New York in 1650—Showing Beginning of America's greatest metropolis.
- Old Print of One of the First Houses in New Amsterdam—Kipps Bay House.
- Old Print of First Dutch Dwellings in New Amsterdam—Broad Street, at corner of Exchange Place, in 1690.
- Old Print of Dutch Church in New York in 1766.
- Old Print of Collect Pond In 1785.
- Print of the Oldest House Still Standing in Brooklyn—Built about 1690.
- Old Print of Brooklyn Heights—Showing Colonade, which was Destroyed by Fire in 1853.
- Old Print of Wall Street in 1789—Showing Trinity Church and Federal Hall.
- Old Print of City Hall in New York in 1825.
- Old Print of Presidential Mansion in New York—Occupied by Washington During the First Session of the First Congress.
- GENERAL WASHINGTON'S ORDER BOOK IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION**—Original Records i Washington's Orderly Book Throw New Light onto His Military Character and His Discipline of th Army—Proof of His Genius as a Military Tactician—Life of the American Patriots in the Ranks of the Revolutionists Revealed by Original Manuscript, Now in Possession of Mrs. Ellen Fellows Bown of Penfield, New York..... 581
- HISTORIC MANUSCRIPTS IN AMERICA**—Autograph Originals of Great Poems in American History—Collection of Authors' Manuscripts—Famous Lines that Stirred the Hearts of the American People More than a Half-century Ago and are Thrilling the Generations..... 584
- BEGINNING OF PORTRAITURE IN AMERICA**—Silhouette of Honorable Thomas Ashley, Compatriot of Colonel Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold at Fort Ticonderoga in 1775—Copyright by Burton J. Ashley of Chicago, Illinois..... 602
- SILHOUETTE OF AN AMERICAN PIONEER**—Beginning of the Art of Portraiture in America—Silhouette of a Hero of Ticonderoga in 1775, a Compatriot of Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold—Heirloom Lost in the Riots in Panama in 1856—The Ashley Blood in American History..... 603
- GENEALOGICAL FOUNDATIONS IN AMERICA**—Progenitors of American Families—List of Passengers Transported to New England from London in 1635..... 604
- ANCESTRAL HOMESTEADS IN AMERICA**—American Landmarks—Old Homes—Colonial Homes of the Founders of the Republic—Preserved for Historical Record from Photographs in Possession of their Descendants—Collection of Burton Hiram Allbee, Member of the New Jersey Historical Society, Secretary and Treasurer of the Bergen County Historical Society..... 607
- An American Mansion During the Revolution—"The Hermitage" at Hohokus, New Jersey, Residence of Theodosia Prevost during the Struggle for Independence.

INDEX CONTINUED (OVER)



# Original Research in World's Archives

The Publishers of "The Journal of American History" announce that the issues of the first year are now being held by Book Collectors at a premium, the market price is now Four Dollars and will increase as the numbers become rare—Subscriptions for 1909, however, will be received for Three Dollars until the early editions of the year are exhausted

## CONCLUSION OF INDEX

First Homes in America—The De Kype House at Hackensack, New Jersey.	
Old Landmarks of the Beginning of the Nation—Captain Berry House at Rutherford, New Jersey.	
Tavern During the American Revolution—The Ahram Quackenbush House at Wyckoff, New Jersey.	
William E. Winter House at Campgaw, New Jersey.	
House at Oakland, New Jersey—Built about 1750.	
Brinckerhoff House at Ridgefield Park, New Jersey.	
John Terhune House at Wyckoff, New Jersey.	
Ferris House at Rutherford, New Jersey.	
American Officer's Headquarters at Pompton, New Jersey, during Revolution.	
Dutch House at Paterson, New Jersey.	
Westervelt House at Bergenfield, New Jersey.	
The Van Bus Kirk House in Hackensack, New Jersey.	
The Quackenbush House at Wyckoff, New Jersey—Built during the American Revolution.	
An American Inn in First Days of the Republic—The Wortendyke House at Hillsdale, New Jersey.	
Oldest House in its Community—Structure of Old Dutch Architecture in Bogota, New Jersey.	
Mansion Assaulted by British Troops in American Revolution—The Colonel Peter Schuyler House at Arlington, New Jersey.	
The Demarest Homestead at Bergenfield, New Jersey.	
MEMOIRS OF AN OLD POLITICIAN IN THE NATIONAL CAPITAL AT WASHINGTON—Reminiscences of a Political Leader in the Early Days of the Nation—His Experiences on a Journey to the National Capital with Anecdotes of the Political Methods of the Times—Memoirs of Campaigns of Clay, Calhoun and Jackson—Posthumous Manuscript by John Allen Trimble of Ohio—Transcribed from the Original Manuscript by His Daughter Alice M. Trimble of New Vienna, Ohio.....	613
BRITAIN'S TRIBUTE TO THE AMERICANS—Poem—By Alfred Austin, Poet-Laureate of Great Britain, London, England.....	620
EXPERIENCES OF A LOUISIANA PLANTER—Altruistic Experiment with American Negroes in the Early Fifties by Southern Plantation Owner who Tested Self-Government Among the Slaves in the Desire to Make Them Free and Independent—Letters and Evidence of American Negroes from Liberian Colony—By Eliza G. Rice, Daughter of a Planter in St. Mary's Parish in Louisiana.....	621
POLITICAL WARFARE IN EARLY KANSAS—Journey to Le Compte, the Seat of a New Government, in which the Fiercest American Struggle Began—The Rush to the Middle West in the Land Craze of a Half-Century Ago—The Founding of Denver—First Outbreak of Civil War—Recent Investigations—By Professor Wilbur Cortez Abbott, A. M., B. Litt, (Oxford) Yale University.....	627
RUINS OF THE SEAT OF A NEW SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT—Photographs taken by Dr. Abbott at the capital of the Lecompton Constitutional government in Kansas for the accompanying historical record in THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY.....	633
AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE—Photograph taken at the Peace Conference in New York, presenting America's precursor of arbitration, Andrew Carnegie.....	636
AMERICA'S DISCOVERY OF NORTH POLE—Official Narrative for Historical Record under Authority and Copyright, 1909, by New York Herald Company—Registered in Canada in Accordance with Copyright Act—Copyright in Mexico under Laws of Republic of Mexico—All Rights Reserved by Dr. Frederick A. Cook.....	637
TRIENNIAL ANNIVERSARY—In Observance of the Completion of the Third Volume of this National Periodical of Patriotism by Francis Trevelyan Miller, Founder and Editor-in-Chief—Photograph.....	649











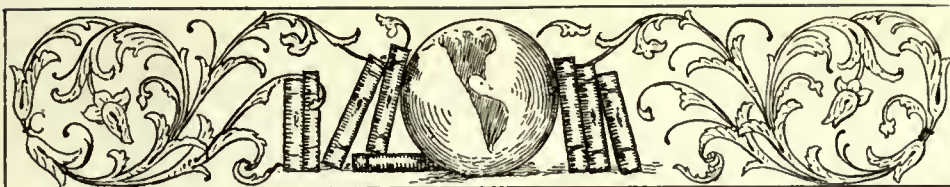


First Families in America—Arms of the Morris Blood in the New  
World, whose Strains have Permeated American Character and  
have Entered into the Building of the Republic

---

Loaned by the Society of Americana of New York from their Collection of  
Arms of the Prominent Families of Old New York





# The Journal of American History

VOLUME III  
NINETEEN NINE



NUMBER IV  
FOURTH QUARTER

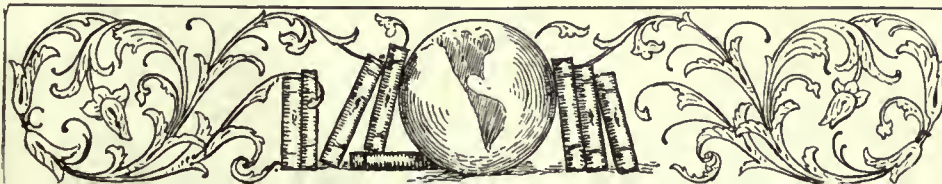
## An Appeal to the American People

*America Must Lead the World to the Reign of Peace  
Under Law & The Mission of the Republic & An Appeal  
for an International Supreme Court of Arbitration  
Before Conference of the Peace Society of New York*

BY  
ANDREW CARNEGIE, LL. D.

FOUNDER OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTION AT WASHINGTON

**I**N these, the closing days of the first decade of the Twentieth Century, it is becoming that in these pages of the first national journal of patriotism in America, an appeal should be made to the American people summoning them to the tremendous responsibility that lies before them. It is significant that in this great democracy, where all men are politically free and equal, the summons should come from an American whose worldly accumulations and material power are greater than that of kings and empires, but whose heart is so close to humanity that his greatest desire is to see his nation lead the world to the reign of peace and happiness, and to drive all strife and suffering from the earth. To this end he is devoting vast riches. It is interesting to note that in this appeal, issued to the peace conferences and embodied in the congressional records of the republic, he proclaims that the solution of universal peace is in the establishment of a Supreme Court of Arbitration at the Hague. It was recently the privilege of THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY, as the repository for historic movements in America, to officially record the first draft of a Constitution of the United Nations of the World, in which this Supreme Court of Arbitration was proposed. The draft of this constitution from these pages was submitted to the members of the legislative bodies of the eighty civilized nations of the world, and is the fundamental doctrine upon which the brotherhood of the nations will ultimately be accomplished under the leadership of the United States of America.—EDITOR




Art

History

Literature





## An Appeal to the American People

**C**ONSIDER the world situation today. Individually the world has advanced in every respect. Physically, intellectually, morally, the race has everywhere risen. Conditions of human life have improved and the sentiment of brotherhood has begun to take root as the various peoples have come to know each other. All this strengthens the faith. We hold that progress, development, is the law of man's being—that which is better than what has been; that to come better than what is; no limit to man's upward ascent.

So much for man viewed individually.

When we come to consider him nationally, all is reversed. The chief nations of Europe have recently retrograded and are now spending nearly one-half of all their revenues arming themselves against each other, as if mankind were still in the savage state.

Fresh clouds have just risen upon the horizon. Never in our day has the world's peace been so seriously threatened. We have been assured that "an overpowering army and navy is the cheap insurance of nations;" that "peace is secured by nations arming themselves until they are too powerful to be attacked;" and "if you wish peace, prepare for war."

These maxims the chief nations have long followed, ever building new and more destructive weapons, yet their relative positions remain substantially the same. None are more secure from attack than before; on the contrary, the danger of war has increased as their attitude as jealous rivals arming themselves against each other has become more and more pronounced. Britain spent upon army and navy last year \$345,000,000, most of this upon her navy; Germany \$233,000,000, about half upon the navy; our peaceful republic expended upon army, navy and war pensions no less than \$470,000,000.

Never were nations as busy as today in the hopeless task of becoming "too powerful to be attacked." Britain has just discovered in Germany a menace to her existence. Germany, having equal rights upon the sea, fails to recognize the right of Britain to remain a menace to her, which she has long been, claiming to be "mistress of the seas." The United States, no longer free from naval conditions, is in no mood to remain menaced by any power. France and Japan are building "Dreadnoughts" which "have returned to plague the inventor," and Russia about to follow. Italy is to build two. Last of all, Austria announces she has resolved to build three "Dreadnoughts." Ominous decision, indeed; suggestive of German alliance. Europe has awakened at last to the presence of impending danger.

Britain and Germany are the principal contestants. Britain has a strong case. She cannot feed her people if supplies of food be interrupted on the sea. The fear of starvation would instantly create panic, and general pillage of food supplies would ensue. She is powerless with open ports and open sea. Hence she claims she must possess overwhelming fleets and must oppose the great advance which the other powers urge—the immunity of commerce upon the sea.

Germany also has a case quite strong enough to give her loyal support of the nation. She also cannot feed her people and has to import largely.





## Mission of Republic & By Andrew Carnegie

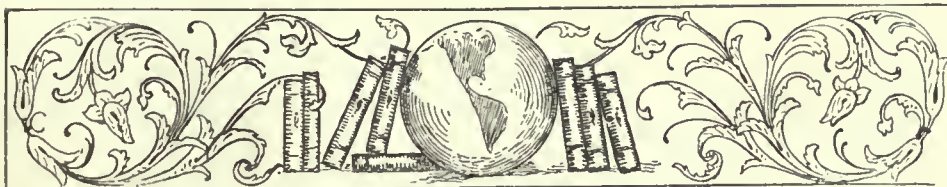
Articles of food were imported in 1906 to the value of over \$1,100,000,000. In a contest, her danger from lack of food supplies would be serious indeed, were imports by sea prevented. Hence she also feels that she must possess an all-sufficient navy.

Nations are only aggregations of men, and the history of man proves the folly of arming themselves in the vain hope of securing immunity from attack. California is one of the most recent examples. Her gold mines attracted hardy adventurers from all parts of the world. Courts of justice were unknown. The maxims quoted above were followed for a time, each individual resolving to become "too powerful to be attacked," and arming himself as the best means of securing peace and safety. The result was entirely the reverse, as it has proved to be with nations. The more men armed themselves the greater the number of deadly feuds. There was no peace. Anarchy was imminent. The best element arose and reversed this policy. At first the vigilance committee, a rude court, was formed of the most enlightened citizens, which was soon superseded by regular courts of law. Only when the arming of men was not permitted did the reign of peace begin. Thus was that community led to peace under law, by disarmament, and thus only can international peace be finally established and nations rest secure under a police force to maintain, never to break the peace. Europe is at last realizing the danger into which the policy of mutual arming has led, but is slow to see that there is but one mode of escape, and that through concurrent action of some or most of the naval powers.


Within a small radius the two gigantic fleets of Britain and Germany will operate, often in sight of each other. The topic of constant discussion in every ship will be their relative power and the consequences of battle. The crews of the respective navies will regard each other with suspicion, jealousy and hatred; in this, representing only too truly the feelings of their countrymen. Under such strain a mere spark will suffice. A few marines ashore from two of the ships, British and German, would be enough; a few words pass between them; an encounter between two begins, both probably under the influence of liquor; one is wounded, blood is shed, and the pent-up passions of the people of both countries sweep all to the winds. The governments are too weak to withstand the whirlwind; or, being men of like passions with their fellows, probably are in part swept away themselves, after years of jealous rivalry, into thirst for revenge. Such the probable result; given national jealousy and hatred, any trifle suffices to produce war.

War has seldom an adequate cause. It is usually stimulated by invidious comparisons as to relative strength and warlike qualities, which render nations suspicious of each other.

The real issue between nations usually matters little. The spirit in which nations approach each other to effect peaceful settlement is everything. No difference too trifling to create war; none too serious for peaceful adjustment. The disposition is all. Secretary Root gave full expression to this vital truth in his address in Washington at the laying of the foundation stone of the Bureau of American Republics. It is one of the







## An Appeal to the American People

many valid objections to the policy of armament that every increase of naval and military power is in the nature of a challenge to other powers, which arouses their jealousy and their fears, rendering them less disposed to settle peacefully any difference that may arise.

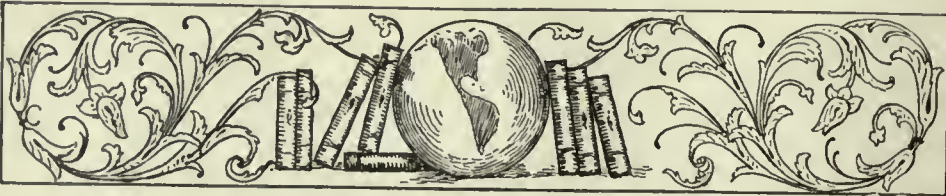
But even if a collision be miraculously avoided, the guiltless, peace-loving naval powers of the world in turn will have been compelled to embark upon the building of excessive navies, many of these obtained and maintained only by extorting millions from people already bordering upon the brink of starvation. A fatal objection to the policy of securing peace through increasing armaments is that success is only attainable by exhausting the resources of rivals, a mutually destructive task, probably ending in exhausting both belligerents; failing that, it results in an armed truce, under which the nations are in perpetual fear of attack, each straining its resources to increase its armament, as they are today.

Hence, to save nations from themselves there must sooner or later emerge from the present unparalleled increase of armaments a league of peace, embracing the most advanced nations, proclaiming that since the world has now shrunk into a neighborhood and is in instantaneous communication, its total commerce yearly exceeding \$28,000,000,000, all civilized nations are deeply interested in world peace, and that the time has passed when any one or two nations can be permitted to break it. Their disputes must be arbitrated. Civilized nations have now acquired a common right to be consulted when the peace of the world is at stake, and the crime of man killing man, the crime of crimes, is threatened.

The late Prime Minister of Britain, in his speech to the Interparliamentary Union in London, two years ago, advocated such a league which would naturally be followed in due course by the international supreme court. This court the last Hague Conference approved in principal unanimously, differing only upon the manner of selecting the judges which is surely a detail not impossible of solution.

The only alternative is an anxious period of ever-increasing armaments and feverish unrest, probably ending in devastating wars, mutually destructive, and sowing the poisonous seeds of jealousy, distrust, and mutual hatred, parents of future wars in generations to come. For what can war but other wars breed?

Meanwhile, let us congratulate ourselves upon the world having moved one step forward. Whatever solution may be found of the war specter, now so luridly appearing before us, this we now know—it can not be through increased armaments. The last few weeks have torn that supposed panacea into fragments. There is nothing left of it. But it has served this great end: It has brought the nations face to face at last with the truth that increased armaments of one mean increased armaments of others, with no gain to either. On the contrary, their rivalry is intensified and the dangers of war greater than before. When either men or nations differ, if one begins to arm, the other loses no time in also grasping his weapon. Peace flies when arming begins. Thus the fallacy that increased armaments insure peace is exploded and another policy must soon be tried.







## PASSING OF THE OLD CIVILIZATION

---


Sculptural Conception of "The Despotic Age" when Tyranny and War  
 Reigned over Mankind—America's Message of Liberty  
 has Emancipated Man from the Thralldom of the  
 Ages and unveiled the Dawn of a Day  
 when there shall be no Bloodshed

477 .

Bronze at the Metropolitan Museum in New York  
 By Isidore Konti, Sculptor  
 Member National Sculpture Society

---





## Mission of Republic & By Andrew Carnegie

Let us remember that Britain and Germany are only two of the naval powers. Our own country today is, as a naval power, second in rank, and there are other powers which have a right to be heard in this crisis dangerous to all, since all are forced to suffer under present conditions. Is our peace-loving Congress, which has shown a wise reluctance for years to any great increase of battleships, to be compelled to reverse its pacific policy and increase our fleet solely because of British and German rivalry, from which we have a right to be free? The nations which have resisted wasting their revenues upon navies and armies, and which wish to continue this pacific policy, have rights in this matter. It cannot be doubted that our President and Secretary of State are today gravely concerned about this momentous question.

We have no right to assume that either Germany or Britain would decline a conference or refuse to consider a league of peace proposed by the late Prime Minister of Britain; but whatever might be the result, we should be able to fix the responsibility for consequences upon the real disturber of the world's peace. The peaceful nations have a right to know the guilty nation or nations, whether one or more—heavy, indeed, will be the responsibility of the guilty.

It seems pre-eminently the mission of our peaceful industrial republic, which most frequently lies beyond the vortex of militarism which engulfs Europe, to lead the world to the reign of peace under law. She it was who lead the Hague Conference in urging an international supreme court. Her Congress, alone among the chief nations, has shown a wise moderation in voting from time to time only one-half the number of "Dreadnoughts" recommended by the Executive. She covets no new territory. On the contrary, she has relinquished control of Cuba, and is preparing the Filipinos for independence, and is at heart the friend of all nations. She has not today one open question with any nation, the last having been referred to the Hague court. She is pre-eminently the apostle of peaceful arbitration. Such is her peaceful policy. Such her example to the disturbing naval powers. One cannot but indulge the hope that our President, in due time, may find a way open, without being intrusive, to exert his vast influence in favor of peace; to call the attention of the two disturbing powers to the fact that our country has a right to speak, if not to protest, in behalf of its own imperiled interests; and perhaps to invite the leading naval powers to consider whether some agreement could not now be reached that would avert the appalling dangers which today threaten to convulse the world in the not distant future.

Meanwhile it is the duty of all our members, as haters of war and lovers of peace, to urge in season and out of season the precious truth that lasting peace is only to be attained by an international league of peace, prepared if necessary, to enforce peace among erring nations, as we enforce obedience to law among erring men; this league finally to be perfected by an international supreme court. "To this complexion must it come at last."





## BURDENS OF THE AGE OF GREED AND STRIFE

479  
Sculptural Conception of Humankind "Earth-bound" and Weighed Down by  
Envy, Jealousy and Warfare which has been Carried on the  
Shoulders of the Generations until Today the Burdens  
are to be Lifted by a New Age of Universal  
Brotherhood and Peace

By Louis Potter of the National Sculpture Society



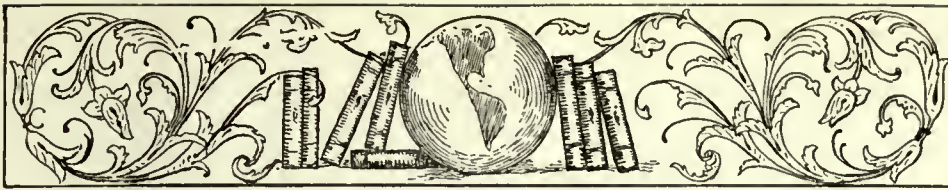


## HARMONICS OF EVOLUTION

Man's Conquest over Self and His Rise from Chaos and Carnage  
to the Light of Love and Reason in which there shall  
be no more War and Mankind shall dwell together  
in Peace, Prosperity and Happiness

By J. Otto Schweizer of Philadelphia  
Member of the National Sculpture Society





# America Responsible to the World

Civilization Looks to America for the Age of Peace  
and Universal Brotherhood & American Professions and  
Principles are in Accord with Highest Hopes of Mankind &  
Historical Record of Address at Lake Mohawk Conference

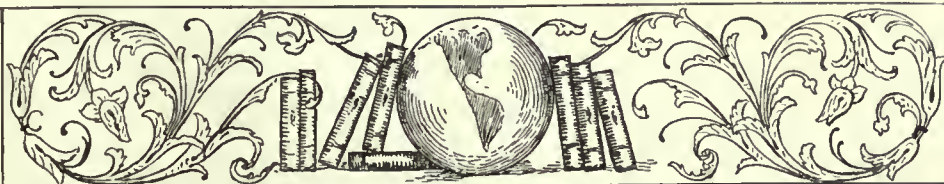
BY

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, LL. D., PH. D.


PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, NEW YORK

**T**ODAY the most optimistic observer of the movement of public opinion in the world, and the most stoutly convinced advocate of international justice, must confess himself perplexed if not amazed by some of the striking phenomena which meet his view. Expenditure for naval armaments is everywhere growing by leaps and bounds. Edmund Burke said that he did not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people; but perhaps it may be easier to detect some of the signs of emotional insanity than to draw an indictment for crime. The storm center of the world's weather today is to be found in the condition of mind of a large portion of the English people. The nation which, for generations, has contributed so powerfully to the world's progress in all that relates to the spread of the rule of law, to the peaceful development of commerce and industry, to the advancement of letters and science, and to the spread of humanitarian ideas, appears to be possessed for the moment—it can only be for the moment—with the evil spirit of militarism. It is hard to reconcile the excited and exaggerated utterances of responsible statesmen in Parliament and on the platform; the loud beating of drums and the sounding of alarms in the public press, even in that portion of it most given to sobriety of judgment; and the flocking of the populace to view a tawdry and highly sensational drama of less than third-rate importance for the sake of its contribution to their mental obsession by hobgoblins and the ghosts of national enemies and invaders, with the traditional temperament of a nation that has acclaimed the work of Howard, Wilberforce and Shaftesbury, whose public life was so long dominated by the lofty personality of William Ewart Gladstone, and of which the real heroes today are the John Milton and the Charles Darwin, whose anniversaries are just now celebrated with so much sincerity and genuine appreciation.

What has happened? If an opinion may be ventured by an observer whose friendliness amounts to real affection, and who is, in high degree, jealous of the repute of the English people and of their place in the van of the world's civilization, it is that this lamentable outburst is attendant upon a readjustment of relative position and importance among the nations of the earth, due to economic and intellectual causes, which readjustment is interpreted in England, unconsciously, of course, in terms of the politics of the first Napoleon, rather than in terms of the politics of the industrial and intelligent democracies of the Twentieth Century. Germany is steadily gaining in importance in the world, and England is, in







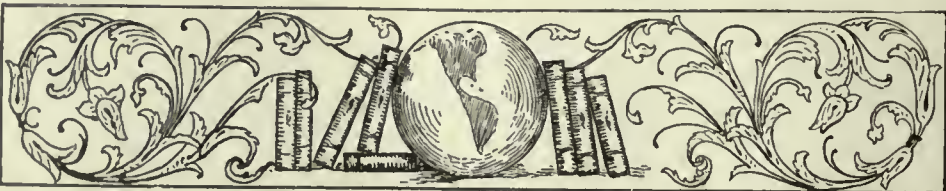
## America's Responsibility to the World

turn, losing some of her long-standing relative primacy. The causes are easy to discover, and are in no sense provocative of war or strife. Indeed, it is highly probable that war, if it should come with all its awful consequences, would only hasten the change it was entered upon to prevent.


It must not be forgotten that while there has long existed in Europe a German people, yet the German nation as such is a creation of very recent date. With the substantial completion of German political unity after the Franco-Prussian war, there began an internal development in Germany even more significant and more far reaching in its effects than that which was called into existence by the trumpet voice of Fichte after the disastrous defeat of the Prussian army by Napoleon at Jena, and guided by the hands of Stein and Hardenberg. This later development has been fundamentally economic and educational in character, and has been directed with great skill toward the development of the nation's foreign commerce, the husbanding of its own natural resources, and the comfort and health of the masses of its rapidly growing population.

Within a short generation the pressure of German competition has been severely felt in the trade and commerce of every part of the world. The two most splendid fleets engaged in the Atlantic carrying trade fly the German flag. Along either coast of South America, in the waters of China and Japan, in the ports of the Mediterranean, and on the trade routes to India and Australia, the German flag has become almost as familiar as the English. The intensive application of the discoveries of theoretical science to industrial processes has made Germany, in a sense, the world's chief teacher in its great international school of industry and commerce. With this over-sea trade expansion has gone the building of a German navy. It appears to be the building of this navy which has so excited many of the English people. For the moment we are not treated to the well-worn paradox that the larger a nation's navy the less likely it is to be used in combat and the more certain is the peace of the world. The old Adam asserts himself long enough to complain, in this case, at least, that if a navy is building in Germany it must be intended for offensive use; and against whom could the Germans possibly intend to use a navy except against England? Their neighbors, the French and the Russians, they could readily, and with less risk, overrun with their great army. The United States is too far away to enter into the problem as a factor of any real importance. Therefore the inference is drawn that the navy must be intended for an attack upon England. It is worth while noting that, on this theory, the German navy now building appears to be the first of modern navies intended for military uses. It alone of all the world's navies, however large, however costly, is not a messenger of peace.

One must needs ask, then, what reason is to be found in the nature of the German people, in the declaration of their responsible rulers, or in the political relations between Germany and any other nation, for the belief that the German navy alone, among all modern navies, is building for a warlike purpose? Those of us who feel that the business of navy building is being greatly overdone, and that it cannot for a moment be reconciled with sound public policy or with the increasingly insistent demands for social improvements and reforms, may well wish that the German naval programme were much more restricted than it is. But waiving that point for a moment, what ground is there for the suspicion which is so widespread in England and Germany, and for the imputation to Germany







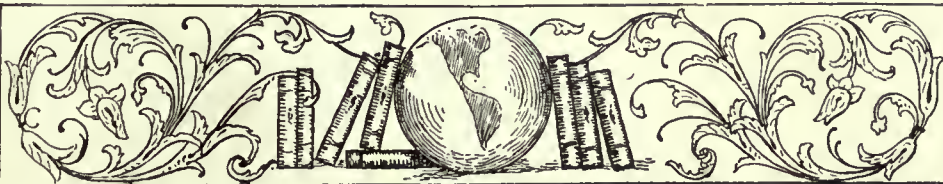
## Universal Peace & By Nicholas Butler

of evil intentions toward England? Speaking for myself, and making full use for such opportunities for accurate information as I have had, I say with the utmost emphasis and with entire sincerity that I do not believe there is any ground whatever for those suspicious or for those imputations. Nor, what is more important, has adequate ground for those suspicions and imputations been given by any responsible person.

Are we to believe, for example, that the whole public life in both Germany and England is part of an opera-bouffe, and that all the public declarations of responsible leaders of opinion are meaningless or untrue? Are the increasingly numerous international visits of municipal officials, of clergymen, of teachers, of trade unionists, of newspaper men as well as the cordial and intimate reception given them by their hosts, all a sham and a pretense? Have all these men daggers in their hands and subtle poisons in their pockets? Are we to assume that there is no truth or frankness or decency left in the world? Are nations in the Twentieth Century, and nations that represent the most in modern civilization at that, so lost to shame that they fall upon each other's necks and grasp each other's hands and swear eternal fealty as conditions precedent to making an unannounced attack upon each other during a fog? Even the public morality of the Sixteenth Century would have revolted at that. The whole idea is too preposterous for words, and it is the duty of the thoughtful and sincere friends of the English people, in this country and in every country, to use every effort to bring them to see that unreasonableness, to use no stronger term, of the attitude toward Germany which they are at present made to assume.

But, says the objector, England is an island nation. Unless she commands the sea absolutely her national existence is in danger; any strong navy in hands that may become unfriendly threatens her safety. Therefore she is justified in being suspicious of any nation that builds a big navy. That formula has been repeated so often that almost everybody believes it. There was a time when it was probably, and within limits, true. One cannot but wonder, however, whether it is true any longer. In the first place, national existence does not now depend upon military and naval force. Italy is safe; so are Holland and Portugal, Mexico and Canada. Then, the possibilities of aerial navigation alone, with the resulting power of attacking a population or a fleet huddled beneath a cloud of monsters travelling through the air and willing to risk their own existence and the lives of their occupants for the opportunity to approach near enough to enable a vital injury to be inflicted upon other people, to say nothing of the enginery of electricity, have changed the significance of the word "island." Although an island remains, as heretofore, a body of land entirely surrounded by water, yet that surrounding water is no longer to be the only avenue of approach to it, its possessions, and its inhabitants. Even if we speak in the most approved language of militarism itself, it is apparent that a fleet a mile wide will not long protect England from attack or invasion, or from starvation, if the attacking or invading party is in command of the full resources of modern science and modern industry. But if justice be substituted for force, England will always be safe; her achievements for the past thousand years have been made certain.

The greatest present obstacle to the limitation of the armaments under the weight of which the world is staggering toward bankruptcy;






"THOU SHALT NOT KILL"

---

Warning of the Voice of the Prophets to the Nations  
Sculptural Conception of "Hebrew Law"  
at the Brooklyn Institute of  
Arts and Sciences

By Augustus Lukeman of the National Sculpture Society



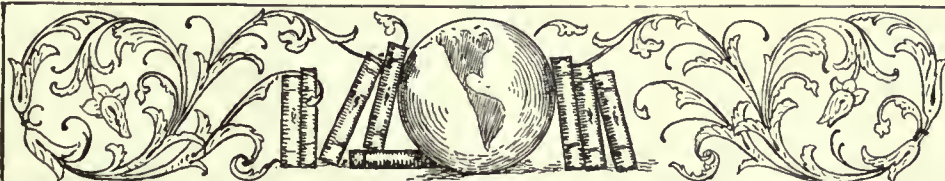


## Universal Peace By Nicholas Butler


the greatest obstacle to carrying forward those social and economic reforms for which every nation is crying out, that its population may be better housed, the public health more completely protected, and the burden of unemployment lifted from the backs of the wage-earning classes, appears to many to be the insistence by England on what it calls the "two-power naval standard." So long as the British Empire circles the globe and so long as its ships and its goods are to be found in every port, the British navy will, by common consent, be expected to be much larger and more powerful than that of any other nation. Neither in France nor in Germany nor in Japan nor in America would that proposition be disputed. Even the two-power standard might not bring poverty and distress and wasteful expenditure to other nations if naval armaments were limited by agreement or were diminishing in strength. But, insisted upon in an era of rapidly increasing armaments, in this day of "Dreadnoughts," the two-power standard leads, and must inevitably lead, to huge programmes of naval construction in every nation where the patriotism and good sense of the people do not put a stop to this modern form of madness. The practical sense of the world is against it; only so-called "expert theories" are on its side.

Under the prodding of alarmists in Parliament, and the press, a Liberal ministry has been compelled to say that it would propose and support measures for naval aggrandizement and expenditure based upon the principle that the fighting strength of the British navy must be kept always one-tenth greater than the sum total of the fighting strength of the two next most powerful navies in the world. At first it was even proposed to include the navy of the United States in making this computation. Later that position was fortunately retreated from. But it will be observed that in computing the so-called "two-power standard" the English jingoes count as contingent enemies the French and the Japanese, with both of whom their nation is in closest alliance, and also the Russians, with whom the English are now on terms of cordial friendship. In other words, unless all such treaties of alliance and comity are a fraud and a sham, these nations, at least, should be omitted from the reckoning. This would leave no important navy save that of Germany to be counted in possible opposition. For this reason, it is just now alike the interest and the highest opportunity for service of America and of the world to bring about the substitution of cordial friendship between England and Germany for the suspicion and distrust which so widely prevail. When this is done, a long step toward an international agreement for the limitation of armaments will have been taken; new progress can then be made in the organization of the world on those very principles for which the English themselves have time-long stood, and for whose development and application they have made such stupendous sacrifices and performed such herculean service.

If America were substituted for England, it would be difficult to see how any responsible statesmen who had read the majority and minority reports recently laid before Parliament by the poor-law commission could for one moment turn aside from the stern duty of national protection against economic, educational and social evils at home to follow the will-o'-the-wisp of national protection against a non-existent foreign enemy. England today, in her own interest, needs to know Germany better; to learn from Germany, to study with care her schools and universities, her





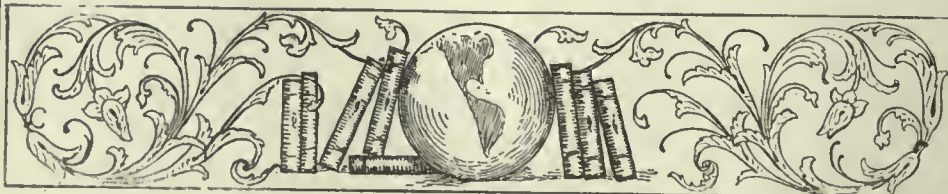


## America's Responsibility to the World

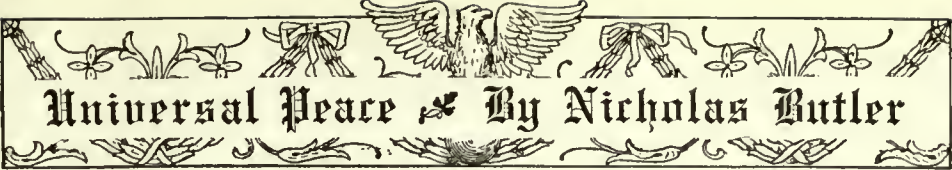
system of workingmen's insurance, of old-age pensions, of accident insurance, of sanitary and tenement-house inspection and reform, and all her other great social undertakings, rather than to spend time and energy and an impoverished people's money in the vain task of preparing, by monumental expenditure and waste, to meet a condition of international enmity which has only an imaginary existence. It is the plain duty of the friends of both England and Germany—and what right-minded man is not the warm friend and admirer of both these splendid peoples—to exert every possible influence to promote a better understanding of each of these peoples by the other, a fuller appreciation of the services of each to modern civilization, and to point out the folly, not to speak of the wickedness, of permitting the seeds of discord to be sown between them by any element in the population of either.

I like to think that the real England and the real Germany found voice on the occasion of a charming incident which it was my privilege to witness in September of last year. At the close of the impressive meeting of the Interparliamentary Union, held in Berlin, the German Imperial Chancellor offered the gracious and bountiful hospitality of his official residence to the hundreds of representatives of foreign parliamentary bodies then gathered in the German capital. Standing under the spreading trees of his own great gardens, surrounded by the leaders of German scholarship and of German political thought, Prince von Bulow was approached by more than two score members of the British Parliament, with Lord Weardale at their head. In a few impressive, eloquent and low-spoken sentences Lord Weardale expressed to the Chancellor what he believed to be the real feeling of England toward Germany, and what he felt should be the real relationship to exist between the two governments and the two peoples. In words equally cordial and quite as eloquent, Prince von Bulow responded to Lord Weardale with complete sympathy and without reserve. The incident made a deep impression upon the small group who witnessed it. It was over in a few minutes. It received no word in the public press, but in my memory it remains as a weighty and, I hope, as a final refutation of the widespread impression that England and Germany are at bottom hostile, and are drifting inevitably toward the maelstrom of an armed conflict. What could more surely lead to conviction of high crimes and misdemeanors at the bar of history than for two cultured peoples, with political and intellectual traditions in their entirety unequaled in the world's history, in this Twentieth Century to tear each other to pieces like infuriated gladiators in a bloody arena? The very thought is revolting, and the mere suggestion of it ought to dismay the civilized world.

The aim of all rational and practicable activity for the permanent establishment of the world's peace, and for the promotion of justice, is and must always be the education of the world's opinion. Governments, however popular and however powerful, have ceased to dominate; everywhere public opinion dominates governments. As never before, public opinion is concerning itself with the solution of grave economic and social questions which must be solved aright if the great masses of the world's population are to share comfort and happiness. A nation's credit means the general belief in its ability to pay in the future. That nation which persistently turns away from the consideration of those economic and social questions, upon which the productive power of its population must







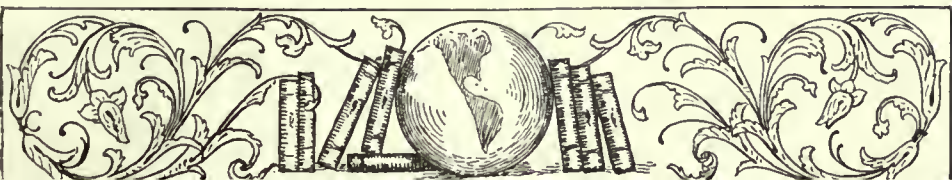
## Universal Peace & By Nicholas Butler

in last resort depend, limits and eventually destroys its own credit. That nation which insists, in response to cries more or less inarticulate and to formulas more or less outworn, upon spending the treasure taken from its population in taxes upon useless and wasteful armaments, hastens its day for doom, for it impairs its credit, or ultimate borrowing capacity, in a double way. It not only extends, unproductively and wastefully, vast sums of the nation's taxes, but it substitutes this unproductive and wasteful expenditure for an expenditure of equal amount, which might well be both productive and uplifting. The alternative to press upon the attention of mankind is that of huge armaments or social and economic improvement. The world cannot have both. There is a limit to man's capacity to yield up taxes for public use. Economic consumption is now heavily taxed everywhere. Accumulated wealth is being sought out in its hiding places, and is constantly being loaded with a heavier burden. All this cannot go on forever. The world must choose between pinning its faith to the symbols of a splendid barbarism and devoting its energies to the tasks of an enlightened civilization.


Despite everything, the political organization of the world in the interest of peace and justice proceeds apace. The movement is as sure as that of an Alpine glacier, and it has now become much more easily perceptible.

There is to be established at the Hague beyond any question, either by the next Hague Conference or before it convenes, by the leading nations of the world, acting along the lines of the principles adopted at the Second Hague Conference two years ago, a high court of international justice. It is as clearly indicated as anything can be that that court is to become the supreme court of the nations of the world.

The Interparliamentary Union, which has within a few weeks adopted a permanent form of organization and chosen a permanent secretary whose headquarters are to be in the Peace Palace at The Hague itself—an occurrence of the greatest public importance, which has, to my knowledge, received absolutely no mention in the press—now attracts to its membership representatives of almost every parliamentary body in existence. At the last meeting of the Interparliamentary Union, held in Berlin, the parliament of Japan, the Russian Douma, and the newly organized Turkish parliament were all represented. By their side sat impressive delegations from the parliaments of England, of France, of Germany, of Austria-Hungary, of Italy, of Belgium, of the Netherlands, and of the Scandinavian nations, as well as eight or ten representatives of the American Congress. In this Interparliamentary Union, which has now passed through its preliminary or experimental stage, lies the germ of a coming federation of the world's legislatures which will be established in the near future, and whose powers and functions, if not precisely defined at first, will grow naturally from consultative to that authority of which wisdom and justice can never be divested. Each year that the representatives of a national parliament sit side by side with the representatives of the parliaments of other nations, look their colleagues in the face, and discuss with them freely and frankly important matters of international concern, it will become more difficult for them to go back and vote a declaration of war against the men from whose consultation room they have but just come. Among honest men, amity breeds confidence, not contempt.







## America's Responsibility to the World

Where then, in this coming political organization of the world, is the international executive power to be found? Granting that we have at The Hague an international court; granting that we have sitting, now at one national capital and now at another, what may be called a consultative international parliament, in what direction is the executive authority to be looked for? The answer to this vitally important question has been indicated by no less an authority than Senator Root, in his address before the American Society of International Law, more than a year ago. Mr. Root then referred to the fact that because there is an apparent absence of sanction for the enforcement of the rules of international law, great authorities have denied that those rules are entitled to be classed as law at all. He pointed out that this apparent inability to execute in the field of international politics a rule agreed upon as law, seems to many minds to render quite futile the further discussion of the political organization of the world. Mr. Root, however, had too practical as well as too profound a mind to rest content with any such lame and impotent conclusion. He went on to show, as he readily could, that nations day by day yield to arguments which have no compulsion behind them, and that, as a result of such argument, they are constantly changing policies, modifying conduct, and offering redress for injuries. Why is this? Because, as Mr. Root pointed out, the public opinion of the world is the true international executive. No law, not even municipal law, can long be effective without a supporting public opinion. It may take its place upon the statute book, all constitutional and legislative requirements having been carefully complied with; yet it may, and does, remain a dead letter unless public opinion cares enough about it, believes enough in it, to vitalize it and to make it real.

In this same direction lies the highest hope of civilization. What the world's public opinion demands of nations or of international conferences it will get. What the world's public opinion is determined to enforce will be enforced. The occasional brawler and disturber of the peace in international life will one day be treated as is the occasional brawler and disturber of the peace in the streets of a great city. The aim of this conference, and of every gathering of like character, must insistently and persistently be the education of the public opinion of the civilized world.

We Americans have a peculiar responsibility toward the political organization of the world. Whether we recognize it or not, we are universally looked to, if not to lead in this undertaking, at least to contribute powerfully toward it. Our professions and our principles are in accord with the highest hopes of mankind. We owe it to ourselves, to our reputation and to our influence, that we do not by our conduct belie those principles and those professions; that we do not permit selfish interests to stir up among us international strife and ill feeling; that we do not permit the noisy boisterousness of irresponsible youth, however old in years or however high in place, to lead us into extravagant expenditure for armies and navies; and that, most of all, we shall cultivate at home and in our every relation, national and international, that spirit of justice which we urge so valiantly upon others. *Si vis pacem para pacem!*





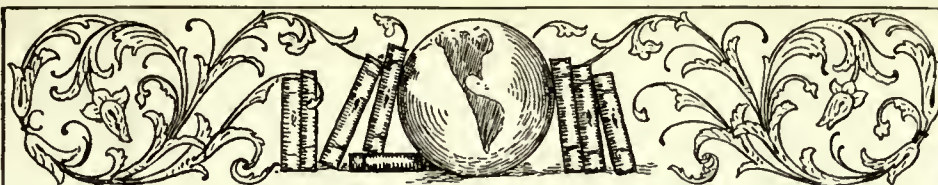


489- SIGNING THE COMPACT IN THE CABIN OF THE MAYFLOWER—Memorial in Plymouth Church,  
 Brooklyn, New York By Frederick Stymetz Lamb of New York  
 Executed by J. and R. Lamb



WILLIAM PENN SUBMITTING DRAFT OF FIRST CONSTITUTION OF PENNSYLVANIA—Memoria  
in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York—By Frederick Stymetz Lamb  
of New York—Executed by J. and R. Lamb





# Historical Painting in America

Art as a True Record of a Nation's Progress & Memorializing the Historical Development of a Great People and Its Value to the Annals of Civilization & The Permanent Influence of Pictorial Impressions in the Preservation of the Traditions of a Nation and Its Effect Upon National Spirit and Character

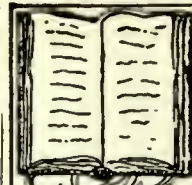
WITH DEDICATORY REMARKS BY

DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS


Pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York

INTRODUCTORY BY THE EDITOR


**T**HE American people are beginning to recognize that Art is as true a record of a Nation's progress as that of written scroll. The permanent influence of pictorial impression is oftentimes greater than that of the written word, and its effect more lasting upon national spirit and character. Historians have always been loathe to admit the value of Art in the historical annals of a nation, but modern American thought and progress, nevertheless, are granting eminent recognition to the painter and pigments. That the artist has always been an historian has been proved by the generations who have gathered a truer conception of the Old World civilization from its priceless masterpieces than from any other source. It is further evidenced in the New World civilization by the installation and dedication of the stained glass windows in historic Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn, New York, depicting the chronological development of Puritan character and its influences on American foundations and life. It is the privilege of these pages to reproduce here a collection of these eminent contributions to the nation's historical records. These windows will impress their historical truths more indelibly upon the minds of the thousands that will witness them than that of any possible printed word. They tell their own story of the foundations upon which a great civilization has been built. Accompanying this historical record are excerpts from the dedicatory remarks of Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of the famous Plymouth Church, where these contributions to American history and art have been unveiled. The reproductions are with the special permission of the artist, Frederick Stymetz Lamb, from original prints loaned from his studio for this record in THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY. The painter studied at the Beaux Arts, and with Mon. Le Fevre and Boulabger. He was an honor student under M. Millet. In America he was an organizing member of the Municipal Art Society, the National Society of Mural Painters, the National Arts Club, and the American Society for the Preservation of Scenic and Historic Places. Among his many important historical works is the design of the entire scheme of glass for the Leland Stanford University. He is also a recipient of a Gold Medal from the French Government in recognition of his work in glass. The studies for these windows were made from the best authenticated portraits, with fidelity to historical accuracy in the costumes.—EDITOR







## Dedicatory Remarks by Dr. Newell Hillis



**T**HE renaissance was the reformation of the intellect in Italy. The reformation was the renaissance of the conscience in Germany. The Elizabethan age of Shakespeare was the flowering of the reason in England. The political revolution in England was the flowering of conscience. The Pilgrim Fathers' founding of the New England was the flowering and fruiting of the will, taught by the new intellect, refreshed by the newly quickened conscience, and supported by the presence of the over-ruling God. . . . They were led by Cambridge men of the highest culture. In his history of England, Green tells us that the progress of England for the last two hundred and fifty years has been nothing but the history of these Puritans, half of whom remained at home and half of whom\* came to found a new England.

The impulse that brought them was purely religious. On the prow of Columbus' vessel stood the Spirit of Science; the unseen pilot on Francis Drake's ship was the Spirit of Adventure; Cortez was moved by the love of gold; but the Spirit of Religion guided the destiny of the little "Mayflower," that was freighted with issues more important to democracy than that of any ship that ever put out to sea. These Pilgrim Fathers claimed for themselves, in the hour they sailed, the command given to Abraham, "Get thee out from thy country unto a land which I shall show thee, and in thee and in thy children shall all the families of the earth be blessed." Their watchwords were five: Liberty, equality, opportunity, intelligence, and integrity. Liberty for every man to work out his own destiny; equality that every man of every order and degree of talent, like shrub and vine, oak and palm, might unfold each his own gift and do his own work in God's way; opportunity, that all should have a chance to work and grow, the baker's son and the widow's boy alike bearing the image of God, both being free to climb as high as ambition, industry and talent warrant; intelligence, and integrity, that sound knowledge and moral worth are the foundation of all individual excellence and national greatness.

In retrospect, all men now perceive that Plymouth Rock, where our Pilgrim Fathers landed, is the true Bethlehem of Democracy, the cradle of Liberty. Therefore, in these windows we seek to register the story of God's providence. What God thought it worth while to do, we think worth while to celebrate and remember. Some churches limit the windows in their buildings to the age of the prophets and the apostles. No man can over-estimate the importance of such recognition through ecclesiastical art and architecture.


But the time has fully come for us to widen our thoughts. When we proposed these windows, setting forth the immanence of God, in the countenance of his loving providence, and asserting that God is pouring out His spirit upon all flesh, through the Puritans, some men called it sacrilegious. But when long time has passed, the storm of controversy and criticism will die out of the air. Men will understand that the setting





493  
 HUGUENOTS IN THE CAROLINAS AND THEIR INFLUENCE UPON THE SOUTH—Memorial in  
 Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York—By Frederick Stymetz Lamb of  
 New York—Executed by J. and R. Lamb





## Beginning of New Art Movement in America

forth of what God did for our fathers does not deny what God did also for the prophets and apostles. It rather supplements and completes the story. Once medieval art was bound in grave-clothes. When liberty to choose new subjects came, the renaissance of art came also. Is it not God pouring out His spirit upon American artists? Has not the era of conventional angels, and conventional prophets, and conventional apostles fully passed? Do not say that the era of romance and poetry is gone. It has just come. God poured out his spirit on Millet. Men had thought that the only sacred subjects were a prophet with a staff, but Millet took a peasant boy and girl with their hoes. He steeped the clods in poetry, bathed the hoe handles in romance, and made them glisten like the sceptre of God.

This old Puritan meeting-house will henceforth publish the story of the Pilgrim Fathers and the pioneers of modern religious liberty, and declare the democracy of Jesus and the universality of God. And when the controversy has died away, we hope and pray that men all over this land will give up the old conventional art, and through the windows in library and chapel and church the sons and daughters of the republic may come to feel that the God who once walked with holy men in Palestine still walks and works with the soldiers who keep the state in liberty, with our surgeons and physicians who keep the state in health, with our educators who keep the state in wisdom and knowledge, with our publicists and statesmen who keep the state in law and ethics, with our merchants and manufacturers who feed and clothe the people, with our poets and prophets who inspire and support the pilgrim host. There are no better themes for stained glass, in solemn aisles and glorious windows of libraries and galleries, than the themes of modern liberty, religious and political, where God hath made known His will to men. In the full confidence of a new era of art, in our chapels and libraries and churches, we have set forth the influence of Puritanism upon the people and institutions of the republic.

### HISTORY OF THE PURITANS RELATED IN AMERICAN ART

**T**HE whole history of Puritanism and its influence upon the people and institutions of the republic is told in these windows. Those which pertain directly to the Puritans in the New World are reproduced in these pages, although the Old World antecedents are included in the series of historical windows in Plymouth Church. Modern Democracy and liberty began with the Plea for the Bill of Rights before Charles the First. The plea was made by John Hampden called "the most patrician gentleman of his era," and John Pym, the first man in history to be spoken of as "the Old Man Eloquent." The two patriots organized a movement against the doctrine of the divine right of kings. They denied the king's right to impose taxes and personally expend the people's money. At the risk of the Tower or the headsman's axe, they insisted upon the rights and duties of the people's elected representatives. When Charles demanded

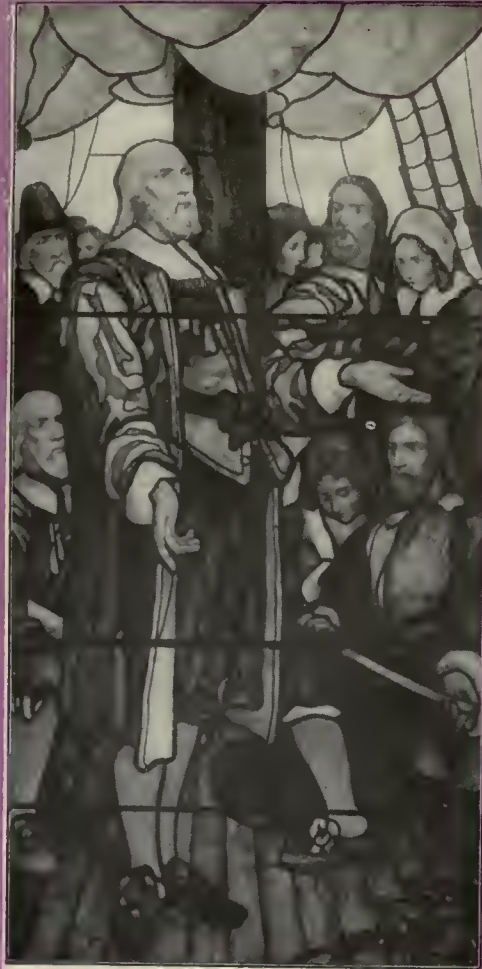






LANDING OF THE FIRST DUTCH MINISTER AT NEW AMSTERDAM—Jonas Michaelius—Memorial in  
 Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York—By Frederick Stymetz Lamb of  
 New York—Executed by J. and R. Lamb

495




COMING OF THE PURITANS—Last Prayer of John Robinson on the Deck of the "Speedwell"—Memoria in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York—By Frederick Stymetz Lamb of New York—Executed by J. and R. Lamb





497  
DAWN OF PERSONAL LIBERTY IN AMERICA—Roger Williams Settling Rhode Island—Memorial in  
Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York—By Frederick Stymetz Lamb of  
New York—Executed by J. and R. Lamb





## Beginning of New Art Movement in America

the persons of three members of the House whose criticisms of the throne were offensive, the Speaker answered "I have no ears with which to hear your commands, no hands with which to arrest these members, no eyes with which to see them, until the House of Commons, by a majority of votes, bids me so do." Their plea for the rights of the people was made in the House of Parliament. Hampden is speaking, and about Charles are grouped the Earl of Strafford, Archbishop Laud, Prince Rupert and Lord Digby.

John Milton made the first plea for the freedom of the Press. He believed that the people had full power to distinguish between truth and falsehood, wisdom and error. He insisted that the printing-press must sow the land with the good seed of universal wisdom and knowledge. To this end the author, the philosopher, and statesman must be free to publish their views. He made a thrilling protest against the imprisonment of a writer because his pamphlets and books were unfriendly to the existing government. The influence of the Areopagitica has been world-wide. No record exists of the argument, save in a printed form. The window therefore represents Milton as seated in his study, surrounded by manuscripts and illuminated missals, and writing his plea for intellectual liberty. Although a Puritan by conviction, John Milton was a courtier, and throughout his entire career as Secretary of State during Oliver Cromwell's Protectorate, the poet dressed in the rich costume of the era.

During his boyhood, Oliver Cromwell witnessed the flogging and mutilation of a Non-conformist clergyman. The old minister was at once author, orator and preacher. The youth was stirred to a fury of indignation when he heard later that three hundred of the moral teachers of England had been imprisoned or exiled. Then and there he registered a vow that if God ever gave him the opportunity of smiting ecclesiastical intolerance and bigotry, that he would strike the hardest blow that he could. Some years passed by, and Cromwell had climbed to England's greatest palace, Whitehall. As Lord Protector of the Commonwealth, one day he heard that George Fox, the Quaker, had been thrust into jail, because he would not conform. Oliver Cromwell brought the Quaker out and gave him his liberty. He announced his judgment that the commonwealth should be founded upon liberty, toleration and charity in religion. After his release George Fox went to Hampton Court, where the interview with the Lord Protector took place.

When some of the Puritans found they could not live a free life, and work out their own mission and destiny under bishop and king, they removed to Holland. There they dwelt apart, for twenty years. They maintained an absolute democracy, political and ecclesiastical. Their leader was John Robinson, a man of unique genius and character, the author of the proverb. "More light is yet to break forth from God's throne." Robinson was one of the pioneers and heroes of religious liberty. He believed that to the Pilgrim Fathers, as to Abraham, God had said in His providence, "Get thee out from thy country and thy kindred to a land which I will show thee. And I will bless thee, and in thee and thy children








249  
 BIRTH OF THE GREAT WEST—Manassas Cutler Crossing the Appalachian Range—Memorial in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York—By Frederick Stymetz Lamb of New York Executed by J. and R. Lamb





## Beginning of New Art Movement in America

after thee shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." On the 20th of September, 1620, John Robinson and the Pilgrim Fathers marched down the street of Delithaven reciting a psalm. Kneeling on the deck of the "Speedwell" he committed the pilgrim band into the guidance of that God who holds the sea in the hollow of His hand, and bringeth the storm-tossed into the desired haven. About Robinson, are grouped the leaders of the company.

From the beginning the Pilgrim Fathers recognized the all but insurmountable obstacles to the founding of a colony and the subduing of a continent. Forecasting these difficulties, they determined to enter into a solemn compact for mutual aid and comfort, in the interest of unity of action, and strength against all enemies. The genius of the compact is, each for all, and all for each. The principles set forth have been called the seed corn from which grew the Declaration and the Constitution.

The log book of the "Mayflower" runs thus: "This day, before we came to harbour, observing some not well effected to unity and concord, but giving some appearance of faction, it was thought good there should be an association and agreement that we should combine together in one body, and to submit to such government as we should by common consent agree to make and choose." In this window appear Carver, Bradford and Winslow, all governors of the colony at later dates.

Much to the surprise of the leaders, the "Mayflower" touched the coast of Massachusetts instead of the Virginias. After careful exploration of the shore, by men sent forth to spy out the land, Plymouth was selected as the site of the colony. "We came to a conclusion by the most voices to set on the main land on the first place, on a high ground, where there is a great deal of land cleared, and hath been planted with corn three or four years ago; and there is a sweet brook that runs under the hillside, and as many delicious springs of good water as can be drunk, and where we may harbour our shallops and boats exceeding well." In the foreground of the window are Brewster, Governor Carver and Priscilla Alden, representing the church, the civil government and the family. In the distance is the "Mayflower," and in the background men debarking from the vessel.

From the moment of their landing the Pilgrim Fathers and the Puritans planned the education of the Indians. From London came a letter from John Eliot, who coveted the task of missionary to the forest children. Soon after an invitation was sent from the colony that was accepted by Eliot, who landed in Boston in 1631, and immediately began his preparation for evangelizing the Indians. He soon found a young chief who spoke the English fluently, and, working together, Eliot and the Indian made the first dictionary and grammar and translated the Bible into the Indian tongue. Eliot soon became known as the Apostle to the Indians, and the story of his influence, reaching England, moved John Hampden to visit the colony. Tradition tells us that John Hampden walked from Boston to the banks of the Connecticut, where John Eliot was then encamped with a tribe of Indians. In a few years Eliot built up a strong








501' FOUNDATION UPON WHICH A NATION WAS LAID—The Landing of the Pilgrims—Memorial in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York—By Frederick Stymetz Lamb of New York—Executed by J. and R. Lamb





## Beginning of New Art Movement in America

Indian church. On his return to Boston, the Apostle to the Indians recommended the policy of peace and good will, urging a treaty of friendship along the lines afterwards wrought out so successfully by William Penn, in Philadelphia. Had Eliot's recommendations prevailed, it is believed that the white man's relation with the Indian during the past centuries might have been one of peace and friendship, instead of bitter hate and cruel warfare.

Twelve years after their landing at Plymouth, the Puritans united to found Harvard College, in the interest of the higher education. Free institutions and the democracy assumed that every colonist was not simply a patriot towards his country and a Christian toward his God, but a scholar toward the intellect. In the monarchy it is necessary to educate only the royal family and the upper ruling class. In the republic, where all are kings and rulers, all must be made scholars. Training in the fundamentals was not enough. Men must be made wise toward political problems, economic problems, social problems, and moral problems. At a time when they had scarcely enough strong men to act as trustees, and to serve as teachers, the Puritans founded an institution of the higher education, anticipating a day when young men would crowd their rooms. The founder of the college was John Harvard, who died six years after the first timbers were lifted into their places. The record of Harvard University says, when John Harvard died, in 1638, it was found it had pleased God to stir up his heart to give one-half of his estate toward the erecting of a college, and all his library. The committee that met John Harvard, and received at his hands the gift, was composed of twelve prominent members of the colony. In the window there appear the figures of Governor Winthrop, the minister John Cotton, Shepard and others.

This wonderful story in American foundations includes art windows depicting—Roger Williams and Personal Liberty, Rhode Island; John Hooker's Plea for Independency, The Contribution of Connecticut; The Contribution of "Brave Little Holland," and the Dutch in New York; The Quaker's Gospel of the Inner Light and the Peace Movement in Pennsylvania; The Cavalier, and the Contribution of the Episcopacy, Virginia; The Huguenot, and His Influence upon the South; The Overflow of Puritanism upon the Great West; The World Movement, the Haystack Prayer Meeting at Williams College, and the Founding of the American Board in 1806.

It is one of the most complete records of American foundations that has ever been placed before the American people and will become an historic shrine before which travellers will stand as they do before the ancient cathedrals of Europe. These windows are the beginning of a new epoch in American history in which the churches of the nation are to become the shrines of tourists, of historians and of the people of the nations who desire to look upon the historical, spiritual, and intellectual influences that have built the greatest civilization that the world has ever known.





503

BEGINNING OF INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM IN AMERICA—Founding of Harvard College—Memorial in Plymouth Church Brooklyn, New York—By Frederick Stymetz Lamb of New York—Executed by J. and R. Lamb



LIGHT OF CIVILIZATION ON THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE—John Eliot Preaching to the Indians  
 Memorial in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York—By Frederick Stymetz Lamb  
 of New York—Executed by J. and R. Lamb






# Adventures of First White Settlers in the Mississippi Valley

Experiences  
of the Pioneers in the  
Great Dominion of Middle West & Trade  
in Ores, Furs and Hides from the Lake Regions down  
to the Gulf & The Story of Julien Dubuque and his Rich Mines  
in the Wilds which have since blossomed into the Great State of Iowa


BY  
DAN ELBERT CLARK  
IOWA CITY, IOWA

**T**HIS is one of the most romantic chapters in American history. It is the story of the old days along the Mississippi Valley, when all beyond was a vast wilderness. The mighty river was the only thoroughfare for the men of the then Far North, who brought their furs and hides and ores from the lake regions down to the gulf where old Spain still reigned in all her monarchical glory. It was in these days that old Quebec was the "queen of the north" and towered in all her ancient triumph on her citadel in the St. Lawrence, where Britain and France fought out the destiny of the great dominion of the middle west in the North American Continent. These were the days when the national tongue of the continent was decided—should the new western world speak the language of the English or should it endow its generations with the melodious tongue of old France. These, and many other destinies, were fought out at the great Gibraltar of America, where "Montgomery, Wolfe, Montcalm—three mighty men" gave their lives to American history. This narrative relates the adventures of one of the pioneers of the middle west, and his experiences in St. Louis when it was but a trading post flying the Spanish flag. It is especially interesting at this time when St. Louis, now one of the greatest American cities, is in its centennial year. The narrative reveals the true character of the man who first settled the vast and rich territory now known as the Commonwealth of Iowa, a name which signifies "the beautiful country." It tells of his discovery of rich mines and his courageous fight to secure a title which would insure him the full ownership and possession of the opulent region, only to die at last in poverty. Upon his life, however, was built a great American commonwealth, which, while it passed through many destinies from Spanish to French to English, came at last to its own and is today one of the greatest states in the American Union. For many years this magnificent country was neglected by Congress; then it became a part of Michigan; later it was added to Wisconsin—all within the memory of many who will read these lines, for it was not until 1846 that the territory of Iowa was admitted into the United States of America.—EDITOR





## First White Settlers in Mississippi Valley



**O**N the southern bank of the St. Lawrence, in the District of Three Rivers, lay the little village of St. Pierre les Brequets. Fifty miles down the river rose the mighty fortress of Quebec, while at an equal distance to the southward was gay Montreal with its ever changing throng of traders, trappers and soldiers of fortune. It was the tenth day of January, 1762, and the wintry winds howled around the cabins of the little hamlet. Without, all was snow clad and desolate, but there was rejoicing in the cabin of Noel Augustin Dubuque and his wife, Marie, for a son had been born. We may well imagine that, following the custom of his time, the proud father had called in his friends and neighbors to celebrate the happy event with songs and feasting.


Julien Dubuque, the cause of all this merriment, grew to be a bright, active lad, the pride of his parents, and the village favorite. Quick of wit and reckless of danger, he was, doubtless, the leader of his boy friends in all their adventures. From his fertile imagination must have resulted many exciting make-believe expeditions into the wilds in search of game and furs. The boy was given the best education the province afforded, probably in the Jesuit schools at Sorel. He was quick to learn and attained remarkable fluency of expression in the language of his ancestors, who had come out to Quebec from France early in the Seventeenth Century. But the youthful Julien soon became impatient of the restraints of the school-room. The field of learning had no great attractions for him.

The spirit of adventure filled the air. Right at Dubuque's doorway, to the westward, lay an unknown and alluring world which called him irresistibly. Men were daily returning from this wonderful playground, bearing tales of its marvelous wealth and resources. Almost every week Julien Dubuque might have heard the rousing songs of the *voyageurs* as they plied their paddles up the St. Lawrence to Montreal, thence to plunge into the untracked regions beyond. It is not difficult to imagine that many times the boy begged his parents to allow him to go out into this land of promise, and that as many times he was told that he must wait until he was older.

But the day came at last when the parents could no longer keep their son at home. He had grown up and was a young man; small, stout and muscular, with jet-black hair, piercing eyes and a shrewd, determined face. In the spring of 1785, when Julien was twenty-three years old, he said farewell to his parents and friends gathered on the bank of the river, and joined a boat-load of men on their way up the St. Lawrence. The ambition of his life was at last being realized. He was going to seek his fortune in the land of his golden dreams. The boats paddled up the river and Julien Dubuque had seen his parents and the little village of St. Pierre les Brequets for the last time. Henceforth he was to play his part in the new world of which he had heard so much.

At Montreal a brief stop was probably made for rest, the purchase of supplies, and a last glimpse of civilization. Then on and on to the westward pressed the men. There were long days of hard rowing and wearisome portages, followed by periods of revelry and carousing. Gradually the party became smaller. One by one the men dropped off, some to settle down for a summer's trade and trapping, while others, tired of the hard journey, turned back again to Montreal. But Dubuque wished to see the country further to the west, and on he pushed, until at last, with





## The Great Dominion of the Middle West

only a few companions, he glided down the Wisconsin River to its union with the Father of Waters. There he found the lonely trading post of Prairie du Chien, so called from a band of Fox Indians, known as the Dogs, who once had their home there

For many years, ever since 1737, Prairie du Chien had been the temporary halting place of French traders and trappers coming down from the lake country, but it was not until in 1783 that settlements of a permanent nature were made. The village which Julien Dubuque saw in 1785 consisted of ten or fifteen log huts and a number of Indian lodges scattered about on a fertile prairie overlooking the Mississippi, and bordered on the rear by a picturesque range of grassy bluffs. The inhabitants, numbering about two hundred, were mostly French-Canadians and half-breeds, engaged in farming, trading and trapping. Wild and intractable though they were, free from all restraints of law or religion, yet they were apparently happy and contented, and they lived at peace with their Indian neighbors until the rumblings of war broke in upon the tranquility of the little settlement.

Here at Prairie du Chien, in the heart of the Indian country, in a land of wonderful fertility, abounding in the precious furs, Dubuque decided to try his fortune. He quickly made friends and very soon was engaged in an active traffic with the Fox Indians on the west bank of the Mississippi. Especially in the village of the old warrior, Kettle Chief, was he a welcome visitor. By a judicious use of presents, and by his natural strength of character and that ready adaptability to environment so peculiar to the early French traders, he gained a remarkable influence over this band of Indians who called him "Little Cloud."


Very early in his wanderings Dubuque learned that the bluffs in the vicinity of Kettle Chief's village were rich with lead ore. Peosta, the squaw of a Fox warrior, had discovered the lead several years before, and the Indians were mining it in a primitive fashion. Dubuque, who had received some training in mineralogy, was shrewd enough to realize that the ore-laden hills possessed great possibilities if only they could be mined on a large enough scale. A way to wealth greater than he had even dreamed of seemed to open up before him. And so, with patience and skill, he steadily increased his power and influence over his Indian friends, until at last, on November 22, 1788, the chiefs and warriors assembled at Prairie du Chien, and by written statement gave Julien Dubuque the exclusive right to work the mines discovered by Peosta, the squaw.

Dubuque immediately moved across the river and made his abode in the Fox village, taking with him ten of his French-Canadian brethren from Prairie du Chien. He built cabins for himself and his men, laid out farms, and in every way prepared to be comfortable in the place where he was to spend the remainder of his days. He set up a smelting furnace and opened a store, for he still continued his trade with the Indians.

The digging of the lead was carried on in a very simple manner. No shafts were sunk. Drifts were run into the bluffs and the ore was patiently and laboriously dug out with the pickaxe, the crowbar and the shovel, and carried to the smelters in baskets. Gunpowder was either too scarce or its use for blasting purposes was unknown. The mining was done







## First White Settlers in Mississippi Valley

entirely by the Indians, mostly by the women and old men. The Canadians acted as overseers and smelters, and aided Dubuque in carrying on the fur trade. Primitive though the methods were, a considerable amount of lead was mined each year and prepared for the market.

Twice every year boats were loaded with lead and furs and hides, and paddled five hundred miles down the Mississippi to St. Louis. These trips were the happiest days in the miners' lives. It is not difficult to imagine the picturesque little flotilla as it glided down the broad river, manned by the Frenchmen, chanting their joyous boat songs. They were usually accompanied by several of the Fox chieftains, decked in their gaudiest paint and feathers. Down the stream went the boats, peered at by groups of dusky savages on the banks. Occasionally they would meet a band of explorers or a trader returning home from St. Louis with his boat laden with supplies. At other times days passed, and the only living things the party saw were the wild animals of prairie and forest. Finally, after days of paddling, passing in safety the perilous rapids, the boats arrived at their destination and the cargoes were unloaded. Then followed several days, perhaps a week, of unalloyed pleasure for Dubuque and his men.


Julien Dubuque came to be a well known figure in the frontier town of St. Louis, for he was one of the largest traders from up the country. His arrival invariably caused a stir of excitement, and active preparations were made for his entertainment. This entertainment usually took the form of a grand ball given in his honor and attended by all the great people of the town. Courteous and affable, with all the grace and gallantry of the typical Frenchman, Dubuque was a great favorite with the ladies on these occasions. His tact and diplomacy won him the respect and admiration of the men with whom he traded, and they were ever ready to do him honor. At one of these balls it is related that Dubuque snatched a violin from a musician and, greatly to the wonder and amusement of the onlookers, executed a difficult and graceful dance to the strains of his own music.

After the festivities were over and all the necessary business had been transacted, the boats were loaded with supplies, mining tools and trinkets for the Indian trade, and the weary voyage up the river commenced. Arriving again at the mines, the men took up their old routine of work and began to count the days until the next expedition to St. Louis.

Dubuque realized more and more, as the years went by, the increased value which time and the settlement of the country would bring to the land granted him by the Indians. And so, in 1796, after he had lived in his possessions for eight years, he petitioned Baron de Carondelet, the Spanish governor of the Province of Louisiana at New Orleans, to confirm his title to the property, claiming that he had paid the Indians for the land. The territory claimed by Dubuque at this time, comprised a strip of land about twenty-one miles long and nine miles wide, extending along the west bank of the Mississippi between the streams now known as the Little Maquoketa and the Tete des Morts.

The petition to the Spanish governor was worthy of the most skillful and practiced diplomat. In the opening words Dupuque refers to himself in the most humble manner and relates his trials and hardships. Since none but Spaniards could hold mines in the Province of Louisiana, he calls himself a Spaniard. He calls his mines "The Mines of Spain"





## The Great Dominion of the Middle West

and prays that he be granted the full proprietorship of his lands. The petition ends with flattering allusions to the Baron de Carondelet and with best wishes for his health and prosperity.

The result was that after due consideration, Carondelet issued an order on November 10, 1796, giving Julien Dubuque full title to his claims.

With the Spanish government back of him, Dubuque felt more secure in his claims, and he continued to develop his mines and to extend his fur trade among the Indians, to the north and west. Frequently he came in contact with other traders, at times outwitting them and at other times being outplayed at his tricks. An instance of the latter is related in a narrative by Thomas G. Anderson, a well known trader in the Mississippi valley during the early days.


In the winter of 1801-1802, Anderson came into competition with Dubuque, for the trade of the Iowa Indians. In order to save needless expense, an agreement was made between the two men that neither would send goods to those Indians during the winter, trusting them to bring in furs of their own accord the following spring. Anderson, not dreaming of trickery, passed the early part of the winter in making preparations for the spring trade. About Christmas time Dubuque and his interpreter quarreled and the latter came to Anderson and told him that Dubuque had not kept his word, but had sent goods among the Iowa Indians and was carrying on trade with them. Furious at this treachery, Anderson immediately set out with seven men, surprised Dubuque's two *engages* and secured the trade which Dubuque had thought to gain by stealing a cunning march on his opponent.

As the years went by, in spite of his large fur trade and his wealthy mines, Dubuque became deeply indebted to Auguste Chouteau, the St. Louis merchant with whom he did his trading. To settle this indebtedness, in October, 1804, he transferred to Chouteau an undivided seven-sixteenths of his land. On May 17, 1805, Dubuque and Chouteau jointly filed a claim with the United States government for possession of the territory formerly owned by Dubuque.

An interesting episode in the life of this miner-trader is the visit of Zebulon M. Pike to the mines in 1806. Simultaneously with the departure of Lewis and Clark up the Missouri, President Jefferson had ordered an exploration of the head waters of the Mississippi River. Lieutenant Pike was placed in command of this expedition, and it is to be implied that one of his instructions was to make a thorough investigation of the Dubuque lead mines, in order to learn their situation, extent and the amount of ore which they produced. Pike arrived at the mines on September 1st and was received by a salute from a field-piece, and profuse expressions of welcome on the part of Dubuque. Pike was royally dined and was shown every mark of attention by the miners. But when he began to make inquiries regarding the mines, Dubuque politely but cunningly avoided making direct replies. He gave Pike to understand that the principal mines were five or six miles distant and expressed his regret that he possessed no horses with which to convey the visitor on a tour of inspection. Pike suffered at the time with a severe attack of malarial fever, and so he was forced to be content with submitting a list of questions for his host to answer. These answers were handed to Pike on his departure from the mines, but they were not examined until the expedition was well on its way up the river. Then Pike found that he had been tricked and that







## First White Settlers in Mississippi Valley

he knew very little more about the mines than when he had come. Small wonder that in his report he refers to Dubuque as "the polite but evasive M. Dubuque."

The influence which Dubuque exerted over his Indian friends was truly wonderful. They regarded him with even greater reverence and awe than they did their own medicine-men. He very early gained the reputation of being a magician by playing unharmed with the venomous rattlesnake, so much feared by the red men. It is related that once when the Indians refused to accede to his wishes in a certain matter, Dubuque threatened to set on fire the little creek on which their village was located. He secretly despatched one of his men up the stream to pour a large quantity of oil on the water. When the oil had floated down to the village, Dubuque threw in a fire-brand, and the whole mass blazed up, so frightening the Indians that they never again dared to disobey his commands.

But Dubuque's influence was by no means due entirely to the display of what seemed supernatural power. He was kind to the Indians and treated them with absolute fairness and justice. He was the arbiter of their disputes and a friend in their sicknesses and troubles. He often protected the red men from the depredations of unscrupulous traders. In appreciation of all this he was given the affectionate title of "Friend of the Indian."


On March 24, 1810, Julien Dubuque died, at the age of forty-eight. He had worked "The Mines of Spain" continuously for twenty-two years and his life had been one of hardship and exposure. The ambition of his boyhood, to become wealthy, was never realized, for in spite of his great opportunities, he died a bankrupt. Beginning as he did with very little capital, he had been forced to go heavily in debt to secure the necessary supplies and implements to carry on his mining. He had been too sanguine. The country did not develop as rapidly as he had hoped, and the long distance to market made it impossible for him to sell his lead and furs with as much profit as he had expected. He had a great opportunity, but he began on too large a scale and was not sufficiently careful of expense. He had the ability to see the great possibilities which lay in the ore-laden hills, but he lacked the patience to be content with a modest beginning.

Dubuque's death caused great sorrow and consternation among the Fox Indians, for he had been their counsellor, protector and friend, and they were strongly attached to him. He was buried on a high bluff overlooking the Mississippi, at the spot where he had often stood and gazed over his rich and promising possessions.

The funeral ceremony was solemn and impressive. Warriors gathered from far and near to pay the last tribute to their departed friend. In a long procession they carried his body up to its last resting place, followed by the women chanting the death song. At the grave the chiefs vied with one another in praising him whom they loved as a brother. When the last word had been said the body was covered with earth, and the Indians departed mournfully to their lodges. And once every year until they were driven too far away, the Fox Indians made a pilgrimage to the lonely grave on the hill, in the vain hope that some day Dubuque's spirit would return to be their guide and protector.

A noble monument now marks the grave of Julien Dubuque, and a city and county in Iowa perpetuate his name and fame. He was a worthy representative of that band of brave men who paved the way for civilization in the West.





# Travels in Western America in 1837

Observations of an American Girl with an Emigrant Train in  
Illinois when that West Region was on the American Frontier

BY  
MARY WASHBURN PARKINSON  
CINCINNATI, OHIO


**T**HE following journal letter was written by a young woman who journeyed by wagon from Keene, Ohio, to Illinois, in 1837. She travelled with the family of an older sister, and wrote from day to day the record of their progress, and a description of the places they passed through, to be sent to a younger sister living in the old home of the family in Swanton, Vermont. She belonged to the Hopkins family, which began its migrations on this continent when John Hopkins, the miller, journeyed with Hooker's company from Cambridge, Massachusetts, to the site of Hartford, Connecticut, in 1636. After several generations, members of that line of the family went from Connecticut to the old settlement of Nine Partners in New York, and from there to Bennington, when the Vermont wilderness was first opened to home-makers. They answered the call of the West, when the West was Eastern New York, Ohio, Illinois, California (1849). The migrations of these people were typical of those of the best class of our pioneers. They were adventurous and brave, but always aimed toward practical results which should benefit the community as well as themselves. Wherever they went they did their full share in establishing law and order and upholding religion and education. All of the children spoken of in the letter grew up to lead honorable lives in prosperous Western homes. One of the lads became a millionaire, in Chicago, from the rapid rise in land values. The writer of the letter married, in Illinois, a man who became a great lumber dealer. Schools and colleges shared his wealth with his children. The sister, to whom the letters were written in 1837, is still living, ninety years of age.

June 16th 1837.


Dear Almira,

I think you will be pleased with a letter beginning from Keene on my way to Illinois, we left yesterday about noon—Keene was full of people to see the final departure—Many a shake of the hand and tears was shed. There is seven teams in the whole. The Doctor, his family numbers nine. I with E., H. and sometimes one of the other little girls rides in the one horse wagon, myself teamster. The Doctor drives a span of horses, he owns but one of them. He is in company with Mr. F. We have one yoke of oxen, and Mr. F. one, they put together take one load—half ours and F's, he has five children which numbers seven—besides a young man who goes with them. Mr. L's, family composes the whole party, she is a sister of Mrs. F, her number is eight, six children, so you see we altogether have plenty of babies yes! and most too many for my comfort. We only went 12 miles yesterday, stopped at a house where no ones lives, so took possession, we were all very much fatigued, but after getting supper the best way we could, we all laid down to rest, some of them rested very well





## Travels of an American Girl into the West



(or that's the way) as for me I thought it was a rather hard bed, feel a little stiff, together with a hard head ache. H. is quite unwell, she has a bad cold. I think she must take some physick. O dear me, what a trouble it is to journey with so many little ones. Well sister another morning has made its appearance. H. was quite unwell yesterday, took a dose of salts last night, is some better this morning, we had a hard days ride, it's been nothing but up hill and down they say we shall get off the worst of the road today (that is it will be more level), it seems long since we started, only 26 miles have we been. I find no time to write only when we stop and wait for each other. They have 25 head of cattle in all to drive, often have to wait for them, to see if they are altogether, they have one boy to go as far as Newark to help drive them—the Dr. has two cows. H. and P. have a yearling heifer of their own. A. is singing, she is a sweet singer, has a very soft voice. We have our waggons all covered. Ours with cotton, some of the others with linen.


Sunday morning.—We are three miles beyond Newark, we have so far been very lucky in getting good places to stop—Where we are now the man of the house lost his wife two months since, left ten children. I feel very fatigued. H. is better—sister looks worn out—E. is more trouble to see to, and take care of than the little one—Before we left she hurt her eye, the inflammation set in, she seems quite well day times, but as soon as it is night, the light of the candle hurts her, so we have to carry her victuals to her from the light, help to dress her and see to things. I assure you it is no little job, when we have to see to all and everything else—O dear me, it seems I can't stand it through—we stop today, I think we shall all be better by tomorrow, the roads are much better. Well sister it's near sun down, we have it so we can cook anything we wish just the same as at home only not quite so handy, the women are getting supper for the family we stay with, he has no house-keeper. We have had very pleasant weather thus far.

Tuesday, 20th.—Yesterday it was a rainy day, but not to stop us, we passed through Kerkersville, Etna, and stopped in Hebernia, all very decent places, the rest of the way was mostly woods, some very nice farms. I think now I would never go by land again on no account, especially with two and three families it is such hard work to wait on them, when you feel not able to take care of yourself. However I endeavor to do as well as I can and trust the Lord for the event. We are on the national road it is very fine. Afternoon 2. o'clock—at Columbus—it is a fine looking place, we cross the river Iota through a long splendid bridge and now stop to bate—wont you call and take a bite with us.

Thursday 22d.—I am in the wagon already for another start, H. is with me playing with her little red shoes, the others are getting ready. I feel sick enough to keep the bed today. Yesterday we had a hard day ride, be sure we were on the national road, but they had been covering it with small stones, it was hard for the horses, and for us. The most principal towns were Jefferson, Lafayette, there is much travelling on this road, every once in a little ways, you'll see signs reading thus "Travellers Rest" and "Entertainment for Travellers." Yesterday it was very cold, it was not uncomfortable with cloaks on, and my hands ached for want of mittens, today much warmer.

Friday 23d.—We are two miles from Springfield, stopping to a widow womans house. She was formerly from St. Albans, has lost two husbands since she came to Ohio, is well off, a large beautiful farm, every thing con-





## Observation from Emigrant Train on Frontier

venient and handy. This is a beautiful country every thing grows so thrifty—We are now in Springfield, the men folks are stopping to buy some tar. It is a fine looking place, as far as a mile and a half back the Locusts trees are on each side of the road, they look very thrifty and fine. I think it is the finest large town we have been through yet. It is raining, we shall stop as soon as can get a place. Well sister, we have stopped once more, we have all got into a log house, two rooms in it, one we have. I wish you could look in and see us after we get all our beds down—we shall be as thick as six in a bed—

24th—Madison is the town we stopped in last night, we have now stopt to bate. Mr. B., the young man that is with us says, put down this as a muddy road. Yes, it is, we are in three miles of Dayton another large town. O dear me, we got along very slow only went yesterday and the day before fourteen miles a day—it does seem we shall never get there, the fact is, there is too many of us together to be any ways comfortable. I wouldn't advise any one to travel with three families, two is too many. O Almira, if ever I see you I can tell you all about it—they are calling me to eat a bite, we eat as the Turks do sit on the ground. You would laugh to see us three families all gathered together in three bunches eating a luncheon just as a hen with her chickens.

Sunday Morning. 25th.—We are on the road this morning because we could not find a place to stop and get pasture for our cattle, the country grows richer and more forward the farther we get west. Dayton is a beautiful fine town larger than Columbus, and is said much more business is done there than in Columbus. O such elegant farms as we passed yesterday and are still passing. I wish you could see, such fine and elegant gardens, so forward, pears nearly large enough to pick if not quite. Young potatoes, all kinds of every thing in the gardens. We got some radishes as large as a large beet which was fine to eat with bread and butter. After we got out of the Village of Dayton we crossed the Miami through a bridge, in all the large towns we see large rose trees, they bear small roses and grow as high as the house, and all other kinds that can be thought of—corn looks noble, noble, noble, such corn you never saw in Vt. as I have seen since I came in Ohio.


The ox-teams have got stuck—well sis, they have got out already to go on again—Its now one o'clock, have found a place to stop till morning we have had considerable rain this two days past and got many of our things wet, have got to dry them, it is a fine day, can dry them soon out doors. Where we stop along they have separate houses purpose for travellers, the people here are Dutch and talk it, they are very fine people, their religion is such as are called Dunkers, their beard grows long, never shave, they look savage enough.

Monday 26th—Have drove through mud and bad roads all day feel very tired, and got a bad cold into the bargain—we are a mile from Eaton—the country where we have traveled yesterday and today. I don't like as well—some of the places have not got water—low marshy ground. We are in Preble county, the last one in Ohio.

27th—We are now about to dine, they are getting the horses their luncheon—and then we gather together to eat ours—we find the roads better today, shall soon be in Indiana now but four miles from here, my cold is very bad, my lungs are sore, but must travel on sick or well. E's. eyes are better, the inflammation is out, shall go and lay down in the Doctors wagon while the rest are feeding.







## Travels of an American Girl into the West

28th. Well Almira, I have just arrived at the top of a very steep hill, am awaiting for the rest to get up—I think I shall learn how to drive by the time I get there, through thick and thin we go—we stopped a mile from Richmond, Indiana last night, have got through the town, and still on the top of the hill, they have some difficulty in getting up. I like the town much, there are many Quakers there, some passing now going to a monthly meeting they said, they were more than half Quakers. Five teams just passed us going to Illinois, they are all the while passing, going there we to Indiana, many we have seen returning, some praise it very much, others don't like.

Almost Sundown—The Doctor is in a great mud hole—the bolt to his wagon has broke; the fore wheel ran from under him, left him in a bad condition, as good luck will have it we are near a house—shall stop all night—we find it very inconvenient to be with so many where we stop, we can hardly navigate sometimes as house rooms are so small and another thing, we all have to wait for each other, it takes up much time, we shant get to our journeys end near so quick.

29th—A year ago today 29th I arrived in Keene at Doctor B's, how many changes in one short year—Doctor got a new bolt to his wagon, have got only seven miles today, now eating dinner—We have had some rains, which makes the roads very bad, most shocking. Mr. F has just rode up says his bolt to his wagon has broken—they have all gone a piece back to assist him—he has arrived without much difficulty, shall go on again—

30th.—Well sister, we only went eight miles yesterday—one of Mr. F. cows was missing had to go back two miles or more. H. and F. were gone until after dark; did not find her. Mr. B. has gone back this morning a hour back, the rest of us have started on, and now stopt in the mud deep enough—the ox teams have got stuck all hands are helping. H. has come says the bolt has broken again. We passed the stage driver, he says it will take up two weeks to get to Lewisville, it is only eight miles, so you may judge about the roads. We staid with an old Bachelor last night—he was nasty enough—we lived through it, and thats all.

P. M. We have had the good luck to get out of the mud hole, since that Mr. S. has broke down, the bolt gave away to his—now all is well with us once more, are now dining, we are in Henry's County, and found the lost cow into the bargain. There were three families that tented near by us last night, going to Illinois, they were from Vermont, our Company talks of getting cloth for one, and tent out nights.



Monday, July 3rd.—Are in Greenville, have stopped to shoe a horse; in Hancock County—we stopt seven miles from this and staid over Sunday. Saturday night five of our horses got out of the pasture, went back as hard as they could go, after going 22 miles a tavern keeper stopt them, put them up. H, Mr. L. and Mr. F. went for them. Saturday we went through tremendous holes and mud very deep. We have got cloth for a tent and partly made, shall stop before dark and get it up.

Tuesday, 4th of July. I think very likely you are celebrating this day in Swanton in some way or other—we got our tent done and slept in it last night, it went very well—its bad about not having chairs nor table, we have only one chair, the one that was brought from Swanton, they sold their table, Bureau. chairs, etc., bought their stand—it will be much cheaper to tent out, the roads are better.


Friday 7th.—Are in Putnam County half way from Indianapolis to Terrahaut, at a Mr. Drights—very pleasant people lately from Kentucky,







## Observation from Emigrant Train on Frontier



has lots of children, six boys and six girls at home—don't you think we are very thick? yes I think you couldn't see through us this time—last night it began to rain and still continues—shant travel today—O it looks gloomy and discouraging—I feel very unwell and have this two days—yesterday I rode with the Doctor and laid down, have been abed most of the time today, its now one o'clock—E. is washing out a few things—I was disappointed in the look of Indianapolis; much smaller than I thought for only one street that was anything—I don't like Indiana state as well as Ohio.

Saturday 8th.—Have got started once more, it stopt raining last evening, its now noon, very hot, we have been through a bad creek, very high, but ge la, get along! Well, driving through, you cant imagine how much praise I get. I fear it will make me vain ha-ha-ha-I feel better today for resting yesterday.

Tuesday 11th. We have this moment stopt, the Doctor and Mr. L. are pitching the tent. We are six miles from Terrahaut, this is a beautiful place, it is on Prairie, we could see it two or three miles before we got to the town, it was so even and level, we crossed the Wabash river in a scow, a beautiful stream—I feel tired and sick—no more at present.

Friday morn. July 14th—We are already for another start, am in my wagon waiting for the rest, are a mile and a half from Paris in Edgar County, Illinois—have been here since Wednesday afternoon on account sister Eliza being sick. She was taken Wednesday morning—not well all day, was in much pain, she took cal. oil &c.—she is this morning so that we shall venture on a little farther. It was four weeks yesterday since we started, we thought we should be there by this time. I fear we shall all be sick before we get there, it is so very hot. I shant complain as long as I can stand up. I have dragged one foot after the other so long and hope for the best.


Friday eve—We commenced a fourteen mile Prairie after we got to Paris, got through it as the sun was setting, it was very good some part of the way—many bad slews. The Doctor got struck twice, the oxen drew him out—The Prairies look fine, many kinds of flowers grow on them—and Prairie hens live on them, one of the company shot one. E. looks bad, but says she feels like helping me get supper—O dear I think its hard times—

Saturday 15th—Today have been traveling through Prairie and timber both, and got lost into the bargain. We took the wrong road and wallowed around the Prairie grass, sometime as high as the horses backs—night came, we pitched our tent after mowing the grass down, and was made as comfortable as could be expected amongst the Musketoes. The Embarrass river is near us, it is narrow and deep enough to run into our wagon, we should have forded it tonight had it not been so late, and got out of this hole—houses are scarce—two, four and six miles apart—

Sunday, 2 o'clock—Have got along well thus far, and got where there is a house, we had no trouble in fording the river only to raise the wagons a little, and move some of the things, such as shouldn't get wet—We shall raise our tent soon and stay until tomorrow, then we commence a nineteen mile Prairie, are now in Poles Country.

Monday Morning—Are in the middle of the Prairie driving. We come to no houses, nor shant till we get across, we carry our water to drink, and milk when we please. At night—Have got through the Grand Prairie into the timber lands—we went two miles through woods, then come on Prairie again stopping to a house tonight—the Doctor is quite unwell, we all feel as though we should never get rested again.





## Travels of an American Girl into the West

*Wednesday morn*—All is alive, and thats about all—Yesterday we went through a fourteen mile Prairie, then a house we found, stopt and rested a while, then went better than a mile through woods, then Prairie a mile, and found a house very comfortable, stopt all night—In this house there have several families stopt that were traveling, some from Ohio, Indiana, and one family from Vermont, Windsor County, they came all the way by land, have been nine weeks on the road, going to Mississippi. You will ask how we all get into one house! they slept in their wagons, and eat on the ground—I with E., Doctor and the little girls slept in the house on the floor—We had a hard thunder shower yesterday on the Prairie, we stopped our horses and staid till it was over—covered our wagons so thick with coverlids and quilts we kept dry—are in Macon county——It is nine miles to a house, all is about starting—At *eleven o'clock*—have gone the nine miles, shall dine here, are waiting for the ox teams, some are as much as two miles back. O what slow work getting along with oxen—they are all sick enough of it. This morning we had some Prairie hens for our breakfast, they were very good—H. has shot another today, shall have it for our supper. I left my silk pocket handkerchief where we stopt last night.

*Thursday 20th*—Have gone ahead six miles this morning, got into a thicket of woods waiting for the rest. It is more settled along here, the Prairies are much shorter. More timber land, but you look off one mile it looks like looking for land when you are on water—can't see the shore—*At night*—we shall stay at a house tonight, because we must wash some and water is handy.

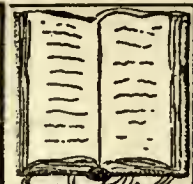
*Saturday. 22nd*—Have been seven miles this morning, are at Springfield in Sangamore county. This county I like much better than any I've seen of Illinois yet, it is more settled and looks finer, the Prairies are shorter, more wood land which makes it look much more pleasant to me, the crops are very fine, wheat is scarce in this state all along. We see not much flour cooked, but plenty of Indian meal, wheat is five dollars a hundred, we have seen good crops of wheat, it is getting to be more plenty. This is the first town we have come to since we left Paris—people say the other side of the Illinois river is much finer than this, vast many have gone to Fulton county, hundreds have gone there since we started—many tell us we won't find room there—Millions of black berries, crabapples, Plums, Grapes in abundance, the worst of it is they are not ripe, it would be good living to travel along here in the Fall.

*Monday 24th*—We are traveling on toward Beardstown in Morgan County, are dining by the side of a small town. A year ago there was but one house here, now there are a number and a school. A gentleman was very inquisitive to enquire where we were going, said he brought a young lady from Fulton county to keep school, and wished we would carry a letter for her, she gets ten dollars a month and is boarded—It is called Virginia town because the people are mostly from Virginias.

*Tuesday morning*—Have just crossed the Illinois river at Beardstown, am waiting for the rest to get across—all are across, going ahead once more.

*Wednesday 26th*—Have arrived at a stopping place for a short time till the Doctor looks around a little to suit himself better, we are with Mr. L. on his place he bought last Fall—feel very much worn out and sick, have plenty of blackberries and they say snakes in abundance.





# An Ode to American Chivalry

"Americans! Let Patriots Ponder Here"

BY

REVEREND GEORGE MCCLELLAN FISKE, D. D.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

I

**Q**UEEN of the North! Above St. Lawrence towering,  
Girt with old walls, instinct with ancient glory!  
The stranger fares within thy gates, devouring  
In eager haste, the splendour of thy story.

II

Steadfast stands out thy giant sentinel  
Armoured in granite under England's flag,  
Guarding thy peace, this mighty citadel,  
The Lion of Britain, throned upon the crag.

III

Here Frank and Saxon strove in gallant war,  
Here gleamed the Golden Lilies, flew St. George's Cross,  
To nerve their armies to the struggle for  
The gain of Empire, 'gainst an Empire's loss.

IV

From the first moment, when, upon thy soil,  
The bold explorer stepped from off the main,  
Began the annals of thy trial and toil,  
Adorned by thee, O lovable Champlain!


V

This rock, the rendezvous of lofty souls,  
Stands like a magnet to attract the brave,  
From hence to blaze a name on Valour's rolls,  
From hence to welcome to a hero's grave.

517







# An Ode to American Chivalry

VI



ETROPOLIS of Saints! The Church of GOD  
Has bathed thee in an atmosphere of Prayer,  
Thy streets say, ALLELUIA! and thy sod  
Blossoms with Altars: Heaven is thine own air.

VII

Christ's servants pass in reverend array,  
Priest, prelate, missionary, monk and nun,  
Marquette, Laval, Le Jeune, Noué,  
Holy Madame de L'Incarnation.

VIII

Bright glows the constellation of thy friends  
Celestial: Mary, Joseph, Stars of man,  
While from Beaupré with these, benignant, blends  
Thy ray of healing, O la bonne St. Anne!

IX

Nor hast thou lacked the martyr's aureole,  
For JESU'S soldiers drained the reseate font  
Of pain. While Honour's voice from po'e to pole  
Breathes out those deathless names, Brébeuf, Lalement.

X

Here too flowed full and fast, in mirth and glee,  
The tide of reckless pleasure, glittering vice  
Of prodigals, and unjust stewards' waste.  
And Canada was sold for such base price.

XI

Sad was the day for France, when in the dust,  
Rapacity and Greed her banner trailed,  
When in her courts reigned Avarice and Lust,  
When from her councils Light and Wisdom failed.

XII

Yet mid the faithless, still the faithful stand,  
Truth overcomes weakness of circumstance,  
When rose to be, twice ruler in the land,  
A figure of superb, Old-World romance.


XIII

The courtly and intrepid Frontenac,  
"Clive of Quebec" Well doth the scribe so say,  
And when he came, Versailles a ray gave back  
Of royal light to glorify his sway.

518







## "Americans! Let Patriots Ponder Here"

XIV

**I** SEE La Salle! The "course of empire" leads  
Him far; and in the Continent's expanse  
He writes upon the wild his dauntless deeds,  
His tragic death: Dreamer of noble dreams for France!

XV

Fearless, reproachless, Bayard of the West!  
With Saints of Christ, worthy to bear the palm,  
Far from his earthly home to reach his rest,  
To thee, Quebec, came that true Knight, Montcalm.

XVI

Who comes? A dying youth! yet Nature's law  
Was swiftly superseded by the sword,  
When Wolfe with sudden vision of the dying, saw  
The road to win, though, through his blood outpoured.

XVII

The magic of his warcraft thrilled the world,  
As on the Plains of Abraham he traced  
His soldiers' scarlet line, his flag unfurled,  
And with his death, that field forever graced.

XVIII

That day two battling nations, mourned and wept.  
Victor and Vanquished, mingled mutual tears,  
In death, serenely, both their chieftains slept,  
And Fame Immortal o'er their ashes rears

XIX

Its shafts to say "Here died Wolfe victorious!"  
"Honour to Montcalm!"—these in one breath—  
The one defeated, has a guerdon glorious  
The glory, through all ages, of a glorious death.

XX

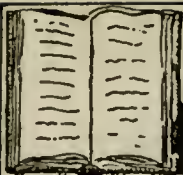
Americans! Let Patriots ponder here.  
Along Cape Diamond's rugged side there dwell  
Memories to Sons of Liberty most dear,  
For in the van 'twas "Here Montgomery fell."

XXI

Montgomery! Wolfe! Montcalm! Three Mighty Men!  
Whose might shall stand supreme o'er Time's worst wreck,  
In them old chivalry has lived again,  
Their gentle blood hath hallowed thee, Quebec.

519





## Historic Sculpture in America

Achievements of the Nation in War and Peace Immortalized by the Monuments Erected on the Western Continent & The True History of a People is Written in its Sculpture & Material Greatness of the Republic Symbolized in its Memorials to Builders of the Nation & Historical Interpretations in Art

**A**mericans realize that the true history of a people is written in its art. Throughout the country magnificent memorials are being erected to the builders of the nation and their achievements in war and peace. That America has a distinct national art is also being proved, despite the frequent charges from old Europe that this is a nation of material greatness and grossness without any comprehension of the finer sensibilities of life, such as sculpture, painting and music. It has been the privilege of THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY to disprove these charges many times during the last three years. Every issue of these pages has presented indisputable evidence that America has a well defined art culture and that its character is not wholly material. The art of a nation, especially its sculpture, is so fundamentally historical that it is the duty of an historical journal to record its progress simultaneously with its political, economic and sociologic development. History does not consist merely of records of war, or statistics of events and settlements. They are but foundations upon which real history is built—not a hundred years ago, nor yesterday—but *today*. The mere facts of historical incidents are worthless except as they form a basis from which may be traced the intellectual and spiritual growth of a people, as well as the material and political. Historical records are valueless except as they may be interpreted into some deep philosophical truth in life, and serve as a guide to a higher intellectual and moral state of mankind. Sculpture, and all art, is a culmination of historical sequences. It represents a high standard of civilization, built upon historical progressions. It is not strange, then, that it should accurately reflect the various periods of national transition, and that it should be one of the truest interpreters of a nation's history. To record in the annals of a people a great work of sculptural interpretation is of far greater honor and import to a nation than to record its battles and political dissensions. THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY is pledged, therefore, to the recognition and encouragement of art in America as one of the noblest testimonials of the historical worth of the American people. In these pages are presented some of the recent contributions to historical art with exclusive permission from the American sculptors who have loaned their work to THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY as the recognized historical repository for all that pertains to the finer arts and finer instincts of American life. The collection herewith represents hundreds of thousands of dollars which the American people are expending in aesthetic achievements which are equally as notable as the material accomplishments which are making the Americans the richest and most powerful race that the world has ever known—in art as well as commerce and trade —EDITOR







THE FIRST AMERICANS

---

Civilization Driving the Aborigine Westward  
Sculptural Conception of the  
"Destiny of the Red Man"

By  
ADOLPH A. WEINMAN  
of New York

Member of the National Sculpture Society





DISCOVERER OF AMERICA—Marble Statue of Columbus  
at the United States Custom-House in New York  
By Augustus Lukeman, Sculptor, of New York  
Member of the National Sculpture Society





AMERICA'S MASTERY OF THE SEAS

1728  
Sculptural Conception of the Young Republic of the  
New World before the Genius of Navigation

By  
ISIDORE KONTI  
of New York

Member of the National Sculpture Society





## MUSIC AND THE ARTS IN AMERICA

---

Sculptural Conception of the Finer Instincts in American Life  
which are now beginning to ennoble the National  
Character of the Republic

---

Panel for Facade in the Library of J. Pierpont Morgan of New York  
By Adolph A. Weinman of the National Sculpture Society  
Reproduced by special permission for Historical Record  
in THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY





## TRUTH AND THE SCIENCES IN AMERICA

---

Sculptural Conception of the Scholarship in American Civilization  
which is solving the problems of the ages and  
lifting the veil of the Future

---

Panel for Facade in the Library of J. Pierpont Morgan of New York  
By Adolph A. Weinman of the National Sculpture Society  
Reproduced by Special Permission for Historical Record  
in THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY





AN AMERICAN CONTRIBUTION TO INTELLECTUAL ART

"The Blind"—Sculptural Conception of a Visionless Life—Masterful Symbolism  
of Spiritual, Intellectual and Physical Sightlessness in  
Psychological Appeal to the American People  
for Light and Reason

By LORADO TAFT  
Chicago, Illinois

Member of the National Sculpture Society





AMERICAN HEROISM

---

521  
Memorial to American Gallantry in War with Great Britain in 1812  
Statue to General Alexander Macomb, in Detroit, Michigan  
Erected as a Tribute to His Bravery which culminated  
in His being made Commander-in-chief of the  
Army of the United States of America



PROGRES

Historical Truths sym  
in which America  
the Light of a  
Political an  
of By-gon  
and

Member of the



AMERICAN BROTHERHOOD  
Sculptural Tribute to South America  
at the National Capital of North America  
Erected at the Bureau of American Republics at  
Washington, District of Columbia—By Isadore Konti,  
Sculptor, of New York—Member of National Sculpture Society





# Sculpture

## TRADITION

in American Sculptural Art  
is Forging Ahead into  
while the Economic,  
etual Traditions  
re left Fettered  
Thralldom

TER  
rk

Sculpture Society



AMERICAN COMMERCE  
Sculptural Conception of America's  
Triumph over the Oceans in which American  
Genius has Conquered Time and Tide and Brought  
the Nations of the Earth together in a Great Brotherhood  
of Trade—By Isadore Konti of the National Sculpture Society

5-9





SOUTHERN CHARACTER IN AMERICAN HISTORY  
Memorial to Andrew Jackson, the Hero of New  
Orleans, First Congressman from Tennessee,  
Governor of Florida, and First President  
of the New West and the "masses"—  
Statue by Louis Potter of New  
York—Member of the National  
Sculpture Society





531

TRIBUTE TO FRANCE IN AMERICA—Statue of Samuel de Champlain, the French Navigator who Explored the St. Lawrence River, founded Quebec, and Discovered Lake Champlain in 1609—Erected at St. John's in New Brunswick—on this Ter-centenary anniversary—Hamilton MacCarthy, sculptor—Bronze by Jno. Williams of New York





#### FIRST PERMANENT GERMAN SETTLEMENT IN AMERICA

Cornerstone recently laid to Mark site of Monument to be Erected in Honor of Founders of First Permanent German Settlement in America on October the Sixth, Sixteen Hundred and Eighty-three, at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



### HISTORIC LANDMARKS IN AMERICA

Sculptural Conception of German Influence on American Civilization  
 By J. Otto Schweizer of Philadelphia—Member of National  
 Sculpture Society—Erected by the National  
 German-American Alliance



Figure on the Dome of the Capitol at Harrisburg,  
Pennsylvania, typifying the Peace and  
Plentitude of the Republic  
"Pennsylvania"

By  
R. HINTON PERRY  
National Sculpture Society



AMERICAN TRIUMPH  
Colossal Bronze to "Victory"  
Surmounting Monument to the American Navy  
at San Francisco—By Robert Aitken of New York

Magnificent Tribute to American Magnanimity  
in which The True Spirit of the South  
and the North is Exemplified  
"Reconciliation"

By  
R. HINTON PERRY  
New York






AMERICAN VALOR  
Monument to Bravery of Soldiers  
of the Civil War in United States—Erected  
at Somerville, Massachusetts—By Augustus Lukeman





MEMORIAL TO THE FATHER OF AMERICA—Bas Relief to Amerigo Vespucci whose name was bequeathed to the Western World—Modelled by Victor D. Brenner of New York—Member of the National Sculpture Society





# First Financiers in United States

**Land Lotteries to  
Create Revenue and Replenish  
the Public Treasury & Two Million Acre  
Tract in Maine & Experiences of William Bingham, the  
Wealthiest American in the Early Republic, who was Presented at  
Courts of Europe and whose Mansion in Philadelphia was Scene of Splendor**

BY  
**JOHN FRANCIS SPRAGUE**  
MONSON, MAINE

Member of the Maine Historical Society  
Author of "Sebastian Rale, a Tragedy of the Eighteenth Century"

**T**HE first financiers in the United States met many of the experiences which still beset the financial world. There were appalling deficits in the public treasury and established source of revenue. Land lotteries were among the earliest systems of raising funds and possibly one of the most significant instances of this method is that of the "million acre tract" in Maine, which subsequently fell into the control of the "wealthiest man of the times."


In the old deeds of land in Eastern Maine, and in the files of Maine newspapers, reference is frequently made to the "million acres." I have investigated this incident and find it of unusual historical interest. It seems that in 1791, Samuel Phillips, Junior, Leonard Jarvis and John Read, on July 1st, contracted in writing for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to sell to Colonel Henry Jackson, of Boston, and Royal Flint, of New York, two million acres of land in the District of Maine, for ten cents per acre. Colonel Jackson commanded a regiment of Massachusetts soldiers during the Revolutionary War. On July 25th of the same year, 1791, Jackson and Flint assigned their contract to William Duer, of New York, and Henry Knox, Secretary to the Department of War, of the United States of America.

In December, 1782, Duer and Knox assigned the contract to William Bingham, of Philadelphia, and on January 28, 1793, the above named Phillips, Jarvis and Read conveyed to him, by sixteen deeds, the above named two million acres of land. One million acres of this land is in the outlines of Hancock and Washington Counties, excepting three townships in Penobscot, and was called "Bingham's Penobscot Purchase." The other million acres was on the other side of the Kennebec River and all in Somerset County, except six townships in Franklin, and was called "Bingham's Kennebec Purchase."

The towns of Wellington, Kingsbury (now dis-incorporated), Blanchard, the original town of Shirley before part of Wilson was annexed, and two townships called Squaw Mountain, are the Bingham towns in Piscataquis County, a part of which was formerly in Somerset County.

A brief history of this land sale, as I have gleaned it from historical sources, is that at the close of the Revolutionary War, Massachusetts was indebted about \$5,000,000 and her proportion of the National debt





## The First Financiers in the United States

was supposed to be about as much. There was no revenue but a direct tax, which was oppressive, unpopular and not easily collected.

Governor Hancock called the attention of the General Court to the eastern lands in the District of Maine, and although there was great confusion regarding titles to land in that section of the district, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts did possess a good title to a large portion of its area.

Many Massachusetts soldiers who had been discharged, not "without honor," save that they were paid off in paper money worth about ten cents on a dollar, had immigrated to Maine and become settlers or "squatters" on any of these wild lands wherever their fancy led them, regardless of title or ownership.

Although lands were offered at \$1.50 per acre to actual settlers, not enough was sold to replenish the treasury. A land lottery was then purposed, and after much discussion the General Court passed an act, November 9, 1786, entitled, "An act to bring into the public treasury £163,200 in public securities, by sale of a part of the eastern lands and to establish a lottery for that purpose."

This act provided for the selling of fifty townships of land, six miles square, each containing in all 1,107,396 acres, situated in what is now Hancock and Washington Counties, between the Penobscot and St. Croix Rivers.


There were in the lottery 1,939 tickets, which were to be sold for \$60.00 each, for which soldiers' notes, and all other public securities of the state, would be received in payment. The above named Samuel Phillips, Junior, and Leonard Jarvis and Rufus Putnam were sworn by Justice Samuel Barrett, October 11, 1787, to "the faithful performance of their trust as managers of the lottery."

Up to the time of the drawing, October 12, 1787, 437 tickets had been sold to about one hundred different purchasers, among whom were Harvard College, Reverend John Murray, of Newburyport, and Reverend Jonah Homer, of Newton. But the lottery scheme did not prove as successful as its promoters anticipated, and it was determined to make another effort to sell the eastern lands. A new committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Jarvis, Phillips and John Read, who, through Colonel Jackson and Royal Flint, sold two million acres as before stated to William Bingham, of Philadelphia, for ten cents per acre, this sale including the lottery lands. Mr. Bingham's agent subsequently bought up many, if not all, of the lottery titles. One million acres of these lands were to be at, or near, the head of the Kennebec River, and, as before stated, has ever since been known as the "Bingham Kennebec Purchase."

Some very distinguished Maine men have at various times acted as agents and attorneys for the owners and their decendants, in the management of this vast purchase. Among these have been General David Cobb, of Taunton, Massachusetts, who removed to Gouldsboro, Maine, in 1796. General Cobb lived in Maine for nearly thirty years, though the Massachusetts historians have generally ignored this fact; John Richards, Esquire, Colonel John Black, and his son, George N. Black; and later Honorable Eugene Hale, now one of our United States Senators; Honorable Lucilius A. Emery, now Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Maine, and Hannibal E. Hamlin, the present Attorney-General of Maine. Thus the name of William Bingham has become interwoven with the early history of Eastern Maine, its records and land titles.







## Land Lotteries to Create Revenue in America

Much of this vast domain is yet wild forestry, where Maine lumbermen carry on extensive operations, and upon some of it are busy villages and farming communities. The ownership to a great mass of it long since passed from the Bingham estate to numerous individuals and corporations.

William Bingham was born in Philadelphia, in 1751, and died in Bath, England, February 7, 1804. He came from a long line of distinguished ancestors. His great grandfather, James Bingham, died in Philadelphia in 1714, leaving what was then a princely fortune to his son and grandson, William and William Junior.

He was regarded one of the wealthiest of his day in America, was a factor in political affairs of the colonies and later of the union, and was known abroad as an eminent American citizen. He was graduated from the College of Philadelphia in 1768 and received a diplomatic appointment under the British government at St. Pierre, Myzene, in the West Indies, where he was consul in 1771-2. During the Revolutionary War he remained there as agent for the Continental Congress, and performed patriotic service in furnishing money and supplies for the army of the colonies.

He married Ann Willing, a brilliant and beautiful society girl of his native city, October 26, 1780, and in 1784 he visited Europe with his wife, and with her was presented at the Court of Louis XVI. In 1786 he was elected a member of the Congress of Confederation, and served until 1789.

He was captain of a troop of dragoons, and did escort duty with his company for Mrs. Washington from Chester to Philadelphia, she being on her journey to New York to join her husband, who had been elected President of the United States.

In 1790 he was elected a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly, serving as speaker in his first term, which was an unusual honor, and was re-elected in 1791. In 1795 he was elected to the United States Senate and was a member until 1801. In 1797 he was elected President of the Senate, pro tempore, and administered the oath of office to the Vice-President, Thomas Jefferson, March 4, 1797.

He was a Federalist and a strong supporter of John Adams. While he was in the Senate, Aaron Burr and Rufus King were the senators from New York. His votes upon political questions are generally recorded in opposition to Burr in the proceedings of Congress during all the time that both belonged to this body.

He was a liberal patron of the drama, and in 1794 his name appears with that of Robert Morris in a long list of stockholders who subscribed stock for a new theater, which was the means of giving players and playing considerable note [in the pious Quaker City, much to the consternation of many good people.


In 1782 he presented to the library company of Philadelphia a costly marble statue of Franklin.

Alexander Baring, son of Sir Francis Baring, founder of the great banking concern, once of such importance and fame throughout the world of finance, was sent to the United States, when he had attained the age of manhood, to acquire a knowledge of the commercial relations of Great Britain and America.

While in Philadelphia he moved in the best society, and became acquainted with Anna Louise Bingham, who, as her mother had been, was a society bell of that city. His acquaintance ripened into love and marriage. While he was residing in Philadelphia, their son, William Bingham Baring, was born.







## The First Financiers in the United States

Alexander Baring afterwards became, in England, banker for the United States, and was subsequently made Lord Ashburton, and in 1842 he came once more to this country, as special ambassador for Great Britain to the Government of Washington. During this time the famous Ashburton-Webster treaty was made, which ended a prolonged territorial struggle between the two governments, which had caused the bloodless and somewhat farcical "Aroostook War," the treaty resulting in the State of Maine losing what it is believed was by right a part of her domain, it being a strip of land that is now a rich and populous portion of the province of New Brunswick.

For many years the Bingham family maintained at Lansdown, near Philadelphia, a magnificent country seat. When Joseph Bonaparte (ex-King of Spain), came to the United States, he leased Lansdown and had a permanent residence there for a year.

Mr. Bingham's residence in Philadelphia, known as the "Mansion House," was an elegant structure, and considered the most magnificent and elaborate private dwelling in America. It was enclosed in a close line of Lombardy poplars, which he had imported and from which, it is said, have sprung all the ornamental poplar shade trees now in this country.

In Watson's Annals of Philadelphia, it is stated that "the Mansion House, built and lived in by William Bingham, Esquire, was the admiration of that day for its ornaments and magnificence. . . . The grounds, generally, he had laid out in beautiful style, and filled the whole with curious and rare clumps of shrubs and shade trees."

He was believed to be the richest man of his time in the colonies, for, in addition to the fortune which he had inherited, he accumulated large wealth in the West Indies as agent for American privateers. It was alleged by some that his methods there had been dishonest and corrupt, but none of his critics attempted to bring direct charges against him. Their accusations were merely innuendoes and hints of something mysterious, and appear to have been more the malicious carplings of the envious than the utterances of any one who possessed knowledge against his character. He was censured and vilified and abused by the newspapers in a manner that would have done credit to some of the so called "yellow" journalistic performances of the present day. Peter Marcoe, a writer of that period, in a poem published in the *Times*, in 1788, had this doggerel about Mr. Bingham and his enterprise in the West Indies:

"Rapax, the Muse has slightly touched thy crimes,  
And dares awake thee from thy golden dreams;  
In peculations various thee sits supreme,  
Though to thy 'Mansion' wits and fops repair,  
To game, to feast, to flatter and to stare:  
But say, from what bright deeds dost thou derive  
That wealth that bids thee rival British Clive?  
Wrung from the hardy sons of toil and war,  
By arts which petty scoundrels would abhor."

And yet, notwithstanding the tempest of calumny which he was for a time subjected to, there is no evidence that he was other than a person of the highest honor and integrity in all his public and private affairs of life.

William Bingham was a financier of ability, a publicist of renown, a patriotic citizen, a leader in social and political circles, a cultured gentleman and a faithful and loyal public officer whenever called to fill important and eminent positions.





# Private Letters of a Government Official in the Southwest

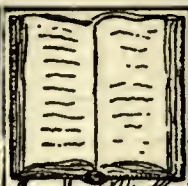
Correspondence  
of a Territorial Governor  
with an Intimate Political Friend in  
which He Relates His Experiences & Trials and  
Hardships of a Conscientious Public Official who Endeavors  
to Do His Duty in Carrying the Flag of Civilization into the Southwest

ORIGINAL LETTERS TRANSCRIBED BY


TOD B. GALLOWAY

COLUMBUS, OHIO

**T**HESE letters are from the private correspondence of a government official of the United States. In them is revealed the truth regarding the conditions in the Southwest. The name of the official is withheld as a matter of courtesy, but only such portions of the letters as are purely personal in character have been suppressed. These letters are as fearless as they are honest. They were never written with any intention of publication and are, therefore, frank and open without any tendency to conceal the conditions. The writer was one of the first Indian agents in the vast territory of the Southwest, now known as New Mexico, organized under the act of Congress, September 9, 1850. It was in the following February that Congress extended over the territory the existing laws on trade and intercourse with the Indians, and provided for the appointment of four agents, of which the writer of these letters was one of the most active. He was first stationed at Taos, and later, as these letters show, he became Territorial Secretary and *de facto* Governor of the new territory. This correspondence is addressed to an intimate friend who assisted him in obtaining the political appointment and to whom he relates the conditions exactly as he finds them. They reveal the trials and hardships of a conscientious public official who endeavored, in spite of formidable obstacles, to bring the new child of the Republic into the American household with peace, order and prosperity. In plain terms, they protest against political neglect and mismanagement, and depict the efforts of brave men to do their duty regardless of the consequences, and without a definite, consistent governmental policy for them to follow. The government official is vigorous in his convictions, but it is without malice. He is a keen observer of human nature, and his description of his journey over the Santa Fe trail to the almost unknown region of New Mexico, and his experience in the new region to which he is carrying the flag of civilization, is as entertaining as it is historically important. The original letters have been transcribed by Mr. Tod B. Galloway, of Columbus, Ohio, whose reputation as an historical authority is sufficient guarantee for the remarkable correspondence given historical record for the first time in these pages.—EDITOR







## Private Letters of a Government Official

INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI, May 12, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR:

After a delightful trip down the beautiful Ohio River and up the Mississippi to St. Louis,<sup>1</sup> I landed, and was advised to make my outfit before I proceeded further up the country, as mules were said to be scarce and it would be almost impossible to procure a carriage made of seasoned timber, if I did not secure one here.

I think I was fortunate in following the advice, as I have a good light carriage at the cost of \$105.00, and two very fine gentle mules for \$100.00.

I have driven them here from St. Louis, and they have continued to improve in flesh notwithstanding the drive of over 300 miles.

St. Louis exceeds any city in the way of improvement that I have ever seen—even exceeding Cincinnati by far. I had the good fortune to meet Mr. Ewing<sup>2</sup> here, who has made a fine speculation. A law suit he gained in the Supreme Court some time ago gives him one-tenth of 300 acres of what will soon be in the heart of the city. A fortune in itself.

I also saw old Governor Bartley<sup>3</sup> here who was on his way to Kansas, and from there was going to New Orleans. What can the old man be after? Do you know?

I had the pleasure of hearing Senator Geyer<sup>4</sup> make a speech in Court the other day. He is not a showy man by any means, but I think a very sincere one. He looks like, and I suppose is, just such another man as Judge Stillwell.<sup>5</sup>

Benton<sup>6</sup> is the worst used up man in the country as a politician. In the city election at St. Louis, although he was present and made every effort to secure the election of some of his friends, yet only one received a majority of votes and he was ousted afterwards because he was not eligible, not being a citizen. In my whole route I have not met a Benton man.

I was detained at St. Louis about a week longer than I should have been had I not met Colonel Sumner,<sup>7</sup> who is to command the expedition to Santa Fe, and he informed me he could not possibly start before the 10th of this month, owing to the extreme low water in the Missouri River. He could not get boats for transportation. He intends to take out implements for irrigating and cultivating the soil in New Mexico, and intends the soldiers shall turn their attention to farming, so as the Government shall not be at so much expense, but I am inclined to think the scheme is a visionary one.

Troops are now on their march to Fort Leavenworth, and they will leave there for Santa Fe on the 20th. You may look for lively times in that country before the snow falls, as Sumner is the most business-like,

<sup>1</sup>The writer started from his home, Columbus, Ohio.

<sup>2</sup>Thomas Ewing, United States Senator from Ohio, 1831-37 and 1850-51, had at this time retired from political life and devoted himself to the practice of law.

<sup>3</sup>Governor Mordecai Bartley, of Ohio, 1846-48.


<sup>4</sup>Henry S. Geyer, United States Senator from Missouri, 1851-57.

<sup>5</sup>Of Zanesville, Ohio.

<sup>6</sup>Senator Benton at this time was 69 years old. Far from being, as the writer expresses, "a used up man," he continued to exert a powerful influence in national and state politics until his death, in 1858.

<sup>7</sup>Afterwards military governor of New Mexico for a short time.





## Experiences in American Southwest in 1851

energetic man in the army, and has been appointed for the express purpose of teaching the Indians the difference between Americans and Mexicans . .

. . . . . This town has for the last two years flourished quite extensively, but I think is now in a galloping consumption. The California trade is about done, and Weston and Kansas are doing the Santa Fe business.

My curiosity is much excited as to the condition of things in New Mexico, and I should not be surprised to find as great rascals there as there are in some of the older states. However, I shall wait and see, and give you my opinion.

Major Cunningham is a fine fellow, and I have been hanging on to his skirts and shall continue to, until we get through our journey. How such a glorious good fellow could have ever made such a mistake as to be a Locofoco<sup>8</sup> is to me a strange matter.

I shall leave here tomorrow for the fort, which is 40 miles, when I shall be all ready to leave with the troops on the 20th. There will be about 300 horsemen and 350 infantry, and a very large number of government wagons—besides the stock, &c., that Sumner is driving over to stock the country with. . . . .

Very respectfully yours,

J. G.

NEW POST, ARKANSAS RIVER, June 20, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR:

"Two big Indians and a Squaw  
Going down to Arkansaw.  
Arkansaw, just half way  
From the States to Santa Fe,"

as Dr. Watts (or somebody else) very pathetically remarks in one of his spiritual hymns, and although that is not much of a rhyme, yet it is *truth though*, as the darkey said.

We have had a considerable of a tramp "All over these wide extended plains," have seen the wolves, antelopes, prairie dogs, buffaloes, and a glimpse of a queer animal called the *elephant*. Whether he is to be seen t'other side the Arkansaw, I am not sure, but I guess he is. There has been no rain in this country for eight months and in a *wet* season animals suffer for want of water. Even the Arkansaw River, from the "Big Bend" up to this point, 100 miles, has been entirely dry, not a drop of water in it. Queer river, isn't it?


When I left Fort Leavenworth I thought if I could only escape the cholera until we reached here I should be very thankful, and I am. The disease continued to show itself in Colonel Sumner's command by carrying off a number of the men. I don't know how many, probably 30, when I left and joined a company of Major Chilton's, who was marching to strengthen this post.

Nobody else on the plains, none of the large number of teamsters who drive the trains for the merchants to Santa Fe have been afflicted, and none of the soldiers at this post.

Colonel Sumner will be here tomorrow and we shall move on again with him, and as the cholera has never appeared west of the Arkansaw, we feel sanguine of being no more troubled with it.

<sup>8</sup>The writer, as is evident, was an old line Whig.





## Private Letters of a Government Official

We are in the midst of about 4,000 Indians who have assembled here for the purpose of meeting Major Fitzpatrick, Indian Agent, to hold a council. I was lucky in being there yesterday as it gave me an opportunity of witnessing the ceremonies attending such an occasion. Fitzpatrick is trying to induce the Indians here to attend a grand council of all the prairie tribes in the West at Fort Laramie, where the Government hope to make arrangements with them by which the safety of the whites can be guaranteed in passing through the country. But the Major will hardly succeed. Fort Laramie is 500 miles from here, and these tribes do not wish to go so far. Besides, they are afraid of the cholera and the smallpox, as they have heard these diseases are spreading among some of the northern tribes. The Comanches, Kioways, Chians, and Araphoes are all at peace with us and have not committed any depredations for a long time, and with good management on our part will probably continue to be at peace for a long time yet. To keep all these prairie tribes in order, the garrison here numbers only about 75 men.

A few days ago we encamped upon Walnut Creek, and were sitting around the camp, talking and laughing, when our Mexican servant sang out "Indians Mucho," and looking up in front of us, we saw a company of Indians with their lances glittering in the sun and all around with bows and arrows, ready to pounce upon us. We numbered about 30 soldiers, and as there were twice that number of Indians in view, and we didn't know how many behind, you may suppose there was considerable scrambling among us. But

"We wasn't skeered  
Nor a bit afeared,"

but the way horses and mules were brought in, guns loaded and capped and swords loosened in their scabbards, was much quicker than on ordinary occasions.

They came in and encamped close by us, and for some reason did not pass the pipe around to us. This looked suspicious, and about midnight a great jabbering was heard among them and another party of about 80 came too, making them a pretty strong body.

We kept a strong guard out, but they were very peaceable and proved to be a war party, Comanches and Arapahoes, looking out for Pawnees, with whom they and all other tribes were at war. . . . We are fearful of a want of water on the Cinnamon, but we can get along if anybody can.

Yours &c.,

J. G.


SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, July 29, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR:

. . . . . We arrived at this, the City of the Holy Faith, on the 17th inst., 53 days out. Although our trip was a long and a weary one, we had no right to complain. We enjoyed good health, met with no serious accidents, and got through safely.

There has been no rain scarcely in New Mexico for nearly a year, and the whole face of the country is dried up—many of the rivers even have run dry. For hundreds of miles not a single spear of grass has grown this season, and I suspect there will be no chance for any this year. The





## Experiences in American Southwest in 1851

wheat crop is entirely destroyed and the corn will probably share the same fate. Corn is now selling at \$5.00 a bushel, and flour at \$15.00 a hundred. Board ranges at from \$30.00 to \$60.00 a month—and living poor at that.

I have succeeded in persuading the Reverend Mr. Nicholson to take me in, so I feel more at home than many of the Americans do here. Mr. Nicholson is from the Pittsburg Conference, and used to live in Fairview. He is a glorious fellow . . . and if any individual missionary could do any good to this population he would be the man. But with all his labors, he has not only not got a single convert, but he cannot get a dozen hearers out of the whole population, Mexican and American. But he continues to preach, sometimes to ten hearers—sometimes to five. Reverend Mr. Kephart, whom you know, is my room-mate. He hitches teams with Nicholson and I think has about abandoned the field in despair, although he continues to do all in his power. I am led to believe that he is under the guidance of the Anti-Slavery Society, and they have been fortunate in their selection of a man who is resolute, energetic and shrewd.


. . . . There are besides these two, two Baptist preachers, whose success is just equal to their co-laborers. We made an effort to raise a temperance meeting on Sunday night last, but "nobody didn't come." No, not one. Quite an interesting population, you may believe. A new Bishop has arrived in the territory from Cincinnati, and is said to be a *Christian* and a gentleman. He will make the cock fighting and gambling priests of New Mexico either move their *boots* or discard their evil practices. Great changes are expected to be made. Heretofore the Bishop of Durango, from Old Mexico, has had charge of this diocese, but the American Catholic Church will take it in charge. The people got on their knees around the new Bishop's carriage upon his arrival at one of the Rio Grande towns, as they always did around the Bishop of Durango. "Get off your knees," sternly said the new Bishop. "Don't kneel to me. Worship God." If this Bishop is what he is confidently said to be, a good man, he will do more for New Mexico and its people than all the missionaries Protestantism can send. He will not allow the priests to keep their women as they do now, he says, and the priests will have to take charge of the religious interests of the people, and leave politics alone. There were *seven* priests in the legislature last winter. The Mexicans are not well pleased with the American residents here, and the presence of the army has alone prevented their revolting before this time. The fact is they are treated little better than we treat our negroes, and it would not be strange at all if at some day they would raise and wipe out our whole American population. Recollect there are over 60,000 Mexicans, and not over 500 American citizens in the whole territory. When you remember the thousands and thousands of Indians there are surrounding us, who are nearly all hostile, you may believe living in this vicinity is like living upon a volcano—not knowing how soon there may be an eruption. . . .

Very respectfully yours,

J. G.







## Private Letters of a Government Official

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, October 1, 1851,

MY DEAR SIR:

Here am I in the *Palace* of Santa Fe, sitting alongside of Governor Calhoun,<sup>9</sup> writing letters to my old friends in the States, far, far away.

If I succeed in getting safely back again among my friends under Providence I shall consider myself a highly favored man. Between the savage Indians, the treacherous Mexicans and the outlawed Americans, a man has to run the gauntlet in this country. Three governors within twelve years have lost their heads and there are men here at present who talk as flippantly of taking Governor Calhoun's head as though it were of no consequence whatever. Everybody and everything in this . . . country appears at cross purposes. In the first place the civil and military authorities are at war.<sup>10</sup> Colonel Sumner refuses to acknowledge the right of the Governor to send Indian agents with him to the Indian country—and will not afford the proper facilities for them to go—and the Governor refuses to send them. The Governor and Secretary of the Territory cannot hitch horses. The American residents are at war with the Governor, while the Mexican population side with him. Even the missionaries are at loggerheads. The Baptist preacher, Reed, is at war with the Methodist, Nicholson, and "vice-versa." While the Presbyterian, Kephart, has turned editor and is raising the . . . in general through the columns of the *Santa Fe Gazette*. The American troops are at war with the Indians, and if they could only catch them (the Navajoes), would give them fits, but Colonel Sumner is on his way back from their country without even seeing one of them. Since his expedition started, the Indians have come into this country within twenty miles of Santa Fe, and have robbed the citizens and run off their stock.

Two Americans have been murdered lately here by Mexicans, owing, I think, to their own impudence, and the Governor is charged with aiding and abetting the deed, although 70 miles distant from the scene of operations—and they make no bones of saying they will avenge the deaths upon him. Yet I have never known him to give any cause for such hostilities; cool, calm and deliberate, he is not easily thrown off his guard, and you may depend upon it, if he does fall, it will be with his face to the sky and his feet to the foe, and there will be men who will die with him.


I have been residing at Taos lately, among the Eutaws and Apaches, who get drunk whenever they get a chance and boast of how many whites they have killed, and talk very glibly of the scalps they intend to take. There is a *great* and *deep* gulf between the Americans and Mexicans yet, and the love they bear each other has by no means waxed warm.

There is hardly an American here that stirs abroad without being armed to the teeth, and under his pillow, pistols and bowie-knives may always be found. None go to bed without this precaution. Taking all things into consideration, isn't this a nice, interesting country? If I had paid my own expenses to get here, you would see me at home before

<sup>9</sup>James S. Calhoun, general agent for New Mexican Indians, 1848-51. On the organization of the Territory was appointed governor and ex-officio superintendent of Indian affairs.

<sup>10</sup>Sumner was inclined to regard the Indian depredations as of slight importance and the report of Calhoun '51 shows the grievous antagonism between the military and civil authorities brought about by conflicting instructions and lack of policy on the part of the general government.





## Experiences in American Southwest in 1851

Christmas, but as it would be bad faith to the Government in not giving an equivalent for what I have received, I am determined to stay until I can come home with credit to myself, and my friends shall not have it to say that I shrank from duty.

And yet there is a bright side to the picture. Governor Calhoun has always treated me in the kindest possible manner, has always acceded to my wishes, and has furnished me every information on subjects upon which I was ignorant.

So far, I think, I have sustained myself with credit, at least all appear to be satisfied with me, and I have many friends in this territory. Although it costs me like everything to live, I think if I have no back set, I will be enabled to lay by something for "a home," which you know was the moving cause for my coming here. . . .

Yours, &c.,

J. G.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, January 24, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR:

I embrace the opportunity of sending you a line by a friend who is going to the States in the morning. I am now located here and will probably remain here until next summer, as the Governor's health is so precarious that he will leave here for a trip towards El Paso as soon as the mail goes out, and not return until the first of April, when he will go in to the States. The news of the death of his daughter in Georgia has broke the old man down. The other Indian agents being absent, nearly all the duties devolve upon me. I have now been over much of the territory, and have made the acquaintance of many of the Indians, and I think have succeeded in gaining the good will of the most influential among them.

The Indians are quiet and well behaved, except towards the southern part. The Mescalaso Apaches are troublesome, and kill off a number of the Mexicans whenever they get a chance.


The country, poor and miserable as it is in many respects, evidently abounds in mineral wealth. We hear in every direction of gold and silver being discovered. The placer which used to produce a great deal of gold before the Americans came is now being worked again, and I saw the other day about \$100 in lumps and dust which was taken out about a week ago.

While I was in Taos last week I saw a little silver that was got out in the mountains about four miles off. The Eutaw Indians profess to know where there is silver up the Rio del Norte, and gold is washed out in the Rio Seco about 20 miles from Taos. The Navajoes also profess to know where there is gold, and some of it has just been brought to town.

A company of about 60, mostly Americans, will leave here tomorrow for the Gila River, where gold has been found in abundance. This company will number 150 before it leaves the settlement, and if there is anything to be made, these men will make it. They are of the right stripe, and start under fair auspices. Captain W. E. Love, son-in-law to Governor Calhoun, is the commander.

This country needs men who understand geology and mineralogy. They would find it a great country to study and work out the science, and a great country for—nothing else. I am becoming acclimated to it





## Private Letters of a Government Official

and begin to like it better than I did, having regained my health, and the travel and excitement of Indian life agrees with me. I have been with Eutaws, Jickalla Apaches, Navajoes and Pueblos and like them . . . .

Yours as ever,

J. G.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, February 2, 1852.

MY DEAR G.:

An express will leave here to-night to overtake the mail to send a Government dispatch, and by it I send you a letter.

I have about attained the summit of all human greatness in this country. I live in the Palace, board with the Governor, ride in his carriage, and sleep in the Post Office. Is n't that enough to satisfy earthly ambition? To support all this with sufficient dignity, I wear a new hat, a blue cloth cloak and high heeled boots!!! (sometimes). I tip my hat to the Americans, bow to the Mexicans (not the greasers), and embrace the senoritas. I visit the lodge of the Odd Fellows, work with the craft at the Masons', and am a Worthy Associate of the Sons. Hail fellow well met with the army, shake hands with the priests and the Bishop, and big Indians and their squaws.

Plenty of gold on the Gila, loads of silver in the mountains of Taos, precious stones are gathered among the Navajoes—and all we have to do is to find them.

"There's gems with the Indians and gold in the mine  
And all but the spirit of man is divine."

I have attended two or three fandangoes and the dance is very fascinating. Every Mexican can waltz. They commence as soon as they can toddle, and keep it up until their legs become stiffened by age.

But I have told you enough for one letter. I have merely tried to give you a few items as to how we live, but it is only a faint picture. . . .

I have applied for leave of absence, and hope to get it. The Governor has written one of the most complimentary letters ever sent to the Department, in my favor, and I think I shall succeed in spending next winter with you, when I will a tale unfold. . . .

Yours truly,


J. G.

SANTA FE, February 29, 1852.

MY DEAR G.:

Your kind letter of the 17th December arrived by the mail on the 24th inst. . . . During the past month the Governor's health has been very poor and he went off on a journey, leaving me acting Superintendent of the Territory. I *guess* I did pretty well for he is going away again next week, and I shall be left in the same capacity. Between the first and tenth of April he leaves for the States, and gives me all the charge of the Indian Department, so I will be under considerable responsibility. This will bring me probably in conflict with the Secretary who will be acting Governor by law, and he will claim the superintendency on the strength of being Governor.





## Experiences in American Southwest in 1851

The Governor and Secretary have not "*hitched horses*" for some time, and the Governor *will not* leave the superintendency in the Secretary's hands, as he considers that the Secretary knows nothing about the Indians of this Territory.

The Department may possibly settle this difficulty by next mail. So far I have pursued a straight path in my public duties, made no enemies, and I trust have made some warm friends.

The Indians in my agency, the Pueblos, Eutaws and Jicarillas Apaches, have so far behaved admirably, are very kind and I get along with them first rate. But in this country a man's hair sits very loosely on his head, and I wish to keep my business in such shape that if my hair should accidentally be "slipped off" by some of my red or Mexican friends, my wife and babies may have some little to live upon when I am gone.

The Indians are playing "hob" down below and so far Uncle Sam's troops have not got a single advantage over them. If there should be a union made by them with the Indians in the northern part of the Territory, we should have squally times here. I start to Taos tomorrow to see the Jicarillas Apaches and Eutaws, to prevent such an amalgamation. Should this union unfortunately take place we would be cut off from the States altogether.

The Governor wishes to arm the Mexicans to fight the Indians, but Colonel Sumner refuses to give him the arms to do it with. . . .

Yours truly,

J. G.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, March 31, 1852.


MY DEAR SIR:

Tomorrow is "All Fool's day." Tomorrow I write my name J. Greiner, Indian Agent and acting Superintendent of Indian affairs, New Mexico. Whether the appointment will be said hereafter, to have commenced upon an appropriate day remains to be seen. Everything appears to be getting in a muddle in this "wilderness of sin."

The Governor has been very ill for some months past with the "scurvy" and has hardly been able to sit up for three weeks. I have attended to all the Indian Department in his stead, and have got my hand in—at least he thinks so—for he has pressed the appointment of superintendent upon me and I shall have to go it and either "make a spoon or spoil a horn." I have been at a loss to know whether to accept this appointment or not. To tell the truth, I doubt my competency very much. Do you know the responsibility I have to take with only a few months' experience in Indian affairs? There are 92,000 Indians (estimated) in this Territory. Many of them are at war. We have not 1,000 troops here under Colonel Sumner to manage them. Our troops are of no earthly account. They cannot catch a single Indian. A dragoon mounted will weigh 225 pounds. Their horses are all as poor as carrion. The Indians have nothing but their bows and arrows and their ponies are as fleet as deer. Cipher it up. Heavy dragoons on poor horses, who know nothing of the country, sent after Indians who are at home anywhere and who always have some hours start, how long will it take to catch them? So far, although several expeditions have started after them, not a single Indian has been caught! The southern Apaches are at war, they run off all the stock they care for and laugh at their pursuers. The Governor applied to the commandant







## Private Letters of a Government Official

to give the Mexicans arms to defend themselves. He complied, the other day, by giving an order for 100 stand, and when the arms were looked after they were found to be "unfit for use." You may think it strange, but I have more fears of Mexicans and some *Americans* here than I have of any of the Indians.

Everything in this Territory I fear is going to ruin. The military disbursements made here kept the people alive and everything was done on the most extravagant plan. Now Colonel Sumner has stopped all these supplies. Money is getting very scarce. Many of the Americans are leaving here. Others have nothing to do and they think if a change be made by making "a row," they are ready for it. They have nothing to lose and everything to gain.

The Governor goes into the States in a few weeks, if able to travel. The Secretary goes in to see his family by the mail tomorrow. The Governor appoints Alvarez Governor, and myself Superintendent Indian Affairs. Quere. Has he the power to appoint a successor? The Secretary appoints his successor, the Governor his. This right is also disputed. The Attorney General resigns to-day! The Prefect has just come here stating that he would have to let the prisoners out of jail because there is nothing to feed them on.

The Chief Justice of the Territory, Baker,<sup>11</sup> has been absent all winter at Washington and although he "steams it high" sometimes, he is by far the best of the Judges on the bench. Although the Associates are steady, sober, moral men, but nothing else, no one has any confidence in their decisions.

Even the missionary, Mr. Nicholson, shakes the dust off of his shoes in a few days for the States, satisfied that this is not even missionary ground.

If, traveling on the road you meet an American, you put your hand on your pistol for fear of accidents.

If you meet a greaser, you watch him closer than a brother.

If an Indian, look out for your scalp or your horse is gone. Beautiful country to serve the Lord in, isn't it?

"But what the thunder is the use of being a fellow if you ain't all sorts of a fellow," says Dr. Watts, and if there is anything in a man circumstances will bring it out, or "Great men are only great on great occasions," as Sancho Panza said on the island. But enough of this. . . .

Yours as ever,

J. G.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, April 30, 1852.


MY DEAR G.:

Thank you for your very kind letter. "Like the panther panting for the purling brook," my soul pants for letters from home. . . . (The writer details of sending his son home to the States with friends and hopes "they may all succeed in reaching home safe.") The Comanches are encamping on the Arkansas and I shall feel much relieved when I hear of their safe arrival. All our Indians in New Mexico are quiet and well disposed at this time.

As I am now the acting Superintendent of Indian Affairs, you may be sure that I have much to do. So far I have succeeded in doing well.

<sup>11</sup>Grafton Baker, Chief Justice of New Mexico, 1851-53.





## Experiences in American Southwest in 1851

But I have many serious and vexing questions to decide, and sometimes have to assume, in absence of law, much responsibility. The dictates of justice and common sense have been my guide, and so far have steered clear of making any blunders.

Next week Governor Calhoun will leave for the States but I am in great doubt about his reaching there alive. He is not able to stand alone today.<sup>12</sup> I do trust he may live, for he is a man of whom this administration should be proud. No other man, I believe, could have kept this Territory from open rebellion. He will, if he lives, come back again in the fall. Colonel Sumner will come here and preserve peace and order during the "interregnum." I take charge of all the Indian Department, and this summer I shall be very busy.

Secretary Allen, I think, will not return here and so there will be a vacancy. . . . I send home by Mrs. N. three lumps of gold taken from the Placer, twenty miles from Santa Fe. If there was water sufficient to wash the dirt, these mines would turn out very rich, but like everything else here, they cost more than they come to.

. . . . Can you write to any member of Congress who will take sufficient interest in my fate to go to the Indian Office and get me a leave? I won't come without it and I should like very much to "sing a Scott song" or two in this campaign. . . . I feel myself much honored by my report on the Pueblos being taken from the files of the Department and published in the *National Intelligencer*. I sent by the last mail another one which I hope may share the same fate. I am now about making a "report on the trade with the Payntakes for their children," which I think will be interesting. Governor Calhoun has been charged, as you have seen, with licensing traders to purchase them, and some of our Abolition friends are trying to make a fuss about it. If there was any truth in the charge they might perhaps have cause to complain. . . .

Yours as ever,

J. G.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, June 30, 1852.


MY DEAR SIR:

I have time only to say a few words. As I am settling up all my accounts for the quarter and superintending the accounts of all the agents, you may suppose I have my hands full. Add to this forty wild Apache Indians in my back room who have come in to make peace and with whom we hold a "grand council" tomorrow. (The red rascals killed one of my best friends a few months ago, Bob Brent.). . . .

I am left in one of the most important offices in the Government, with everything to attend to, with two of the agents gone to the States, with my own agency (the Utah) to attend to, and during the absence of the Governor, the Superintendency in my special charge—without an inkling of advice from the Department on matters of vital importance, with no law to govern and no rule to guide—with wild Indians to rule and wilder ones to conciliate, I may perhaps be justified in saying that I am in rather a "tall fix." But "Go it boots, who's afeerd?" I can get

<sup>12</sup>Governor Calhoun did not survive this journey, but died in June, 1852, en-route to the States.





## Private Letters of a Government Official

the force to compel obedience, I can get as much money as I need on my own hook, I am getting the "hang of the school-house" and I have "troops of friends," so what's the use of grumbling?

The Department at Washington say I stand A No. one as an Indian Agent and they will give me leave to go home in September. But can I do it and leave my post here? Aye, there's the rub. Unless a new Governor or Secretary comes, I cannot. However, I shall hope. We are a magnificently governed Territory—that is, we have no government at all. Governor, Secretary, Chief Justice, Attorney-General, District Judge, two Indian Agents, all absent in the States.

But verily, if we did not know they were absent we wouldn't miss anybody but the Governor much. He is a glorious old fellow and I only wish he may live,<sup>13</sup> and be able to attend to business at Washington. You must think from what the people of New Mexico at Washington say of one another that we are a great set of rascals in this Territory, and *perhaps* they are not far from the truth. . . . New Mexico, this year, will raise glorious crops. It rains a slow shower every day and everything indicates a fine harvest. . . . The mail is closing.

Yours truly, J. G.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, July 31, 1852.

MY DEAR G.:

Hurrah for Scott! Ohio will once more be a Whig state, won't it? . . . How I would like to be at home this campaign to enjoy the fun, but there is no hope. I had written for leave to come home, but although I got a few compliments for my official services, I got no leave and I won't come home without it. I received a letter from Major Weightman<sup>14</sup> by this mail telling me I am to be appointed Secretary of the Territory. As our Governor will be absent (*if he is not dead*) for some time, I will have to assume the duties of Governor. Again I say, Sancho Panza on his Island, hey? What the mischief will happen next, I wonder. But I am inclined to think I will not accept it. I prefer the Indian Department as I have the hang of the ropes and know what I am about, and have given general satisfaction to everybody. But as I have no certain news on this matter I will come to no decision until next mail brings me something more definite.

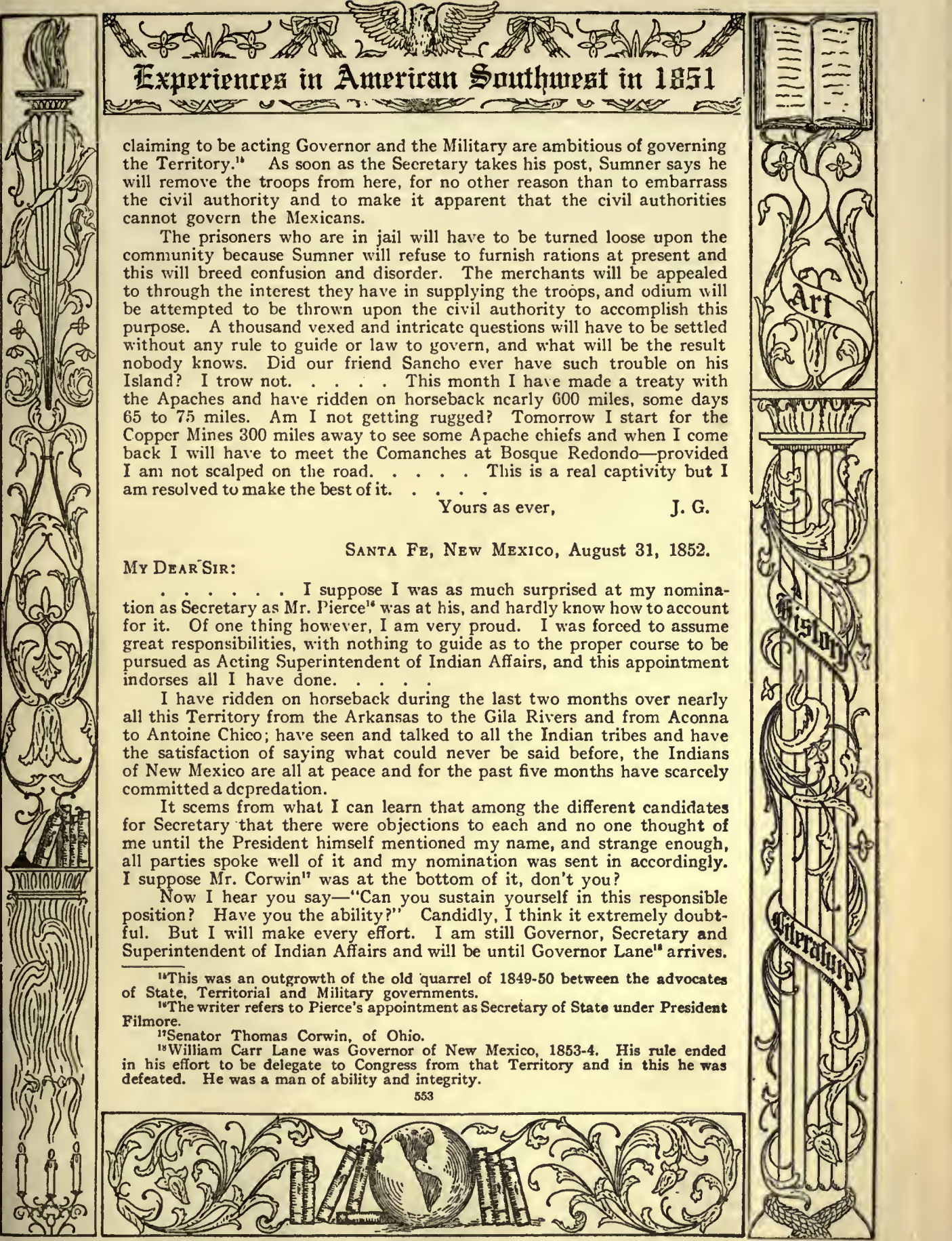
I have waded through so many difficulties during the past few months without getting stuck, that I am beginning to think the only plan is to shut my eyes and go ahead. Now the difficulties are growing thicker and more of them.

Left in charge of the superintendency of Indian affairs by Governor Calhoun, without a dollar to pay expenses, without any means provided to meet any of the Indians, with only one Indian agent in the Territory and he in the Navajo country, with a rumor that the Comanches are forming a league with the other wild tribes to pounce down upon New Mexico and Texas, with suspicions that some devilment is afoot among the Pueblos, with rumors of revolution among the Mexicans, with Governor, Secretary, and Chief Justice absent in the States, you can judge of my condition. . . . Suppose I take the Secretaryship and with that the office of Governor from the States. Colonel Sumner is here

<sup>13</sup>The writer, as is evident, was not aware of Governor Calhoun's death.

<sup>14</sup>Delegate from New Mexico, elected 1851.





## Experiences in American Southwest in 1851

claiming to be acting Governor and the Military are ambitious of governing the Territory.<sup>14</sup> As soon as the Secretary takes his post, Sumner says he will remove the troops from here, for no other reason than to embarrass the civil authority and to make it apparent that the civil authorities cannot govern the Mexicans.

The prisoners who are in jail will have to be turned loose upon the community because Sumner will refuse to furnish rations at present and this will breed confusion and disorder. The merchants will be appealed to through the interest they have in supplying the troops, and odium will be attempted to be thrown upon the civil authority to accomplish this purpose. A thousand vexed and intricate questions will have to be settled without any rule to guide or law to govern, and what will be the result nobody knows. Did our friend Sancho ever have such trouble on his Island? I trow not. . . . This month I have made a treaty with the Apaches and have ridden on horseback nearly 600 miles, some days 65 to 75 miles. Am I not getting rugged? Tomorrow I start for the Copper Mines 300 miles away to see some Apache chiefs and when I come back I will have to meet the Comanches at Bosque Redondo—provided I am not scalped on the road. . . . This is a real captivity but I am resolved to make the best of it. . . .

Yours as ever,

J. G.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, August 31, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR:

. . . . I suppose I was as much surprised at my nomination as Secretary as Mr. Pierce<sup>15</sup> was at his, and hardly know how to account for it. Of one thing however, I am very proud. I was forced to assume great responsibilities, with nothing to guide as to the proper course to be pursued as Acting Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and this appointment indorses all I have done. . . .

I have ridden on horseback during the last two months over nearly all this Territory from the Arkansas to the Gila Rivers and from Aconna to Antoine Chico; have seen and talked to all the Indian tribes and have the satisfaction of saying what could never be said before, the Indians of New Mexico are all at peace and for the past five months have scarcely committed a depredation.

It seems from what I can learn that among the different candidates for Secretary that there were objections to each and no one thought of me until the President himself mentioned my name, and strange enough, all parties spoke well of it and my nomination was sent in accordingly. I suppose Mr. Corwin<sup>16</sup> was at the bottom of it, don't you?

Now I hear you say—"Can you sustain yourself in this responsible position? Have you the ability?" Candidly, I think it extremely doubtful. But I will make every effort. I am still Governor, Secretary and Superintendent of Indian Affairs and will be until Governor Lane<sup>17</sup> arrives.


<sup>14</sup>This was an outgrowth of the old quarrel of 1849-50 between the advocates of State, Territorial and Military governments.

<sup>15</sup>The writer refers to Pierce's appointment as Secretary of State under President Fillmore.

<sup>16</sup>Senator Thomas Corwin, of Ohio.

<sup>17</sup>William Carr Lane was Governor of New Mexico, 1853-4. His rule ended in his effort to be delegate to Congress from that Territory and in this he was defeated. He was a man of ability and integrity.





## Private Letters of a Government Official

But to tell you the truth, I am getting homesick. I want to see my wife and babies, and if I can get away from here with credit to myself and no detriment to the public service, I will be at home next spring, let who be elected, Scott or Pierce. I have taken the oath of office, fixed all my papers, given \$20,000 bond and am defacto now, almost the Civil Government of New Mexico, for everybody else, except the Chief Justice and Marshall are absent. The new Governor is on his way, and will reach here soon, I hope. He is a very estimable man, I hear from all quarters. If I can only perform the duties of Secretary as well as I have Indian Agent I will do. At all events, I will try. . . .

J. G.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, October 30, 1852.

MY DEAR G.:

. . . I am getting along in my office much better than I expected. The duties are not half so intricate as I imagined and yet I have to grope my way, hardly knowing what is the proper course to pursue. For instance, I have the disbursing of all the Territorial funds, the pay of the legislature is part of my duty—and yet I have not a single dollar to do it with because my predecessor carried away with him to the States all the money.

So far I have had to use my private credit and borrow money to pay claims of the treasury. The public printing has been done and not a dollar have I to pay the printer. But, I suppose next mail will bring me some instructions from the Department what to do. However, I shall go ahead, do what is right and leave the rest to Providence. So far, I have been well sustained. Since the first of April every dollar of money expended for the Indian Department has been raised on my own private credit—and *me not worth a dollar!!!* But the last mail left me out of the woods. Two drafts, one of \$1,000 and one of \$200, all I had out, were presented and paid, and I think to the full satisfaction of the Department. I have now, subject to my draft, of public money, about \$20,000, and if I can disburse it to the satisfaction of the Department, I shall be glad.

I am much pleased with Governor Lane. He is a gentleman of the old school, and will make a popular Governor. I am going to Taos next week to meet the Utahs and Jicarillas Apaches. I shall purchase and distribute about \$5,000 worth of presents among them, the Governor requesting me to attend to this duty for him, as he says I know more about Indians than any man in the Territory. *Soft corn.* . . .

Yours truly,



J. G.

The remaining letters in the lapse of time have become lost or destroyed, but the following clipping from the *Ohio State Journal*, Columbus, Ohio, of July 29, 1853 tells of our correspondent's return from the Territory of New Mexico, and forms a fitting sequel to his letters.

### BACK AGAIN

Governor Greiner has just returned from Washington, where he has been to close his accounts with the Indian and State Departments, for his disbursements and services in New Mexico. He has a clean sheet, and met with much courtesy and kindness from Colonel Manypenny and the heads of the Department. We trust John will conclude to settle among us, as he is a right worthy citizen and true man, and has the confidence of all classes.






# Evolution of the Mason-Dixon Line

Investigation  
into the Origin of the  
Historic Demarcation Dividing the North  
and the South in the Civil War in United States &  
First Established to Fix Exact Boundaries Between Lands of  
William Penn and Lord Baltimore in 1763 & Exhaustive Researches

BY  
MORGAN POITIAUX ROBINSON  
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

**I**NVESTIGATIONS into the origin of the historic demarcation known as the Mason-Dixon Line have brought interesting developments. The researches upset many traditions and prove that the boundary is not of modern inception, but that it was first established to fix the position of the properties of William Penn and Lord Baltimore. The historic line had therefore been in existence more than a century before it became popularly known. The great struggle of brother against brother brought this strange geographical line into prominence when it was used to define the dividing line between the states of North and the South, and entered into the politics of the nation. Historians have disagreed regarding its real significance, and the line has been as much in dispute as the great problem which it popularly represents. Some years ago, the writer of this article made an exhaustive investigation into the origin of the imaginary line, which occupied so tragic a part in American history, with the intent of settling the discussion for all time. The investigation required many years of study, research and travel. The legislative acts of many states were examined and the old English records were brought into evidence. The original charters and grants of land were also carefully reviewed. This exhaustive investigation is a work of great historical importance and scholarship. It was first recorded by the researcher, in the annals of the *Oracle Magazine*, a literary treasury in Richmond, Virginia, and is now given permanent record in America's national historical repository—THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY. This is one of the many investigations into Southern history now being pursued by Southern scholars; the article by Professor Fleming, of the Louisiana State University, on "The Plantation of Jefferson Davis," and that of Mr. Crowder, of Virginia, on "Historic Manor-Places in the South," in the preceding issues of these pages, being equally important contributions to the historical records of the nation. Investigators are now at work on similar researches into Southern historical problems, visiting the shrines and examining the locations and records. These articles will continue to be recorded in this journal throughout the coming year.—EDITOR





## Evolution of the Mason and Dixon Line

**P**ROBABLY there is no minor incident nor event in the whole course of American history to which the general public attaches more importance than to the Mason and Dixon line.

So closely did the name become associated with the Anti-slavery struggle that, to the average reader and the casual thinker, the Mason and Dixon line has come to signify a strict dividing line between the North and the South: but this is not the case, for Delaware—north of the line—although a Slave State, sided with the North, while Maryland—south of the line—also a Slave State, although officially in the Union, was seriously divided in sentiment, and furnished a by no means inconsiderable quota of troops to the army of the Confederate States of America.

A line originally run for the sole purpose of establishing the exact bounds between the lands of William Penn, Lord Proprietor of the Province of Pennsylvania, and those of Cecil Calvert, the second Lord Baltimore, Lord Proprietor of the Province of Maryland, chance made it the line of demarcation dividing the Slave from the Anti-slave, or "Free" States, and there are those who even think that it was a mere imaginary line, named as a political catch-phrase, at the beginning of the War between the States, and made to appear the more material by reason of the greater significance of that struggle: while in Europe it is generally confounded with parallel 36° 30' of northerly latitude, which parallel was established by the Missouri Compromise of 1820 as the northernmost limit to which slavery could be carried in the territories—a mistake not infrequently made in the United States. But, as a matter of fact, the Mason and Dixon line had been a material reality for all but a century before the outbreak of the War between the States.

The London Company was organized by adventurers and planters in the year 1606, and, on the 10th day of April of the same year, King James the First issued the First Charter to the First Colony in Virginia, which charter provided that divers and sundry His Majesty's loving subjects could "deduce a colony of sundry our people in that part of *America*, commonly called *VIRGINIA*, and other parts and territories in *America*, either appertaining unto us, or which are not now actually possessed by any *Christian* Prince or people, situate, lying, and being all along the sea-coasts, between four and thirty degrees of *northerly* latitude from the equinoctial line, and five and forty degrees, and the islands thereunto adjacent, or within one hundred miles<sup>1</sup> of the coast thereof:"<sup>2</sup> and then explained that the London Company was to have jurisdiction over the territory "between four and thirty and one and forty degrees of the said latitude,"<sup>3</sup> while the Plymouth Company was to have a similar jurisdiction over the territory "between eight and thirty and five and forty degrees of the said latitude,"<sup>4</sup> thereby making three degrees of the grant neutral territory, the only proviso being "that the plantation and habitation of such of the said colonies as shall plant themselves, as aforesaid, shall not be made within one hundred like *English* miles of the other of them, that first began to make their plantation, as aforesaid."<sup>4</sup>



<sup>1</sup>In the thirty-fifth year of Queen Elizabeth (1593), the Statute Mile was fixed at 5,280 feet.

<sup>2</sup>*Charters and Constitutions*, 2, 1,888.


<sup>3</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 1,889.

<sup>4</sup>*Charters and Constitutions*, 2, 1,890.





## Origin of Famous Boundary in America



From this it is seen that, according to the first charter, the coast-line of the First Colony in Virginia extended from a point on the coast of New Jersey, just opposite the City of Philadelphia, on southward to the head-land which is today known as Cape Fear, North Carolina.

At the time when this charter was issued, there were no maps of "that part of *America*, commonly called *VIRGINIA*," and no one knew of any point by reference to which the King could locate a grant. So it was that, after ascertaining the facts and finding that the proportion of water within the actual ownership of the settlement<sup>5</sup> was so much greater than they had anticipated, the London Company, now having access to the Map of Virginia, by Captain John Smith, made in the year 1608, which map showed *Poynt Comfort* (the present Old Point Comfort, Virginia), as a fixed and known geographical position, applied to the King for "a further enlargement and explanation of the grant, privileges and liberties."<sup>6</sup>

Accordingly, on the 23d day of May, 1609, His Majesty was pleased to issue the Second Charter to the First Colony in Virginia, which not only ratified the former charter, but also enlarged upon the already generous privileges of its predecessor to the extent of increasing the original grant to the entire area between the four and thirtieth and one and fortieth degrees of northerly latitude, "and all that Space and Circuit of Land, lying from the Sea-Coast of the Precinct aforesaid, up into the Land throughout from Sea to Sea, . . . ; . . . and also all the Islands lying within one hundred Miles along the Coast of both Seas of the Precinct aforesaid," and, furthermore, granted that the colonists could appoint officers out of their number to manage and direct their affairs—the source of representative legislation in America.

The reasons for the granting of the Third Charter to the First Colony in Virginia are best set forth in the preamble to that instrument, which ratifies and confirms the former charters, and states that it had been represented to his Royal Majesty that there were divers islands off the coast of Virginia—yet outside the jurisdiction of the first Colony—which it would be advisable and advantageous to settle: that they (the Company) had applied for a further enlargement of the former charters, and that, in furtherance of the plans of the Company and the colonists, "as is Respect of the Good of our own Estate and Kingdom," his Majesty would be pleased to grant "all and singular those islands whatsoever situate and being in any part of the Ocean Seas bordering upon the Coast of our said First Colony in *Virginia*, and being within three hundred leagues<sup>8</sup> of any of the parts heretofore granted . . . ."

From these facts the reader can gather some idea of the enormous area over which the First Colony in Virginia had jurisdiction.

<sup>5</sup>According to the Charter, the Colony was to "have all the Lands, Woods, Soil, Grounds, . . . whatsoever, from the said first Seat of their Plantation and Habitation by the space of fifty miles of *English Statute Measure*," *Charters and Constitution*, 2, p. 1,889.


<sup>6</sup>*Ibid*, 2, p. 1,893.

<sup>7</sup>*Ibid*, 2, p. 1,897.

<sup>8</sup>The League of the Middle Ages was nearly three Statute Miles, while the Marine League of today consists of nearly three and a half English Statute Miles.

<sup>9</sup>*Charters and Constitution*, 2, 1,903.





## Evolution of the Mason and Dixon Line

After the great Indian Massacre in the year 1622, the London Company was not only divided against itself, but was also at loggerheads with the very vain King James the First as to the best manner in which to govern and protect the colonists. This feeling of hostility continued and the relations between the King and the Company became more strained until the 10th day of November, 1624, when, upon a writ of *quo warranto*, the Trinity Term of the Court of King's Bench annulled the three several charters to the First Colony in Virginia, in so far as they referred to the rights of the London Company, and, as Judge Marshall said, "The whole effect allowed to the judgement was to revert to the crown the power of government and the title of the lands within its limits."<sup>10</sup>

That same year, the King having dissolved the London Company and assumed the direction of the affairs of the colony, the First Colony in Virginia became a royal province.

King Charles the First instructed Governor Harvey to procure reliable information as to the rivers of Virginia, so that official, in the years 1627-'9, empowered William Claiborne, then Secretary of State for the Colony, to explore the Chesapeake Bay and secure the desired information.

Claiborne soon controlled an extensive trade with the Indians of the Chesapeake and its tributaries, and in 1631, as agent for Cloberry and Company, of London, obtained a license from King Charles the First authorizing him, "his associates and company, from time to time, to trade for corn, furs, etc., with ships, boats, men and merchandise, in all sea-coasts, harbors, lands and territories, in or near about those parts of America, for which there is not already a patent granted to others for sole trade, with instructions to Governor Harvey to permit such trade; giving Claiborne full power to direct and govern, correct and punish such of our subjects as may be in his command."

Under this license, Claiborne established a trading post on Kent Island, in the Chesapeake Bay, that same year, and this post was the beginning of a settlement which flourished and sent Captain Nich Martian as a burgess representing "Kisyake & the Ile of Kent," in the February session of the General Assembly of Virginia in the year 1632.<sup>11</sup>

In the meanwhile George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore, had become so dissatisfied with his estate, called Avalon, in New Foundland—a grant from the King James the First—on account of the very undesirable nature of the climate, that he decided to leave that country and seek a grant where the climate was a bit more salubrious. So it was that, on the 19th day of August, 1629, George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore, wrote to King Charles the First, who had acceded to the throne upon the death of his father some four years previous, complained of his estate in New Foundland, proposed to remove himself "with some forty persons to His Majesty's dominion in Virginia," and applied for the grant of "a precinct of land with such provisions as the king, his father, had been pleased to grant him in New Foundland."


Almost immediately after the dispatch of this letter, and probably before it was in the hands of his Majesty, his Lordship started for Virginia, where he arrived during the last days of October, 1629.

<sup>10</sup>Wheaton, 578.

<sup>11</sup>1 Hening, 154.







## Origin of Famous Boundary in America

He went directly to James City (now Jamestown Island, Virginia), where, on account of his religion—he having declared his conversion to the Roman Catholic faith in the year 1625—Beverly tells us that “the people looked upon him with an evil eye . . . ; and by their treatment discouraged him from settling in that country,”<sup>12</sup> and the colonists carried their insults to such an extent that, under date of March 25th, 1630, we find an item which provided for one “Tho: Tindell to be pillor’d for 2 hours for giving my L’d Baltimore the lye & threatening to knock him down.”<sup>13</sup>

It so happened that an Act of Assembly,<sup>14</sup> passed in March, 1642-’43, in accordance with an act of the third of King James the First (1605),<sup>15</sup> not only prevented Catholics from holding office in the First Colony in Virginia, but, furthermore, required that all persons, declining to take the oaths of supremacy and allegiance, be ejected from the colony within five days.

After Lord Baltimore had arrived at James City, the proper authority proceeded to administer the formal oaths of supremacy and allegiance,<sup>16</sup> as provided by the royal charter,<sup>17</sup> but his Lordship and divers of his followers declined to take these strict oaths . . . required by King James the First, whereupon the party, who, by reason of the said Act of Assembly of March, 1642-’43, could not now remain within the limits of the colony for more than five days, explored the Chesapeake Bay up to the thirty-eighth degree of northerly latitude<sup>18</sup>—the extreme northern limit of the sole jurisdiction of the First Colony in Virginia—with a view to obtaining a grant for a plantation to the north of the cultivated and settled lands of the said First Colony, and finding that the settlements did not extend further north than the south bank of the Potomac River, Lord Baltimore left his lady in Virginia and hurried back to England to push his claim, where, upon his arrival, he found a letter from the King, dated November 22d, 1629, advising him to desist from his intentions to settle in America.

George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore, who applied to King Charles the First for his grant in the northern part of the First Colony in Virginia, died on the 15th day of April, 1632, but on the 10th day of June of that same year, his Majesty, upon a renewal of the application by the grantee, issued the charter in the name of Cecil Calvert, the second Lord Baltimore: and that, too, in spite of the fact that, in the spring of 1630, “Francis West, who had been Governor of Virginia, William Claiborne, Secretary, and William Tucker, one of the Council, were in London, resisting the planting of a new colony within the limits of the settled parts of Virginia.”

When Leonard Calvert founded St. Mary’s in 1634, William Claiborne opposed the authority of Lord Baltimore over Kent Island, and in the year 1635 fitted out an armed expedition, made war on Lord Baltimore, and afterwards fled to Virginia, where Governor Harvey gave him refuge. He subsequently went to England, and in February, 1637, he and his

<sup>12</sup>Beverly, p. 46.

<sup>13</sup>1 Hening, 522.

<sup>14</sup>*Ibid*, 268-9.

<sup>15</sup>*Statutes at Large*, 2, 656.

<sup>16</sup>*Ibid*, 650, 686.


<sup>17</sup>*Charters and Constitutions*, Part 2, p. 1,906.

<sup>18</sup>*Statutes at Large*, 2, 650, 686.

<sup>19</sup>Beverly’s statement (p.46.) that Cecil Calvert made this exploration, to the contrary, notwithstanding.







## Evolution of the Mason and Dixon Line

partners presented a petition to the King that, "by virtue of a commission under his Majesty's hand divers years past, they discovered and planted the Isle of Kent, in the bay of Chesapeake, which island they had bought of the kings of that country; that great hopes for trade of bevers and other commodities were like to ensue by the discoveries; and that Lord Baltimore, observing this, had obtained a patent, etc.," and praying that they receive a grant "for the quiet enjoyment of their said plantations." This petition was referred to the Lord's Commissioner of Plantations, who decreed in substance "that the lands in question absolutely belonged to Lord Baltimore, and that no plantation or trade with the Indians ought to be allowed within the limits of his patent without his permission; with regard to the violence complained of, no cause for any relief appeared but that both parties should be left to the ordinary course of justice."

In 1651, Claiborne was appointed Commissioner to reduce the colonies of Virginia and Maryland, and in the following year an expedition overthrew the cavalier and established a roundhead government, with Richard Bennett as Governor and Claiborne as Secretary of State, but in 1658 the Commonwealth returned the province to Lord Baltimore.

The charter to Lord Baltimore set down the southern, southwestern, and western bounds of the proprietary of Maryland, which, after discussion and controversy with the Royal Province and the State of Virginia for some two hundred and fifty years, was finally established by the Joint Commission of 1874, as the bounds of the present State of Maryland, where it borders on the States of Virginia and West Virginia.

Thus it was that the Mason and Dixon Line became the northern boundary of Maryland and not of Virginia.



This trouble with Claiborne constituted but a small part of the difficulty which Lord Baltimore had to overcome before he could gain a clear title to his grant. As early as 1629 a Hollander, named Godyn, had bought from the natives a tract of land extending some thirty miles northwardly from the present Cape Henlopen, and in 1631 another Hollander, De Vries by name, planted a colony and built a fort within the tract and called the settlement Swanendael, which was situated on the west bank of Delaware Bay, near the present site of Lewes, Delaware. But two years later the Indians massacred most of the inhabitants, destroyed the settlement, and repossessed themselves of the land, so that De Vries abandoned Swanendael on the 14th day of April, 1633.

Later on, in 1638, a company composed of Swedes and Fins, led by Chancellor Oxenstein, bought the same tract and built a fort at the mouth of Christiana Creek, which was the stream on which Wilmington, Delaware now stands, and this settlement flourished until 1655, when the Dutch, under Peter Stuyvesant, invaded the place, re-established Dutch rule, and renewed the Dutch title by virtue of the original purchase by Godyn and the settlement at Swanendael by De Vries.


In the year 1659, Lord Baltimore became uneasy about this little colony of Dutch within the limits of his domains, so he sent instructions to his Governor to notify them that "they were seated within his lordship's province without his permission," and for this mission Colonel Nathaniel Utie was chosen, but the serving of this notice made little impression on the Swedish forts, and we soon find Lord Baltimore applying to the powerful Dutch West India Company, which declined to espouse his cause.







## Origin of Famous Boundary in America



These controversies and conflicts continued until 1664, when the Duke of York, under a grant from King Charles the Second, took possession of New Amsterdam and its Dutch dependencies on the peninsular. There was peace for Lord Baltimore, after the arrival of the Duke of York, until the Dutch re-possessed themselves of New Amsterdam in July, 1673, and the following year an armed force of Marylanders marched against Swanendael, but this expedition against the Dutch yielded no better results than had the mission under Colonel Utie some fifteen years previous.

On account of this settlement at Swanendael, Lord Baltimore's title to the grant originally purchased by Godyn had never been clear up to this time, although the tract came within the bounds of the grant to Baltimore as set down in the charter.

As the settlement at Swanendael existed at the time when the Baltimore Charter passed the Great Seal, but as there were no colonists there when Leonard Calvert founded St. Mary's in 1634—De Vries having abandoned the settlement on the 14th day of April, 1633, on account of the Indian massacre—it now became necessary to determine whether the charter granted the lands which were "*hactenens inculta*" at the time when the charter was granted, or at the time of the taking possession by the grantee, but in 1674 King Charles the Second confirmed the previous grants to the Duke of York and included the western bank of the Delaware on the peninsula, and thereby cleared the title to the Duke of York.

Just at this juncture there appeared a potent figure in our history who was destined to be the source of no end of trouble to Lord Baltimore.


In the year 1681 King Charles the Second, "having Regard to the Memorie and Meritts of his late Father in divers Services, and perticularly to his Conduct, Courage and Discretion, under our Dearest Brother, JAMES, Duke of York, in that Sigsall Battell and Victorie fought and obteyned against the Dutch Fleete, commanded by Herr Van Opdam, in the yeare one thousand six hundred and sixty-five,"<sup>20</sup> granted to William Penn "that extensive forest lying twelve miles northward of Newcastle, on the western bank of the Delaware River,"<sup>21</sup> which contained all the land which is now within the State of Pennsylvania, besides that part of the State of New York which lies south and west of the present city of Johnstown. From this it is seen that the grant to Lord Baltimore was overlapped by the subsequent grant to William Penn, a mistake brought about by an error in the map of Virginia, by Captain John Smith, made in the year 1608, as to the exact location of the parallel of the fortieth degree of northerly latitude; but, as Lord Hardwicke said in the case of Penn vs. Lord Baltimore, "It is a fact that the latitudes were fixed much lower down than they have been since found to be by more accurate observation."

Penn soon became dissatisfied with his grant, and, "as he found it lying backwards," and the Delaware "a place of difficult and dangerous navigation, especially in the winter season, he continually solicited the Duke of York, though in vain, for a grant of the Delaware colony. But at length, wearied with solicitation, or hoping for benefit from a possession which had hitherto yielded him none, the Prince conveyed in August,

<sup>20</sup>Charters and Constitutions, Part 2, p. 1,509.

<sup>21</sup>Chalmer's *Historical Annals*, p. 640.





## Evolution of the Mason and Dixon Line

1682, as well the town of Newcastle, with a territory of twelve miles around it, as the tract of land extending southward from it, upon the river Delaware to Cape Henlopen."<sup>22</sup>

The question now arose as to whether the twelve miles about Newcastle was a periphery or a radius, so in 1750, Lord Hardwicke, who had been applied to to determine the matter, decided that the twelve miles was a radius about the town of Newcastle, or as nearly so as possible, and this decision was in support of the contention of Penn, who had said that it was a radius about the centre of Newcastle as the centre of the circle. But Lord Baltimore continued on the offensive, and, as it was to his advantage to shorten the mile, if possible, he contended for the adoption of a plan for measuring the mile according to the surface and not horizontally, so Lord Hardwicke was again applied to, and in March, 1751, he ordered that the measuring be done horizontally in the proper manner. In spite of this opposition on the part of Lord Baltimore—an application having been made to the King and the matter referred—the title and sale were afterwards recognized by the Committee of Trade and Plantation, who finally on the 13th of November, 1685, gave Penn a title dating back to the pioneers Godyn and De Vries.

From time to time there were numberless controversies and conflicts between the lords proprietor, but an agreement was made on the 10th day of May, 1732, between the children of Penn and a grandson of George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore, by which the Baltimores accepted as the southern boundary of Delaware an east-and-west line running from the middle point of the peninsula to the ocean, on the east, but some fifteen miles south of Cape Henlopen, from which point the east-and-west line should have run to the middle point of the Eastern Shore.

Nor did this settle the controversy, for we find that, on the 4th day of July, 1760, the Court of Chancery finally—after considering the matter for three-quarters of a century—confirmed the former decision of the Committee of Trade and Plantations. "According to the decree of the Board of Chancery, the boundary line must consist of an east and west line extending from Cape Henlopen to the centre of the Eastern Shore, thence northerly at a tangent to a circle with a twelve-mile radius about Newcastle, Delaware."

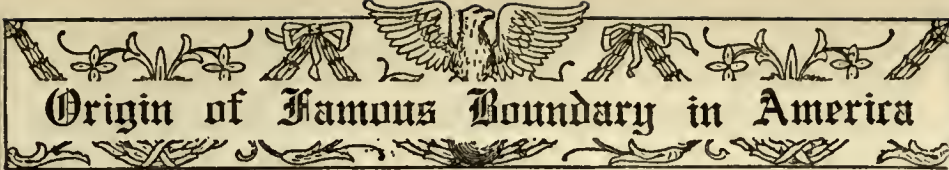
And so it was that Delaware was cut out of the territory originally granted to the Baltimores.

We have seen that Penn received an extensive grant from King Charles the Second, and that the grant overlapped the former grant to Cecil Calvert. This overlapping was, as we may imagine, the cause of most of the subsequent trouble between the lords proprietor. In the year 1682, William Penn colonized the city of Philadelphia; and while Penn claimed the spirit of his charter, based upon the assumption that the map of Virginia by Captain John Smith, of the year 1608, was used in the preparation of that charter, the Baltimores insisted upon the letter of their charter, which gave them jurisdiction over the principal settlement in the Colony of Pennsylvania, so, then, Penn contended that the charter to the Baltimores granted them only to the "beginning of the fortieth parallel (what is now the thirty-ninth degree of latitude)."

Within three years after the time when Penn received his grant from King Charles the Second, he made application to the King, which applica-

<sup>22</sup>Chalmer's *Historical Annals*, p. 643, and authorities there cited.





## Origin of Famous Boundary in America

tion was referred to the Committee of Trade and Plantation, "resulting in an order of Council dividing the eastern peninsula by a north-and-south line (1685)."

The question which caused these repeated controversies during the century and a quarter from 1638 until the running of the Mason and Dixon line (1760) may be summarized as follows:

- "1. The questions relating to the original grants and titles.
- "2. Those regarding local points named in the grants and agreements.
- "3. Those arising from the actual surveying and marking of the lines agreed upon."

Lord Hardwicke, having decided that the twelve miles about Newcastle was a radius and not a periphery, and later, that the mile should be measured horizontally and not according to the surface of the earth, the colonial surveyors began work soon after the execution of the deed which finally closed the controversy between William Penn and Lord Baltimore, on the 10th day of July, 1760.

According to this decree of the Board of Chancery, the line between the lands of the contending lords proprietor was to consist of a true east-and-west line running from Cape Henlopen to the center of the Eastern Shore, thence a north-and-south line to a point of tangency with the circle of a twelve-mile radius about Newcastle, and from this point of tangency a true north line was to extend to a point of intersection with a line fifteen miles south of the southernmost point of the city of Philadelphia. Then, from this point the surveyors were to run a true east-and-west line for five degrees of longitude west from the Delaware River. This explains why it is that at the northeast corner of Maryland there is a narrow strip of the State of Pennsylvania, standing astride of which a person can have one foot on Delaware and the other on Maryland.


The methods used in those days were very crude, and the surveyors had to hold the chains as nearly horizontal as possible and keep the direction by sighting along a line of poles set up in a clearing through the forests. The colonial surveyors—the best that the contending parties could secure in the colonies—gave their first attention to the running of the peninsula east-and-west line and the circle about Newcastle, but as at the end of three years, they had completed only this part of the work, on the 4th day of August, 1763, Thomas and Richard Penn and Lord Baltimore, all of whom happened to be in London at that time, engaged Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, two mathematicians and surveyors, "to mark, run out, settle, fix, and determine all such parts of the circle, marks, lines, and boundaries, as were mentioned in the several articles and commissions, and were not yet completed."

The newly-engaged surveyors left England to arrive at Philadelphia on the 15th day of November, 1763.

Mason and Dixon at once determined the latitude and longitude of the city of Philadelphia, and then accepted as correct the peninsula east-and-west line and the circle of a twelve-mile radius about Newcastle, as run by the colonial surveyors, which left to them to determine the peninsula north-and-south line running from the middle point of the Eastern Shore to its point of tangency with the circumference of the circle about Newcastle, thence a line to intersect a true east-and-west line passing through a point fifteen miles south of the southernmost point of the city of Philadelphia—this true east-and-west line to be extended west for five







## Evolution of the Mason and Dixon Line

degrees of longitude from the Delaware River to serve as the southern boundary of the lands of William Penn.

Although Mason and Dixon were more precise mathematicians and used more modern methods and more accurate instruments than their predecessors, they recorded on the 13th day of November, 1764, with reference to the tangent line and its intersection with the circle about Newcastle, that it "would not pass one inch to the westward or eastward" of the point of tangency as determined by the cruder methods and the more inaccurate instruments in the hands of the colonial surveyors.

Having determined this point of tangency as ordered by the Board of Chancery, they proceeded to run the line thence to a point of intersection with the meridian passing through the point fifteen miles south of the southernmost point of Philadelphia, which southernmost point was agreed upon as the north wall of a house on Cedar street, occupied by Thomas Plumstead and Joseph Huddle. "They thus ascertained the northeastern corner of Maryland, which was, of course, the beginning of the parallel of latitude that had been agreed upon as the boundary between the provinces.

On the 17th day of June, 1765, the party had reached the Susquehanna River, where they received instructions to carry the line "as far as the provinces of Maryland and Pennsylvania are settled and inhabited," and on the 27th day of the following October they reached North Mountain, from the summit of which they could see Alleghany Mountain, and judged it, "by its appearance, to be about fifty miles distant, in the direction of the line."



On the 4th day of June, 1766, they reached the summit of Little Alleghany, but, as the Indians now began to give trouble it became necessary for the surveyors to stop work for nearly a year.

Sir William Johnson negotiated a treaty with the Six Nations in May, and on the 8th day of June, 1767, the surveyors took up their work where they had left off the year before.


"On the 14th of June, they had advanced as far as the summit of the Big Alleghany (Savage), where they were joined by an escort of Indians, with an interpreter, deputed by the chiefs of the Six Nations to accompany them," but the Indians soon became restless, dissatisfied and suspicious of so much gazing into the heavens and marking on the ground, so, on the 25 of August, the surveyors' notes tell us: "Mr. John Green, one of the chiefs of the Mohawk Nation, and his nephew, leave them, in order to return to their own country." This action on the part of the Indians seems to have aroused suspicion among the members of the party, for, on the 29th of September, twenty-six of the assistants left the work through fear of the Shawnees and the Delawares, and Mason and Dixon, with only fifteen axemen left, sent back to Fort Cumberland for more men, and kept on towards the setting sun.

Finally they reached a point two hundred and forty-four miles from the Delaware River, some thirty-six miles from the end of the line, when they came upon an Indian warpath at Duncard's Creek. Here the Indians of the escort told the surveyors that it was the desire of the Six Nations that they should stop, so the party returned to Philadelphia, reported to the commissioners under the deed of 1760, and were honorably discharged on the 26th day of December, 1767.





## Origin of Famous Boundary in America




By order of the decree of Lord Hardwicke, the line was to be marked by a small mile-stone, every mile, having an M carved in the southern, or Maryland face, and a P in the northern, or Pennsylvania face; and every fifth mile there was to be a larger stone, having carved in the southern face the coat-of-arms of Cecil Calvert, the second Lord Baltimore, Lord Proprietor of the Province of Maryland, surmounted by the crown of His Majesty, King George the Third, while in the northern face was to be the coat-of-arms of William Penn, Lord Proprietor of the Province of Pennsylvania, surmounted by a similar crown; hence these larger stones came to be known as "crown-stones."

The larger stones were carved in England and shipped to the colonies, and the system of marking ordered by the decree of Lord Hardwicke was carried out as far west as Sideling Hill, but as all wheel transportation ceased in 1766, the line was marked from there to the summit of the Alleghany by a vista eight yards wide, with piles of stone some eight feet high on the crests of the mountain ranges; and beyond that point, as far as the war-path at Duncard's Creek, the marking was done by posts surrounded by earth and stones to protect them from the weather.


Near the little mountain village of Highfield, Maryland, is one of the very few of these "crown-stones" which is to-day on the spot where Mason and Dixon planted it, and this one is enclosed in a large and very substantial, galvanized iron wire cage. It has been only within the past twelve or fifteen years that a road was cut through the heavier timber for the convenience of the guests of near-by summer hotels. Prior to that time, when a person wished to see this stone it was necessary to hunt up one of the native boys, who would guide the curious to it for a consideration of a few "reds," as pennies are known in that section of the country. But now, since this stone is of easy access, many sightseers go there so as to be able to say that they have seen a "crown-stone;" the amateur photographer uses numberless plates and films, others stand astride the line—one foot in Maryland and the other in Pennsylvania—while still others shake hands across the line and ask "how things are in Pennsylvania;" but, probably the most numerous class of all, as it finds members in all the other classes, is the heartless relic-hunter, ever ready to chip off a corner, an edge, a piece of the crowns, or the part which yields the quickest to the blows of his knife or anything that may come to hand. It was for this reason that it was found necessary to enclose this stone in a substantial cage, as it was so rapidly disappearing. This particular "crown-stone" is of a greenish-gray sandstone, and it is evident that it was originally a shaft about 12x12 and standing some thirty-six inches out of the ground; but, after exposure and harsh treatment for some one hundred and thirty-five years, the weather and vandalism have reduced its size about one-half an inch and the height some three inches.

The remaining thirty-six miles of the five degrees of longitude were not run until some fifteen or eighteen years later (1784). As there arose so many disputes as to the proper allegiance of much of the land through the section of country west of Duncard's Creek, on the 31st day of August, 1779, a joint commission, representing the States of Pennsylvania and Virginia, met in Baltimore and agreed to complete the line commenced by Mason and Dixon, and on the 23d day of the following June, (1780) the General Assembly of Virginia *resolved, therefore*, that the agreement made on the 31st day of August, 1779, between James Madison and Robert





## Evolution of the Mason and Dixon Line



Adams, commissioners for the Commonwealth of Virginia, and George Bryan, John Eweing, and David Rittenhouse, commissioners for the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, be ratified and finally confirmed to-wit: "That the line commonly called the Mason and Dixon line be extended due west five degrees of longitude, to be computed from the Delaware River, for the southern boundary of Pennsylvania," . . . . . on condition that all personal and property rights be respected by whichever state the inhabitants might happen to be made citizens of, just as though they had not changed allegiance.<sup>24</sup> And it was resolved, furthermore, "that the Governor should appoint two commissioners to extend, run and mark that line from the western termination thereof to the Ohio River, which is as far as the General Assembly conceive it can be done at present without giving umbrage to the Indians,"<sup>25</sup> and on the 23d day of September the General Assembly of Pennsylvania likewise ratified the action on the part of its commissioners.

Under this agreement a temporary line was run in 1782-'3, but the permanent boundary between the two states was not finally established until the following year.

As the line had been definitely fixed, no one thought of it, but the forces of Nature were at work busy making trouble for the bordering states. The stone marking the northeast corner of Maryland was undermined by a brook and fell out of its proper place, so some thrifty farmer, probably ignorant of its importance and thinking it a fortunate find, built it into the chimney of his house.<sup>26</sup>

When the matter was found out the legislatures of Maryland, Pennsylvania and Delaware, in 1845,<sup>26</sup> appointed a joint commission, of which Lieutenant-Colonel James D. Graham, U. S. Topographical Engineer, had charge, to review the work of Mason and Dixon wherever it might be deemed necessary.

So it was that about the middle of the century, it was necessary to again determine the circle about Newcastle, re-locate the tangent point and the point of intersection, and to run the meridian and a part of the parallel of latitude in order to determine the exact spot on which the original stone had stood; and once found, the new stone was permanently set.<sup>27</sup>

This re-survey in every way confirmed the work done by Mason and Dixon, except that the tangent point had been placed 157.6 feet too far north, and the point of intersection 143.7 feet too far to the south.<sup>28</sup> And an error in tracing the circle, which was corrected, made the State of Maryland the richer by one and eighty-seven hundredths acres than she had previously been.<sup>28</sup>

As so many of the old stones had been removed from their proper places and were badly defaced as the result of years of service as doorsteps and for other such alien purposes, the rock-heaps having fallen away and the posts having rotted, it became a matter of no little difficulty to locate the exact line at different points; so it was that the Governor of Penn-

<sup>24</sup>Journal of House of Delegates, May, 1780, pp. 60-1.


<sup>25</sup>Graham's Report, p. 44.

<sup>26</sup>Resolution of December Session, 1845. No. 18.

<sup>27</sup>Graham's Report, p. 79 *et seq*

<sup>28</sup>Latrobe's Address on Mason and Dixon Line.





## Origin of Famous Boundary in America

sylvania approved an act on May 19, 1887, which provided that the county commissioners be charged with the care and preservation of the State boundary-line monuments, and that they should enforce the acts for the preservation of monuments and landmarks in so far as those acts referred to the boundary-line monuments and prosecute any person who removed or defaced them; these commissioners to make an annual inspection of such boundary-line monuments as bordered upon their respective counties and report in detail to the Department of Internal Affairs.<sup>29</sup>

This was the first of the more recent steps taken to preserve this historic line, but an act passed by the General Assembly of Delaware, on the 25th of April, 1889, tells us that, in view of the fact that the boundary-line between the State of Delaware and the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania had become so uncertain by reason of the destruction, removal or mutilation of monuments on the said line,

*Resolved*, That Honorable Thomas F. Bayard, Honorable B. L. Lewis and Honorable John H. Hoffecker are appointed commissioners on the part of the State of Delaware to act in conjunction with a similar commission from the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to examine, survey, and re-establish the boundary-line which separates the two states; and then appropriated the sum of \$2,000 to be used to mark the line with enduring monuments, after the commission had re-established and re-located it.<sup>30</sup>

Only the following month (May 4, 1889), we find an act of the Pennsylvania Legislature, which says that, "whereas, the report of the county commissioners on the condition of the boundary-line monuments, made pursuant to the act of 1887, shows that that portion of the line known as the circle of New Castle, which separates this Commonwealth from the State of Delaware, is unmarked, and has not been surveyed for upwards of one hundred years, leaving its location so uncertain as to make it impossible to determine in which state a large amount of property is situated, and the report shows that many of the monuments that were set in the Mason and Dixon line have been mutilated, destroyed or removed from their proper location,"<sup>31</sup> it was resolved that the governor should appoint a commission of three competent persons to act with the already appointed commission of the State of Delaware, and make an appropriation of \$2,000 to mark the line with enduring monuments, besides providing for an annual appropriation to carry on this work until June, 1891.<sup>32</sup>

Several years later (April 4, 1891), Delaware made an additional appropriation of \$2,500 to meet the expenses of her Commission,<sup>33</sup> and the General Assembly of 1893 made it a misdemeanor for any person to willfully deface, mutilate, damage, displace or remove any stone or monument fixed by the authority of the State; the punishment to be a fine of not more than \$1,000 and imprisonment for a term of not more than one year; one-half the fine to go to the informant.<sup>34</sup>

At the 1895 session of the Pennsylvania Legislature, the act of May, 1887, was repealed, but that same session made an appropriation of \$2,000

<sup>29</sup>Pennsylvania Acts of Assembly, 1887, No. 78.

<sup>30</sup>Delaware Acts of Assembly, 1889, Part No. 2, Chap. 448.


<sup>31</sup>Pennsylvania Acts of Assembly, 1889, No. 27.

<sup>32</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>33</sup>Delaware Acts of Assembly, 1891, Part 1, Chap. 5.

<sup>34</sup>*Ibid.*, 1893, Part 1, Chap. 448.





## Evolution of the Mason and Dixon Line

to carry out the provisions of the act of 1889, ordering the marking of the boundary-lines between Pennsylvania and the adjoining states,<sup>35</sup> and an act of June 23, 1897, accepted, approved and confirmed, for the State of Pennsylvania, the report of the work accomplished by the commissioners appointed under the act of 1889, and declared the line established by that commission to be the true boundary between the States of Pennsylvania and Delaware.<sup>36</sup>

On the 13th day of May, 1899, the State of Pennsylvania passed an act appropriating the sum of \$7,000 for services and expenses to be incurred in the examination and repairs to the boundary-line monuments, as ordered by the act of May, 1889; provided that \$5,000 of the amount be not available unless the State of Maryland make an appropriation of a similar amount for the purpose of examining, repairing, and restoring the boundary-line monuments along the Mason and Dixon line, and re-establishing the said line, when found necessary.<sup>37</sup>

The following year the General Assembly of Maryland, on the 12th day of April, 1900, appropriated "to the commissioners on behalf of the State of Maryland, to re-establish the boundary-line between the States of Pennsylvania and Maryland, the sum of \$5,000 to be paid upon vouchers of the commissioner on behalf of the State of Maryland, appointed by the governor to co-operate with the commissioner appointed on behalf of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and the superintendent of the United States Geodetic and Coast Survey to re-establish the said line."<sup>38</sup>

Pursuant to the above acts and appropriations, the Governor of Pennsylvania appointed General J. W. Latta, Secretary of Internal Affairs, to be commissioner on behalf of the "Keystone" State, while the chief executive of Maryland appointed Professor William Bulloch Clark, State Geologist of Maryland, to be commissioner on the part of that commonwealth, and the superintendent of the United States Geodetic and Coast Survey deputized Assistant W. C. Hodgkins, as the surveyor in charge of the work.

These appointments were made in the year 1900, the engineer being detailed without charge to the two states, and the respective appropriations being used to meet the expenses of the subordinates necessary to carry out the work, and to the purchase and setting of whatever monuments may be necessary. Hence it is that the general government incurs no expense, except for the salary of the engineer in charge of the party.

The historic demarcation will always occupy an important position in the annals of the nation, for it is not probable that any other geographical line has played a more important part in human progress.

<sup>35</sup>Pennsylvania Acts of Assembly, 1895, No. 39 and No. 447, p. 552.

<sup>36</sup>*Ibid*, 1897, Chap. 152.

<sup>37</sup>Pennsylvania Acts of Assembly, 1899, No. 203, p. 369.

<sup>38</sup>Maryland Acts of Assembly, 1900, Chap. 745, p. 1,185.





# Greatest Debate in American History

Birth of the American Constitution and the Brilliant Arguments  
of Great Orators and Statesmen on the Floor of the Convention &  
Discussion over the So-called New Jersey and the Virginia Plans

BY

D. T. CONNAT

WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK

**D**URING the time which lay between the 25th of May and the 17th of September in the year 1787, the debates were held upon which our government is founded. The task of construction was long and arduous, involving the intensest thought of great minds, patience almost divine and all the diplomacy and tact of souls too large to quibble. For there was many a strife and many a discussion during the long, hot days of that summer, and the Constitutional Convention, while not quarrelsome, was the scene of many a dignified debate. When we consider many of the nations of Europe, how they spent years and decades trying first one Constitution and then another, we can feel well satisfied with the four months' toil of the strong men of our nation, and with the monument to their own honor, and to our present advantage which that toil produced.


It is particularly to the credit of my own state that the commissioners from New Jersey took an active and prominent part in the convention.

Four of the New Jersey commissioners signed the Constitution as it was finally adopted on the 17th of September, 1787. These were Governor William Livingston, William Paterson, Jonathan Dayton, and finally, David Brearly, of Hunterdon County. The fifth commissioner, Mr. Abraham Clark, took but a minor part in the work of the convention, on account of ill health, and for the same reason failed to sign the draft as finally adopted. There were several changes in the personnel of the New Jersey commission before it was finally chosen as stated above; and the entire commission, except Mr. Clark, took a prominent part in the work of the convention, serving on committees and active in debate.

Perhaps, though, the most prominent of all was William Paterson who, on the 15th of June, introduced into the convention that set of eleven resolutions which has gone down in history as "The New Jersey Plan for the Federal Constitution." On the 9th of June one of the delegates from Virginia, Edmond Randolph, had proposed what is known as "The Virginia Plan," which was not so much a plan for a new government as a plan for a strong, consolidated union. This gave rise to the chief debate of the convention, the principal opponents to the Virginia plan being the various commissioners from New Jersey.

The eleven resolutions offered by Mr. Paterson were, substantially:





# The Greatest Debate in American History

## THE RESOLUTIONS

1. That the Articles of Confederation should be revised and enlarged, so as to render the Federal Constitution adequate to the exigencies of government.

2. Resolved that the Congress of the United States should have the power to levy duty or duties to raise revenue, on foreign goods imported; to pass acts for the regulation of trade and commerce, as well with foreign nations as among the various states, leaving the fines and penalties for offences to be adjudged by the common law judiciary of the state in which the offence took place, leaving the general government the right to institute all suits before such common law judiciary and to carry it by appeal to the judiciary of the United States.

3. Resolved that whenever requisition is necessary that it should be made according to the whole number of white and free citizens and inhabitants of every age, sex and condition, including those bound for a term of years, and three-fifths of all other persons, except Indians, not taxed.


4. Resolved that the Congress of the United States should elect a certain number of persons, the number to be fixed later, for a certain number of years, the term also to be determined later, to serve as the Federal executive, which was to receive at stated times a fixed compensation for their services, which sum was not to be increased or diminished during the term of the incumbents. They should be capable of holding no other office during their service, and for a certain number of years thereafter, the time not being fixed. The executive was to be ineligible for a second term, and removable by impeachment and conviction of malpractices or neglect of duty, by Congress, on the application by a majority of the executives of the several states. The executive was to have power to appoint all Federal officers not otherwise provided for, and to direct all military operations, but they might not take personal command of any military enterprise in any capacity.

5. Resolved that a Federal judiciary should be established, whose judges should be appointed by the executive, to hold their offices during good behavior, receiving at stated times a fixed compensation for their services. But no increase or diminution of pay should effect those judges who might be in office at the time the increase or diminution was made. Their duties should be to hear and determine in the first instance all impeachment of Federal officers, and by way of appeal in the last resort in all cases touching the rights of ambassadors; in all cases of capture from an enemy; in all cases of piracies and felonies on the high seas; in all cases in which foreigners may be interested; in the construction of any treaty or treaties which may arise, or of any act or ordinance of Congress which may arise for the regulation of trade or the collection of Federal revenues. No judicial officer might hold any other office during the time of his appointment and for an unstated period thereafter.

6. Resolved that the legislative, executive and judicial officers of the several states ought to take oath to support the articles of union.

7. Resolved that the acts and treaties of Congress should be the supreme law of the respective states so far as those acts relate to those states or their citizens, and the judiciaries of the several states shall be bound by them, anything in the individual law of the respective states





# The Birth of the American Constitution

to the contrary notwithstanding. And if any state or body of men attempt to prevent the execution of such laws or treaties, the Federal executive may call forth the powers of the confederate states to compel the execution of the law and obedience to it.

8. Resolved that provision ought to be made for the admission of new states into the union.

9. Resolved that provision ought to be made for the hearing and deciding of disputes between the United States and individual states with regard to territory.

10. Resolved that the rule for naturalization ought to be the same in every state

11. Resolved that a citizen of one state committing an offence in another state shall be deemed guilty of the same offence as if it had been committed by a citizen of the state in which the offence was committed.

The Virginia plan, already alluded to, was the first definite outline laid before the convention. It was a strictly national plan and contrasted strongly with the federal ideas set forth in the New Jersey plan, which was really little more than a revision of the articles of confederation. Among the other prominent schemes of government laid before the convention, are the radically national plan of Hamilton and the Connecticut compromise which sought to amalgamate the Virginia plan and that of New Jersey. This effort, however, failed. The sense of the convention was in favor of a national government rather than a federal union. Hence the Virginia plan was adopted as a foundation for the Constitution. One by one its provisions were rejected, and one by one the ideas of the New Jersey plan were incorporated as provisions of the Constitution. The two things in the New Jersey plan that were totally rejected were the provisions for a plural executive, and for a Congress of but one body. But it was not without much discussion that the convention finally determined upon a bicameral Congress.


While New Jersey lost these two points, it is to be observed that she won several important victories. The most signal of these was the equal representation of each state in the Senate. The New Jersey plan, in providing for but one body of the national legislature, provided also for equal representation in that body. Pinckney, of Virginia, had formerly introduced a plan divesting the smaller states of their rights of equal representation. This was pushing matters almost too far. It remained for New Jersey to champion the cause and wage the battle for equal representation in the Senate.

The two other great compromises of the convention were the counting of three-fifths of the slaves in apportioning the representatives to Congress, and in prohibiting the slave trade after 1808. In these two battles the New Jersey commissioners took a prominent part and lent much aid to bring about the compromises as they now exist in the Constitution. The New Jersey idea that the Constitution should be the supreme law of the land was adopted with but one dissenting voice.


Among some of the minor details in the New Jersey scheme, which found a place in the Constitution as we have it today, might be mentioned the provisions against diminishing or increasing the compensation of Federal officers during their incumbency; against a Federal officer holding more than one office at a time; the requirement of state officers to take







## The Greatest Debate in American History



oath to support the Federal Constitution; the provision for uniform naturalization laws, and others. But perhaps the value of New Jersey to the convention lay not so much in the value of the plan or in the ideas of the plan that were ultimately incorporated into the Constitution as in the fact that the New Jersey commissioners were a balance wheel to the whole convention. Living as the people of this nation had lived for nearly ten years; loosely bound by the Articles of Confederation, most of the people felt the need of a strong government. A few, of whom William Paterson was the leader, could see no use of a strong government, and so warned off the danger of the extreme nationalism which Hamilton and Pinckney and Randolph and the rest, fought for. By means of this strife, compromises were worked out which have proven themselves adequate to all the exigencies of government for the past one hundred and sixteen years.

There is much talk in some of our modern histories which tends to belittle the efforts of the convention. Some say that our Constitution is but a modification of the British Constitution. Others say that it is Colonial; that it is merely based on the general lines of Colonial government. But the annals of the convention tell a different tale. The number of plans suggested, the animated discussions, and the wonderful compromises all indicate the existence of great minds working zealously for the greatest good to the commonweal, and among these noble men William Paterson, of New Jersey, stood high. William Pierce, a delegate from Georgia, made notes of impressions he received of the various delegates, and here is what he says of William Paterson:

"Mr. Paterson is one of those kind of men whose powers break in upon you and create wonder and astonishment. He is a man of great modesty, with looks that bespeak talents of no great extent. But he is a classic, a lawyer, and an orator, and of a disposition so favorable to his own advancement that everyone seemed ready to exalt him with their praises. He is very happy in the choice of time and manner of engaging in debate, and never speaks but when he understands his subject well."

Bancroft says of him, in mentioning one of his speeches in favor of a confederated union, "Paterson spoke next, with all the skill of a veteran advocate."

Perhaps it would not be out of place to mention the ratification of the Constitution by this state. New Jersey at that time consisted of but thirteen counties: Bergen, Burlington, Cape May, Cumberland, Essex, Gloucester, Hunterdon, Middlesex, Monmouth, Morris, Salem, Somerset and Sussex. The document of ratification is dated at Trenton, Hunterdon County, December 18, 1787. The delegates from Hunterdon were David Brearly, one of the commissioners to the Constitutional Convention, Joshua Corshon, and John Stevens the president of the convention. New Jersey was the third state to ratify, Delaware and Pennsylvania coming first and second respectively. In New Jersey there was no trouble over ratification as there was in Massachusetts, in Virginia and in New York State.

Taking it as a whole, or even closely scrutinizing each link in the chain of events, every Jersey man has the right to be proud of the part New Jersey played in the formation of our Constitution, which Gladstone was pleased to call, "The greatest work ever struck off at any one time by the mind and purpose of man."





OLD PRINT OF DISCOVERY OF MANHATTAN ISLAND—Landing of Henry Hudson, an English navigator, sailing under the flag of the Dutch East India Company—His greeting by the Indians as he anchored in the North (Hudson) River, on September 11, 1609, with his crew of twenty sailors, from the "Half Moon"—This old print was exhibited in the historical collection during recent Hudson-Fulton Anniversary at New York



AMERICA'S GREATEST METROPOLIS AS IT APPEARED MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO—An old wood cut of village on Island of Manhattan taken near present junction of Pearl and Chatham Streets, showing Bowery road, City Commons and Burying Ground





OLD PRINT OF NEW AMSTERDAM IN 1667—"A small city on Manhattan Island, New Holland, North America, now called New York, and is part of the English Colonies"



OLD PRINT OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE ERECTED IN 1786—Originally designed for residence of President Washington—Site now occupied by Custom House at Bowling Green



OLD PRINT OF NEW AMSTERDAM ABOUT 1650—Now site of Maiden Lane in heart of America's greatest metropolis





## Collection of Historic Engravings

Rare Prints of Manhattan Island Showing the Foundation upon which Has Been Built the Greatest Metropolis of Western Civilization & Originals Loaned by Their Owners for Historical Record in The Journal of American History

**T**HIS collection of old prints is selected from the rare engravings in possession of private collectors and historical societies in New York. During the recent Hudson-Fulton celebration, hundreds of these rare prints were first brought to public view. Many of them are valued at very high prices, and were exhibited during the anniversary. They are reproduced in these pages with the permission of the owners of the originals. The collecting of historical engravings pertaining to the foundation and the development of American civilization is one of the most wholesome past-times of the generation. Each print is a study in the economic and political growth of the nation. The traveller in America's greatest metropolis cannot realize the stupendous purport of it until brought face to face with Manhattan Island as it appeared before it fell under the wand of modern civilization. When one considers that the wonderful city, which now opens its gates to the peoples of the earth to come and enjoy the blessings of liberty, was but a brief span ago purchased for trinkets and exchange to the value of twenty-four dollars—then one feels the full realization of the power of American civilization. Never in the history of the world has a magic city sprung into existence in so comparatively few years. This influence now dominates the trade of the world. It is the heart of the great financial system which vibrates prosperity or business depression around the globe. It is the funnel of the nation into which pours the millions of immigrants from the races of the Old World. With this in mind, it is interesting to look upon the old prints reproduced in these pages. Many of them show the great metropolis when it was an open field of rolling pasture land. Today, on this same green sward, are towering structures—modern towers of Babel—that rise above the clouds in majestic tribute to the triumph of man over the earth. Such prints are a direct contribution to history, and, during the coming year, it will be the privilege of these pages to record many rare collections. Collectors, who have historical prints in their possession, are invited to contribute them for this record. The originals will be returned to their owners immediately after reproduction.—EDITOR



Art

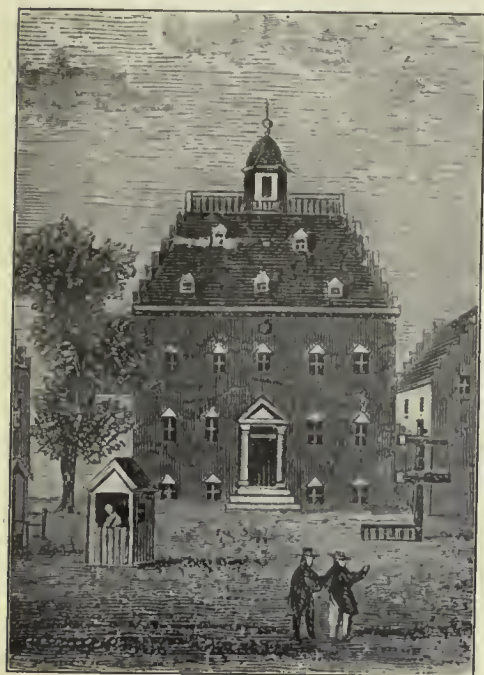
History

Literature





OLD PRINT OF YE FLOURISHING CITY OF NEW YORK IN THE PROVINCE OF NEW YORK, NORTH AMERICA  
 1 Fort      2 Chapel in Fort      3 Secretary's Office      4 Great Dock with Bridge      5 Ruins of Whitehall, built by Governor  
 13 English Church      14 City Hall      15 Exchange      16 Church



FIRST CITY HALL ON MANHATTAN ISLAND—  
 The Stadthuys, erected in 1642 on Pearl street near  
 present Wall Street



OLD PRINT OF NEW YORK IN 1679—Original drawing in possession of Lord  
 Lane; house and land on corner was owned by John Haberding, and sold for \$600.



OLD PRINT OF RESIDENTIAL STREET IN NEW AMSTERDAM IN 1696—Home  
 of Captain William Kidd, the adventurer, located on the present Pearl Street, then known  
 as Tienhoven—He held a commission from the king and later became a notorious pirate



OLD PRINT OF FORT AMSTERDAM ON



OLD PRINT OF NEW YORK IN 1650—Showing beginning of the city and the Dutch Church during the time of Peter Stuyvesant





From lithograph by G. Hayward, presented to the New York Society Library by Mrs. Maria Prebles, of Lansingburg, New York

1 Upper Market	6 Part of Nutten Island	8 Lower Market	9 Crane	10 The Great Flesh Market	12 Dutch Church
		18 Station Ship		19 Wharf	21 Wharf for building ships



Historical Society—Figure (1) marks present Broadway—Figure (2) marks Maiden



OLD PRINT OF ONE OF FIRST HOUSES IN NEW AMSTERDAM—Kipps Bay House—Erected in 1641



IN 1635—Original print is in Holland



America's greatest metropolis—The fort and pillory.



OLD PRINT OF FIRST DUTCH DWELLINGS IN NEW AMSTERDAM—Broad Street,



# Beginning of America's Great Metropolis



OLD PRINT OF DUTCH CHURCH IN NEW YORK IN 1766.—This church stood on ;  
Fulton Avenue, near Lawrence Street, and was the second edifice erected on this site ;



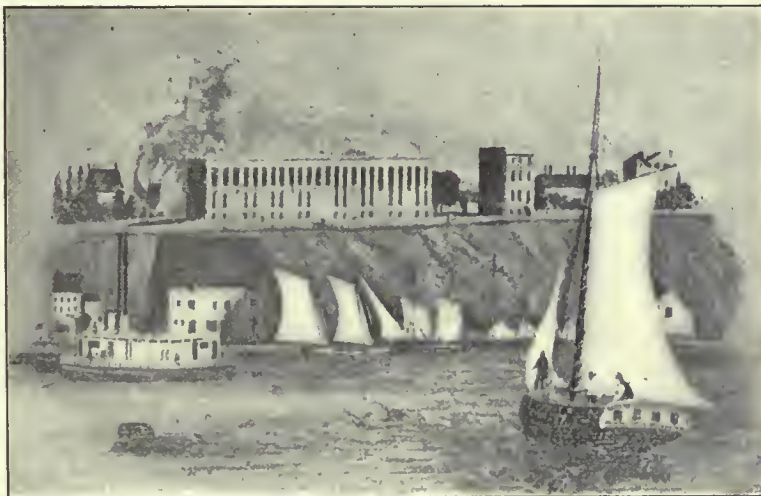
OLD PRINT OF COLLECT POND IN 1785.—This fresh water lake was sixty  
feet deep and occupied the present site of the municipal buildings in New York—  
It was filled in 1809 and was considered a remarkable engineering feat at that time



# Collection of Rare Prints of Old New York



PRINT OF THE OLDEST HOUSE STILL STANDING IN BROOKLYN—Built about 1690 on site of first house in Brooklyn in 1636—Known as Schermerhorn House, at corner of Third Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street



OLD PRINT OF BROOKLYN HEIGHTS—Showing Colonade which was destroyed by fire in 1853—This print shows the traffic on East River long before it was considered possible to span it by a bridge





OLD PRINT OF WALL STREET IN 1789—Showing Trinity Church and Federal Hall





OLD PRINT OF CITY HALL IN NEW YORK IN 1825—Showing Park Row to the right and Broadway to the left



OLD PRINT OF FIRST PRESIDENTIAL MANSION IN NEW YORK—Occupied by Washington during the first session of the first congress





# General Washington's Order Book in the American Revolution

Original Records  
in Washington's Orderly Book  
Throw New Light onto His Military  
Character and His Discipline of the Army & Proof  
of His Genius as a Military Tactician & Life of the American  
Patriots in the Ranks of the Revolutionists Revealed by Original Manuscript

NOW IN POSSESSION OF

MRS. ELLEN FELLOWS BOWN

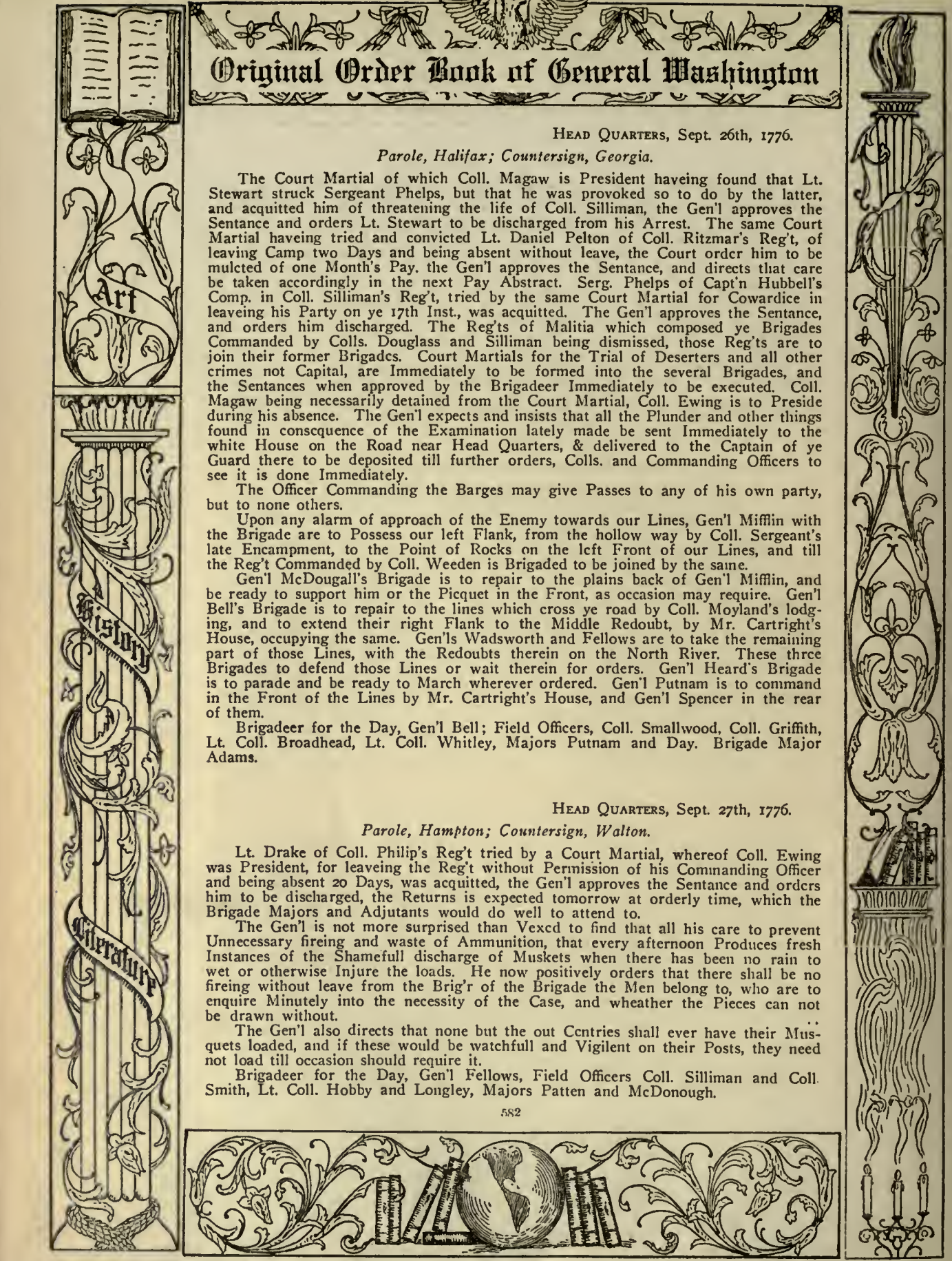
PENFIELD, NEW YORK

Great-granddaughter of Member of Washington's Staff

[in the American Revolution]

**T**HE original order book of General Washington, written in the Army of the American Revolution during the days following the Declaration of Independence, which has been recorded in these pages, has caused wide discussion among historians, and especially throughout the armies. Its secret orders, its passwords, and appeals to the soldiers, have created as much interest in military circles in Great Britain as they have in America, and many army officers have written regarding them. It has been a revelation of army discipline and has thrown a clear, strong light onto the true military character of General Washington. His consideration of the welfare of his soldiers, his deep humanity, his appeals to conscience and courage, reveal the real greatness of the man who led a people against a powerful monarchy and established the greatest democracy that mankind has ever known. The spirit of democracy is written in every line of these orders to his army. He urges them to be considerate of one another. He warns them against wastefulness of ammunition and food, for fear that they may come to want. He appeals to their moral manhood. It is especially interesting to note his firm disapprobation of the methods of plunder and raid in warfare, and his appeals to his soldiers to fight their way honorably to victory, without depredation and wantonness. The final orders of this notable collection, in possession of the great-granddaughter of an officer on Washington's staff, are recorded in the following pages. Since the publication of the first installment, several other valuable documents left by General Washington have been discovered and they will be recorded during the next year.—EDITOR





# Original Order Book of General Washington

HEAD QUARTERS, Sept. 26th, 1776.

*Parole, Halifax; Countersign, Georgia.*

The Court Martial of which Coll. Magaw is President having found that Lt. Stewart struck Sergeant Phelps, but that he was provoked so to do by the latter, and acquitted him of threatening the life of Coll. Silliman, the Gen'l approves the Sentence and orders Lt. Stewart to be discharged from his Arrest. The same Court Martial having tried and convicted Lt. Daniel Pelton of Coll. Ritzmar's Reg't, of leaving Camp two Days and being absent without leave, the Court order him to be mulcted of one Month's Pay. the Gen'l approves the Sentence, and directs that care be taken accordingly in the next Pay Abstract. Serg. Phelps of Capt'n Hubbell's Comp. in Coll. Silliman's Reg't, tried by the same Court Martial for Cowardice in leaving his Party on ye 17th Inst., was acquitted. The Gen'l approves the Sentence, and orders him discharged. The Reg'ts of Malitia which composed ye Brigades Commanded by Colls. Douglass and Silliman being dismissed, those Reg'ts are to join their former Brigades. Court Martials for the Trial of Deserters and all other crimes not Capital, are Immediately to be formed into the several Brigades, and the Sentences when approved by the Brigadeer Immediately to be executed. Coll. Magaw being necessarily detained from the Court Martial, Coll. Ewing is to Preside during his absence. The Gen'l expects and insists that all the Plunder and other things found in consequence of the Examination lately made be sent Immediately to the white House on the Road near Head Quarters, & delivered to the Captain of ye Guard there to be deposited till further orders, Colls. and Commanding Officers to see it is done Immediately.

The Officer Commanding the Barges may give Passes to any of his own party, but to none others.

Upon any alarm of approach of the Enemy towards our Lines, Gen'l Mifflin with the Brigade are to Possess our left Flank, from the hollow way by Coll. Sergeant's late Encampment, to the Point of Rocks on the left Front of our Lines, and till the Reg't Commanded by Coll. Weeden is Brigaded to be joined by the same.

Gen'l McDougall's Brigade is to repair to the plains back of Gen'l Mifflin, and be ready to support him or the Picquet in the Front, as occasion may require. Gen'l Bell's Brigade is to repair to the lines which cross ye road by Coll. Moyland's lodging, and to extend their right Flank to the Middle Redoubt, by Mr. Cartright's House, occupying the same. Gen'l's Wadsworth and Fellows are to take the remaining part of those Lines, with the Redoubts therein on the North River. These three Brigades to defend those Lines or wait therein for orders. Gen'l Heard's Brigade is to parade and be ready to March wherever ordered. Gen'l Putnam is to command in the Front of the Lines by Mr. Cartright's House, and Gen'l Spencer in the rear of them.

Brigadeer for the Day, Gen'l Bell; Field Officers, Coll. Smallwood, Coll. Griffith, Lt. Coll. Broadhead, Lt. Coll. Whitley, Majors Putnam and Day. Brigade Major Adams.

HEAD QUARTERS, Sept. 27th, 1776.

*Parole, Hampton; Countersign, Walton.*


Lt. Drake of Coll. Philip's Reg't tried by a Court Martial, whereof Coll. Ewing was President, for leaving the Reg't without Permission of his Commanding Officer and being absent 20 Days, was acquitted, the Gen'l approves the Sentence and orders him to be discharged, the Returns is expected tomorrow at orderly time, which the Brigade Majors and Adjutants would do well to attend to.

The Gen'l is not more surprised than Vexed to find that all his care to prevent Unnecessary firing and waste of Ammunition, that every afternoon Produces fresh Instances of the Shamefull discharge of Muskets when there has been no rain to wet or otherwise Injure the loads. He now positively orders that there shall be no firing without leave from the Brig'r of the Brigade the Men belong to, who are to enquire Minutely into the necessity of the Case, and wheather the Pieces can not be drawn without.

The Gen'l also directs that none but the out Cntries shall ever have their Muskets loaded, and if these would be watchfull and Vigilant on their Posts, they need not load till occasion should require it.

Brigadeer for the Day, Gen'l Fellows, Field Officers Coll. Silliman and Coll. Smith, Lt. Coll. Hobby and Longley, Majors Patten and McDonough.





## Written in Army of the American Revolution

HEAD QUARTERS, Sept. 28th, 1776.

*Parole, Stamford; Countersign, Pye.*

Fenn Wadsworth is appointed Brigade Major to Gen'l Wadsworth. William Heggon of Capt'n Hamilton's Comp'y of Artillery, convicted by a Gen'l Court Martial whereof Coll. — is President, of Plundering and Stealing, ordered to be whipped 39 Lashes, the Gen'l approves the Sentance and orders it to be executed tomorrow at the Usual time and Place.

A number of new Rules and Regulations of the Army are come to hand, the Several Brigades are to receive their Proportions and deliver them to the Commanding Officers of the several Reg'ts, who are Immediately to cause them to be Read to their Reg'ts and made known to both Officers and Soldiers, so that there may be no Pretence for Ignorance.

It is with great concern that the Gen'l finds that so many excuses are made by Field Officers and others on Duty, especially on Picquet, by this means active and willing Officers are discouraged, he hopes that trifling reasons and Slight Complaints will not be urged to avoid Duty when the Utmost Vigilance and care is necessary. The Gen'l has also observed, in rideing through the Camps, a shamefull waste of Provision, large pieces of fine Beef not only thrown away but left above Ground to Putrify.

Whilst such Practices continue, troops will be sickly. The Colls. or Commanding Officers of Reg'ts who have not done it, are Immediately to appoint Camp collimen, and officers who have spirit and Zeal will see such Nauciousness removed; some of the Camps nearest Head are very faulty in that respect, and will be pointed out in Gen'l Orders if there is not reformation.

Stephen Moyland Esq. haveing resigned the Office of Quart'r Mast'r Gen'l, Brig'r Gen'l Mifflin is appointed thereto till the Pleasure of the Congress can be known. The Quart'r M. G. will deliver to Gen'l Spencer's orders such Tents as are wanting in Gen'ls Wadsworth's and Fellows' Brigades.

As the approach of the Enemy may be known as soon as possible, two Field Pieces are to be fired by the order of the Brig'r of the Day, at the Redoubt on the Road by Coll. Moylan's, this to be repeated by two others at Head Quarters, and the like number at Mount Washington.

Coll. Shea is to take charge of Gen'l Mifflin's Brigade till further orders. Coll. Saltonstall is to order in of the Malitia Reg'ts under his Command to Encamp on the Hill opposite to Fort Washington, towards the Point opposite to the Encampment on the other side Harlem River.

The Gen'l desires that the several Works in which we are now engaged in may be advanced as soon as Possihle, as it is Essentially necessary. In future when any Officer is ordered on Duty and through Sickness or any other Private reason cannot attend, he is to Procure one of equal Rank to do his duty for him, unless some extraordinary reason should occasion an application to Head Quarters, unless a regular Roster never can be kept.

The Brigade Maj'rs are to furnish the Chief Engineer with a Detail of Men from their respective Brigades ordered for Fatigue, this is to be left at his office near Head Quarters and when any alteration is made, they are to give in a new Detail. Maj'r Bicker is ordered to attend the Works and be excused from other Duty.

Any Soldier detected in cutting any Abbettees without orders from the Chief Engineer is to be sent to the Provost Guard, and tried by a Gen'l Court Martial, Officers are directed to put a stop to so dangerous a Practice, Immediately.


Fatigue Men are to Breakfast before they go to Parade, no Man to be allowed to Return home after to his Tent or Quarters on this Account.

The building up tents with Boards is a Practice Particular to this Army, and in our Present Situation cannot be Indulged without the greatest Injury to the Service. The Boards brought into Camp are for Floors to the Tents, and Officers would do well Immediately to prevent their being applied to any other Use.

Officers for the Day, Brig'r Gen'l McDougall, Coll. Douglass and Smallwood, Lt. Coll. Wysefelse and Bryerly, Maj'rs Tuttle & Mentz. Brig'r Maj'r Mifflin.







## Historic Manuscripts in America

Autograph Originals of Great Poems in American History &  
Collection of Author's Manuscripts & Famous Lines that  
Stirred the Hearts of the American People More than a  
Half-century Ago and are Still Thrilling the Generations

**A**MERICANS, today, undoubtedly feel the true impulse of their nation's history more through the inspired lines of its great poets than through its historians. The history of the Republic lives in its poetry. Every great event, every historic episode, every critical moment in the annals of the nation is immortalized by the inspired rhythm that thrills the hearts of the people down through the generations. It has been truly said that the history of a nation is written in its music; poetry does more even than this—it *makes* history. Courage, fortitude, heroism—frequently find their birth in the lines of some great poem which inspires men to nobility of deed and action that changes the course of a people's history. The sting of the rhythmic meter has overthrown tyranny. Its logic is more effective than political argument or historical precedent. It is the privilege of these pages to give historical record to some of the great poems in American history in the handwriting and bearing the autographs of their authors. This is possibly the most valuable collection of autograph originals ever presented in fac-simile. Among them are manuscripts that are held by their owners at thousands of dollars, such as the original of those inspired lines, "Home, Sweet Home," which have thrilled the hearts of the world, and made the name of John Howard Payne, whose autograph is herein recorded, one of the most beloved as well as the most tragic in American history. The lines of Longfellow's "Excelsior" are on the lips of the school-children of the nation, while Whittier's "Thy will be done," has brought peace and solace to hundreds of thousands. In these pages one looks upon the handwriting of such great Americans as Ralph Waldo Emerson and Oliver Wendell Holmes; of Thoreau, that lover of nature who interpreted the true meaning of life; of Fitz-Greene Halleck, whose martial strains beat with the pulse of patriotism; of Holland's "Hymn from Bitter-sweet;" of Percival's "Life Beyond the Grave." In their handwriting one can almost read the character and feel the individuality of these great Americans, whose service to their country has been even greater than that of the general on the battlefield, for the pursuits of peace are even more lasting than those of war. These manuscripts are direct documentary evidence to the history of the nation, showing especially the finer and higher instincts that have made, and are making, the American people the leaders of civilization. THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY feels that the encouragement of the fine art of poetry is a direct historical service to the nation, and these pages have frequently presented the original lines of the contemporary poets whenever they ring with the true American spirit and reveal the true depth and soul of the nation.—EDITOR



## Home, Sweet Home!

1

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!  
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there  
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere!

Home, home, — sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

11.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain!  
Oh, give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!  
The birds singing gaily that came at my call! —  
Give me them, with the peace of mind dearer than all!

Home, home, — sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

John Howard Payne.



Excelsior. /

The shades of night were falling fast,  
As though an alpine village passed  
A youth who bore mid snow and ice  
A banner with the strange device

Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath  
Fleeted like a falchion from its sheath,  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue

Excelsior!



In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;  
Above the spectral glaci<sup>er</sup> shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan  
Excelsior!

"Fry not the pass!" the old man said,  
"Dark lower the tempest overhead,  
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"  
And loud that clarion voice replied  
Excelsior!

O stay!" the maiden said, "and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast!"  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye  
But still he answered with a sigh  
Excelsior!



"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!

Beware the awful avalanche!"

This was the peasant's last good-night;

A voice replied, far up the height,

Excelsior!

At break of day as heavenward

The pious monks of St. Bernard

Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,

A voice cried through the startled air

Excelsior!

A traveller by the faithful hound

Half-buried in the snow was found,

Still grasping in his hand of ice

That banner with the strange device

Excelsior!



There in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless but beautiful he lay,  
And from the sky serene and far  
A voice fell like a falling star

Excelsior!

Henry W. Longfellow.

To live beyond the grave — to leave a name,  
That like a living sun, shall keep its way  
Undimmed thro' ages — to be hailed hereafter,  
As first among the spirits, who, have girt  
Their loins with fame — to dwell amid the thoughts  
Of all sublimer souls, as Deities  
Are treasured in their shrines — to lead the tongues  
Of nations, and be uttered in the songs,  
And prayers of millions — He who has ~~fixed~~ <sup>fixed</sup> his hope  
Fixed in his heart, and holds his lonely way  
Cheered by this only, and yet keeps himself  
Unwavering in the many shocks, that seek to  
His purpose from its path — He was not cast  
In nature's common mould — such hope itself  
Is greatness.



They will be done!

We see not, know not; all our way  
Is dark: - with Thee alone is day;  
From out the torrents troubled drift,  
Above the storm our prayer we lift,  
They will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint  
But who are we to make complaint?  
Or dare to urge in times like these  
The weakness of our love of ease? -  
They will be done!



We take with solemn thankfulness  
Our burden up nor ask it less:  
Counting it joy that even we  
May suffer serve or wait for Thee.  
They will be done!

Though faint as yet in tint & line  
We dimly trace Thy wise design,  
And thank Thee that our age supplies  
Its dark relief of sacrifice.  
They will be done!

And if in our unworthiness  
Thy sacrificial wine we press,  
If from Thy ordeal's heated bars  
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars  
They will be done!



If for the age to come this hour  
Of trial hath vicarious power,  
And blest by Thee, our present pain  
Pre Liberty's eternal gain  
They will be done!

Strike, Thou the Master, use Thy keys,  
The anthem of the destinies! -  
The minor of Thy loftier strain,  
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain  
They will be done!

Amesbury. Mass. 2<sup>nd</sup> Mo 1864 -

John F. Whittier



Hark! a Bugle echo coming,  
Hark! a fife is ringing,  
Hark! the roll of far-off drums  
Through the air, ringing.

Down, it is thy music sounds,  
Wakening the brave-hearted,  
Mourning, holy, a glorious crowd,  
At its call have started.

Mourning - of our Sires of old,  
O'er, oppression-driven,  
High their rainbow flag unrolled  
To the sun and sky of heaven,

Mourning - of the stern and true,  
O'er, at Honor's bidding,  
Left their country's life to save,  
To die as to their wedding,



Memories of many a battle plain,  
When, then, the faithful flowing,  
Made green the grass, and gold the grain,  
Above the granite bands, growing;

Hope, that the children of their pray,  
With them in valour lying,  
May be as gallant dead as they,  
In living and in dying;

And to keep for children yet to come,  
The land of their by meeting  
The misfeal and the fearful, home  
Of happy being, breathing.

To them the warrior's path he tread,  
The battle's path of duty,  
And change, for fresh and forest bed,  
Our bowers of love and beauty,







# Life.

My life is 'like a stately warrior horse,  
That walks with fluent pace along the way,  
And I the upright horseman that bestrides  
His' flexuous back, feeling my private thoughts—  
Alas, when will this' rambling head and neck  
Be welded to that firm and brawny breast?—  
But still my steady steed goes proudly forth,  
Mining his' ~~steady~~ <sup>stately</sup> steps along the road;  
The sun may set, the silver moon may rise,  
But my unwearying steed holds on his' way.  
He is far gone ere this, you fair would say,  
He is far going. Plants grow and rivers run;  
You ne'er may look upon the ocean waves,  
At morn or eventide, but you will see  
Far in the horizon with expanded sail,  
Some solitary bark stand out to sea,  
Far bound—well so my life sails far,  
To double some far cape not yet explored.  
A cloud ne'er standeth in the summer's  
The eagle sailing high, with outspread wings  
Cleaving the silent air, resteth him not  
A moment in his' flight, the air is not his' peer.  
Nor doth my life fold its unwearying wings,  
And hide its head within its' downy breast,  
But still it plows the shadowless seas of time,  
Breasting the wave with an unsundered bow.

H. D. Thoreau



## Warship.

This is he who felled by foes  
Sprung himself up, refreshed by blows:  
He to Captivity was sold,  
But him no prison bars would hold;  
Though they sealed him in a rock,  
Mountain chains he can unlock:  
Thrown to lions for their meat,  
The crouching lion kipped his feet:  
Round to the stake, no flames appalled,  
But arched over him an honoring vault.  
This is he men miscall Fate,  
Threading dark ways, arriving late,  
But ever coming in time to crown  
The truth, and hurl wrong down.



He is the oldest, and best known,  
More near than aught thou call'st thy own,  
Yet, greeted in another's eyes,  
Disconcerts with glad surprise.  
This is Love, who, deaf to prayers,  
Floods with blessings unawares.  
Draw, if thou canst, the mystic line  
Severing rightly his from thine,  
Which is human, which divine.

R. W. Emerson.



The Flower of Liberty.

What flower is this that greets the morn,  
Its hues from Heaven so freshly born?  
With burning star and flaming band  
It kindles all the sunset land:  
O tell us what its name may be,  
Is this the Flower of Liberty?  
It is the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty!

In savage Nature's far abode  
Its tender seed our fathers sowed;  
The storm-wind locked its swelling bud,  
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,  
Till lo! earth's tyrants shook to see  
The full-blown Flower of Liberty!  
Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty!



Behold its streaming eyes unite,  
One mingling flood of braided light;-  
The red that fires the Southern rose,  
With spotless white from Northern snows,  
And, sprinkled over its azure, see  
The sister stars of Liberty!

Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty!

The blades of heroes fence it round,  
Where'er it springs is holy ground;  
From towers and dome its glories spread,  
It waves where lonely sentinels head:  
It makes the land as ocean free,  
And plants an empire on the sea!

Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty!



Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,  
Shall ever float on dome and tower,  
To all their heavenly colors true  
In blackening frost or crimson dew,  
And God love us as we love thee,  
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!

Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Olive Wendell Holmes





BEGINNING OF PORTRAITURE IN AMERICA


---

Silhouette of Honorable Thomas Ashley  
Compatriot of Colonel Ethan Allen  
and Benedict Arnold at Fort  
Ticonderoga in 1775

---

Copyright by Burton J. Ashley of Chicago, Illinois





## Silhouette of an American Pioneer

Beginning of the Art of Portraiture in America & Silhouette of a Hero of Ticonderoga in 1775, a Compatriot of Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold & Heirloom Lost in the Riots at Panama in 1856 & The Ashley Blood in American History

**T**HIS silhouette is a survival of the beginning of the art of portraiture in America. While it is apparently in its crudest form, it is practically a lost art, inasmuch that there are no silhouette artists today who are able to secure the remarkable living likenesses that characterized the art in its first days. The skill and ingenuity of these ancient portraits has never been surpassed. So artfully did they cut these profiles that they were almost as accurate identifications of their subjects as are the photographs of today. This silhouette was made at the direction of Honorable Thomas Ashley, a prominent New Englander of his generation, and one of the founders of the Commonwealth of Vermont. He was a typical American, born in Rochester, Massachusetts, in 1738, and later going to Canaan, Connecticut, from which place he migrated with Colonel Ethan Allen to Poultney, Vermont, and became one of the first settlers. Thomas Ashley was one of the "Green Mountain Boys," whose daring and patriotism perpetuates their memory through the generations. On that historic tenth of May, in 1775, when Colonel Ethan Allen captured Fort Ticonderoga in the "name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," Thomas Ashley was the second man to follow Colonel Allen up the stairs into the British fort, Benedict Arnold being the first man behind the daring Allen. Throughout the American Revolution, Thomas Ashley fought under Colonel Gideon Warren with the Fifteenth Vermont Militia, and was elected as a member of the famous Dorset Convention on January 16, 1776. He became a political leader in the first years of the Republic, and was prominent in the legislature of Vermont when the Constitution of the United States was being discussed in 1787, 1791-92-93. At the beginning of the first century of the Republic, he swayed public opinion on the floors of the legislative halls, in the years 1800-01, and for more than twenty years he sat as justice in his community, dispensing the law through that critical period when the system of justice was being tested. This silhouette was taken in 1807, three years before his death. He was a man of athletic build, bold and fearless, with a strong mind and firm conscience—the qualities which laid the foundation upon which the nation is built. Throughout the United States today are thousands of Americans who descend from the blood of the Ashleys of New England. The Deweys of Vermont, from which comes Admiral Dewey, the hero of Manila Bay, carry in their veins the Ashley blood. The Freemans, Marshalls, Ponds, Thompsons, Cooks, Jacobs, Partridges and many other American lines blend into the Ashleys. This silhouette was lost during the Panama riots in 1856, when Emeline Douglas (Ashley) Stevens with her family were enroute to California by way of the Isthmus. This reproduction is contributed to these pages by Burton J. Ashley, of Chicago, Illinois, and protected under his copyright.—EDITOR



# Genealogy Foundations in America

Progenitors of American Families & List of Passengers  
Transported to New England from London in 1635

**A**mericans are beginning to realize the moral as well as the historical significance of genealogical foundations. A nation which relies upon the record of its homes for its national character, cannot afford to ignore the value of genealogical investigation as one of the truest sources of patriotism. The love of home inspires the love of country. There is a wholesome influence in genealogical research which cannot be over-estimated. Moreover, there is a deep human interest to it. Take, for instance, this passenger list of the ship "Hopewell" which sailed from London to New England in 1635; note the names and ages of its passengers, and then consider that from them a great race has sprung, of which the reader may be its living representative.

Theis under-written names are to be transported to New England imbarqued in the Hopewell, Tho. Babb, M<sup>r</sup> p cert. from the Ministers & Justices of their conformitie in Religion to o<sup>r</sup> Church of England=& yt they are no Subsedey Men. they have taken ye oaths of Alleg: & Suprem.

Husb. Wilton Wood	27	Robert Withie	20
Elizabeth Wood	24	Henry Ticknall	15
Jo. Wood	26	Harniss Maker, Isack Heath	50
Robert Chambers	13	Elizabeth Heath	40
Tho. Jn <sup>n</sup> son	25	Elizabeth Heath	5
Marie Hubbard	24	Martha Heath	30
Jo. Kerbie	12	W <sup>m</sup> . Lyon	14
Jo. Thomas	14	Grace Stokes	20
Isak Robinson	15	Tho. Bull	25
Ann Williamson	18	Joseph Miller	15
Tanner. Jo. Weekes	26	Jo: Prier	15
Marie Weekes	28	Richard Hutley	15
Anna Weekes	1	Daniel Pryer	13
Suzan Withie	18	Katherine Hull	23
Robert Baylie	23	Mary Clark	16
Marie Withie	16	Jo: Marshall	14
Samuel Younglove	30	Joan Grave	30
Margaret Younglove	28	Mary Grave	26
Samuel Younglove	1	Joan Clevon	18
Andrew Hulls	29	Edmond Chippfield	20
Anthony Freeman	22	[Chippenfield]	
Twiford West	19	Mary With	62
Roger Toothaker	23	Robert Edwards	22
Margaret Toothaker	28	Robert Edge	25
Roger Toothaker	1	Walter Lloyd	27
Ellen Leaves	17	Jo: Forten	14
Alice Albon	25	Gabriel Reld	18
Barbary Rofe	20		54





AN AMERICAN MANSION DURING THE REVOLUTION—"The Hermitage," at Hohokus, New Jersey, residence of Theodosia Prevost during the Struggle for Independence—In the parlor of this house she was married to Aaron Burr, the early American political leader who killed Alexander Hamilton, the father of the American financial system, in duel—The mansion is still standing and is the residence of J. Rosencranz



FIRST HOMES IN AMERICA—The De Kype House at Hackensack, New Jersey—Built about 1699—Still standing after more than two centuries—Photographs from the Collection of Burton Hiram Allbee, of the Bergen County Historical Society, Hackensack, New Jersey

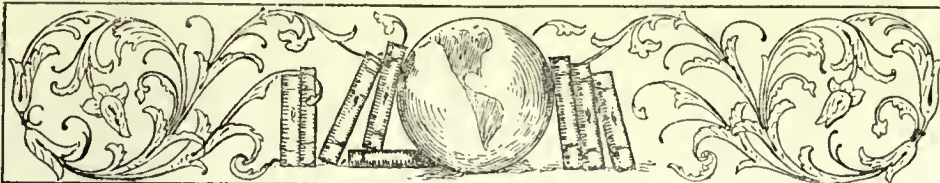


OLD LANDMARKS OF THE BEGINNING OF THE NATION—Captain Berry House at Rutherford, New Jersey—Built about 1785 and the gathering place of builders of the Republic—This historic house has been restored and remodelled in recent years



TAVERN DURING THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION—The Abram Quackenbush House at Wyckoff, New Jersey—Built about 1750, and used as an Inn during the War of Independence—Officers and Soldiers gathered about its hospitable fires while on their journeys to and from the American Army





# Ancestral Homesteads in America

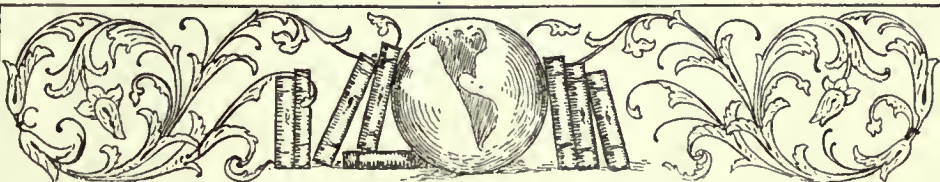
American Landmarks & Old Houses & Colonial Homes of  
the Founders of the Republic & Preserved for Historical  
Record from Photographs in Possession of their Descendants

COLLECTION OF

BURTON HIRAM ALLBEE

Member of the New Jersey Historical Society  
Secretary and Treasurer of the Bergen County Historical Society

**A**mericans are just beginning to realize the sacredness of the landmarks which stand today as mute witnesses of the founding of a nation which is leading modern civilization. Along the Atlantic coast are hundreds of the first homes of the Republic that have been left to decay. It has been truly said that a people who forget the homes of their forefathers cannot rise to permanent greatness. The Americans have been so engrossed in material development that they have given little attention to the hallowed traditions of those who laid the foundations upon which we are building today. Since the inauguration of *THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY*, a persistent effort has been made to secure photographs of the first homes of the nation, before it is too late. Movements have also been organized for the preservation of these old landmarks, and many of the historical societies throughout the country are planning to enter into the work during the next year. In the preceding issues of this publication, many rare photographs of these historic landmarks have been recorded. Notable among these has been the collection of historic manor-places in America in the preceding issue of this journal. This article preserved for historical archives, many of the magnificent landmarks of the old cavalier days in the South, erected long before there was any intimation of an American Republic. Many of the old homes of Puritan New England, stately types of colonial architecture, have been preserved in these pages. Some time ago, a collection of prints of old Dutch houses in America was herein recorded. The recent Hudson-Fulton anniversary directed attention to these ancient Dutch foundations along the Hudson River. It is the privilege of this journal to now present a collection of eighteen more prints from the original photographic negatives in possession of Mr. Burton Hiram Allbee, of Hackensack, New Jersey, a member of the New Jersey Historical Society, and secretary and treasurer of the Bergen County Historical Society. During the last six years, he has journeyed through the old Dutch settlements near the Hudson, and taken more than one hundred negatives of historic landmarks. Many of these ancient structures have since been demolished, and the Allbee negatives are now the only evidences of their existence. During the coming year, *THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY* will enlarge its work in the preservation of these landmarks. Antiquarians are invited to submit photographs for this purpose, which, after being reproduced in these pages, will be returned to their owners. It is the duty of every loyal American to co-operate in this much-needed work.—EDITOR







Built about 1750—William E. Winter House at Campgaw, New Jersey



Built about 1699—John



Built about 1750—House at Oakland, New Jersey

# Phot Old B in

Photographs of Ar  
Demolished by M  
Hiram Allbee—  
in THE JOUR



Built in 1725—Brinckerhoff House at Ridgefield Park, New Jersey



Built about 1740—F





use at Wyckoff New Jersey



American Officers' Headquarters at Pompton, New Jersey, during Revolution—1776

# raphs f Houses erica

marks that are being  
ss.—Taken by Burton  
Historical Record  
ERICAN HISTORY,



Built about 1780—Dutch House at Paterson, New Jersey



Rutherford, New Jersey



Built about 1780—Westervelt House at Bergenfield, New Jersey



# First Homes in the American Republic



BUILT ABOUT THE TIME OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE—The Van Bus Kirk House in Hackensack, New Jersey—Erected about 1775 while the American Nation was struggling into existence



BUILT DURING THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION—The Quackenbush House at Wyckoff, New Jersey—Built about 1780 while the War for Independence was in progress—Photographs from Collection of Burton Hiram Allbee



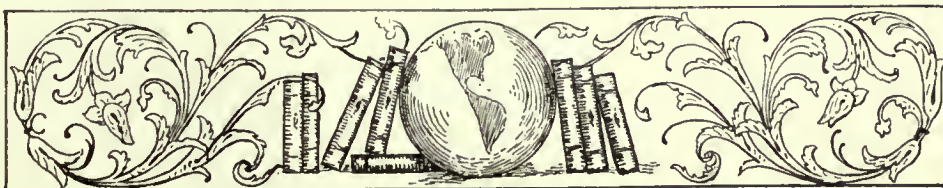
# Photographs of Old Dutch Houses



AN AMERICAN INN IN FIRST DAYS OF THE REPUBLIC—The Wortendyke House at Hillsdale, New Jersey—Built about 1780—Scene of many social festivities when the Nation was in the making—Still well preserved



OLDEST HOUSE IN ITS COMMUNITY—Structure of Old Dutch Architecture in Bogota, New Jersey, which still stands as a witness of the beginning of a township—Built about 1775—Photographs from the Allbee Collection






**MANSION ASSAULTED BY BRITISH TROOPS IN AMERICAN REVOLUTION**—The Colonel Peter Schuyler House at Arlington, New Jersey—Built about 1770 and still bearing bullet marks from the British guns and the bayonet thrusts of the King's soldiers—The tower and veranda are modern



**HISTORIC AMERICAN LANDMARKS**—The Demarest Homestead at Bergenfield, New Jersey—Built about 1799 and still occupied by the descendants of the builders—Photographs from the Collection of Burton Hiram Allbee, of the Bergen County Historical Society, Hackensack, New Jersey





# Memoirs of an Old Politician in the National Capital at Washington

**Reminiscences  
of a Political Leader in  
the Early Days of the Nation & His  
Experiences on a Journey to the National Capital  
with Anecdotes of the Political Methods of the Times & Memoirs  
of Campaigns of Clay, Calhoun and Jackson & Posthumous Manuscript**

BY  
**JOHN ALLEN TRIMBLE**  
OF OHIO

Transcribed from the Original Manuscript by His Daughter  
Alice M. Trimble of New Vienna, Ohio


**T**HIS manuscript, revealing the political conditions of more than a half-century ago, has lain among the private papers of an old Ohio family for a generation. It is one of the thousands of documents treasured in the homes of the nation, which relate in a simple, entertaining way, the life experiences of their writers. The very fact that they are merely the private diaries or journals of some unpretentious citizen, without any intent of becoming history, gives them a frankness that makes them doubly interesting. In a former installment of this old manuscript, the writer related many anecdotes of the early politics and politicians with whom he had an acquaintance—Clay, Webster, Benton. He told of listening to the stump speeches of Calhoun, and the excitement in the campaigns of Van Buren and Harrison, with a sense of humor that carried one right into the presence of these political leaders of the first half of the last century. In the installment now transcribed from the original manuscript, the writer tells of his journey to the national capital at Washington by horseback, and his experiences with government officials. It is like a breath from the past. It convinces one that human nature is about the same through the generations, and that the political tendencies of today are not so appalling as some would have us believe. Such documents as this renew faith in mankind, for they show that the tendency of humanity is toward higher ideals and better manhood, and not deterioration. The world is growing better all the time. Man is lifting out and up through the generations. The unpretentious records of life left by the forefathers are the most reliable eye-witnesses and the truest evidence for historical comparisons. This document reveals simple truths and gives one a clearer understanding. As such, it is of value in arriving at historical conclusions.—EDITOR

Art


History

Literature





## Reminiscences of the National Capital



**M**ERCANTILE arrangements made a visit to the National Capital necessary in 1823, and the trip was made on horseback, then the usual mode of travel on business or pleasure. It was the era of the exciting Presidential campaign between Clay, Crawford, Calhoun, Adams and Jackson. Virginia had long held the Presidential honors, and Mr. Monroe was soon to retire and give place to a new line, and a "new policy" was agitating the public mind. All of these aspirants were pronounced Republicans or Democrats of the Jefferson school. Federalism was dead and buried by the war with England.


As a Western man and a native of Kentucky, I was in a year to give my first vote, and was enlisted under the banner of the popular and patriotic leader, Henry Clay. After a long apprenticeship, I was then entering upon the active duties of a merchant in Hillsboro, and business rather than politics absorbed my attention, as I was going to Philadelphia to purchase my first stock of goods.

A few years before, Congress had made appropriations for the services of the volunteers and militia who had served in the War of 1812, and moderate pensions were allowed to widows and orphans of private soldiers who were killed or severely wounded in battle. Officers were excluded under this Democratic rule of economy and watchful care of the public treasury.

Major Charles Clarkson, of Kentucky, was appointed paymaster for Southern Ohio, with headquarters at Chillicothe, and Captain C. A. Trimble as deputy for the district of Highland, Fayette, Adams and Brown Counties. As clerk for my brother, I have still in my possession many of the old muster-rolls of McArthur's and Key's regiments. Many of those old soldiers had died or removed to the West, and as a matter of course there were soon found loyal patriots, as now, to hunt up these claims and speculate upon the sorrows of the widow and orphan, and purchase them at a discount. Hillsboro and Highland County mustered several of these vultures, some of whom thrived while others failed.

One of these parties, from being a thriftless and lazy loafer, soon got up in the world, and had extensive credit with merchants, farmers and mechanics, and was handling large sums of United States bills. He purchased liberally on credit, and stocked a little farm near Hillsboro with fine horses and cattle and improved farming utensils for his boys, his time being mostly employed in hunting up business. He had, of course, regular and frequent correspondence with the War Department at Washington, and I, being postmaster at Hillsboro, was necessarily familiar with his business, and was sometimes consulted as to the safest mode of receiving or sending money through the mails. At that period the system of exchange was not generally adopted, and often large sums in bank notes were transmitted to commercial points, the notes being usually subdivided and sent at intervals or by different routes. After a prosperous career of several months, a cloud gathered over his financial affairs, and his frequent inquiries at the post-office were answered: "No letters from Washington City." In this state of suspense, and suspicion on the part of his creditors, he proposed, when I was preparing to go East for goods, to give me a





## Memoirs of a Politician in Washington


power of attorney to adjust and settle up his affairs at the War Department, alleging that he was entitled to receive \$1,200 or \$1,500 on pension claims in the hands of the Third Auditor, out of which he was to pay his store account of some \$400. To this I agreed. The morning of my departure he was slow in coming to town. I had mounted my horse for the long journey of a thousand miles (both ways), when the gentleman made his appearance hurriedly from the old clerk's office, with a package of papers, saying he had been detained getting the county seal and clerk's certificate attached to a new pension claim of \$700 for Mrs. Jane Leach, of Clinton County. This, with his letters of attorney, wrapped in a newspaper, was thrown into the saddlebags without dismounting, and was never examined until I reached Washington City and opened them at the Department. My route was via Chillicothe, Lancaster, Zanesville to Wheeling, and the unfinished National Road to Cumberland, Maryland. At Lancaster I fell in with a traveler from Hagerstown, Maryland, a Mr. Huffman, who was returning home from a survey of the West. We formed a traveling and social acquaintance, and journeyed together for ten days over the mountains. The incidents of the long and weary miles would be occasional droves of Ohio or Kentucky cattle or horses going East, now and then a family carriage of travelers, or the fast United States mail line making eight and ten miles an hour, followed by the accommodation passenger line at a slower pace. The railroad was then an experiment feeling its way to Washington City, and was only completed to Point of Rocks, or Harper's Ferry, in 1835.

Reaching Frederickton, Maryland, I left my faithful steed to rest for ten or twelve days, and took the stage via Baltimore, and Chesapeake packet to Havre de Grace, thence stage and steamboat to Philadelphia. A week in the Quaker City sufficed to purchase goods, and thence to Washington City, the objective point, and of great attractive interest to a Western man. It was then, during recess of Congress, a dull and ordinary country town, without attraction or interest, save the capitol and President's house. A few handsome country seats towards Georgetown Heights alone embellished the city. And here I must sketch an episode of interest to the journey. At Wilmington, Delaware, where we left the steamer, my ticket for coach number 10 introduced me to a mixed company, as follows: Reverend Dr. Ely of New York, the then distinguished and eloquent Presbyterian preacher, Captain Hamrick, an invalid and petulant seaman just off from a cruise and a shipwreck on the coast of South America, three wild and hilarious young fellows from the city, and myself, packed closely together, and baggage on deck. The first intimation that we had a clergyman aboard was a mild yet severe rebuke to the profanity of one of the young men, who bowed politely to the handsome and dignified stranger, and begged pardon for his offence in indulging a foolish habit. "I hope, my young friends, you will pardon me," said the stranger, "but I must have respect to my calling, and bear testimony against a practice which we all know is 'more honored in the breach than the observance.'"

Then the crusty sea-captain said curtly: "I guess you are one of those chaps that spin long yarns for children and old women, called sermons, and you are a preacher." "Yes, sir, you are right. I am not







## Reminiscences of the National Capital

travelling in disguise, and always show my colors. I am called Dr. Ely, of New York, and my calling is in the ministry of the Presbyterian Church." It was spoken with a mildness and earnestness which impressed the whole company, and seemed to soften the hard features of the sailor. We all bowed respectfully to Dr. Ely, and were on our good behavior while crossing over the State of Delaware, where the blue hen hatched her chickens in '76.

An animated and earnest controversy soon arose between Dr. Ely and the sea-captain, who contended for the sailor's privilege of swearing. "Why, sir, we could not enforce discipline on board ship without it, and a captain or mate who couldn't swear had better stay ashore. In fact, it is a necessary part of discipline, especially on a man-of-war ship." This, of course, brought out the eloquent and earnest protest of the doctor and the animated dispute was kept up until we reached the steamer on the Chesapeake.

It was resumed on the boat. It seems the captain was going home to Alexandria, Virginia, after a disastrous voyage, wrecked in fortune and with impaired health, and Dr. Ely became deeply interested in his history, and earnest for his reformation. We three traveled together to Washington City, and Dr. Ely said to me at parting: "I had intended to stop at Baltimore, but this captain has so interested me that I have followed him up, and now he invites me to accompany him home, and I am going with him to Alexandria, and hope to leave him a Christian." We parted company, and I was forcibly impressed with the worth and earnest zeal of this accomplished preacher.


But to resume my history of the Hillsboro pension agent, W. C. On arriving at Washington I put up at Brown's hotel, Pennsylvania avenue, then, as in the days of Jefferson (who rode there on horseback to be inaugurated), the principal hotel of the city. Hillsboro is better built to-day and about as large as the capital in 1823.

I at once repaired to the Third Auditor's office, Major Peter Haynor, and presented my credentials as the agent and attorney for this speculating character of Highland. "Yes sir," said the Third Auditor, looking at me closely. "You are authorized by this party to settle and adjust this unsettled business with this Department.

"Mr. Clerk, hand me the papers and vouchers of W. C. of Hillsboro, Ohio." The papers were laid upon the table. Taking up a power of attorney from a party authorizing him to draw a pension of \$500, the Third Auditor said: "Look at that certificate and county seal of Samuel Bell, Clerk of the Court of Highland County. What do you say as to that paper, Mr. Trimble?"

At first sight I saw it was a bad forgery of the clerk's signature, but a correct impression of the old county seal which had disappeared a few years before. (An ingenious mechanic, John Kelvy, had made a new one.) "Why, Major," I replied, "that is a forgery of Mr. Bell's signature, and will explain to him the lost county seal." Then handing me another paper, he said: "Here is one from Clinton County, with the signature of Isaiah Morris. Are you familiar with his writing?"





## Memoirs of a Politician in Washington


"Yes, Mr. Morris' signature is on the style of John Hancock, and here is another worse failure on the part of my client." I had handed my letter and accompanying papers to the Auditor without examining them. Opening a power of attorney from Mrs. Jane Leach, of Clinton County, to draw a pension of \$750, I found Morris' signature correct, but the certificate of the magistrate, one Thomas Hatcher, looked suspicious, and of course nothing could be collected at the Department for this party.

Fortunately for me, Major Haynor was an intimate friend of and comrade with my brother in the late war. Enjoining caution and secrecy, he authorized me, on my return to Ohio, to have the pension agent arrested, and furnished the necessary documents.


This first impression of Washington was not very pleasing, as I had reached there with just enough money to pay a hotel bill for a day, expecting to receive a large amount of United States Bank bills. In this dilemma it occurred to me that I was a deputy paymaster under Honorable John McLain, Postmaster-General, and that I had a limited personal acquaintance with that distinguished Ohio gentleman. I at once repaired to his office, was recognized, and informed him of the peculiar circumstances of my business in Washington. He handed me \$70, a sum amply sufficient for a protracted journey through Virginia, and insisted on taking me out for dinner to his residence at Georgetown Heights. Mrs. McLain and some of the family I had known in Hillsboro, and I was cordially received. In the afternoon Judge McLain said I must remain and make the acquaintance of John C. Calhoun, the Secretary of War, and candidate for the Presidency, saying that Mr. Calhoun was the warm personal friend of my brother, the late Colonel Trimble, who had died at Washington two years before. He would take no excuse of business or diffidence, saying Mr. Calhoun was his next door neighbor across the lawn, and I consented. This marked respect to the memory and worth of my brother by two distinguished members of Mr. Monroe's Cabinet was pleasing and gratifying to a stranger in the city. When we called, Mr. Calhoun was entertaining a few other visitors, young men from the South, to whom I was introduced, and the afternoon was spent in listening to the gifted and fluent statesman, whose conversational powers charmed all who heard him. The exciting topics of the Presidential contest, and prominent men of the era, were discussed freely. In the course of conversation the Texas question was referred to and commented on. Turning to me, Mr. Calhoun observed that, pending the negotiation with Spain for the cession of the Floridas, he had a long and interesting correspondence with my brother, Colonel Trimble, then (1817) in command of his regiment at Natchez. He stated to the company that at his suggestion Colonel Trimble, with two officers of his company, had explored Texas to the Sabine and Rio Grande to learn the character of the country and that of the Spanish inhabitants on the question of annexation to the United States, as part of our Louisiana purchase. He said the Colonel had made an elaborate report touching the vast resources of the country and that he thought there would be little trouble in asserting and maintaining our claims to the Rio Grande; that with an additional regiment to the Eighth and a company of artillery he would guarantee to hold possession, and urged this policy strongly. Mr. Calhoun said as







## Reminiscences of the National Capital




Secretary of War he had fully coincided with Colonel Trimble, but the President declined the responsibility, and the treaty of Mr. Adams was adopted transferring the rich domain to Spain for East and West Florida. "Thus," remarked Mr. Calhoun, "we lost the golden opportunity of acquiring and holding that vast territory, so rich in resources and so naturally the geographical boundary of the United States." The correspondence referred to I have in my possession, as interesting documents of our history. Governor Morrow of Ohio had recently retired from the Senate to preside over the Buckeye State. Referring to him, Mr. Calhoun paid the highest encomium. He remarked: "I do not know your brother, who recently contested the race with Governor Morrow, but it was a high compliment to him to have made so close a race with such a man as Jeremiah Morrow. I served with him in the Senate, and learned to know and appreciate his sterling and unpretending worth. As chairman of the Committee on Public Lands, he made a record that won the confidence and respect of the Senate. He is a fine specimen of the Democrat American statesman and patriot, the people of Ohio ought to be proud of such a representative, and of the position she is taking in her rapid strides to population and wealth. Do you know, gentlemen, that I regard Ohio as the true keystone to our "glorious arch" in place of Pennsylvania. She is the first-born of the union and confederation of the states. Virginia, her foster mother, endowed her with a rich domain of free territory, a voucher for her conservative patriotism, and that free gift of a boundless domain was itself a guarantee and bond of union which has deeply impressed the public mind, North and South. The population of Ohio is from all sections, and will thus form a homogeneous mass of conservative and patriotic citizens that will, I trust, forever keep in check the selfish and sectional jealousies of demagogues who would disturb the harmony of our glorious Union for selfish aims. Yes, Ohio is henceforth a power in our political and social system, which will be felt and appreciated in the near future of our Republic."

How true and how forcible the words of this distinguished statesman, I leave to the reflection and candor of our modern patriots. John McLain, Postmaster-General, was thought to be a good judge of elements which would constitute great men and patriots, and he was the enthusiastic friend and follower of John C. Calhoun, and urged strongly his claims over all his competitors for the Presidency. Walking home with him from this interesting visit to the great Southerner, Judge McLain was lavish and earnest in his eulogy of his friend, and said he would write to Governor Trimble, McArthur and others to consider the claims of Mr. Calhoun as paramount and superior to that of Mr. Clay or any other statesman. Let modern patriots ponder over these strange revolutions that have thus changed the current of popular opinion of great men.

Resuming my journey and my narrative, I left Washington, after visiting the capitol, public offices, and the Congressional Cemetery, where repose so many distinguished dead, and where I marked the resting place of a cherished brother. In the stage to Fredericktown I had for an only companion General John P. Van Ness, of that city, a zealous and enthu-







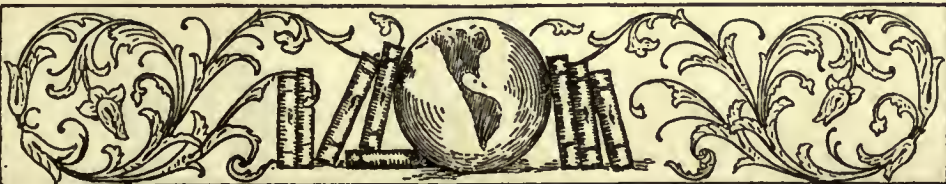
## Memoirs of a Politician in Washington

siastic friend of General Jackson for the Presidency. He soon learned my name, residence and politics, and we had an animated and pleasant stage-coach discussion as to the merits and claims of the five aspirants, (as he said, a splendid galaxy, but all paled before the hero of New Orleans). He was a polished and courteous gentleman, going South with his family, who had preceded him in the family carriage and were waiting for him at Fredericktown. At the latter place I resumed my homeward journey on horseback, fording the Potomac at Williamsport, thence through the Shenandoah valley to Staunton, and thence via White Sulphur Springs and the Kanawha route to Hillsboro, a solitary horseman for 400 miles. At the "Hawk Nest" I did fall in with two young men going West, Mr. Douglas of Loudon County, Virginia and Mr. Moffet of Kentucky. They were strangers to the wild and romantic scenery of New River, and I was their pilot to the far famed cliff of the "Hawk's Nest." Turning aside a hundred yards from the road, we followed the pathway to the precipice, where, holding on to a cedar tree on the verge, every one involuntarily recoils from the fearful depths of chasm and the wild rush of the New River to the great falls a few miles below. It is now a wild and picturesque promontory on the route of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, which has cut its way through these ramparts of the Alleghenies. The veritable hawk or eagle's nest was then in a cluster of leaves and sticks upon a platform or table-rock ten or twelve feet below the "standing point," a smooth slab, 10 by 15 feet, and projecting over the immense void. On one side a tall, solitary holly had found footing in the cleft, and its top branches were touching this shelving rock.

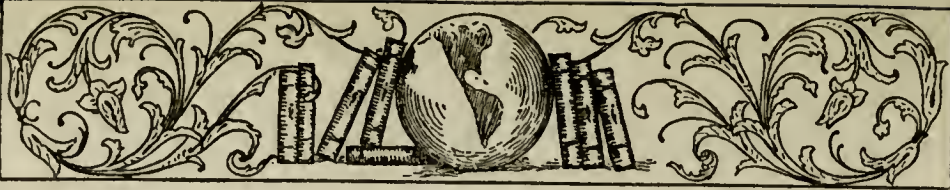
Mr. Douglas was carrying a valuable silver-mounted riding-whip, and as he peered over the verge, it fell and lodged in the top branches of the holly. It was in reach from the hawk's nest, if he could only descend to that point, where foot of white man or Indian had perhaps never ventured. He determined to regain his whip, and finding a crevice in the rock for a foothold, he let himself down to the projecting table. He was proud of the feat, and proposed that we all would follow, and claim precedence for our folly. So Moffet and I took off our boots and made the descent safely. Then to reach the riding-whip we stood behind Douglas and held to his coat, while he reached over the verge to grasp the limb that held his whip. It was just within his reach, when the heavy handle lost its balance and went, like an arrow, a thousand feet below.

After doing the Hawk's Nest, and looking up for a pathway to terra-firma, there was found no foothold for making the ascent. The crevice that had served to let us down was out of our reach, and there we were in a trap, until some casual visitor might happen to pass that way and give rescue. At last Douglas suggested that I, being the lightest, could stand on his shoulders, and thus reach the foothold and regain the objective point. This was done, Moffet followed, and getting a stout stick we held on to it while our comrade clambered up the cliff. Reaching Hillsboro, I found my claim agent and pension speculator had suspected there was danger ahead and starting his family in the night, and disposing of his stock, had taken his departure for the far West. He was never arrested, John Smith, the pioneer merchant, had a large claim, and followed him to Indiana, but found him bankrupt.

The pension claim of Mrs. Jane Leach of Clinton county, I afterwards procured for her.







# Britain's Tribute to the Americans

"And our friendship will last long as love doth  
last and be stronger than death is strong"

BY

ALFRED AUSTIN

Poet-Laureate of Great Britain

LONDON, ENGLAND

What is the voice I hear  
On the wind of the Western Sea?  
Sentinel, listen from out Cape Clear,  
And say what the voice may be.  
"'Tis a proud, free people calling aloud to  
a people proud and free.

"And it says to them, 'Kinsmen, hail!  
We severed have been too long;  
Now let us have done with a wornout tale,  
The tale of an ancient wrong,  
And our friendship last long as love doth last,  
and be stronger than death is strong!'"

Answer them, sons of the selfsame race,  
And blood of the selfsame clan,  
Let us speak with each other, face to face,  
And answer as man to man,  
And loyally love and trust each other as none  
but freemen can.

Now fling them out to the breeze,  
Shamrock, thistle, and rose,  
And the Star-Spangled Banner unfurl with these,  
A message to friends and foes,  
Wherever the sails of peace are seen and  
wherever the war-wind blows.

A message to bond and thrall to wake,  
For wherever we come, we twain,  
The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake  
And his menace be void and vain,  
For you are lords of a strong young land and  
we are lords of the main.

Yes, this is the voice on the bluff March gale,  
"We severed have been too long;  
But now we have done with a wornout tale,  
The tale of an ancient wrong,  
And our friendship will last long as love doth last  
and be stronger than death is strong."







# Experiences of a Louisiana Planter

*Altruistic Experiment with American Negroes in the Early Fifties  
by Southern Plantation Owner who Tested Self-government Among  
His Slaves in the Desire to Make Them Free and Independent &  
Letters and Evidence of American Negroes from Liberian Colony*

BY

ELIZA G. RICE


Daughter of a Planter in St. Mary's Parish in Louisiana

**I**N looking over family papers, I have found a bundle of letters concerning my father's Liberian experiment with his slaves. They furnish so complete an epitome of the conditions that looked to success and really made for failure in the larger experiment of which it was a part, that, in the present crisis of Liberian affairs, it has seemed to me they might have some general interest. A republic was to be established, with its citizens ready made—forgetting that the true republic is evolved gradually, not born adult. Noble of conception, unselfish to the last degree, this fine venture of the American Colonization Society was nevertheless impractical. Under conditions of climate and natural resources quite opposed to all they had known, the burdens of self-support and self-government were placed upon those who for the most part were helpless children. They should have had a nurse, at least till they could walk alone; instead, they were left in a foreign land to learn the use of their limbs as best they might. It is no wonder that the outcome of the experiment, if not entire failure, was such qualified success as closely approached failure, and is practically threatened with it today.


My father was one of three brothers, living in St. Mary's Parish, Louisiana. At their father's death, in 1849, his property, slaves included, was divided among the three. I do not think my uncles ever had any doubt of their right to hold slaves, but my father felt differently. He determined to emancipate those who fell to his share, and send them as colonists to Liberia. His brothers, as well as the majority of his friends, believed the plan impracticable and opposed it, now temperately, now tartly; on the other hand, he did not lack the support of some few friends, whose letters still bear witness to the unselfish humanitarianism with which the experiment was undertaken.

After inevitable delays, consequent to settling up the estate, my father was at last in a position to carry out his plan. In the division of slaves he, with the co-heirs' assent, selected members of families, so as to avoid their separation. An agreement was drawn up with the Louisiana Colonization Society, to the effect that in consideration of a certain sum, paid on the 11th of February, 1851, the Society agreed to receive from W. W. R., Esquire, of the Parish of St. Mary's, thirty-three persons of color (here follow their names); "the said persons having been emancipated (to be





## Experiences of a Louisiana Plantation Owner



deemed free on their arrival in Liberia) for the purpose, and convey them to Liberia, Western Africa, as emigrants for the settlements in Liberia, and provide for their comfortable support and maintenance for six months after their arrival, affording them houses, provisions, medical attendance, . . . and also to secure to the said persons all the immunities and privileges enjoyed by other emigrants, according to arrangements already existing between the Republic of Liberia and the American Colonization Society, respecting donations of land, etc. And it is further agreed by the Louisiana Colonization Society, that, as far as practicable, the said persons shall be located in the territory assigned to emigrants colonized from the State of Louisiana, known as the Blue Barre territory, lying on the east side of the 'Sinoe rise.' "

This expedition, consisting of 139 emigrants in all, sailed from New Orleans in the brig "Alida," on the 12th of February; "the occasion," according to the *African Repository* for April, 1851, being "celebrated by the assembling of a large number of the friends of the society and the emigrants. . . . An address was made by Reverend Mr. Pease, agent of the American Colonization Society. He gave the emigrants advice respecting their conduct on shipboard, and the course they should take upon reaching Africa; advising them to settle upon farms that would be furnished to them, free of expense, in preference to remaining in the city. After commending them to the care and blessing of God, he bade them farewell."


From a letter signed Eusebius, in the *New York Observer* for March 6, 1851, I quote a few further details, as showing how thoroughly my father tried to provide for the successful outcome of his experiment. He not only with full faith committed his camel to God, but he also followed the Prophet's advice to tie it securely in the first place.

"Thirty-three of the emigrants," says Eusebius, "were emancipated by one individual. . . . who is an elder in the Presbyterian Church. He gave them their freedom and pays all the expenses of their journey hither" (from St. Mary's to New Orleans) "and of their passage out, together with their support for six months after their arrival in Liberia. He also furnishes them with a complete outfit for the voyage and for their residence in Africa. He came with them to New Orleans, to superintend in person the purchase and distribution of everything that they might need, and I saw him on shipboard, giving out with his own hands to former servants, clothing, mattresses, household and farming utensils of all kinds, tools for those who had trades, and everything that they might need for their comfort and success in their new homes. All this was done as cheerfully, and with as much interest, as if they were his own children. As the vessel had been detained by waiting for the arrival of his company, he paid the demurrage, amounting to \$150. It is estimated that the amount of his sacrifice in giving these slaves their freedom, and of the actual expense which he has incurred in sending them out thus thoroughly equipped and provided for, is from \$20,000 to \$25,000."



The subsequent history of these colonists will be best given, so far as I know it, from their letters to my father. These illustrate, often quaintly enough, their childlike dependence upon him, and their inability, at least at first, to master their novel conditions. The first bears date of April 17th:

"RESPECTED SIR, By the return of the Liberia Packet from the coast of Africa we deem it our indispensable duty to pen you a few lines





## Altruistic Experiment with American Negroes



to let you see that we arrived safe in our newly destined home in Africa we must say that we owe to you a debt of gratitude in which we are afraid that we will not be able to pay you, but we intend to Try and do all we can to show you that if industry will be any use to us in Liberia we will make use of it to the very best advantage we had a passage of fifty three days across the Atlantic ocean we must inform you that during the Voiage the Small Pox broke out among us and it proved fatal to some but thank God we lost none of our Company as yet, but how soon I am not able to say sir many of us had the complaint and has it up to this date we like the country very well so far but we are unable to say anything about the country at this present time as we have so recently arrived but in our next communication we will try and give you some information about the country we must beg of you to send us some cooking utensils and a cross cut saw and a whip saw and some provisions of money at the Expiration of the six months and two hand mills you will please to inform your brother we arrived safe in Liberia please to send us some cloth to make clothes as we had to throw away many of our clothing from sickness and a box of shoes all the servants I send their to Master

"Yrs obedient servants Henry S. and Titus G".

The next letter, of June 3d, was written to one of my uncles:


"MR. J. R. MY DEAR FRIEND," it begins, "I embrace the chance to let you know that we are all in a bad state of helth at present but i hop that we will be bether in a fu Days we havent got threwh with the African fever as yet but I hope that these fu lins may find you in the good helth I now wright you we have lande after a long voiage 55 days we had a very plesan voiage with the exept of the smallpox there want but seven (of us) that had it but there were 53 cases and only two Died and I with the brain fever I hop that you have a good crop on hand I want you to send me a barrel of pork and a bolt of bleach Domestic and I will send you 2 barrel of pam oil pamoil is plentyer than fishoil is in America and I have now that is bether or as good as the fishoil. . . . J. R."

My uncle's views as to the folly of the expedition were confirmed by this appeal for aid, and he seems to have been unable to refrain from saying, in effect, "I told you so!" as I infer from my father's answer to him, a copy of which is preserved with the rest. After remarking that sickness must be expected until the emigrants become acclimatized, and that the request for pork and cloth does not necessarily mean that they are destitute, my father proceeds:

"The fact in the case is just this; at the end of the six months for which I secured them a supply of the necessaries of life, they were to be thrown upon their own resources and be obliged to depend for a living upon what they could make by their own labor upon the land which the Government of Liberia grants free of charge to every black person settling in that country, and it is natural that they should look forward to this period with some anxiety and endeavor to make some preparation for it beforehand. I gave them a good supply of clothes before they left New Orleans, but some of these they were obliged to throw away because infected with smallpox. I have however sent them recently some goods to replace their loss. This explains the request made by J. R. for a 'bolt of bleached Domestic.'

"H. S. and T. G. also preferred a request for a few necessary articles for the company; some of which I had intended to send with them, but





## Experiences of a Louisiana Plantation Owner

which in the confusion incident to a hurried preparation for their departure, were forgotten. These latter articles, with the goods for clothing and three barrels of flour (as a start at the end of the six months) went out to Liberia on the Zeno, which sailed from New York last month. I should have made a much larger addition than this to their outfit last February, if I had had time for reflection, after my arrival in New Orleans, previously to their departure. . .

"I do not expect my people to get along without meeting with difficulties, and hardships and privations. These are what every person, who goes to a new country with comparatively nothing, must contend with. They are what the pioneers of our own country have to battle with in all our frontier settlements. It is true that for this conflict the manumitted slave is less prepared than the hardy American backwoodsman, from the fact that he has never had the responsibility of providing for his own wants and those of his family. But these difficulties are of a much less formidable nature in Liberia than in the United States. . . The probability is, then, that if they use that industry which I feel every confidence they will do, in a short time all their hardships will be past and they will find themselves in the happy enjoyment of a sufficiency for the supply of all their reasonable wants, to say nothing of the inestimable benefits of liberty, education, and religious privileges, which the negro can nowhere enjoy so fully as in Liberia."

Before the "Zeno" could get in with the desired supplies, two more appeals were sent. R. and B. write in late September—"We see at once that if we do not ask you for some little help we shall suffer for the first year so you will please Sir to send us two Barrels of Flour and two of Pork we are very well satisfied with the Country indeed." And Titus G. writes again, for himself and his companions, a letter which, though long, gives such interesting details of their new life that I give it almost in full.


"Greenville, Sinoe; Sept. 20th, 1851.

"RESPECTED SIR, Yours bearing date of the 19 of April is before me. I address you with a few lines hoping that they may find you in a state of perfect good as this us in a tolerable state of Health at this time We have had the acclamating feaver of the Country to contend with since our arrival to our new and destined home in Liberia

"We all joins in this letter to you. Though we are at a great distance from you but yet sir we know and feel that we owe to you a debt of Gratitude in which we are afraid that we will never be able to repay you back again for the kindness that you have bestowed upon us in giving of us our freedom and sending of us to Liberia. We rejoice to see and to know that you feel Such a deep interest in our future welfare and that you are willing to send at any and all times any instruction that you may see fit or proper to write us at any time that may offer. We certainly had a pleasant passage across the Atlantic Ocean and I must further say that Capt Fales acted and treated us all Very Kind indeed

"We had a Misfortune happened us that is the Small Pox broke out on board the Ship we had one death of the Small Pox on board and I myself had it Very bad if you was to see me at this Moment you would not know me from the fact it left my face marked up in Such a Manner. I have lost my wife in going through the acclamating feaver Henry S. lost his two children his Family has been the worst off of any of us with the feaver that is all of us Has Died





## Altruistic Experiment with American Negroes

“according to your wishes we have all gone to farming and we work Every Day upon our Farms as we see that is the only thing to built up Liberia Two thirds of the peple in this country are farmers we are in hopes to let you see some of the produce of our Farms by the Next season if God wills. We are trying as much to please you as we did when we was with you Our children goes to School regular evry day and some of them has made considerable improvement and they also attend Regular the Sabbath School

“Our Farms seems to be in a prosperous State with the produce of the Country and the Land and Soil of Africa Seems to be as good as the Land in my Country James P. has drawn a poor piece of Land and he has been quite dissatisfied but has become quite reconciled Since his Family has recovered I wrote to you by the Barque Baltimore but I was that sick at the time I could not finish the Letter but sent it off so but I am in hopes this will reach you in safety I will be able to write you Twice a year by this Packet as she will leave that often”

Here follows the list of necessities, much the same as in the first letter, with the addition of seed corn, seeds of all varieties, and a barrel of molasses. It is noteworthy that he, like the others, promises to repay in produce, as soon as possible.

Half a year later Henry S. sends another petition: “DEAR SIR,” he reminds my father, “I have bin your servant I want you to send me one barrel of molasses one barrel of sugar 2 pear of shos no. 9 one pear no. 8 for my wife Frances S. wants 2 pear of shoes no 6 one barrel of cornmeal one bolt of common hankerchiefs and one bolt of checks I want you to send me all kinds of sead. . . I want you to send me one steel mill that we use to use in the plantations”


“N. B. to Thos R.” (my uncle), “I want you to send me one coffee mill and also one dozen gun Tubes for my musket one keg of six penny nails one keg of powder 6 boxes of gun caps one barrel of beef one bag of shot Nothing More”

Coming down to the year 1856, Titus G. writes from Belleview, Monrovia, that “since I left Sinoe Co. there are now war with the natives and the colonists have killed several of the Americans and burnt down several villages of ours and all my property, now I left without anything, so I hope you will take deep interest in my case at this present time, as this country is very hard one except (one has) means to carry out object I means money.” He very sensibly adds: “Dont listen to every tales other persons will say about our Repub ic because it is fine place although it is new country like many other new country, as you know there must be some persons who have objection of Liberia being settled.”

James P., the grumbler of the party, writes in the fall of 1857 that, “We are in tolerable helth except my Leg I think it was worse than it was when I was in the united States it pears to me that my famly wil come to Suffer if I dont get some Sistance from you the doctors say that they cant cure it in this country for the climate of this country does not suit old sores I think that if you wil Sist me to get to New York it may be that I can get cured if I cant get it cured I wil oblige to suffer I give my respects to you and your wife hoping that these lines may find you & famly enjoying the blessing of helth I state to you that we did not find the country as we expected pervisions is high and very scarce in fact new comers Cant get it for love or money my pervisions is scarce and my







## Experiences of a Louisiana Plantation Owner

money is scarce and my clothing is getting scarce Nothing more until deth."

It was, in fact, the poor old man's last grumble, as he died a few months later.

Most of the letters that follow this, make allusion to the war. It doubled the colonists' difficulties and privations, and we cannot wonder that their appeals to my father became urgent. Reuben R. writes that "I has lost Everything That I had Even to my house which I had erected in a small Village called Lexington were Burnt up to ashes by the Natives and I wish if you will be so Kind as to aid me in Some Little Thing So That I will be able to put up my house again for it is a very Distressing Time in this City (Greenville) at present"

Stephen R. says: "I was getting along very well until the war which flung me Back very much But I dont despare The same God that moved your heart to set us free and send us to our own country I hope will keep me from want and sufferings, and also raise up friends for me even in the distant land of America. Our health is very Good at this time But times are very hard with us just now. Yet in the midst of all our discouragements we are trying to work and not disgrace the goodness of him who set us free." Stephen R. also asks for some small help, but it is in a very manly way, and, like most of them, he proposes sending some equivalent in produce. He must have succeeded fairly well upon his farm, for two years later he writes that he and his wife like the country well, that "it yields its Products in abundance. . . and if a man will half do he is bound to get along with a very small capital that is provided he intends to work. We wants working men here besides the Capital."

The last letters from Liberia that I can find, are dated in 1869. One of them encloses a list of those who had died since coming there—seventeen in all, out of the thirty-three who sailed in the spring of 1851 from New Orleans. Ten of these are women and young girls, and one at least, James P., was ill when he came. On the other hand, several of the younger men had married, and families were growing up around them. There are still appeals for aid, and statements as to the "hard times;" but so far as I can judge, the majority of those living were doing fairly well, getting some education, and identifying themselves more and more, as time went on, with the land that was now their home. I think that, on the whole, my father's experiment was not unsuccessful.

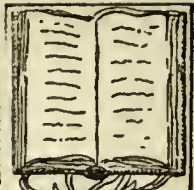
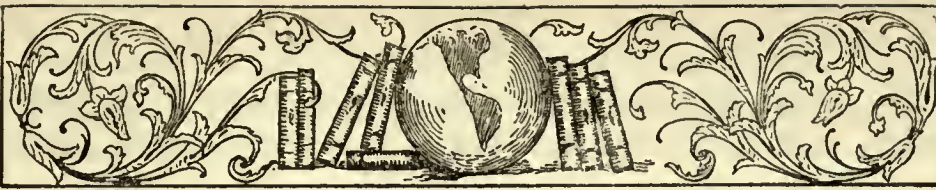
The last letter in my possession, dated March 30, 1869, may fitly close the list. My father was then himself in failing health, and must have appreciated the touch in it of loving remembrance, as an assurance that his sacrifice had not been in vain.

"MONROVIA, March the 30 1869

"MR. WILLIAM DEAR FRIENDS I received your last letter here came by Mr. S. came to Titus G. But I red the contents of it and all so like it verry well But I rather see you if I could. I have very lite education But you may make this out But at same time I hope your family all well You was tell me something about your children I glad to her from them."

I have tried to learn something about the subsequent fortune of these various letter-writers, but have not been successful; and must leave them, at this point, to melt into the unwritten history of their land.





# Political Warfare in Early Kansas

*Journey to  
Le Compté, the Seat of a  
New Government, in which the Fiercest  
American Struggle Began—The Rush to the Middle  
West in the Land Craze of a Half Century Ago—The  
Founding of Denver—First Outbreaks of Civil War—Recent Investigations*

BY

PROFESSOR WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT, A. M., B. LITT. (OXFORD)  
YALE UNIVERSITY


Member of the American Historical Association and frequent contributor to the American and English historical reviews—Formerly on faculties of Cornell, University of Michigan, Dartmouth, and University of Kansas—Now Professor of History at Yale University

**T**HE South has never been fully understood in the North. That great, rich land, with its strong character and courage has never been given its true position in American life. The economic and political dissensions of the early part of the last century unfortunately severed the common historical and literary interests, and since then both the North and the South have been engrossed in their own particular affairs. The North, being an industrial country, has naturally extended its influence toward the protection of its own property interests through tariff and other legislation that fosters home trade. The South, being largely a planters' land, with its cotton fields and large agricultural interests, has not held the political power which secures favorable legislation. There is, unfortunately, a tendency toward selfishness in the solution of all economic problems, and consequently, the South has not received the political consideration that is due its natural wealth. One of the fundamental services for which THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY was instituted is to bring the two magnificent domains into a common historical understanding. In the beginning of the Republic the historical interests were united. Virginia was the mother of Presidents. Southern character permeated the nation. Through the American Revolution and the War of 1812, Southern valor many times saved the American flag. Within the memory of many who read these lines, Robert E. Lee and Jefferson Davis fought for the American flag in the war with Mexico, with a valor that has never been excelled by patriots. The true cause of the Civil War, which divided the interests of these vast dominions, was their adverse industrial interests. The North, which was developing its wealth along lines of invention and manufacture, did not need, and could not use negro labor. It, therefore, does not represent property value to them. The South, with its rich agricultural interests, could use, did use, and was dependent on negro labor. It had become a property right. This was the real cause of the breach. The heart of American humanity, whether North or South, is the same.—EDITOR


627







## Political Warfare in Early Days in Kansas




**H**ISTORY may be trusted to preserve the memory of those men and those places which succeeded. But it is no less interesting, in many ways no less useful, to keep alive that memory of those that failed. The story of the little village of Lecompton, once the focus of the great struggle between the slave and free state power, is not merely interesting in itself; it serves to illuminate that struggle and bring into relief much of what is otherwise not easy to explain. The story begins with those violent debates which accompanied the course of the Kansas-Nebraska bill through Congress in the early part of 1854. Those debates had more than a political result. They directed the attention of the people at large to a country eminently suited to settlement. The prospect of rich lands to be had almost for the asking, the chance to grow rich in town-site speculation, or in business with new settlers, operated strongly on many minds, independently of political considerations. These and the prospect of adventure sharpened the desire of many more. It was no long time, therefore, till the Kansas-fever rivaled the gold-fever which still drew men to California.

The South, with its negro holding commonwealth of Missouri on the border of the lands now opened to settlement, had an obvious advantage which it rapidly improved. Many Missourians and other Southerners entered the territory, not infrequently with their negroes, to establish claims to choice pieces of land. Northern men were not far behind. Organizations to assist emigration, notably the Emigrant Aid Society, sprang into existence. Under such influences the territory, which had previously been the seat of three army posts, a few Indian agencies, with here and there an isolated house or store, was suddenly invaded by thousands of settlers. Towns sprung up on every hand under stimulus of that favorite form of frontier enterprise, town-site promotion. How rapid that was may be judged from a few examples. The Douglas bill establishing the territory was signed May 30, 1854. Two weeks later the Leavenworth Town Company was organized, and by October it was selling lots. On July 27th, the Atchison Town Company was organized. The pioneer party of the Emigrant Aid Society reached the present site of Lawrence August 1, and was joined there by a second company a month later. On December 5, Topeka was founded. So rapid was this movement of population that before the end of 1855 there were fifty-six post-offices in the territory.

In the midst of these activities a little party of Northerners, principally, it seems, Pennsylvanians, entered the new land by way of the Kaw River and settled about half way between Lawrence and Topeka. To their settlement, and the county in which they and the Lawrence settlers were situated, they gave the name of their party idol, Douglas. There the matter might have rested had it not been for another set of circumstances. During the fall and winter of this year the new territorial governor, Reeder, and the other officials arrived. Among their first duties was the arrangement of an election for a territorial delegate to Congress. With that election began, in due form, the struggle between the free state and pro-slavery men, which filled the ensuing year with dramatic





## Journey to the Seat of an Old Government

interest. The location of a capital was a matter second in importance only to the choice of a congressional delegate, and official attention was immediately directed to the matter. The Douglas bill had designated Fort Leavenworth as temporary capital, which part it played for some fifty days. Thence the seat of government was moved to Shawnee Mission, a Methodist school for Indian children, some seven miles from Kansas City. Thence it was transferred to Pawnee, a town site near Fort Riley, whence it was returned to Shawnee Mission. Finally, after fifteen months of these wanderings, in August, 1855, it was "permanently" located at "Lecompton," as the settlement between Lawrence and Topeka was now christened.


The circumstances and reasons for this were characteristic of the whole history of the peripatetic capital, whose movements were dictated chiefly by the activities of rival town-site companies. Of these, one had at last been organized by the men about the governor. Its president was the new chief justice, Lecompte, and among its members was the governor's secretary, later acting governor, Woodson. While public affairs shaped themselves toward civil war these enterprising men fixed on Douglas as the territorial capital, secured and plotted some six hundred acres as a town site, and against the opposition of rival schemes, pushed their project through the legislature, re-named the place after their president, Lecompte, and were now prepared to reap their reward.

Thus was Lecompton born, and here, in the fall of 1855, was established the seat of government. But the town became not merely the territorial capital. Partly for that reason, partly on account of its location near the center of free state activity, Lawrence, it became the headquarters of the pro-slavery forces. For the next five years it was a stirring place. From Lecompton, men went to take part in the so-called Wakarusa War against Lawrence in the winter of 1855. Here, in the following March, were brought the seven free-state leaders, with their chief, Dr. Robinson, as prisoners. In May, forces went from here to sack and burn Lawrence. Here in return, four months later, came James H. Lane and his "1200 men with cannon" to avenge the attack on Lawrence and release the seven prisoners. The tale of events is too long to be completed here. Between 1856 and 1858 the town rose to the height of its power. Hotels, some of of them of considerable size, were built to accommodate the officials, the leaders and legislators, the land seekers and floating population of the new capital. Here were the executive and judicial offices of the territory, and that of the surveyor-general. This man, John Calhoun, had been surveyor of Sangamon County, Illinois, having for his assistant the young Abraham Lincoln. He had been appointed surveyor-general by the influence of his friend Stephen A. Douglas, and he reported to the commissioner-general of the land office, Thomas A. Hendricks. And he was the presiding officer of the convention which produced the Lecompton Constitution.


For his use and that of the territorial administration a building was erected, land office below and legislative hall above. A post-office was established and a stage line put in operation. Presently appeared a short-lived pro-slavery paper, the *Lecompton Union*, in whose yellow pages







## Political Warfare in Early Days in Kansas




we may still feel something of the thrill of that conflict. Founded in the "hot bed of Abolitionism," Douglas County, it avowed its purpose "to be found ever battling for the rights of the South and Southern institutions." "Believing the soil and climate of Kansas to be admirably adapted to the institution of Negro Slavery as it existed in the Southern States 'it' proposed to zealously advocate all honorable measures designed to protect and sustain it in the territory and ultimately have it recognized in the constitution of the future state of Kansas." Its pages echoed the phrases of "Black Republicans," of "Abolition outlaws, and hirelings of the New England Aid Society," in reply to the Free State taunts of "Border ruffians," and the "Demon of the Black Power."

Thus the village was equipped for territorial business and the no less important of spreading the pro-slavery propaganda. To crown the whole, Congress appropriated \$50,000 for the erection of a capitol, and its stone foundations and rising walls presently appeared among the stumps of the ten acre tract set apart for it. Thus the place flourished while the struggle for political control and status of the territory went on. The population increased rapidly, rising, it was claimed, to three or four thousand or even more, often greatly recruited by transient sojourners. Lots sold for \$500, sometimes, it is said, for as much as \$1,000. The place was visited by many men whose names bulk large in the history of the day, many, in fact, destined to fill a much larger space in later years. Most of that long list of governors, who succeeded each other so rapidly in this impossible and ungrateful task of presiding over the destinies of a province torn between contending factions, and made the center of national politics and partizan intrigue, set up their headquarters here. Reeder, Woodson, Shannon, Geary, Stanton, Walker, Denver, Walsh, Medary and Beebe, were all in some way connected with the destinies of Lecompton. Not least among the long roll of distinguished names associated with the place are those of the officers of that regiment which spent so large a share of its time striving to keep order amid the chaos of contending parties, the famous First Cavalry, from whose numbers came so many who won distinction on both sides of the later conflict. Captain McLellan had, indeed, left the regiment, but there remained with it or at the post, Joseph E. Johnston and J. E. B. Stuart, Hancock, Sumner and Sedgwick. Their task was no pleasant one, save perhaps to some whose political sympathies gave zest to putting down the other side. The place was full of rude and vigorous life. The engrossing business of territorial government and political agitation would seem at this distance enough to absorb the energies of a larger and older place than Lecompton, but we find in the very month of the great constitutional convention, October, 1857, an association formed through whose efforts, in the following spring and summer, a party was sent west to the edge of the Rocky Mountains where it founded the city of Denver, named for the governor of the territory.

Here met the stormy sessions of the territorial legislatures, and here, above all, between September 5 and November 7, 1857, came together that convention which framed the document designed to perpetuate slavery in the territory but which succeeded only in perpetuating the






## Journey to the Seat of an Old Government

name of the place which gave it birth. It was the last throw in the game. The race for political control thrown open by the Kansas-Nebraska bill had been won by the section which used the situation to the best advantage, the North. The border warfare which accompanied the political struggle had stirred the whole nation, but it had not determined the result of the conflict. Each side had held conventions, carried elections, and put forth a constitution. But the free state party had been increasingly successful, till by 1857 it controlled not merely the majority of votes in the territory, but was about to gain the legislature. When, however, in June, 1857, the election for members of a new constitutional convention was called, they refrained from voting and the result was the strong pro-slavery body which met in Lecompton on the 5th of the following September. That body adjourned to await the result of the fall elections for the legislature. Finding them to be in favor of the free state men the Lecompton convention became a last resource of the pro-slavery forces in the territory. Their constitution, so framed as to admit slavery whatever the vote of the people, became the subject of fierce partisan struggle in Congress. The President favored admission under the constitution, Senator Douglas opposed. The body of which he was a member concurred with the President, the House would admit the territory, under this constitution, only if it was accepted by the people of the territory. The English bill which broke the deadlock provided that if the people voted for the constitution, the territory should be admitted by proclamation, if not it must wait till its population equalled the ratio required for a representative. With this went a grant of land, generally and incorrectly described as a bribe. But measure and amendment were alike ineffectual. By an overwhelming vote the people of the territory repudiated the English idea. They rejected the constitution and the dramatic episode was at an end. Three years later the territory came in as a free state.

Though the decline of Lecompton was long delayed, the fate of the town was ultimately bound up with that of the constitution. With its failure the town's prospects of future greatness were shattered. Though Lecompton remained the legal capital of the territory the free state men who retained control of the legislature refused to hold its meetings in the place so intimately connected with the cause of their opponents. From session to session they met at the capital, in response to the governor's summons, only long enough to adjourn to Lawrence, until the day when Topeka became the capital of the free state. The political importance if not the business of the place suffered great diminution. It was abandoned to the humors of a mock legislature and its serio-comic debates on the parodies of gubernatorial messages, the "handorgan act," and the "(f) laws of Congress." The Lecompton Union was transformed into the *National Democrat*, a change significant of the altering fortunes of the town and the political situation. For some years the tide of emigration from North and South contributed its quota to Lecompton, as to other places, and it began a rough transition period common to frontier settlements, which endured in some form through the Civil War. The Lin-







## Political Warfare in Early Days in Kansas

congruous elements of its population, as the national struggle rose to its height added its weight to the existing rivalries and roused here, more than elsewhere, violent party feeling to embitter the situation, and the place saw dark days.

Yet, when the great conflict was over, Lecompton did not suffer the fate of some such centers of vigorous life whose very location has been nearly if not quite forgotten. When the politician and promoter, the frontiersman and adventurer had passed, there remained the sturdy original stock which had founded the place, most of whom had never been wholly in sympathy with the cause for which the name of their town stood. Nothing, perhaps, illustrates this better than the tradition that in this center of pro-slavery politics there was never but one slave, a body servant who had followed his master from his Southern home. To these were added in time other permanent settlers from North and South. They are there still, they and their descendants and neighbors, an intermingled strain of both sections, a peculiarly American community. The village still lies well up among the rolling bluffs which rise from the south bank of the Kaw, between Lawrence and Topeka, nowadays a little aside from the railroad which runs close along the bank of the slow but often dangerous stream. It is a pretty place, half hidden in spring and summer by the orchards which reach up to and invade its boundaries on every side. The census tells us that it had in 1890 some 450 souls, in 1900 some forty less. But, despite this, it seems in no danger of extinction; seems, indeed, not unprosperous in its modest way. With half a dozen well shaded streets, as many stores, its cottages for the most part trim and well kept, and a few more pretentious dwellings, good walks and quick hill drainage carried off in stone gutters, it offers a pleasant contrast to the picture one conjures up of a muddy and unkempt Western outpost. It recalls, in fact, not so much the memory of a frontier town as that of a New England or Middle States village, quiet, secure, contented, with the wild days of its rude and boisterous youth well behind it.

The present place is much shrunk from its former greatness. On every hand one finds evidences of wider boundaries and larger population. Coming up from the station he passes the heavy foundations of two of the earlier hotels long since destroyed by fire. Nearly across from them still stands the little "Federal" prison, solidly built of heavy stone, its inside partitions gone, most of the oak door jambs in place, the nail-studded door leaning against the wall and even some of the iron bars still in the tiny slits that did duty for windows. About it an orchard has grown, and the old prison's present purpose is a shelter for hay and chickens. Here and there are shown the sites of old houses, the pillars from Governor Woodson's "mansion," the spot where stood the "great house" of Governor Shannon, and many such beside. Here are the crumbling foundations of the Episcopal church, there what remains of a large Catholic edifice, the priest's house and the outline of the church alone remaining. Looking off from the hill one is shown the direction of Big Springs, just over the next high ridge, the spot where was held the first Free State Convention. In another direction one may see the traditional site of the first white







RUINS OF CONSTITUTION HALL



RUINS OF FEDERAL PRISON




FORMER UNIVERSITY IN LECOMPTON  
Built on foundations of projected capitol



HOTEL IN HISTORIC CAPITAL  
Reminiscent of the old days of political warfare






## Political Warfare in Early Days in Kansas

settlement in Kansas territory, a trading post, Stonehouse Creek, established long before the Kansas-Nebraska bill had turned the land into a battlefield. And one is told that among the traders was one Boone, son or grandson of the famous Daniel. On every hand the past is revealed, a past not old, yet full of interest and importance, and treasured as the town's dearest possession.

At the very center of the place, diagonally across from the building now used as a hotel, there stands a large stone structure, three stories in height and by that fact conspicuous among the more modest business houses in its neighborhood. It is the first of those buildings which maintain the town's historic tradition. In the days when the pro-slavery propaganda seemed about to succeed, and Leocompton bade fair to become in fact what it was by legislative act, a permanent capital, enterprising and hopeful men united to erect a hotel which should accommodate visitors then or to be, and prove a worthy rival of the free state hotel at Lawrence. Here was not only the abiding place of official Kansas but the headquarters of that powerful movement which sought to win the territory for slavery. These rooms were once filled with the administrators of a new territory, politicians, army officers, cadets of Southern families, homeseeker and land speculator, the contractor and the man of business. For this was the largest and most famous of the Leocompton hotels, and the only one which has survived, the—shades of Scott!—the *Rowena*. When the capital was moved, and the war fought, and the cause had failed, the hotel was left among the aftermath of the wreckage. It came into the hands of a religious denomination and for many years was used as a dormitory and recitation halls. More recently it has passed from those hands and is used as a hardware store and a bank below, and a dwelling above. It is not alone in its memories of past greatness. Not far away, as one strolls about the town, he comes upon a solid square stone building, two tall stories high, standing in the midst of a well kept grassy plot of ground, some acres in extent. It is what survives of the old capitol. The fifty thousand dollars appropriated by Congress had sufficed to begin work on a building which it was estimated would cost seven or eight times that sum. Foundations were laid and some irregular walls rose upon them, which, among other matters, served as rude breastworks for the few defenders of the town against General Lane's "army of liberation." But the money was soon, perhaps too soon, exhausted, the disturbed state of the territory forbade further appropriation, and the admission of Kansas as a free state with Topeka as its capital made it unnecessary. The abandoned walls became the property of the state and thus matters stood until near the close of the Civil War. Then, first of all the ironical revenges of history, this monument of a lost cause came, with the hotel, into the hands of the aforementioned religious denomination. The latter building, as we have seen, was turned into an institution of learning. In the course of time there rose on the foundations of one wing of the unfinished capitol the present structure, not a legislative hall but a college, styling itself, after the manner of its kind, a university. Upon it was bestowed the name of that most violent op-







## Journey to the Seat of an Old Government

ponent of the pro-slavery regime, the very man who had led the free state men against it when it formed the defences of their enemies, James H. Lane. The building was completed in 1882. For twenty years it was occupied by Lane University. Lately this, too, has passed away, merged its identity in another institution and moved to another part of the state. The property has, in consequence, been acquired by the village for school purposes. The halls which were to have resounded with the oratory of a legislature, have come at last to the less sonorous but perhaps no less useful pronouncements of the pedagogue.

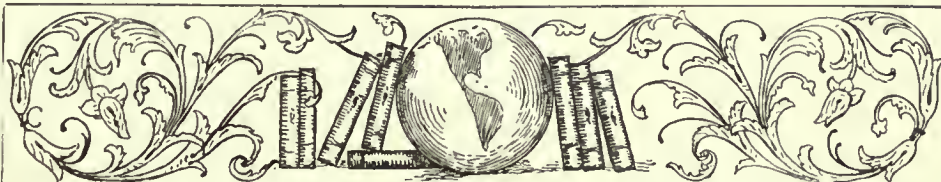
There is still another relic of the past. Down what is perhaps the main street of the village, past the butcher's, the barber's and the post-office, a stone's throw from the old hotel, the visitor comes upon a weather-beaten wreck of a frame structure, two stories in height, unpainted and neglected, looking not unlike a cross-roads country store much gone to decay. It stands well above the street, with no buildings immediately adjoining. Half a dozen steps lead up to a broad porch or platform whose floor has long since become unsafe. The single door in front remains, shut, but many of its windows have suffered the fate of their fellows in abandoned buildings. The shingles and unpainted sides are slowly yielding to time and weather, and the whole structure seems to lean a little under the weight of years and neglect. The long grass and weeds around it serve to emphasize the sense of desertion. It is a dissolute and unimposing memory of a building, instinct with the peculiarly melancholy uselessness which only an outworn wooden structure seems capable of expressing.

"And this?" you ask your guide, as he pauses before it.

"This," he answers, "is where the Lecompton Constitution was drawn up. This is Constitution Hall."

Here in that busy month of October, 1857, men crowded into the second story of this building to plan the last move in the political game. "The right of property," they declared, "is before and above any constitutional sanction and the right of the owner of a slave to that slave and its increase is the same and as inviolable as the right of the owner of any property whatever." In such words they drew up their creed and devised ingenious plans to secure its recognition by a hostile majority. This is the end of those dreams of Lecompton as the capital of a slave state. It provokes reflection on that most prolific subject of all reflection, the vanity of human hopes. And above all in this case; for, crowning irony of fate, across the front of this battered and crumbling wreck of disappointed ambitions there stretched, at the time of my first visit, an old and faded sign. Accident surpassing all design decreed that it should proclaim to a careless world, in letters a foot high, the name of a business, itself long since fled from this house of dead hopes—"Undertaking."

The building and the sign are fit symbols of a past which may give excuse to the eloquence of the orator as fitly as the years of Santa Fé. For Lecompton is old. It belongs already to the middle ages of the history of the United States. And we may find some interest in contemplating its present and reviewing its past as it lies apart from the fierce wave of events which lifted it once to the crest, and flung it aside, leaving it to peace and its memories.







AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE—Photograph taken at the Peace Conference in New York, presenting America's precursor of arbitration, Andrew Carnegie—This photograph for historical record was taken after the throngs had left the great hall in which they had listened to the appeals for the cessation of war






# America's Discovery of North Pole

Official Narrative for Historical Record under Authority and Copyright, 1909, by New York Herald Company & Registered in Canada in Accordance with Copyright Act & Copyright in Mexico under Laws of Republic of Mexico & All Rights Reserved

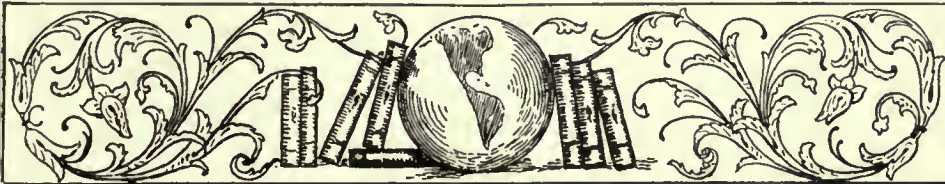
BY

DR. FREDERICK A. COOK


Member of the Arctic Club of America—Explorer's Club—Order of Leopold of Belgium—Honorary Member of the Geographical Society of Brussels—Honorary Degree from University of Copenhagen, Denmark, 1909



**A**MERICA'S discovery of the North Pole is the greatest historical achievement in the annals of modern civilization, and probably since the discovery of America itself. This culmination of four centuries of exploration, in which the American flag is planted on the apex of the earth, gives America its first historical position in the great geographical discoveries of the globe. It was the privilege of THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY to give the first permanent historical record to this most important historical triumph of the age. In the preceding issue of these pages, the official narrative of Commander Robert E. Peary, heralded by wireless telegraphy to civilization, was recorded. This documentary evidence, with his secret memoranda of observations, has since been investigated by the leading scientists and geographers of the world, and has received their official endorsement. A medal of honor, and government recognition, have been bestowed upon the great explorer. In the same pages with Commander Peary's historic document, there was recorded the official narrative of Dr. Frederick A. Cook, in which he related the preparations for his expedition to the North Pole. Dr. Cook's scientific and astronomical observations, at the time of this writing, are being prepared for the learned societies of the world. He informs the editors that his private records will first be submitted to the Geographical Society of Denmark, and the Danish government, in recognition of the honors which they conferred upon him when he came out of the Arctic, as an impartial investigating body. Commander Peary is the first to establish his claims. Dr. Cook asserts that his evidence will prove prior discovery. The world awaits the results of this remarkable situation with eagerness, that it may give final historical judgment on the discovery of the North Pole. It is not the duty of THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY to enter into this discussion, but it is its duty to impartially record such evidence as either explorer may submit. The Peary evidence has been confirmed. In these pages, under the full authority of the copyright, as recorded in the title to this article and in the original installment, Dr. Cook's first message to civilization is continued as a matter of great future historical import. The first installment of Dr. Cook's official narrative told entertainingly of conditions just before the start of the expedition from the Arctic. This installment carries him further toward the axis of the earth and continues to relate his remarkable adventures in the conquest of the polar regions.—EDITOR







## Official Record by Dr. Frederick Cook

**S**TORMS now came up with such force and frequency that it was not safe to venture out in kayaks. A few walrus were captured from boats, then sea hunting was confined to the quest of seal through the young ice. A similar quest was being followed at every village from Annotook to Cape York. But all sea activity would now soon be limited to a few open spaces near prominent headlands.

The scene of the real hunt changed from the sea to the land. We had as yet no caribou meat. The little auks gathered in nets during the summer, and eider duck, bagged later, disappeared fast when used as steady diet. We must procure hare, ptarmigan and reindeer, for we had not yet learned to eat with a relish the fishy, liverlike substance which is characteristic of all marine mammals.

Guns and ammunition were distributed, and when the winds were easy enough to allow one to venture out, every man sought the neighboring hills. Francke also took his exercise with a gun on his shoulder.

The combined results gave a long line of ptarmigan, two reindeer and sixteen hares. As snow covered the upper slopes, the game was forced down near the sea, where we could still hope to hunt in the feeble light of the early part of the night.

With a larder fairly stocked and good prospects for other tasty meats, we were spared the usual anxiety of a winter without winter supplies, and Francke was just the man to use this game to good effect, for he had a way of preparing our primitive provisions that made our dinners seem quite equal to a Holland House spread.

In the middle of October fox skins were prime, and then new steel traps were distributed and set near the many caches. By this time the Eskimos had all abandoned their sealskin tents and were snugly settled in their winter igloos. The ground was covered with snow and the sea was nearly frozen over everywhere.

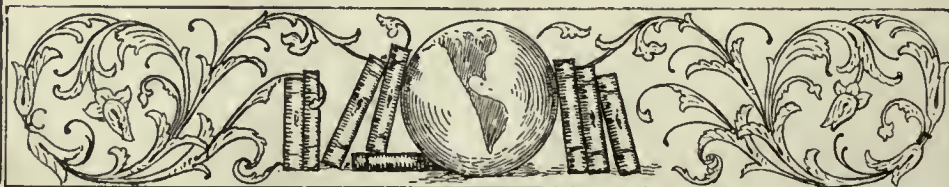
Everybody was busy preparing for the coming cold and night. The temperature was about 20 degrees below zero. Severe storms were becoming less frequent and the air, though colder, was less humid and less disagreeable. An ice fort was formed and the winter sledging was begun by short excursions to bait the fox traps and gather the foxes.

All these pursuits, with the work of building and repairing sleds, making dog harness and shaping new winter clothing, kept up a lively interest while the great crust which was to hold down the unruly deep for so many months thickened and closed.


During the last days of brief sunshine the weather cleared, and at noon, on October 24, everybody sought the freedom of the open for a last glimpse of the dying day. There was a charm of color and glitter, but no one seemed quite happy as the sun sank under the southern ice, for it was not to rise again for 118 days.

The Eskimos took this as a signal to enter a trance of sadness, in which the bereavement of each family and the discomfort of the year are enacted in dramatic chants or dances.

But to us the sunset of 1907 was inspiration for the final work in directing the shaping of the outfit with which to begin the conquest of the Pole at sunrise of 1908. Most expeditions have had the advantage of the liberal hand of a government or of an ample private fund. We were denied both favors.







## America's Discovery of the North Pole

But we were not encumbered with a cargo of misfits devised by home dreamers, nor was the project handicapped by the usual army of novices, for white men at best must be regarded as amateurs compared with the expert efficiency of the Eskimo in his own environment. Our food supply contained only the prime factors of primitive nourishment. Special foods and laboratory concoctions did not fill an important space in our larder.

Nor had we balloons, automobiles, motor-sleds or other freak devices. We did, however, have an abundance of the best hickory, suitable metal and all the raw material for the sled and its accessories, which was henceforth to be linked with our destiny.

The sled was evolved as the result of local environment and of the anticipated ice surface northward. We did not copy the McClintock sled, with its wide runners, which has been used by most explorers for fifty years. Nor did we abandon the old fashioned iron shoes for German-silver strips.

The conditions which a polar sled must meet are too complex to outline here. In a broad sense it seemed that the best qualities of the best wood Yukon sled could be combined with the local fitness of the Eskimo craft, with tough hickory fiber and sealskin lashings to make elastic joints. With plenty of native ingenuity to foresee and provide for the train of adaptability and endurance, the possibilities of our sled factory were very good.

For dog harness the Eskimo pattern was adopted, but canine economy is such that when rations are reduced to workable limits, the leather strips disappear as food. To overcome this disaster, the shoulder straps were made of folds of strong canvas, while the traces were cut from cotton log line.

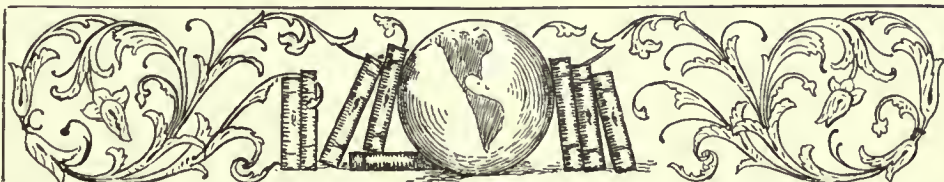
A boat is an important adjunct to every sledge base of operation. It is a matter of necessity, even when following the new coast line, as is shown by the mishap of Mylius Erickson; for if he had had a boat he would himself have returned to tell the story of the Danish expedition to East Greenland.

Need for a boat comes with the changed conditions of the advancing season. Things must be carried for several months for a chance use in the last stages of the return. But, since food supplies are necessarily limited, delay is fatal. Therefore, when open water prevents progress, a boat becomes in the nature of a life-preserver.

Foolish, indeed, is the explorer who ignores this detail of the problem. Transport of a boat, however, offers many serious objections. Nansen introduced the kayak and most explorers since have adopted the same device. The Eskimo canoe serves the purpose very well, but to carry it for three months without hopeless destruction requires an amount of energy which stamps the polar venture with failure.

Sectional boats, aluminum boats, skin floats and other devices have been tried, but to all there is the same fatal objection of impossible transportation. It seems rather odd that the ordinary folding canvas boat has not been pressed into this service.

We found it to fit the situation exactly, selecting a twelve-foot Eureka-shaped boat with wooden frame. The slats, spreaders and floor pieces were utilized as parts of sleds. The canvas cover served as a floor cloth for




Art

History

Literature





## Official Record by Dr. Frederick Cook

our sleeping bags. Thus the boat did useful service for a hundred days and was never in evidence as a cumbersome device.

[ ] When at last the craft was spread and covered, in it we carried the sled, in it we camped, in it we sought game, the meat of which took the place of exhausted supplies. Without it, we too would not have returned.

[ ] Preparation of the staple food supply is of even greater importance than means of locomotion. To the success of a prolonged Arctic enterprise in transit, successive experience is bound to dictate a wise choice of equipment, but it does not often educate the stomach.<sup>4</sup>

From the published accounts of Arctic travelers it is impossible to select a satisfactory menu for future explorers, and I hasten to add that perhaps our experience will be equally unsatisfactory to subsequent victims.

Nor is it safe to listen to scientific advice, for the stomach is the one organ of the body which stands as the autocrat over every other human sense and passion, and will not easily yield to foreign dictates.

The problem differs with every man. It differs with every expedition and it is radically different with every nation. Thus when De Gerlache forced Norwegian food into French stomachs he learned that there was a nationality in gastronomics.

In this respect, as in others, I was helped very much by the people who were to line up my forces. The Eskimo is ever hungry, but his taste is normal. Things of doubtful value in nutrition form no part in his dietary. Animal food, meat and fat, is entirely satisfactory as a steady diet without other adjuncts. His food requires neither salt nor sugar, nor is cooking a matter of necessity.

Quantity is important, but quality only applies to the relative proportion of fat. With this key to the gastronomics of our lockers, pemmican was selected as the staple food, which also served equally well for the dogs.

We had an ample supply of pemmican, made by Armour, of pounded dried beef sprinkled with a few raisins, some currants and a small quantity of sugar. This mixture was cemented together with heated beef tallow and run into tin cans containing six pounds each.

This combination was invented by an American Indian. It has been used before as part of the long list of foodstuffs in Arctic products, but with us it was the whole bill of fare when away from game haunts.

Only a few palate surprises were carried and these will be indicated in the narrative of camp life. The entire winter and night were spent with busy hands, under direction of Eskimo and Caucasian ingenuity, in working out the clothing and camp comforts, without which we could not invade the forbidden mystery of the polar basin.


Although we did not follow closely either the routes or methods of our predecessors, we are, nevertheless, doubly indebted to them; for their experiences, including their failures, were our stepping-stones to success.

Early in January of 1908 the campaign opened. A few sleds were sent to the American shores to explore a route and to advance supplies.

Clouds and storms made the moonlight days dark and therefore these advance expeditions were only partly successful.

On February 19, 1908, the main expedition started for the Pole. Eleven men, driving 103 dogs and moving eleven heavily loaded sleds, left the Greenland shore and pushed westward over the troublesome ice of Smith Sound, to Cape Sabine.





## America's Discovery of the North Pole

The gloom of the long winter night was but little relieved by a few hours of daylight and the temperature was very low.

Passing through a valley between Ellesmere Land and Grinnell Land, from the head of Flagler Bay, in crossing to the Pacific slopes, the temperature fell to 83 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit.

In Bay Fiord many musk oxen were secured, and though the winter frost was at its lowest there was little wind, and with an abundance of fresh meat and also fat for fuel, the life in the snow house proved fairly comfortable.

The ice in Eureka and Jones's Sounds proved fairly smooth, and long marches were made, with an abundance of game, musk ox, bear and hares. We found it quite unnecessary to use the supplies taken from Greenland. Caches of provisions and ammunition were left along Heiberg Island for the return.

Thus we managed to keep in game trails and in excellent fighting trim to the end of known lands. Camping in the chill of the frowning cliffs of the northernmost coast (Svartevog), we looked out over the heavy ice of the polar seas through eyes which had been hardened to the worst polar environments.

There was at hand an abundance of supplies, with willing savage hands and a superabundance of brute force in overfed pelts, but for a greater certainty of action over the unknown regions beyond, I resolved to reduce the force to the smallest numbers consistent with the execution of the problem in hand.

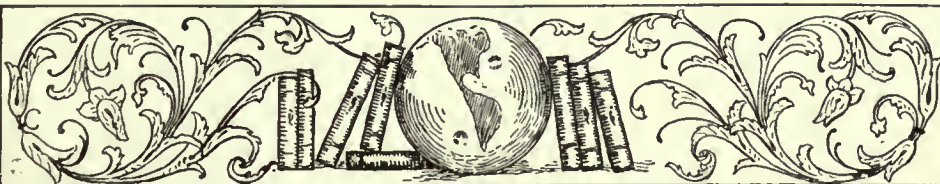
We had travelled nearly 400 miles in twenty-eight days. There remained a line of 520 miles of unknowable trouble to be overcome before our goal could be reached. For this final task we were provided with every conceivable device to ease this hard lot, but in addition to a reduced party, I now definitely resolved to simplify the entire equipment. At Svartevog, a big cache was made. In this cache fresh meat, todnu, pemmican and much other food, together with all discarded articles of equipment, were left.

In the northward advance every factor of the dog train had been carefully watched and studied to provide a perfect working force for the final reach over the Polar Sea. Etukishuk and Ahwelah, two young Eskimos, each twenty years old, had been chosen as best fitted to be my sole companions in the long run of destiny. Twenty-six dogs were picked and upon two sleds were loaded all our needs for a stay of eight days.


To have increased this party would not have enabled us to carry supplies for a greater number of days. The sleds might have been loaded more heavily, but this would reduce the important progress of the first days.

With the character of ice which we had before us, advance stations were impossible. A large expedition and a heavy equipment seemed imprudent. We must win or lose in a prolonged effort at high pressure, and, therefore, absolute control and ease of adaptability to a changing environment must be assured.

It is impossible to adequately control the complex human temperament of unknown men in the polar wilderness, but the two Eskimo boys could be trusted to follow to the limit of my own endeavors, and our sleds were burdened only with absolute necessities.







## Official Record by Dr. Frederick Cook

Because of the importance of a light and efficient equipment, much care was taken to eliminate every ounce of weight. The sleds were made of hickory, the lightest wood consistent with great endurance, but every needless fibre was gouged out. The iron shoes were ground thin, and in every way the weight of nearly everything was reduced even after leaving headquarters.

The little train, therefore, which followed me into the further mystery was composed of two sleds, each carrying six hundred pounds, drawn by thirteen dogs, under the lash of an expert driver. The combined freight was as follows: Pemmican, 805 pounds; musk ox tenderloin, 50 pounds; todnu, 25 pounds; tea, 2 pounds; coffee, 1 pound; sugar, 25 pounds; condensed milk, 40 pounds; milk biscuits, 60 pounds; pea soup, powdered and compressed, 10 pounds; surprises, 5 pounds; petroleum, 40 pounds; wood alcohol, 2 pounds; candles, 3 pounds; matches, 1 pound.

The camp equipment included the following articles: One blow fire lamp (Jenel), 3 aluminum pails, 3 aluminum cups, 3 aluminum teaspoons, 1 tablespoon, 3 tin plates, 6 pocket knives, 2 butcher knives (10 inches), 1 saw knife (13 inches), 1 long knife (15 inches), 1 rifle (Sharp's), 1 rifle (Winchester, 22), 110 cartridges, 1 hatchet, 1 Alpine axe, extra line and lashings, 3 personal bags.

The sled equipment was: 2 sleds, weighing 52 pounds each; 12-foot folding canvas boat, 34 pounds; 1 silk tent, 2 canvas sled covers, 2 sleeping bags (reindeer skin), floor furs, extra wood for sled repairs, screws, nails and rivets.

The instruments were as follows: Three compasses, 1 sextant, 1 artificial horizon (glass), 1 pedometer, 3 pocket chronometers, 1 watch, charts, map making material and instruments, 3 thermometers, 1 aneroid barometer, 1 camera and films, note books and pencils.

The personal bags contained four extra pairs of kamiks, with fur stockings, a woolen shirt, three pairs of sealskin mittens, two pairs of fur mittens, a piece of blanket, a sealskin coat (netsha), a repair kit for mending clothing and dog harness, extra fox tails.


On the march we wore snow goggles, blue fox coats (kapitahs), birdskin skirts, woolen drawers, bearskin pants, kamiks and hareskin stockings. We fastened a band of fox tails under the knee, and about the waist.

On the morning of March 18, preparations were made to divide the party. The advance must be helped over the rough ice of the pack edge, and for this purpose Koolootingwah and Inugito were selected. The other six Eskimos prepared to return. One sled was left with a cache to insure a good vehicle for our return in case the two sleds were badly broken en route.

A half gale was blowing into Nansen Sound from the northwest, but this did not interfere with the starting of those home-going Eskimos. With abundant game for the return, they required little but ammunition to supply their wants.

When the word was given to start, the dogs were gathered and the sleds were spanned with a jump. Soon they disappeared in the rush of driving snow. The crack of the whips and the rebound of cheering voices was the last which we heard of the faithful savage supporters. They had followed not for pay, but for a real desire to be helpful, from the dark days of the ending of night to the bright nights of the coming double days, and their parting enforced a pang of loneliness.





## America's Discovery of the North Pole

With a snow-charged blast in our faces it was quite impossible for us to start, so we withdrew to the snow igloo, entered our bags and slept a few hours longer. At noon the horizon cleared, the wind veered to the southwest and came with an endurable force. The dogs had been doubly fed the night before; they were not to be fed again for two days. The twelve hundred pounds of freight were packed on our sleds, and quickly we slipped around deep grooves in the great polycrystic floes.

The snow had been swept from the ice by the force of the preceding storms and the speed attained by the dogs through even rough ice was such that it was difficult to keep far enough ahead to get a good course.

The crevasses and pressure lines gave little trouble at first, but the hard irregularity of the bared ice offered a dangerous surface for the life of our sleds, passing through blue gorges among miniature mountains of sea ice. On a course slightly west of north we soon sank the bold headland which raises the northern point of Heiberg Island.

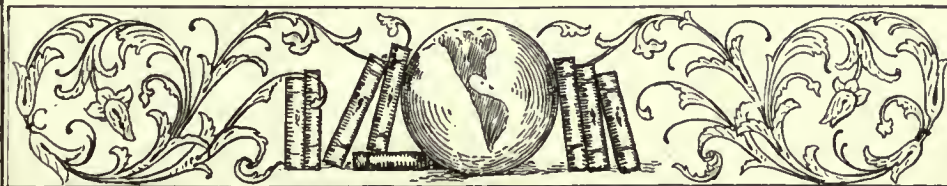
After a run of twenty-six miles we pitched camp on a floeberg of unusual height. There were many big hummocks about, to the lee of which were great banks of hardened snow. Away from land it is always more difficult to find snow suitable for cutting building blocks, but here was an abundance conveniently placed. In the course of an hour a comfortable palace of crystal was erected and into it we crept out of the piercing wind. The first day's march over the circum-polar sea was closed with a good record.

The dogs curled up and went to sleep without a call, as if they knew there would be no food until the morrow. My wild companions covered their faces with their convenient long hair and sank quietly into a comfortable slumber, but for me sleep was quite impossible. Letters must be written. The whole problem of our campaign must be again carefully studied, and final plans must be made, not only to reach our ultimate destination, but for the returning parties and for the security of the things at Annotook.


It was difficult at this time to even guess at the probable line of our return to land. Much depended upon conditions encountered in the northward route. Though we had left caches of supplies, with the object of returning along Nansen Sound into Cannon Fjord and over Arthur Land, I entertained grave doubts of our ability to return this way. If the ice drifted strongly to the east we might not be given the choice of working out our own return. In that event we would be carried, perhaps, helplessly to Greenland and must seek a return either along the east coast or the west coast.

This drift did not offer a dangerous hardship, for the musk oxen would keep us alive to the west, and to the east it seemed possible to reach Shannon Island, where the Baldwin-Ziegler expedition had abandoned a large cache of supplies. It appeared not improbable also that a large land extension might offer a safe return much further west.

Because of this uncertainty Francke was instructed to wait until June 5, 1908, and if we did not return, he was told to place Koolootingwah in charge and go home, either by the whalers or by the Danish ships to the south. No relief which he could offer would help us, and to wait for an indefinite time alone would have inflicted a needless hardship. This and many other instructions were prepared for Koolootingwah and Inugito to take back.







## Official Record by Dr. Frederick Cook

In the morning the forest in crystals had been swept from the air, but there remained a humid chill, which pierced to the bones. The temperature was minus 56 Fahrenheit. A light air came from the west and the sun burned in a freezing blue.

After a few hours' march the ice changed in character. The extensive thick fields gave way to moderate-sized floes. The floes were separated by zones of troublesome crushed ice thrown into high-pressure lines, which offered serious barriers, but with the ice-axe and Eskimo ingenuity we managed to make fair progress.

The second run on the polar sea was with twenty-one miles to our credit. I had expected to send the supporting party back from here, but progress had not been as good as expected. We could hardly spare the food to feed their dogs, so they volunteered to push along another day without dog food.

On the next day, with increasing difficulties in some troublesome ice, we camped, after making only sixteen miles. Here a small snowhouse was built, and from here, after disposing of a pot of steaming musk ox loins and broth, followed by a double brew of tea, our last helpers returned.

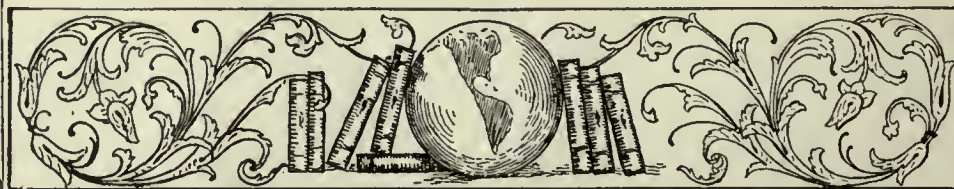
With empty sleds and hungry dogs they hoped to reach land in one long day's travel. But this would make the fourth day without food for their dogs, and in case of storm or moving ice, other days of famine might easily fall in their lot. They had, however, an abundance of dogs and might sacrifice a few for the benefit of the others, as we must often do.

Koolootingwah and Inugito had been our bedfellows for the entire northward run, and they had gone through many dangerous and hard experiences together. We, therefore, felt more keenly their departure than the going of the first six. We were at first lonely, but the exigencies of our problem were soon sufficiently engaging to occupy every call and strain every fibre.


Now our party was reduced to three, and, though the isolation was more oppressive, there were the usual advantages for greater comfort and progress of a small family of workers. The increased number of a big expedition always enlarges the responsibility and difficulties. In the early part of a polar venture this disadvantage is eliminated by the survival of the fittest, but after the last supporting sleds return, the men are married to each other and can no longer separate. A disabled or unfitted dog can be fed to his companions, but an injured or weak man cannot be put aside. An exploring venture is only as strong as its weakest member, and increased members, like increased links in a chain, reduce efficiency.

The personal idiosyncrasies and inconveniences always shorten the day's march, but, above all, a numerous party quickly divides into cliques, which are always opposed to each other, to the leader and to the best interests of the problem in hand. With but two savage companions, to whom this arduous task was but a part of an accustomed life of frost, I hoped to overcome many of the natural personal barriers to the success of Arctic expeditions.

By dead reckoning, our position was latitude 82 degrees, 23 minutes; longitude 95 degrees, 14 minutes. A study of the ice seemed to indicate that we had passed beyond the zone of ice crushed by the influence of land pressure. Behind were great hummocks and small ice, ahead was a cheer-







## America's Discovery of the North Pole

ful expanse of larger floes. Using the accumulated vigor of man and beast, we had advanced a degree of latitude in three days. Our destination was about 460 miles beyond.

But our life had assumed quite another aspect. Previously, we permitted ourselves some luxuries. A pound of coal oil and a good deal of musk ox tallow were burned each day to heat the igloo and to cook abundant food. Extra meals were served when an occasion called for it, and each man ate and drank all he desired. If the stockings or the mittens were wet, there was fire enough to dry them out, but all of this must now be changed.

There was a short daily allowance of food and fuel—one pound of pemmican per day for the dogs, about the same for men, with just a taste of other things. Fortunately, we were well stuffed for the race with fresh meat, in the lucky run through game lands.

At first, no great hardship followed the changed routine. We filled up sufficiently on two cold meals and used superfluous bodily tissue. It was no longer possible to jump on the sled for an occasional breathing spell, as we had done along the land. With overloaded sleds, the drivers must push and pull at the sleds to aid the dogs, and I searched the troubled ice for an easy route, cutting here and there with the ice-axe to permit the passing of the sleds.

We were finally stripped for the race; man and dog must walk along together through storms and frost for that elusive pivot. Success or failure depended mostly upon our ability to transport nourishment and to keep up the muscular strength for a prolonged period.

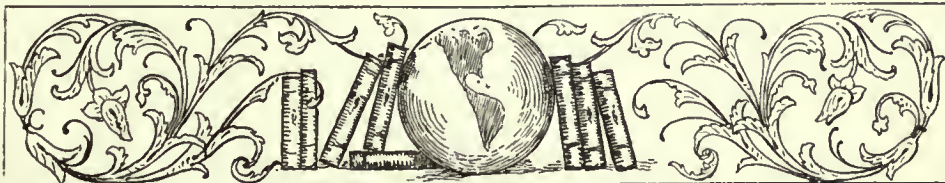
As we awoke on the following morning and peeped out of the eye port, the sun was edging along the northeast, throwing a warm orange glow on us that gladdened our hearts. The temperature was 63 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit; the barometer was steady and high. There was almost no wind and not a cloud lined the dome of pale purple blue.

After two cups of tea, a watch-sized biscuit, a chip of frozen meat and a boulder of pemmican, we crept out of the bags. The shivering legs were pushed through bearskin cylinders, which served as trousers, the feet were worked into frozen boots, and then we climbed into fur coats, kicked the front out of the snow house and danced about to start the fires of the heart.


Quickly the camp furnishings were tossed on the sleds and securely lashed down. The dog traces were gathered into the drag lines and with a vigorous snap of the long whip, the willing creatures bent to the shoulder straps. The sleds groaned and the unyielding snows gave a metallic ring, but the train moved with a cheerful pace.

"Unne noona terronga dosangwah" (good land out of sight today), we said to one another, but the words did not come with serious intent. In truth, each in his own way felt keenly that we were leaving a world of life and possible comfort for one of torment and suffering. Heiberg Island was already only a dull blue haze, while Grant Land was making fantastic figures of its peaks and ice walls.

The stamp of reality had given place to a wave of curious mirages. Some peaks seemed like active volcanoes, others rose to exaggerated heights and pierced the changing skies with multiple spires like church steeples. Altogether, this unexpected panorama of the upper surface of Grant Land, under the influence of optical illusions, gave us considerable entertainment.







## Official Record by Dr. Frederick Cook

At every breathing spell the heads turned to the land and every look gave a new prospect. From belching volcanoes to smoking cities of modern bustle, the mirage gave suggestive bits of scenes, but a more desolate line of coast could not be imagined.

Low, wind-swept and ice-polished mountains were separated by valleys filled with great depths of snow and ice. This interior accumulation moved slowly to the sea, where it formed a low ice wall, a glacier of the malaspina type, but its appearance was more like that of heavy sea ice; hence the name of the fragments from this glacier—floeberg, which, seen in Lincoln Sea and resembling old floes, were supposed to be the product of the upbuilding of the ice of the North Polar Sea.

Late in the afternoon the land suddenly settled as if by an earthquake. The pearly glitter which raised it darkened, and a purple fabric was drawn over the horizon, merging imperceptibly with the lighter purple blue of the upper skies. We saw the land, however, repeatedly for several days whenever the atmosphere was in the right condition to elevate the terrestrial contour lines.

Everything was in our favor in this march. The wind was not strong and struck at an angle, making it possible to guard the nose by pushing a mitten under the hood or by raising the fur clad hand. The snow was hard, and the ice, in fairly large floes separated by pressure lines, offered little trouble. At the end of a forced effort of fourteen hours the register indicated twenty-nine miles.

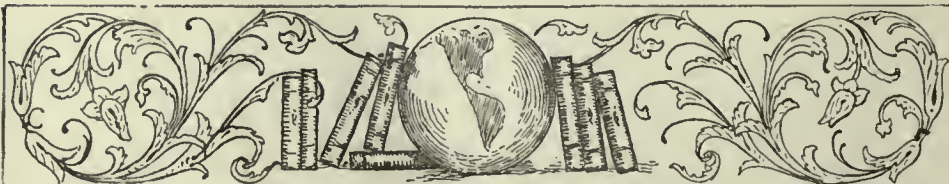
Too tired to begin the construction of a house at once, we threw ourselves down on the sledges for a short breathing spell and fell asleep. Awakened about an hour later by a strong wind, we hastened to seek shelter. The heavy floe upon which we rested had several large hummocks and over to the lee of one of these was found suitable snow for a camp. Lines of snowy vapor were rushing over the pack and the wind came with a rapidly increasing force.

But the dome was erected before we suffered severely from the blast, and under it we crept out of the coming storms, into warm furs.

It blew fiercely that night, but in the morning the storm eased to a steady draught, with a temperature of 59 degrees below. At noon we emerged. The snow grays had been swept from the frigid dome, but to the north there remained a low black line over a pearly cloud which gave us much uneasiness. It was a narrow belt of water-sky and indicated open water or very thin ice at no great distance.

The upper surface of Grant Land was a mere line, but a play of land clouds over it fixed the eyes on the last known rocks of solid earth. In this march we felt keenly the piercing cold of the polar sea. The temperature gradually rose to 46 below in the afternoon, but the chill of the shadows increased with the swing of the sun's glitter.

It still blew that light, life-sapping draught which sealed the eyes and bleached the nose. We had hoped that this would soften with the midday sun, but instead, it came with a sharper edge. Our course was slightly west of north, the wind was slightly north of west; it struck us at a painful angle and brought tears. The moistened lashes quickly froze together in winking and we were forced to halt frequently to unseal the eyes with the warmth of the uncovered hand. In the meantime, we found the nose tipped with a white skin, and it also required nursing. The entire face was surrounded with ice.





# America's Discovery of the North Pole

This experience brought warm language but there was no redress. If we aimed to succeed, the face must be bared to the cut of the elements.

At about six o'clock, as the sun crossed the west, we had reached a line of high pressure ridges. Beyond, the ice was cut into smaller floes and thrown together into ugly irregularities; an active pack and troubled seas could not be far away, according to our surmises. The water-sky widened but became less sharply defined.

We managed to pick a way among hummocks and pressure lines which seemed impossible from a distance and in a few hours we saw from an unusual uplift of ice blocks a broad, dark line separating the packs—a tremendous cut several miles wide, which seemed at the time to bar all further progress. We had a folding canvas boat on the sleds, but in a temperature of forty-eight degrees below zero no craft could be lowered into water without fatal results. All of the ice about was firmly cemented together and over it a way was forged to the shore of the great lead.

Camp was made on a secure old field and over its huge ice cliffs the crack seemed like a long river winding between palisades of blue crystal. A thin sheet of yellow ice had already spread over the mysterious deep and a profusion of fantastic frost crystals were arranged in bunches resembling flowers. Through this young ice dark vapors rose like steam through a screen of porous fabrics and fell in feathers of dust along the sparkling shores. Etukhishook went east and I went west to examine the lead for a safe crossing.

There were several narrow places, while here and there floes had been adrift in the lead and were now fixed by the young ice. Ahwelah remained to make our snow house comfortable.

In exploring the shore line a partially bridged place was found about a mile from camp; but the young ice was too elastic for a safe track. The temperature, however, fell rapidly with the setting sun, and the wind was just strong enough to sweep off the heated vapors. A better atmospheric condition could not be afforded to quickly thicken the young ice.

The groaning ice, and the eagerness to reach the opposite shores, kept us awake for a long time. With the ear resting on the frozen sea, the vibrations and noises of the moving pack were not unlike those of an earthquake.

Breakfast was served early and soon after we were on the thin ice to test its strength. Though the ice was hardly safe, it did not seem wise to wait longer, for the western skies were darkening with a wind that might destroy the new ice and compel a halt for a long time.

On snow shoes and with spread legs I led the way. The sleds with light loads followed. The surface vibrated as we moved along, but the spiked handle of the ice axe did not easily pass through. For about two miles we walked with an easy tread and considerable anxiety, but we had all been on similar ice before and we knew that with a ready line and careful watchfulness there was no great danger. A cold bath, however, in that temperature, forty degrees below, could have had some serious consequences. In two crossings, all our supplies were safely landed on the north shores, and from there the lead had a much more picturesque effect.

The official record of the expedition from this point of the narrative to the "dash to the pole" will be given historical record in the next number of THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY





FRANCIS TREVELYAN MILLER

On this Triennial Anniversary of the First National Journal of Patriotism in America, this portrait by Faschamps is presented of its Founder and Editor-in-chief





# Triennial Anniversary

In Observance of the Completion of the Third  
Volume of this National Periodical of Patriotism

BY

*Francis Trevelyan Miller*

FOUNDER AND EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  
OF  
"THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY"


**I**N this triennial anniversary of this first journal of patriotism in America, I cannot refrain from expressing these few intimate words of appreciation to the loyal Americans who have co-operated in its upbuilding. They are the real founders of a work, which, at the completion of its third year, has laid a foundation upon which may be permanently established one of the greatest institutions in American civilization—an institution which centralizes and organizes the various movements of national uplift on a *practical* working basis for their fullest development and the betterment of mankind.

This is the greatest need in America today—the concentration of the efforts of the thousands of disorganized movements for moral, intellectual and civic uplift into some central institution where the forces may be united into an irresistible power that will permeate the national life and character of the republic. Is is the only practical foundation upon which great movements may be consummated. This is a day of organization. In finance, in trade, in labor, in all the material pursuits of life, there is one underlying structure—that is *organization*. It is the fundamental principle of our government and our civilization, spiritually as well as politically. The American people once united in a common purpose are a power that no earthly foe can resist. Unite them for the cessation of war and *war will cease*; unite them against corruption and *there will be no corruption*; unite them for the alleviation of poverty and *there will be no poverty*. This is an awe-inspiring claim for a people but it is proved on every page of their history from the day when they issued their Declaration of Independence to the nations of the world—the most radical and audacious proclamation that the daring of mankind ever conceived.

It is unnecessary to argue the practicability of organization in an age when its evidence is chiseled into every moment of the day, whether it be in trade or government, in church or state. In the United States today there are innumerable disorganized movements of the same general purport—the uplift of the nation and the betterment of mankind. Every







## Observations on Triennial Anniversary

American is interested in one or more of them. Their influence is not felt because of the narrow limits in which they are working. Thousands of Americans would affiliate with these movements if they knew that they existed. Many of them are entirely unknown; nearly all are working at tangents, with much loss of energy and but limited accomplishment. It is not strange that they finally become mere social gatherings among their own circles of friends.


There are other noble movements along the lines of political and social science that have their own organizations but which are not known outside of the specialists who are directly interested in that especial project. Even the thousands of historical societies throughout the United States are disorganized and are working independently, thus narrowing their fields of service and stunting their own great possibilities for good. These historical societies, under united efforts and constitutional organization, would become one of the strongest and most wholesome influences in the moulding of national character. The interests which they represent are the foundation upon which the nation is built. Historical understanding is one of the strongest moral influences that can be inculcated into a people. Upon it rests the spirit, loyalty and patriotism of the generations. Historical precedent is as positive a force in moulding public opinion as is legal precedent in our institution of justice. Show a man the historical revelations of war and he will rise in moral revolt against a system in an enlightened age that still employs the medieval custom of arriving at conclusions by brute force rather than God-given reason; a method that exterminates men because they disagree in their political or selfish interests, which, employed individually is branded as murder but when done by wholesale massacre is called war. The light of historical revelation would bring men to their senses and cause them to declare that this relic of barbarism must cease.

So it is with all the movements for the general uplift of humanity. They are all founded on some historical truth, which, if it could become more universally understood, would remove the evils that beset mankind. This is the fundamental purpose of the institution of *THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY*, the centralization of all movements of national uplift on the sound foundation of historical precedence. This is the foundation upon which it stands on this third anniversary, and upon which may now be reared a magnificent structure of modern civilization consecrated to the building of the future upon the solid foundation of the past—this is the true service of history.

The several progressions of this national movement have been definite and constructive. Most ethical aspirations fail because they attempt to attain their high standards by theoretical rather than practical approaches. This movement was organized on a sound business basis, by the inauguration of a journal in which the historical traditions and precedents of the nation could be preserved, and through which every movement for ethical uplift could speak; a journal that typifies the finer instincts and higher culture of the truest American homes; a journal so wholesome in its environment, so dignified in its personality, so entertaining in its individuality, that it would become a beloved guest in every established American home, relating the experiences of the old days and the old ways, narrating reminiscences of the years gone by, entertaining with the charm of a genteel old gentleman whose memory is still clear, whose heart is







## Observations on Triennial Anniversary

always hopeful, who loves the past and its generations, but whose intellect is broad enough and whose faith in his fellowmen is deep enough so that he does not fear the future. This is the editorial character of the journal which was inaugurated to represent this national movement—a journal that is typical of the truest American of the times.

It must be recognized, too, that this is an age of the utilitarian; that every movement to achieve success must be of definite service to those to whom it appeals. This journal, therefore, undertook to leave at the hospitable American hearths more than it took away. During the year now closing it has brought into the American homes not only more than two hundred of the leading American scholars, the intellectual men of the age, but the most eminent masters in art and sculpture whose masterpieces are left on the library tables of the homes into which they are introduced. This is one of the deepest pleasures of THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY, this privilege of introducing into the most exclusive homes of America, the masters who are today making the United States a great nation in art and intellect as well as trade. We feel that every discerning American who has received the books of this closing year realizes their full import. The entire income is being expended for the development of the publication and its prescribed work. On this equitable basis of full value for value received, the sound doctrine of all trade, THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY is, and will be whatever the American people make it. The accomplishment of the last three years, in which more than five hundred notable contributions have been made to American historical literature, and more than a thousand rare engravings, prints, and works of art have been preserved, is *their* accomplishment; and each one who has contributed to it by the moderate annual subscription has not only done significant service to the generation and the nation but has personally received the largest and fullest returns.

It is on this equitable basis that THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY, the first national journal of true American spirit and uplift, greets the American people at the close of its third year. The work of the coming year will be in just such proportion as the homes of the nation devise. With every friend remaining loyal, the developments of the next year will bring several great ethical movements into being.


The plans are being perfected for the promulgation of the proposed constitution of the United Nations in the solution of the world's peace, as first presented in these pages, and which now have the endorsement of such practical men as Andrew Carnegie, whose appeal to the American people is recorded in the preceding pages.

There is a movement under organization for the alleviation of poverty on more practical lines than ever before; not on a basis of charity but on a sound basis of self-insurance and protection—the culmination of humane civilization. It is one of the most remarkable conceptions of the times—and yet simple and practical. This movement has been laid before THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY as the national channel through which the established American homes, in whom the future so largely rests, may be reached.


There is a movement for a great triumphant observation, throughout the North and South, on the semi-centennial of the outbreak of the Civil War, not in a spirit of exultation, but in tribute to every man who gave his life for *what he believed to be right*, whether he wore the blue or the gray,







## Observations on Triennial Anniversary



and as a pledge of an unseverable brotherhood of the American people—North, South, East and West—the mightiest force in the marching army of civilization. It has been proposed that simultaneously throughout every state in the union, messengers from the North be dispatched to carry tidings to the South, while sons of Southern valor bring messages to the anniversary gatherings of the North. The movement has the cordial endorsement of the leaders of the gallant Confederacy as well as the North. It is not sectional, but *national*—the most magnificent demonstration of fellowship and brotherhood that the world has ever seen—and only fifty years after they stood arrayed against one another in the most fearful struggle that mankind had ever known. THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY has been recognized as the one central institution about which this movement may be organized—pledged, as this journal has been since its inauguration, to the reunited historical interests of the South and the North.

There has been a movement for some years to erect at the national capital, the most magnificent architectural creation on the Western Continent, dedicated "to the memory of the father of our country" and to be known as the George Washington memorial building, "consecrated to the increase and diffusion of knowledge in all lines of human activity that will conduce to the advancement of the welfare of mankind." This movement has the co-operation of such distinguished Americans as Honorable Elihu Root, General Horace Porter, Dr. Ira Remsen, Dr. David Starr Jordan, Mrs. Henry F. Dimock, and many others throughout the North and the South. It is possible that the cornerstone of this magnificent structure, which is to be designed as a hall of patriotism in which all the national scientific, educational, literary and patriotic movements of the country may congregate in parliament and convention, may be laid at the semi-centennial of the beginning of the Civil War, and that it may be completed so that its first great concourse may be that of the semi-centennial gathering of the close of the Civil War. There could be nothing more appropriate to American history than the memorial to George Washington, a Virginian, as the cornerstone over which the North and the South clasp hands in a pledge to universal brotherhood.

These suggestions are sufficient to prove the need in America of such a journal as this, and that it has a great work to do for the generation and the nation. Through it, many great works that have struggled for decades may be brought to a successful culmination. The foundation is only just laid. The work is just begun. The future lies in the co-operation of those who feel the opportunity—realize its full import to the nation.

It is a privilege to be allowed to present such a work as this to the American people, and to seek their interest and co-operation, for it is a work in which every one who helps the cause *helps himself* most of all. We believe that there are one hundred thousand true American homes in which burn the spirit of the nation, and which are unselfishly devoted to all that pertains to the moral and intellectual as well as the material growth of themselves, their homes, and their country. If not, then the republic is in peril; a people cannot long live that feel neither loyalty to themselves, their families, nor their nation. With every one of these hundred thousand homes willingly extending their influence and interest to this great work, its results will soon be discernible in American life and character, and we shall all be a better, stronger, nobler people.



**Syllabus and Index to Third Volume**

---

An exhaustive Syllabus and Index to Volume III  
of THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY  
is being compiled and will be  
recorded in first number  
of Fourth Volume

---

Advance copies of this exhaustive Index will  
be mailed with all orders for annual binders







# Syllabus and Index to Third Volume

## MCMIX

ABBOTT, PROFESSOR WILBUR CORTEZ—Political Warfare in Early Kansas....	627
ABORIGINAL AMERICAN WHO FOUGHT WITH THE BRITISH ARMY— Strange Story of Thayendenegea the Mohawk, who after Passing through the Process of American Civilization, Graduated from Dartmouth College, and Led His Tribes against the Americans in the Conflict for Independence—By Earl William Gage, Jamestown, New York.....	429
ADVENTURES OF A MINUTE MAN IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION— Experiences of Captain Samuel Allen who ventured his fortune and his life in the struggle to found a Republic on the Western Continent—Thrilling Episodes on Land and Sea in the Protection of New York from the British—Narrative of a True Patriot in the Conflict for Independence—By Colonel Ethan Allen, Former Deputy District Attorney, New York.....	297
ADVENTURES OF FIRST WHITE SETTLERS IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY —Experiences of the Pioneers in the Great Dominion of Middle West—Trade in Ores, Furs and Hides from the Lake Regions down to the Gulf—The Story of Julien Dubuque and his Rich Mines in the Wilds which have since Blossomed into the Great State of Iowa—By Dan Elbert Clark, Iowa City, Iowa.....	505
AITKEN, ROBERT—Sculptor.....	534
ALEXANDER, DAVID E.—Diary of Captain Benjamin Warren.....	201-377
ALEXANDER, JOHN WHITE—Artist—Paintings: "Oral Traditions"—"History"— "First Records of American Race"—Cover Designs.....	Numbers I-II-III-IV
ALLBEE, HIRAM BURTON—Ancestral Homesteads in America.....	607
ALLEN, CAPTAIN SAMUEL—Minute Man in the American Revolution—By Colonel Ethan Allen.....	297
ALLEN, COLONEL ETHAN—Adventures of a Minute Man in the American Revolution .....	297
AMERICA—Guardian of World Peace—Movement in the United States to Organize the Nations of the Earth Under a Constitution Based Upon the Principles of the American Union of States—Stupendous Progress of America and Its Duty to the World as a Leader in Civilization—Argument by Victor Hugo Durass, L. L. M., D. C. L., M. Dip., Author of "Universal Peace." Dedicated to Andrew Carnegie, Founder of the Palace of Peace at the Hague.....	39
AMERICA RESPONSIBLE TO THE WORLD—Civilization Looks to America for the Age of Peace and Universal Brotherhood—American Professions and Principles are in Accord with Highest Hopes of Mankind—Historical Record of Address at Lake Mohonk Conference—By Nicholas Murray Butler, LL. D., Ph. D.—President of Columbia University, New York.....	481
AMERICA—THE INVINCIBLE REPUBLIC—Poem from William Watson, of London, England.....	226
AMERICAN COMMERCE—Sculptural Conception by Daniel Chester French of the National Sculpture Society, for the Federal Building at Cleveland, Ohio—Historical Record in THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY, by permission of the Sculptor .....	6
AMERICAN JURISPRUDENCE—Sculptural conception by Daniel Chester French of the National Sculpture Society, for the Federal Building at Cleveland, Ohio.....	7
AMERICAN MARINE IN 1762 ON A BRITISH FIGHTING SHIP, LOG OF—By William Starr Myers, Ph. D.....	113
AMERICAN MINISTER, EXPERIENCES OF—By Edith March Howe.....	119
AMERICAN MOTHERS OF STRONG MEN—Patriots of the Home whose Faith and Encouragement Have Moulded the National Character of the Republic—Historical Investigations into American Foundations—By Mrs. Katherine Prescott Bennett, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, Granddaughter of Roger Sherman Prescott.....	45



# 

AMERICAN OF LETTERS, CENTENARY OF—One Hundredth Anniversary of Birth of Oliver Wendell Holmes.....	128
AMERICAN PATRIOTISM—Sculptural Conception of the Spirit of American Supremacy as symbolized in Motherhood and Youth of the Nation—Bronze doors unveiled in June of this year at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland—By Evelyn Beatrice Longman of National Academy of Design.....	183
AMERICA'S CONTROL OF THE SEAS—Sculptural Conception of Science and Invention as applied to the American Navy and embodied in the bronze doors recently dedicated at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland—By Evelyn Beatrice Longman of the National Sculpture Society.....	182
AMERICA'S GREAT METROPOLIS THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO—On this Ter-centenary of New York, This Rare Document Describing the Island of Manhattan when "Wilde Beasts" Roamed Its Forests, is Historically Recorded as Evidence of the Wonderful Power of American Civilization.....	153
AMERICA'S TRIBUTE TO HUMANITARIANS.....	1
AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE—America Must Lead the World in the Reign of Peace Under Law—The Mission of the Republic—An Appeal for an International Supreme Court of Arbitration Before Conference of the Peace Society of New York—By Andrew Carnegie, LL. D.....	473
ANCESTRAL HOMESTEADS IN AMERICA—American Landmarks—Old Houses—Colonial Homes of the Founders of Republic—Preserved for Historical Record from Photographs in Possession of their Descendants.....	135
ANCESTRAL HOMESTEADS IN AMERICA—American Landmarks—Old Houses—Colonial Homes of the Founders of the Republic—Preserved for Historical Record from Photographs in the Possession of their Descendants—By Laura A. Brown, Still River, Massachusetts.....	405-408
ANCESTRAL HOMESTEADS IN AMERICA—American Landmarks—Old Homes—Colonial Homes of the Founders of the Republic—Preserved for Historical Record from Photographs in Possession of their Descendants—Collection of Burton Hiram Allbee, Member of the New Jersey Historical Society, Secretary and Treasurer of the Bergen County Historical Society.....	607
ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF WASHINGTON—The new Washington Equestrian Statue, by Daniel Chester French, is here given Historical Record....	8
AN ODE TO AMERICAN CHIVALRY—"Americans! Let Patriots Ponder Here"—By Reverend George McClellan Fiske, D. D., Providence, Rhode Island.....	517
ANTIQUARIAN, MUSEUM OF AMERICAN—Repository for Ancient Documents....	131
ANTIQUE FURNITURE IN AMERICA—Extant Specimens of Furniture of First American Homes—Exhibits of Early Designs Still Treasured in Possession of their Descendants.....	139
ANZA, COLONEL—First Overland Route to Pacific—By Honorable Zoeth S. Eldredge, San Francisco, California.....	103-171-395
ARCHITECT, AMERICAN, OF NATIONAL CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.....	98
ARCTIC, COLLECTION OF RARE ENGRAVINGS ON THE CONQUEST OF 317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-329-330-331-332	
ARM CHAIR USED BY JAMES GATES PERCIVAL, Linguist and Scientist—Born in 1775—This chair was occupied by him during many of his greatest achievements in Wisconsin.....	141
AUSTIN, ALFRED—Poem.....	620
AUTOGRAPH ORIGINALS OF GREAT POEMS IN AMERICAN HISTORY.....	584
BEGINNING OF PORTRAITURE IN AMERICA—Silhouette of Honorable Thomas Ashley, Compatriot of Colonel Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold at Fort Ticonderoga in 1775—Copyright by Burton J. Ashley of Chicago, Illinois.....	602
BENNETT, MRS. KATHERINE PRESCOTT—American Mothers of Strong Men.....	45
BERGE, E.—Sculptor—"Victory"—"On the Trail".....	180-181
BINGHAM, WILLIAM—Wealthiest American in Early Republic—By John Francis Sprague, Monson, Maine.....	537
BLACKMON, LUCY MATHEWS—Experiences of an Early American Lawyer in the Northwest.....	385
BLAIR, LOUISA COLEMAN—Chronicle of a Southern Gentlemen.....	81
BOWN, MRS. ELLEN FELLOWS—General Washington's Order Book in American Revolution.....	53-275-581
BRENNER, VICTOR D.—Sculptor.....	536
BRITAIN'S TRIBUTE TO THE AMERICANS—Poem—By Alfred Austin of London, England.....	620



# Contents with Engravings and Authors—Misc

BRONZE MEDAL IN COMMEMORATION OF THE LINCOLN CENTENARY—By Jules Edouard Roine, of Paris—Cast under instructions of Mr. Robert Hewitt, of New York, Collector of Historic Medals, and recorded with his authority and under his copyright, in THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY, on this Centennial.. Number I	
BRONZE TABLET RECENTLY ERECTED AT FORT McHENRY, MARYLAND—By United States Government—Executed by John Williams, Inc., of New York—Photograph by courtesy of William Donald Mitchell.....	164
BROOKS, RICHARD E.—Statue of John Hanson.....	10
BROWN, LAURA A.—Ancestral Homesteads in America.....	405-408
BUILDING OF THE GREAT WEST—Mural Paintings by Maxmilian F. Friederang, of New York, in residence of General Harrison Grey Otis, in Los Angeles, California.	102
BURDENS OF THE AGE OF GREED AND STRIFE—Sculptural Conception of Humankind "Earthbound" and Weighed Down by Envy, Jealousy and Warfare which have been Carried on the Shoulders of the Generations until Today the Burdens are to be lifted by a New Age of Universal Brotherhood and Peace—By Louis Potter—Sculptor—National Sculpture Society.....	479
BURR, DANIEL SWIFT—Diary of a Journey a Century Ago.....	447
BURR, ISAAC—Diary of Journey from New York to Virginia in 1805—By Daniel Swift Burr.....	447
BUTLER, NICHOLAS MURRAY—America Responsible to the World.....	481
"CAIRN"—REPRODUCTION IN ORIGINAL COLORS—By John White Alexander—A company of Men of prehistoric time raising a heap of boulders to commemorate some notable event.....	
CALDER, A. STERLING—Sculptor—"American Indian".....	180
CALDWELLS—PROGENY OF A BARONET IN AMERICA—By Elsie Chapline Pheby Cross.....	453
CARNEGIE, ANDREW—Appeal to American People.....	473
CENTENARY OF A HYMNIST TO LIBERTY—General Albert Pike, who helped blaze the path for civilization through the West in 1831—Cavalry leader in Mexican War—Author of battle-song "Dixie"—Commanded the Cherokee Indians under flag of the Confederacy in Civil War.....	90
CENTENARY OF AN AMERICAN OF LETTERS—One Hundredth Anniversary of Birth of Oliver Wendell Holmes—Born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on August 29, 1809, and Contributed Liberally to Culture and Literature of His Country.....	128
CENTENARY OF AN AMERICAN LITTERATEUR—One Hundredth Anniversary of Edgar Allan Poe—Born at Boston, Massachusetts, on Nineteenth of January, 1809, and became first American Author to receive Literary Homage of Old World..	118
CENTENARY TRIBUTE OF LOYAL SOUTH—The Spirit of the South on this Anniversary, as expressed by these words of Henry Watterson, its Master Mind....	16
CENTENNIAL SCULPTURAL CONCEPTION OF LONGFELLOW—By William Couper, of the National Sculpture Society, for erection in the City of Washington.....	9
CHAIR, HAT AND WALKING-STICK USED BY DR. ELIPHALET NOTT, BORN IN 1773—President of Union College at Schenectady, New York.....	141
CHARLES BULFINCH—American Architect of the National Capitol at Washington and the State House at Boston—Descendant of Judith Hobby, sister of Sir Charles Hobby—Portrait by pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds.....	98
CHERRY VALLEY, DIARY OF CAPTAIN BENJAMIN WARREN AT MASSACRE OF—By David E. Alexander.....	377
CHRONICLE OF A SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN—Life in the Old South—Diary of Colonel James Gordon, who Emigrated to Virginia in 1738, and Entered into the Social and Religious Life of the Scotch-Irish Regime in America—His Observations of Presbyterian Character and its Influence upon the Moulding of the National Spirit of Liberty—By Louisa Coleman Blair, Richmond, Virginia.....	81
CIVIL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS—Collection of Edward Bailey Eaton.....	17-18-19-21-23-25-31-37-250-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-344-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376
CLARK, DAN ELBERT—Adventures of First White Settlers in the Mississippi Valley.	505
COLLECTION OF HISTORIC ENGRAVINGS—Rare Prints of Manhattan Island, Showing the Foundation upon which Has Been Built the Greatest Metropolis of Western Civilization—Originals Loaned by Their Owners for Historical Record in THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY.....	575
COLLECTION OF RARE ENGRAVINGS ON THE CONQUEST OF THE ARCTIC.	317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-329-330-331-332
COLLIER, SIR JOHN—Painting of Hudson.....	161
COLORADO DESERT PHOTOGRAPHS.....	393-394-395-399-401-403



# 

COLUMBUS, CHRISTOPHER, LETTER ABOUT NEW WORLD—By A. M. Fernandez De Ybarra, A. B., M. D.....	59
COMMENTS OF THE AMERICAN PUBLIC ON THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY.....	149
CONNAT, D. T.—Greatest Debate in American History.....	569
COOK EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH POLE—Official Narrative for Historical Record in THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY, under Authority and Copyright, 1909, by New York Herald Company—Registered in Canada in Accordance with Copyright Act—Copyright in Mexico under Laws of Republic of Mexico—All rights Reserved—By Dr. Frederick A. Cook.....	315-637
COUPER, WILLIAM—Sculptor—"Centennial Conception of Longfellow"—"Memorial of Dr. John Witherspoon".....	9-11
COVER—Historic Stained Glass Windows in America—Mosaic by Elihu Vedder Symbolizing Science, Art and Letters—In Library of Congress at Washington, District of Columbia—From Art Collection of Foster and Reynolds, of New York. Number I.....	
COVER DESIGN—Historic Mural Painting Symbolizing "History"—By John White Alexander.....	Number II
COVER DESIGN—Historic Mural Painting Symbolizing "First Records of American Race"—By John White Alexander.....	Number III
COVER DESIGN—Historic Mural Painting symbolizing First Historians Recording Discovery of America—By John White Alexander.....	Number IV
CROSS, ELSIE CHAPLINE PHEBY—Progeny of a Baronet in America.....	453
CROWDER, R. T.—First Manor-Houses in America and Estates of First Americans.....	283-409
CUSTER MASSACRE ON AMERICAN FRONTIER, A SURVIVOR'S STORY—By Horace Ellis, A. M., Ph. D., President Vincennes University.....	227
CUSTER, ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPH ON THE BATTLEFIELD—At Brandy Station.....	200
DALLIN, CYRUS E.—Sculptor—"War or Peace".....	180
"DESPOTIC AGE"—Sculptural Conception by Isidore Konti.....	477
DIARY OF A JOURNEY A CENTURY AGO—Travelling on Horseback from New York to Virginia in 1805, and its Hardships and Experiences—American Village Life and the Customs of the People Before the Days of Transportation by Steam—Diary of Isaac Burr—Transcribed by Daniel Swift Burr, Binghamton, New York.....	447
DIARY OF CAPTAIN BENJAMIN WARREN ON BATTLEFIELD OF SARATOGA—Remarkable Narrative of One of the "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World" Written on the Battlefield by a Captain in the American Revolution—Transcribed from the Jared Sparks Collection of Manuscripts Deposited in the Library at Harvard University—By David E. Alexander, Cambridge, Massachusetts.....	201
DIARY OF CAPTAIN BENJAMIN WARREN AT MASSACRE OF CHERRY VALLEY IN 1778—Remarkable Narrative of the Fearful Massacre Led by the Tories and Indians in American Revolution—Written on the Battlefield—Transcribed from the Jared Sparks Collection of Manuscripts Deposited in the Library of Harvard University—By David E. Alexander, Cambridge, Massachusetts.....	377
DIELMAN, FREDERICK—Mural Art—"Law".....	Number I
DISCOVERY OF THE BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO By Portola—Painting by Arthur Mathews—Original in Possession of San Francisco Art Association.....	169
DISCOVERY OF THE BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO By Portola—Painting by William Keith—Original in Possession of Bohemian Club at San Francisco.....	170
DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH POLE—TRIUMPH OF THE AMERICAN FLAG—Culmination of Four Centuries of Conquest in which the Stars and Stripes are planted on the Apex of the Earth—American Explorers Realize the Dream of the Ages and Solve the Mystery of the Far North.....	313-315-345-637
DRESSING TABLE USED BEFORE THE REVOLUTION—Now owned by Thomas S. Grant, Enfield, Connecticut.....	140
DUBUQUE, JULIEN—Story of His Rich Mines which have Blossomed into the Great State of Iowa—By Dan Elbert Clark.....	505
DURASS, VICTOR HUGO—"Universal Peace".....	39
EATON, EDWARD BAILEY—Civil War Photographs.....	12-17-18-19-21-23-25-31-37-250-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264
EDWARDS, GEORGE WHARTON—Painting of Hudson.....	159
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY OR REVOLUTIONARY SETTEE with folding Candlestick—Now owned by Mrs. Wainwright, Hartford, Connecticut.....	142
ELDREDGE, HONORABLE ZOETH S.—First Overland Route to Pacific....	103-171-395



# Contents with Engravings and Authors—Misc

ELLIS, HORACE, A. M., Ph. D.—Survivor's Story of the Custer Massacre on American Frontier.....	227
EVOLUTION OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE—Investigation into the Origin of the Historic Demarcation Dividing the North and the South in the Civil War in United States—First Established to Fix Exact Boundaries Between Lands of William Penn and Lord Baltimore in 1763—Exhaustive Researches by Morgan Poitiaux Robinson of Richmond, Virginia.....	555
EXPERIENCES OF A LOUISIANA PLANTER—Altruistic Experiment with American Negroes in the Early Fifties by Southern Plantation Owner who Tested Self-Government Among the Slaves in the Desire to Make Them Free and Independent—Letters and Evidence of American Negroes from Liberian Colony—By Eliza G. Rice, Daughter of a Planter in St. Mary's Parish in Louisiana.....	621
EXPERIENCES OF AMERICAN MINISTER—From His Manuscript in 1748—Original Journal of Reverend Joseph Emerson, Antecedent of Ralph Waldo Emerson, in which He Relates the Life of a Clergyman in Early America—Memoranda of His Texts for Sermons—A Pastor's Social Relations with His Parishioners—Original Diary Transcribed by Edith March Howe.....	119
EXPERIENCE OF AN EARLY AMERICAN LAWYER IN THE "NORTHWEST"—Appeal of the Wonderful Western Country to the Young American in the First Days of the New Nation—Travelling Thirty Miles a Day in an "Ohio" Wagon into the Unknown Dominion—Home Life on the American Frontier—Political Agitation—Adventures of Samuel Huntington—By Lucy Mathews Blackmon, Painesville, Ohio.....	385
FISKE, REVEREND GEORGE McCLELLAN—Poem—"Americans! Let Patriots Ponder Here".....	517
FIRST AMERICAN IN SCULPTURE—Reproductions of Historical Statuary.....	180
War or Peace—By Cyrus E. Dallin.	
Victory—By E. Berge, of Baltimore, Maryland.	
American Indian—By A. Sterling Calder, of Los Angeles, California.	
On the Trail—By E. Berge, of Baltimore, Maryland.	
Bas Relief on Parkman Monument—By Daniel Chester French, of New York.	
FIRST ATTEMPT TO ORGANIZE SOCIETY INTO A FREE POLITICAL BODY—Investigations into the Famous Providence Compact, which First Separated the Civil Government from Theology, and Established Citizenship as an Absolutely Independent Political Unit—Evidence that this Document was Not Written by Roger Williams, but is of Lollard or Quaker Origin—By Professor Stephen Farnum Peckham, Chemist of Department of Finance of City of New York.....	185
FIRST BOOK PRINTED IN NEW YORK—Remarkable Treatise on Morals and Ethics entitled "A Letter of Advice to a Young Gentleman" concerning his Behavior and Conversation in the World, printed by William Bradford, in 1696, and now in the archives of Columbia University Library—Written about 1670 by Reverend Doctor Richard Lingard, University of Dublin.....	265
FIRST DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE—Ancient Document by Joseph Hawes at Wrentham, Massachusetts, which Antedates Jefferson's Declaration at Old Philadelphia—Transcribed by Gilbert Ray Hawes of the New York Bar.....	247
FIRST FINANCIERS IN UNITED STATES—Land Lotteries to Create Revenue and Replenish the Public Treasury—Two Million Acre Tract in Maine—Experiences of William Bingham, the Wealthiest American in the Early Republic, who was Presented at Courts of Europe and whose Mansion in Philadelphia was Scene of Splendor—By John Francis Sprague, Monson, Maine, Member of the Maine Historical Society—Author of "Sebastian Rale, a Tragedy of the Eighteenth Century"....	537
FIRST LETTER WRITTEN IN AMERICA—Original Manuscript of Dr. Diego Alvarez Chanca, the Physician on Columbus' Ship, Relating His Impressions of the New World and its Political and Commercial Possibilities—Revelations of the Practitioner to the Court of Spain—Distinguished Personnel of the Fleet to America in 1494—By A. M. Fernandez De Ybarra, A. B., M. D.—Member of the New York Academy of Sciences—Medical Biographer of Christopher Columbus—Original Translation in Smithsonian Institution at Washington.....	59
FIRST MANOR-HOUSES IN AMERICA AND ESTATES OF THE FIRST AMERICANS—A Journey to the Historic Mansions along the York River in Old Gloucester County, Virginia—Old-time Southern Character and Culture Reflected in the Magnificent Landmarks which Still Withstand the Ravages of More than Two Centuries—Mute Evidence of the Ancient Tombs—Transcribed by R. T. Crowder, of Gloucester County, Virginia.....	283
FIRST MARKET PLACE IN NEW AMSTERDAM—Now Broad street in the Heart of the Financial District of the Western Continent—Rare Wood Engraving.....	163
FIRST NATIVE MARTYRS IN AMERICA—First Outbreak of the Spirit of the American Independence in 1676—Revolt 100 years before the American Revolution in which American Character First Asserted Itself—Native Americans Aroused by the Message of Liberty Heralded through Bacon's Rebellion—Investigations by R. T. Crowder, Gloucester County, Virginia.....	409



# 

FIRST OVERLAND ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC—Journey of Colonel Anza Across the Colorado Desert to Found the City of San Francisco, and Open the Golden Gate to the Orient—By Honorable Zoeth S. Eldredge, San Francisco, California. . . .	103-171-395
FIRST PRESIDENT OF UNITED STATES "In Congress Assembled"—Statue in honor of John Hanson (1715-1783), of Maryland, who organized first Southern Troops for American Independence, and presented General Washington to Congress after victory at Yorktown—Memorial by Richard E. Brooks of National Sculpture Society—Erected by State of Maryland in Statuary Hall at National Capitol. . .	10
FIRST TERRITORIAL GOVERNOR IN THE FIRST TERRITORIAL EXPANSION OF UNITED STATES—Investigation into services of the deposed St. Clair, whose government embraced all the region from Pennsylvania to the Mississippi and from the Ohio River to the Great Lakes, known as the "United States Northwest"—Strong Pleas for Governor St. Clair—By Dwight C. McCarty, A. M., LL. B., Emmetsburg, Iowa. . . . .	217
FLEMING, WALTER L., Professor of History in Louisiana State Library—Plantation Life in the Old South and the Plantation Negroes. . . . .	233
FOREWORD—To All True Americans—By Francis Trevelyan Miller. . . . .	Number I
FORT BUILT BY FIRST WHITE SETTLERS AT SAN FRANCISCO—Old Engraving of historic Castillo de San Joaquin as it appeared in 1852—The fort was razed and the rock cut down in 1853-54 to erect the present Fort Winfield Scott. . . .	175
FORT McHENRY, MARYLAND—Bronze Tablet Recently Erected—Courtesy of William Donald Mitchell. . . . .	164
FRENCH, DANIEL CHESTER—Sculptor—	
American Commerce. . . . .	6
American Jurisprudence. . . . .	7
Washington Equestrian Statue. . . . .	8
Knowledge and Wisdom. . . . .	129
Development of Minnesota. . . . .	130
Bas-relief on Parkman Monument. . . . .	181
Statue of Brigadier-General Joseph Hooker. . . . .	342
Statue of Major-General Charles Bevens. . . . .	342
FRIEDERANG, MAXIMILIAN F.—Mural Paintings, "Building of the Great West" . .	102
FURNITURE, ANTIQUE, IN AMERICA. . . . .	139
GAGE, EARL WILLIAM—Aboriginal American who Fought with the British Army. . .	429
GALLERY OF THE AMERICAN ART CONNOISSEUR—Ancient Masterpieces in America—Oil Paintings—Miniatures—Engravings—Silhouettes in the Possession of American Collectors and Ancestral Homes. . . . .	143
GALLOWAY, TOD B.—Private Letters of a Government Official in the Southwest. .	541
GENEALOGY. . . . .	145
GENEALOGICAL FOUNDATIONS IN AMERICA—Progenitors of American Families—List of Passengers Transported to New England from London in 1635. . . .	604
GENEALOGICAL RESEARCH, INAUGURATION OF DEPARTMENT. . . . .	310
GENERAL WASHINGTON'S ORDER BOOK IN AMERICAN REVOLUTION—Original Records in Washington's Orderly Book Throw New Light onto His Military Character and His Discipline of the Army—Proof of His Genius as a Military Tactician—Life of the American Patriots in the Ranks of the Revolutionists Revealed by Original Manuscript now in Possession of Mrs. Ellen Fellows Bown, of Pittsfield, New York, Great-granddaughter of Member of Washington's Staff in the American Revolution. . . . .	53-275-581
GRANT, THOMAS S.—Revolutionary Dressing Table. . . . .	140
GREAT PAINTINGS IN AMERICAN HISTORY—Reproductions from Famous Canvasses by John Trumbull, the first American Historical Artist. . . . .	
Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. . . . .	197
Death of General Montgomery before Quebec. . . . .	198
Surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga. . . . .	198
Battle of Princeton. . . . .	199
Battle of Bunker Hill. . . . .	199
GREATEST DEBATE IN AMERICAN HISTORY—Birth of the American Constitution and the Brilliant Arguments of Great Orators and Statesmen on the Floor of the Convention—Discussion over the So-called New Jersey and the Virginia Plans—By D. T. Connat of White Plains, New York. . . . .	569
GUDEBROD, LOUIS A.—Sculptor—"Prophecy" . . . . .	5
HALE, EDWARD EVERETT—Poem. . . . .	112



# Contents with Engravings and Authors—Misc

HARMONICS OF EVOLUTION—Man's Conquest over Self and His Rise from Chaos and Carnage to the Light of Love and Reason in which there shall be no more War, and Mankind shall dwell together in Peace, Prosperity and Happiness—By J. Otto Schweizer of Philadelphia—Member of the National Sculpture Society.....	480
HAWES, GILBERT RAY—First Declaration of Independence at Wrentham, Massachusetts.....	247
"HEBREW LAW"—Sculptural Conception by Augustus Lukeman.....	484
HERALDIC ART IN AMERICA—Illuminated Coat-of-arms of the Stuyvesants—In series of emblazoned armorial bearings of the First American Families—Reproduced from the Collection of the Americana Society of New York.....	Number I
Illuminated Coat-of-arms of the Pells in America.....	Number III
Illuminated Coat-of-arms of the Morris family in America.....	Number IV
HERO OF THE EARLY AMERICAN NAVY—Adventures of Commodore Samuel Tucker on an American Fighting Ship During the American Revolution—Thrilling Experiences of a Naval Officer whose Valiant Deeds are Seldom Recorded and whose Lone Grave has been Neglected—By Alice Frost Lord.....	435
HILLIS, DR. NEWELL DWIGHT—Remarks .....	491
HISTORIC ART IN BRONZE IN AMERICA—Symbolism of "Knowledge" and "Wisdom" by Daniel Chester French, in Doors of Boston Public Library.....	129
HISTORIC COLLECTIONS IN AMERICA—Seven Thousand Original Negatives Taken Under Protection of the Secret Service During the Greatest Conflict the World has Ever Known—Preserved by Edward Bailey Eaton, Hartford, Connecticut.37-251-359	
HISTORIC MURAL ART IN AMERICA—Cover Design on this book is a reproduction in original colors of the mural painting symbolizing "History," in the Library of Congress at Washington—By John White Alexander—From the Art Collection and by special permission of Foster and Reynolds of New York.....	Number II
HISTORIC MURAL ART IN AMERICA—"LAW"—By Frederick Dielman. Number I	
HISTORIC MURAL ART IN AMERICA—Painting by John White Alexander in the Library of Congress at Washington, District of Columbia, symbolizing the First Records of the American Race—Reproduced in original colors from Art Collection of Foster and Reynolds, of New York.....	Number III
HISTORIC MURAL ART IN AMERICA—Painting by John White Alexander in the Library of Congress at Washington, District of Columbia, symbolizing the First Historians Recording the Discovery of America—Reproduced in original colors from Art Collection of Foster and Reynolds.....	Number IV
HISTORIC PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN THE COLORADO DESERT.....	393-394-395-399-401-403
HISTORIC SCULPTURE IN AMERICA—Achievements of the Nation in War and Peace Immortalized by the Monuments Erected on the Western Continent—The True History of a People is Written in Sculpture—Material Greatness of the Republic Symbolized in its Memorials to Builders of the Nation—Interpretations in Art.....	520
HISTORIC SCULPTURE IN AMERICA—Statue of Alexander Hamilton—Father of American Banking.....	341
Statue of Brigadier-General Joseph Hooker—By Daniel Chester French.....	342
Statue of Major-General Charles Bevens—By Daniel Chester French.....	342
Statue to American Valor in the South.....	343
HISTORIC TRAIL THROUGH THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST—Marking the Old Santa Fe Trail—Memorials Erected along the Route of the Most Famous Highway in the World—Illustrated with Photographs—By Ex-Senator George P. Morehouse, of Kansas.....	461
HISTORICAL PAINTING IN AMERICA—Art as a True Record of a Nation's Progress—Memorializing the Historical Development of a Great People and its Value to the Annals of Civilization—The Permanent Influence of Pictorial Impressions in the Preservation of the Traditions of a Nation and Its Effect Upon National Spirit and Character—With Dedicatory Remarks by Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, Pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York.....	491
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL—Centenary of Birth.....	128
HOMESTEADS, ANCESTRAL IN AMERICA .....	135-405-408
HOWE, EDITH MARCH—Experiences of an American Minister in Early America.....	119
HUBBY, ROLLIN GERMAIN—Sir Charles Hobby—Early Knight and American Merchant.....	91



# 

HUDSON'S ARRIVAL AT MANHATTAN ISLAND—Painting by George Wharton Edwards—In Commemoration of the Three Hundredth Anniversary of New York, which since the arrival of the adventurous Dutch navigator in the "Half Moon," has become America's greatest metropolis and one of the world's richest ports of commerce and trade.....	159
HUDSON, HENRY—Arrival at Manhattan Island—Last Voyage.....	159-161
HUNTINGTON, SAMUEL—American Lawyer in the "Northwest"—By Lucy Mathews Blackmon.....	385
ILLUMINATED TITLE PAGE—Reproduced in gold and colors from original design for THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY, by Howard Marshall of New Haven.	
IMPRESSIONS OF THE AMERICAN PUBLIC—Comment of Distinguished Americans and Europeans on THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY.....	149
INAUGURATION OF GENEALOGY AS THE SCIENCE OF HEREDITY—Institution of movement on this Centenary of Darwin to Establish Genealogical Research on a Foundation of Scientific Investigation into the Strains of Blood in America and their effect upon American Citizenship and American Character.....	145-310
INDEPENDENCE, FIRST DECLARATION OF—By Gilbert Ray Hawes.....	247
IVES, C. B.—Sculptor—Statue of Roger Sherman.....	46
JOHN HANSON, First President of United States "In Congress Assembled".....	10
KANSAS, POLITICAL WARFARE IN EARLY—By Professor Wilbur Cortez Abbott of Yale University.....	627
KEITH, WILLIAM—Painting of Discovery of San Francisco Bay.....	170
KEY, FRANCIS SCOTT—Author of "Star-Spangled Banner".....	165
KONTI, ISIDORE—Sculptor.....	477-523-528-529
LAMB, FREDERICK STYMETZ—Historic Stained Glass Windows in America.... 489-490-493-495-496-497-499-501-503-504	
LANGDON, GEORGE—Document, Original Order for Sale of Negro Boy.....	131
LAST VOYAGE OF HENRY HUDSON—Painting by Sir John Collier—On this Three Hundredth Anniversary of Hudson's Arrival at Manhattan Island there is neither an authentic Portrait nor a Known Burial Place of the Great Navigator—This painting represents him on his voyage to the Far North from which the mariner never returned.....	161
LETTERS OF AN AMERICAN WOMAN SAILING FOR ENGLAND IN 1784—Quaint Message from Love Lawrence, Daughter of an American Clergyman, who left Her Country to Marry a Loyalist whose Political Principles were Opposed to the New Republic—An Interesting Glimpse of Life—By Edith Wiliss Linn, Glenora, New York.....	441
LIBERIAN NEGRO COLONY—Experiences of a Louisiana Planter—By Eliza G. Rice.....	621
LINCOLN, Autobiography of.....	2
LINCOLN BRONZE MEDAL—By Jules Edouard Roine.....	Number I
LINGARD, REVEREND DOCTOR RICHARD—"A Letter of Advice to a Young Gentleman".....	265
LINN, EDITH WILISS—Letters of an American Woman Sailing for England in 1784..	441
LOG OF AN AMERICAN MARINE IN 1762 ON A BRITISH FIGHTING SHIP—Original Journal of Lieutenant William Starr, Narrating His Adventures with His Majesty's Fleet in the expedition against the Spanish in Cuba—Bombarding Ancient Havana from Man-o'-War before America was a Nation—Life of Soldier at Sea—Diary Accurately Transcribed—By William Starr Myers, Ph. D.....	113
LONGFELLOW, Centennial conception of—By William Couper.....	9
LONGMAN, EVELYN BEATRICE—Sculptor—"America's Control of the Seas"—"American Patriotism".....	182-183
LORD, ALICE FROST—Hero of the Early American Navy.....	435
LOVE LAWRENCE, AMERICAN WOMAN SAILING FOR ENGLAND—By Edith Wiliss Linn.....	441
LUKEMAN, AUGUSTUS—Sculptor.....	484-522-535
MACCARTHY, HAMILTON—Sculptor.....	531
MCCARTY, DWIGHT G., A. M., LL. B.—First Territorial Governor in the First Territorial Expansion of United States.....	217
MANHATTAN ISLAND, RARE PRINTS OF.....	575
MANUSCRIPT OF THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LINCOLN—Original in Lincoln's Handwriting written for Campaign Purposes, is here given Historical Record.....	2
MANUSCRIPT OF THE NATIONAL HYMN IN HANDWRITING OF ITS AUTHOR, FRANCIS SCOTT KEY—"The Star-Spangled Banner" was Originally Written on the Back of a Letter in 1814—First sung in a Tavern in Baltimore—Transcript presented by the Author to a Friend in Washington.....	165



# Contents with Engravings and Authors—Misc

MANUSCRIPTS IN AMERICA, HISTORIC—Autograph Originals of Great Poems in American History—Collection of Authors' Manuscripts—Famous Lines that Stirred the Hearts of the American People More than a Half-century Ago and are Thrilling the Generations.....	584
MARCY, CAPTAIN REUBEN—Statement of Account Rendered in 1776.....	133
MARGINAL DECORATIONS—By Howard Marshall, New Haven, Connecticut.	
MARSHALL, HOWARD—Marginal Decorations—Illuminated Title Pages.	
MARTYRS, FIRST IN AMERICA—By R. T. Crowder.....	409
MASON-DIXON LINE, EVOLUTION OF—By Morgan Poitiaux Robinson.....	555
MATHEWS, ARTHUR—Painting of Discovery of San Francisco Bay.....	169
MEMORY—Beautiful Symbolism of the "years that have gone" and linger only in the memories of those who passed through them—Modeled by Hans Schuler, of Baltimore, Maryland.....	130
MEMOIRS OF AN OLD POLITICIAN IN THE NATIONAL CAPITAL AT WASHINGTON—Reminiscences of a Political Leader in the Early Days of the Nation—His Experiences on a Journey to the National Capital with Anecdotes of the political Methods of the Times—Memoirs of Campaigns of Clay, Calhoun and Jackson—Posthumous Manuscript by John Allen Trimble of Ohio—Transcribed from the Original Manuscript by His Daughter Alice M. Trimble of New Vienna, Ohio....	613
METCALF, ELIAB—Painting of Joseph Hawes.....	249
MILLER, FRANCIS TREVELYAN—Foreword—To All True Americans—Editorial Introductions—America's Tribute to Humanitarians.....	1
Triumph of American Character.....	13
Triennial Anniversary Address and Photograph of Founder and Editor-in-Chief.	649
MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, ADVENTURES OF FIRST WHITE SETTLERS IN—Story of Julien Dubuque—By Dan Elbert Clark.....	505
MITCHELL, WILLIAM DONALD—Photograph of Tablet at Fort McHenry.....	164
MOREHOUSE, EX-SENATOR GEORGE P.—Historic Trail Through the American Southwest.....	461
MORRIS—Coat-of-arms.....	Number IV
MOTHERS OF STRONG MEN, AMERICAN—By Mrs. Katherine Prescott Bennett...	45
MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN—Repository for Ancient Documents—Historic Mementoes—Relics and Heirlooms in the Private Collections and Homes of Descendants of the Builders of the Nation.....	131
MYERS, WILLIAM STARR, PH. D.—Log of an American Marine in 1762 on British Fighting Ship.....	113
NEW AMSTERDAM, FIRST MARKET PLACE IN.....	163
NEW NETHERLAND, PRAISE OF—By Jacob Steendam in 1661.....	162
NEW JERSEY AND VIRGINIA PLANS—By D. T. Connat.....	569
NEW YORK, ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, RARE WOOD ENGRAVING OF.....	163
NEW YORK, TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO, SKY-LINE IN.....	163
NORTH POLE, DISCOVERY OF—TRIUMPH OF AMERICAN FLAG.....	313
OFFICE CHAIR OF ROGER SHERMAN—Signer of the Four Great Documents in Founding of American Nation—Now in Possession of Connecticut Historical Society—Pre-Revolutionary Chair now owned by Mr. Walter Hosmer, Wethersfield, Connecticut.....	141
OLD PAINTING OF ELIHU YALE (1649-1721) ENGLISH GOVERNOR OF MADRAS, INDIA—Whose benefactions permanently founded Yale College—This canvas is now in possession of Yale University.....	144
"ORAL TRADITION," REPRODUCTION IN ORIGINAL COLORS—Mural Painting of a chieftain of an Arab village relating his tale to a group of listeners—By John White Alexander.....	1
ORIGINAL DOCUMENT WHICH CREATED THE FIRST POLITICAL GOVERNMENT IN THE WORLD FREE FROM THEOCRATIC PRINCIPLES—Photograph of the Providence, Rhode Island, Compact of 1638, in the handwriting and bearing autograph of Richard Scott as the first signer.....	188
ORIGINAL LETTER WRITTEN BY NOAH WEBSTER—Writer of first American Dictionary, to his nephew.....	132
ORIGINAL ORDER FOR SALE OF A NEGRO BOY IN NEW ENGLAND IN 1761—When Slavery was a universal American practice—Document owned by Mr. George Langdon, of Plymouth, Connecticut—Reproduced by permission.....	131
ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPH OF CUSTER ON THE BATTLEFIELD—Negative taken at Brandy Station, Virginia, in 1863, while Custer, on his black war-horse, was conferring with Major-General Pleasanton, astride his gray charger.....	200
ORIGINAL STATEMENT OF ACCOUNT RENDERED IN 1776—By Captain Reuben Marcy, against the Continental Government, for money loaned to Revolutionists.....	133



# Mix—Transcripts from Original Documents

PAINTING OF AUTHOR OF WRENTHAM DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE —Joseph Hawes.....	249
PARKINSON, MARY WASHBURN—Travels in Western America in 1837.....	511
PASSENGERS TRANSPORTED TO NEW ENGLAND FROM LONDON IN 1635	604
PASSING OF THE OLD CIVILIZATION—Sculptural Conception of "The Despotism Age" when Tyranny and War Reigned over Mankind—America's Message of Liberty has Emancipated Man from the Thralldom of the Ages and unveiled the Dawn of Day when there shall be no Bloodshed—By Isadore Konti—Sculptor— Member National Sculpture Society.....	477
PEACE CONFERENCE IN NEW YORK—Photograph taken presenting America's precursor of arbitration, Andrew Carnegie.....	636
PEACE UNDER LAW—Appeal to American People—By Andrew Carnegie.....	473
PEARY EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH POLE—Official Narrative for Historical Record in THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY, under Authority and Copyright, 1909, by New York Times Company—Copyright in Great Britain by the London Times—All Rights Reserved—By Commander Robert E. Peary, U. S. N.....	345
PECKHAM, PROFESSOR STEPHEN FARNUM—First Attempt to Organize Society into Free Political Body.....	185
PELL—COAT-OF-ARMS.....	Number I
PERIOD JUST BEFORE REVOLUTION—Six-Legged High Case over One Hundred Years Old—Now owned by Mrs. Wainwright, Hartford, Connecticut.....	140
PERRY, R. HINTON—Sculptor .....	534-535
PHOTOGRAPHS OF FIRST MANOR-HOUSES IN AMERICA AND ESTATES OF FIRST AMERICANS—By R. T. Crowder.....	281-282-285-287-289-291-293-295-296
PHOTOGRAPH OF LINCOLN, CONCEDED TO BE THE MOST CHARACTERIS- TIC EVER TAKEN—It shows him on battlefield, towering above his army officers at headquarters of Army of Potomac, as he was bidding farewell to General McClellan and a group of officers at Antietam, Maryland, on October 5, 1862— Original negative in \$150,000 collection of Edward Bailey Eaton, Hartford, Connecticut.....	12
PHOTOGRAPHS OF ORIGINAL EDITIONS OF FIRST AMERICAN DICTION- ARY AND FIRST AMERICAN SPELLING-BOOK WRITTEN BY NOAH WEBSTER—Now in Springfield, Massachusetts—Bust of Noah Webster repre- senting him as he looked late in life.....	134
PIKE, GENERAL ALBERT—"Ode to Liberty"—"Apostrophe to Liberty".....	90
PLANTATION LIFE IN THE OLD SOUTH AND THE PLANTATION NEGROES —Recollections of the Days Before the War and Customs that Prevailed—Docu- mentary Evidence of the Relations which Existed Between a Master and His Negroes as Exhibited in the Investigation into the Private Life of Jefferson Davis on His Plantation in Mississippi—By Walter L. Fleming, A. M., Ph. D., Professor of History in Louisiana State Library.....	233
PLYMOUTH CHURCH—Historic Stained Glass Windows.....	489
POE, EDGAR ALLAN—Centenary.....	118
POEM—By Edward Everett Hale.....	112
POLITICAL WARFARE IN EARLY KANSAS—Journey to Le Compte, the Seat of a New Government, in which the Fiercest American Struggle Began—The Rush to the Middle West in the Land Craze of a Half-Century Ago—The Founding of Denver—First Outbreak of Civil War—Recent Investigations—By Professor Wilbur Cortez Abbott, A. M., B. Litt, (Oxford) Yale University.....	627
POLITICIAN IN THE NATIONAL CAPITAL AT WASHINGTON, MEMOIRS OF —By Alice M. Trimble of New Vienna, Ohio.....	613
PORTRAIT OF CHARLES HOBBY—An American Knighted by Queen Anne at Windsor Castle, for Bravery in the Earthquake at Jamaica, in 1692—Original Painting by Sir Peter Lely, in Boston Museum of Fine Arts.....	97
POTTER, E. C.—Sculptor—"Development of Minnesota".....	130
POTTER, LOUIS—Sculptor.....	479-530
PRAISE OF NEW NETHERLAND—Written by Jacob Steendam in 1661—Trans- lated from the Dutch.....	162
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES—Honorable William Howard Taft—Por- trait bearing his signature presented to THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY in recognition of its services to American Patriotism and Literature.....	157
PRIVATE LETTERS OF A GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL IN THE SOUTHWEST— Correspondence of a Territorial Governor with an Intimate Political Friend in which He Relates His Experiences—Trials and Hardships of a Conscientious Pub- lic Official who Endeavors to Do His Duty in Carrying the Flag of Civilization into the Southwest—Original letters transcribed by Tod B. Galloway, Columbus, Ohio.....	541



# Contents with Engravings and Authors—Misc

PROGENY OF A BARONET IN AMERICA—Scotch-Irish Blood in American Revolution—Recent Investigations into Caldwells, whose Progenitors were Mediterranean Seamen in Fourteenth Century—First Entered Ireland with Oliver Cromwell—Researches by Elsie Chapline Pheby Cross, Los Angeles, California.....	453
PROPERTY OF GOVERNOR WILLIAM PITKIN, GOVERNOR OF CONNECTICUT IN 1766-1769—Mahogany Table and Chair with Combination of Anglo-Dutch legs and framework that came into fashion in England toward the middle of Eighteenth Century—Owned by Miss Marion P. Whitney, New Haven, Connecticut	139
PROPHECY—Sculptural Conception by Louis A. Gudebrod, of the National Sculpture Society, warning the American People against the material and political Spirit of the Times—The figure of "Prophecy," with outstretched hands and the invocation to "halt" on the lips, is one of the strongest symbolisms of Modern National Life—Historical Record extended exclusively by the Sculptor to THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY as an appeal to public conscience.....	5
PROVIDENCE COMPACT—First Attempt to Organize Society into Free Political Body—By Professor Stephen Farnum Peckham.....	185-188
RARE WOOD ENGRAVING OF NEW YORK ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO—Sketch from ancient map.....	163
REPRODUCTION IN ORIGINAL COLORS OF "ORAL TRADITION"—Mural Painting by John White Alexander—The chieftain of a village, an Arab, relating his tale to an absorbed group of listeners.....	1
RICE, ELIZA G.—Experiences of a Louisiana Planter.....	621
RISE OF THE GREAT WEST—Triumphal Symbolism in Sculpture of the Development of Minnesota—By Daniel Chester French and E. C. Potter.....	130
ROBINSON, MORGAN POITIAUX—Evolution of the Mason-Dixon Line.....	555
ROINE, JULES EDOUARD—Lincoln Bronze Medal.....	Number I
RUINS OF THE SEAT OF A NEW SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT—Photographs taken by Dr. Abbott at the capital of the Lecompton Constitutional Government in Kansas for the accompanying historical record in THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY.....	633
SAN FRANCISCO, DISCOVERY OF THE BAY OF, By Portola.....	169-170
SANTA FE TRAIL, MARKING OF—By Ex-Senator George P. Morehouse.....	461
SCHULER, HANS—Sculptor—Symbolism of "Years that have gone".....	130
SCHWEIZER, J. OTTO—Sculptor.....	480-532-533
SCULPTURE, FIRST AMERICAN IN—Historical statuary.....	180-181
SCULPTURE IN AMERICA, HISTORIC—Memorials.....	521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536
SHERMAN, ROGER, STATUE OF—By C. B. Ives, Sculptor.....	46
SIGNER OF DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE—Statue in honor of Doctor John Witherspoon, of New Jersey (1722-1795) who came to America from Scotland to accept Presidency of Princeton College, and became a leader in movement for American Independence—Memorial by William Couper, of National Sculpture Society, for erection at National Capitol, Washington.....	11
SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE—Painting by the Distinguished Painter of the American Revolution, John Trumbull (1756-1843).....	48
SILHOUETTE OF AN AMERICAN PIONEER.....	603
SIR CHARLES HOBBY—Early Knight and American Merchant Adventurer—Investigations in England, Barbadoes and America into Life and Progeny of an American who was Knighted by Queen Anne at Windsor Castle for Services to the Crown in 1692 at Earthquake in Jamaica—He "Owned One-Half of New Hampshire"—By Rollin Germain Hubby, Cleveland, Ohio.....	91
SKY-LINE IN NEW YORK TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO—Sketch from ancient map.....	163
SOUTHERN GENTLEMEN, CHRONICLE OF—By Louisa Coleman Blair, Richmond, Virginia.....	81
SPRAGUE, JOHN FRANCIS—First Financiers in United States.....	537
STAINED GLASS WINDOWS, HISTORIC—Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York	489-490-493-495-496-497-499-501-503-504
"STAR-SPANGLED BANNER"—Manuscript in Author's Handwriting.....	165
STATUE TO ROGER SHERMAN—C. B. Ives, Sculptor—He was the only man privileged to take part in the Four Great Documents of our National History.....	42
STEENDAM, JACOB—Praise of New Netherland.....	166
STUYVESANT COAT-OF-ARMS .....	Number I



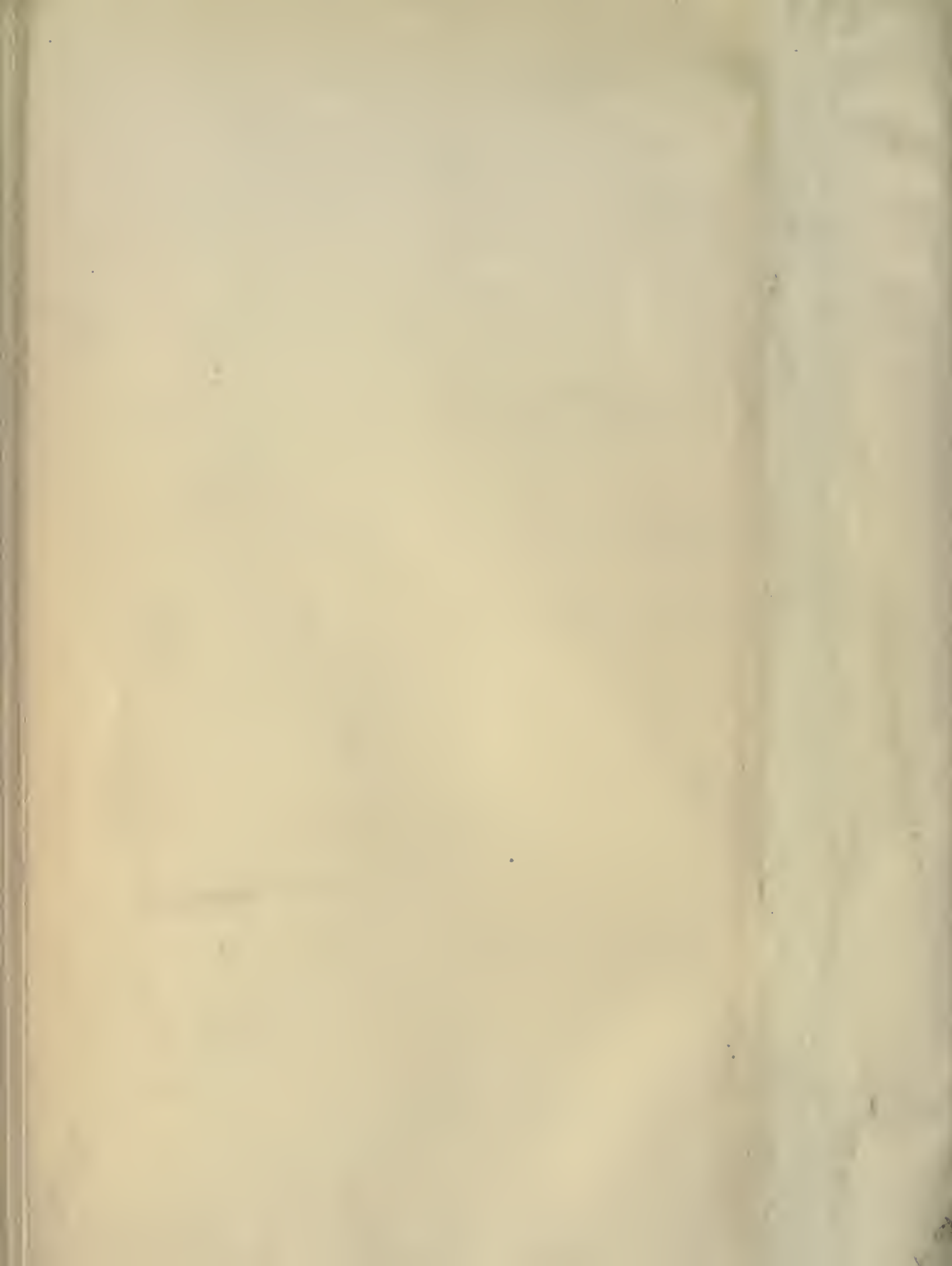
# 

SURVIVOR'S STORY OF THE CUSTER MASSACRE ON AMERICAN FRONTIER—Recollections of an Old Indian Fighter who followed the Gallant Custer to his Tragic Death in 1876—Living Witness to Heroism of the Daring Cavalryman who Fell on the Sioux Battlefield—Testimony of Jacob Adams—By Horace Ellis, A. M., Ph. D., President Vincennes University.....	227
TAFT, LORADO—Sculptor.....	526
TAFT, WILLIAM HOWARD—Portrait of the President of the United States.....	157
THAYENDENEGEA, Aboriginal who Fought with the British Army—By Earl William Gage.....	429
"THOU SHALT NOT KILL"—Warning and the Voice of the Prophets to the Nations—Sculptural Conception of "Hebrew Law"—At the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences—By Augustus Lukeman, of National Sculpture Society....	484
THREE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF AMERICA'S GREATEST CITY BY THE DUTCH IN 1609—In Historical Commemoration of the Dutch Regime, this Coat-of-Arms is emblazoned, marking the transition of the Dutch New Amsterdam to the English New York, under Administration of Peter Stuyvesant, Dutch Governor of New Netherlands—American Adaptation of Heraldic illumination—Engraving loaned by The Americana Society of New York, from their "American Families of Historic Lineage".....	Number I
TRAVELS IN WESTERN AMERICA IN 1837—Observations of an American Girl with an Emigrant Train in Illinois when that Vast Region was on the American Frontier—By Mary Washburn Parkinson, Cincinnati, Ohio.....	511
TRIBUTE TO HUMANITARIANS, AMERICA'S.....	1
TRIENNIAL ANNIVERSARY—In Observance of the Completion of the Third Volume of this National Periodical of Patriotism by Francis Trevelyan Miller, Founder and Editor-in-Chief.....	649
TRIMBLE, ALICE M.—Memoirs of an Old Politician in the National Capital at Washington.....	613
TRIUMPH OF AMERICAN CHARACTER—Centennial Reveries on Devotion to Principle and Duty as Exemplified in the Leaders of the most Momentous Economic and Political Struggle that Mankind has ever known—True Significance of the Centenaries of Lincoln and Davis—By Francis Trevelyan Miller, Editor-in-chief and Founder of THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY.....	13
TRUMBULL, JOHN—Painter— Signing Declaration of Independence.....	48
Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.....	197
Death of General Montgomery before Quebec.....	198
Surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga.....	198
Battle at Princeton.....	199
Battle of Bunker Hill.....	199
TUCKER, COMMODORE SAMUEL—Hero of Early American Navy—By Alice Frost Lord.....	435
WAINWRIGHT, MRS.—Six-Legged High Case of Period before Revolution.....	140-141
WARREN, CAPTAIN BENJAMIN, DIARY WRITTEN ON BATTLEFIELD OF SARATOGA—By David E. Alexander.....	201-377
WASHINGTON EQUESTRIAN STATUE.....	8
WASHINGTON'S, GENERAL, ORDER BOOK IN AMERICAN REVOLUTION—By Mrs. Ellen Fellows Bown.....	53-275-581
WATSON, WILLIAM—Author—Poem, "America—Invincible Republic".....	226
WATTERSON, HENRY—Tribute of Loyal South.....	16
WEBSTER, NOAH, LETTER OF.....	132
WEINMAN, ADOLPH A.—Sculptor.....	521-524-525-527
WEST, GREAT, BUILDING OF—Mural Paintings by Maximilian F. Friederang.....	102
WESTERN AMERICA, TRAVELS IN, 1837—By Mary Washburn Parkinson.....	511
WHITNEY, MISS MARION P.—Antique Furniture of Colonial Period.....	139
WITHERSPOON, DR. JOHN—Signer of Declaration of Independence.....	11
WORLD PEACE, GUARDIAN OF—Argument by Victor Hugo Duras.....	39
YALE, ELIHU, BENEFACTOR TO YALE UNIVERSITY.....	144
YBARRA, A. M. FERNANDEZ, A. B., M. D.—Letter Relating Impressions of New World in 1494.....	59





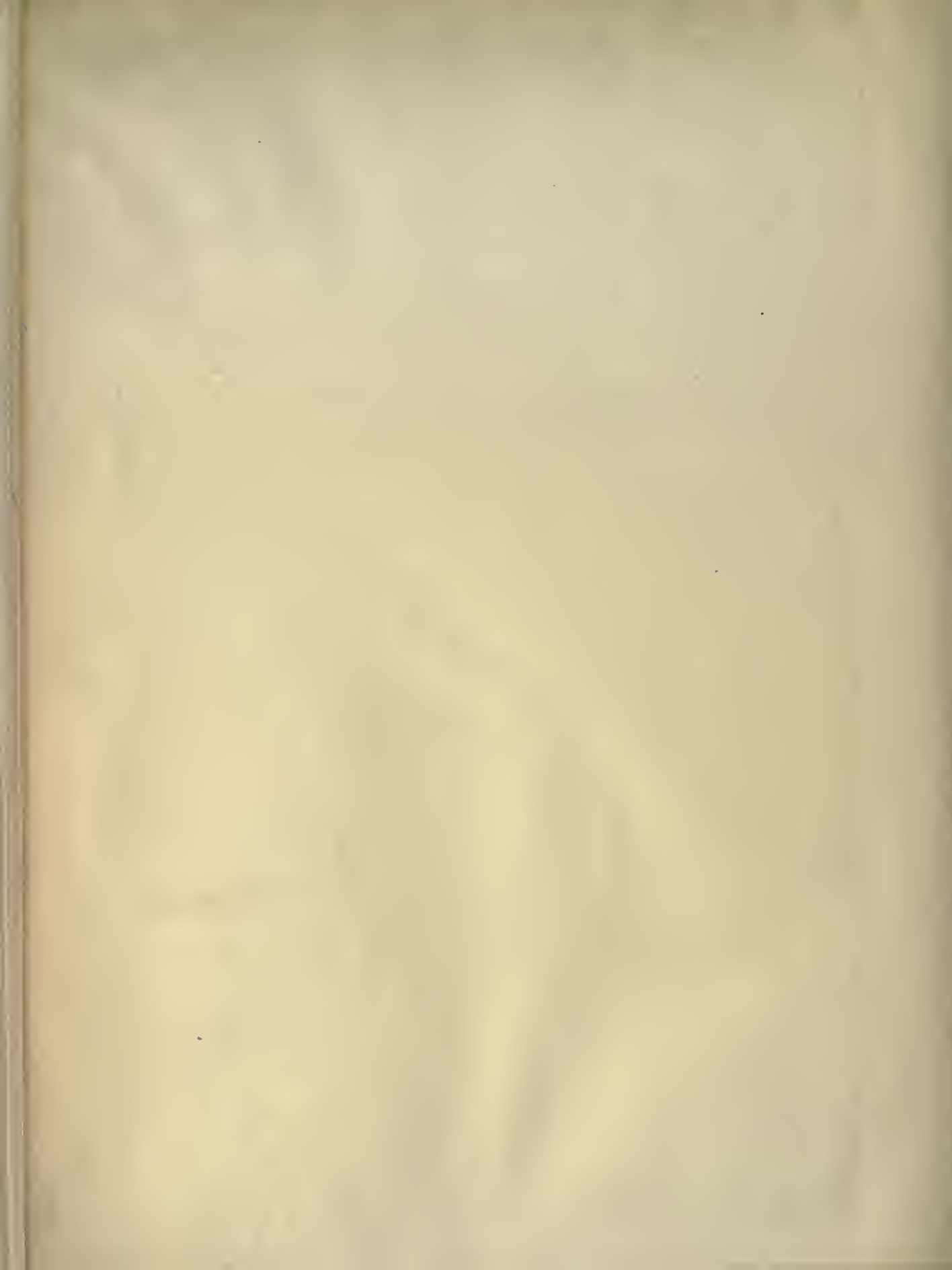














E  
171  
J86  
v.3

The Journal of American  
history

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

---

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

---



